THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY
FOUNDED BY JAMES LOEB, LL.D.

EDITED BY

† T. E. PAGE, C.H., LITT.D.

E. CAPPS, PH.D., LL.D. W. H. D. ROUSE, LITT.D.
L. A. POST, M.A. E. H. WARMINGTON, M.A.

NONNOS
DIONYSIACA
I

[illegible]

[illegible]

NONNOS
DIONYSIACA

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

W. H. D. ROUSE, Litt.D.

MYTHOLOGICAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

H. J. ROSE, M.A.

PROFESSOR OF GREEK, UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS

AND NOTES ON TEXT CRITICISM BY

L. R. LIND, D.Litt.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

IN THREE VOLUMES

I

BOOKS I–XV

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

LONDON

WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD

MCMXL

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I

PAGE

General Introduction vii

Mythological Introduction x

Recent Text-Criticism of the *Dionysiaca* . xx

Editions xliii

Bibliography xlv

Summary of the Books of the Poem . . xlviii

Text and Translation—

Book I 2

Additional Note to Book I . . 42

Book II 44

Additional Note to Book II . . 98

Book III 100

Book IV 134

Book V 168

Book VI 214

Additional Notes to Book VI . . 240

Book VII 244

CONTENTS

	Page
Book VIII	272
Book IX	304
Book X	328
Book XI	358
Book XII	396
Additional Note to Book XII	426
Book XIII	428
Book XIV	472
Book XV	502

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

Nonnos is a name common in Asia Minor, and not unknown in Egypt, apart from the poet; but little is known of him. He was born at Panopolis (the Greek name of Chemmis in the Thebaid) some time in the fifth century, and composed his poem probably before 500.

The poem professes to be the history of Dionysos, but Nonnos manages to include all the stories of Greek mythology he could find in earlier collections. This is his chief claim to attention; but he interests us also by his treatment of the hexameter, since he managed to find a way of reconciling to some extent the ancient quantitative verse with the later accentual verse, the musical accent having already given way to stress, long and short vowels having become confused in speech, and their sounds being confused also. For this topic I refer to Wifstrand, *Von Kallimachos zu Nonnos* (Gleerup, 1933), and a summary in Pauly's *Real-Encyclopädie* under "Nonnos," 912.

Nonnos also paraphrased St. John's Gospel in the same metre and style. Some have inferred, therefore, that he was converted to Christianity in later life, but we know nothing at all about the matter.

My interest in Nonnos began about fifty years ago, when W. Robertson Smith was planning a series of "Sources" of mythology, and asked me to collate

the Florentine manuscript, which I did; but his untimely death put an end to this project.

This is the first English translation of Nonnos, and there are no others in any language except the Latin and French, and quite lately, one in German hexameters. The Latin pretends to be a word-for-word construe, and sometimes it is useful, but it contains many blunders, some ridiculous ones. The French is more an elegant paraphrase, suited for a Parisian salon, and never forgetting the proprieties; it is graceful and pleasing to read, but not very close to the Greek. The German is extraordinarily close, by its bold use of compound words. It is a translation for the eye rather than the ear, for it is not possible to speak it metrically without gabbling, but it is a great feat.

Readers who are interested in the text must go to Ludwich's edition. We use his text, by consent of Messrs. Teubner, and note only the few variations, including one or two conjectures (as γένεο for λάεο, which I hope will commend itself, xlvi. 231). Dr. L. R. Lind's Appendix gives a list of later emendations.

Laurentianus XXXII 16 in Florence, paper, written A.D. 1280, is the chief and most ancient MS. Others are:

M—in Munich.
N—in Naples, II F. 19, paper.
O—Ottobonianus 51, Vatican, paper.
P—Palatinus, paper, 16th century.
S—Reginensis 81, Vatican, paper, written in 1551.
f—Codex Falkenburgii, whence the editio princeps was taken.

I have to thank Professor H. J. Rose, who adds the mythological notes, and Dr. Lind, for kindly scrutinizing and improving the translation. I thank the Reader also for his extreme care and patience.

W. H. D. Rouse

October 2nd, 1939

MYTHOLOGICAL INTRODUCTION

The mythology of the *Dionysiaca* is interesting as being the longest and most elaborate example we have of Greek myths in their final stage of degeneracy. As early as the beginning of the Alexandrian age the traditional stories of the doings of gods and heroes had ceased, save perhaps as allegories, to command belief among educated people, the only class for whom the Alexandrian authors wrote. There remained therefore simply their literary value as picturesque tales. As the tendency of the age, both in literature and art, was on the whole towards realism, the myths were so handled as to make the actors in them thoroughly, often undignifiedly human. Thus, in the *Argonautica* of Apollonios of Rhodes,[a] when Hera and Athena call on Aphrodite to help them, we have no conference of goddesses but a humorous sketch of great ladies, constrained to recognize the existence of and even be deferential to a woman neither socially nor morally their equal, who for her part is delighted and a little malicious at the thought of getting a footing in such respectable society. Besides this, another tendency had long been at work. The old and familiar stories, however re-handled, were too well known, and the poets, ever on the lookout for anything which savoured of origin-

[a] Apoll. Rhod. iii. 36 ff.

ality, caught eagerly at fresh material, while their great learning put such material at their disposal, in the form of numerous obscure and local legends never before treated in any well-known work of literature. This is why so many stories are known to us only from Alexandrians, or from late compilers who obviously drew on Alexandrian poetry for information. A third factor was the prevalence of the romantic and amatory interest. Psychology had been in the air, so to speak, ever since Euripides and Menander, and one of the most obvious ways to show the human character at its most interesting is to draw a man or woman in love. Therefore stories of the love, not so much, as in the preceding centuries, of a man for a younger member of his own sex, but rather of a young man for a maid, were extremely popular, and nearly all the famous love-stories of the world either have an Alexandrian origin or are modelled on some tale first given literary form by one of these writers.* Finally, rhetoric was a master interest with everyone who sought literary elegance, and the most characteristic rhetorical exercise was to compose a speech expressing the feelings of a given person in given circumstances. Mythology abounded in situations calculated to stir the strongest passions, and so no poet was even an apprentice in his art until he had put into the mouth of a Medeia, an Agamemnon, or a Scylla, an artistic and clever expression of the feelings of an outraged wife, a father torn between ambition and parental affection, or a

* This is set forth, with exaggeration but not without a basis of fact, by E. F. M. Benecke, *Antimachus of Colophon and the Position of Women in Greek Poetry*, London, Swan Sonnenschein & Co., 1896; see especially pp. 103-114.

daughter who must choose between overwhelming love and her duty towards her family and her country. The greatest surviving master of this sort of literature is no Greek, but the Latin Ovid, whom there is some reason to say Nonnos knew; at all events, he was a late representative of the same school.

Thus for something like seven hundred years to the time when Nonnos wrote, mythology had been the raw material of realistic sketches, new and startling narratives, amatory and rhetorical descriptions. It had also had plenty of time to become stale and exhausted, as even the richest material must if handled too long, always in the same way, by men who are clever but not inspired. Now arose a writer who undertook to compose an epic on wholly mythological themes, the labours and ultimate triumph of Dionysos. It is little to be wondered at that he gives us neither living figures nor even a gallery of pleasing portraits or statues, but rather a faded and overcrowded tapestry, moving a little now and then as the breath of his sickly and unwholesome fancy stirs it.

His Dionysos is an utterly detestable character, or would be if it were possible to believe in him for one moment. The original god, Phrygian or Thraco-Phrygian, whose position was fully established among the official Greek cults by about the seventh century B.C., was an impressive deity, the product of naïve reaction to great and vaguely-felt forces. He was a god of fertility, especially the fertility of food-plants, on which the very life of simple communities in the Mediterranean and surrounding areas depends, since, in days of little wealth and poor communications, a failure of the harvests in any neighbourhood must

mean, not suffering and hardship only, but death. He was a god also of animal fertility, lord of beasts as well as men, or even rather than men, and, as such, was powerful in the wild places where wild things live. For these reasons, while beneficent and desirable, he could be very terrible, especially as his realm included the fruit of the vine with its mysterious effects. He could kill as well as make alive, send madness as well as prosperity and mirth. His ritual consisted largely, before Greeks tamed and civilized it, of wild orgiastic dancing on the hills and in places outside the little cultivated areas, *taboo* places we may say, where the unsophisticated felt themselves in uncanny as well as unfamiliar surroundings, as indeed the most blasé member of our present-day urban communities may feel for a moment, at least in youth, if he will "let himself go" by vigorous movement in a solitary place in strong fresh air. Besides all this, there is some evidence that the sacrifices made to this god were of the nature of a mystic communion, in which the worshippers did not merely kill a beast and make a banquet at which the deity was a guest, but slay and devour the god himself in bestial form, thus absorbing into themselves his godhead. It is no wonder, then, that there gathered around Dionysos many stories of his terrible wrath against the impious and presumptuous, of his fantastic sufferings, his marvellous gifts and graces, and of his activities as a giver of fertility to plants, animals, and on occasion human beings.

Many centuries had passed since the existence of these beliefs and practices had impressed the sophisticated mind of Euripides and inspired him to write his wonderful *Bacchae*. By Nonnos's time, a Dionysiac

orgy was a thing one might read about in old books; new cults had long ago wrested from his religion its old place in popular favour, and the stories about him had been contaminated on the one hand with the too human romantic interest already touched upon, on the other with a curious political development. Dionysos, who as early as Euripides' day was thought of as a great conqueror (he came from the East, he had established himself in face of opposition in Hellas; therefore it was natural to assume that he had conquered the Eastern peoples) was assimilated to a human conqueror, Alexander, and the romantic tales of that great statesman and warrior took from quite early days something of a Dionysiac flavour, which grew more pronounced as time went on. Hence also the conquering Dionysos tended to become an Alexander. The result of this, to one for whom Alexander was a dim and legendary figure of the long distant past, was that Dionysos developed into the sort of world-conqueror likely to be imagined by a mind wholly alien to the least notion of political motives, a person who for no particular reason goes about subduing nation after nation in huge and bloody battles, in which his personal prowess (this was a remnant of the genuine epic tradition, the fruit of days in which tactics were in their infancy, armies small, and the strength and valour of one well-armed man often of real importance) is a decisive factor. The other tales had degenerated into accounts of how the god made people mad, drunk or both, and seduced women,—poor survivals of the Dionysos of older, less sophisticated and at the same time more understanding days. The Dionysos of Euripides one can at least fear; nothing but unbelieving contempt can be

aroused by the dastardly assailant of Aura and the monotonously successful wizard who kills large numbers of incredible but mostly inoffensive Indians. Never has it been more patent that an imaginative writer, if he is to impress his audience, must have at least an imaginative belief in his own story. But the ancient tales of how the great god had shown his power in wrath, mercy or the blessing of increase had become matter for paradoxes, and the old merriments (for the cult certainly had its jovial side) brought a snigger now instead of a laugh. To the student of religion or mythology, as opposed to the degenerescence of literature, Nonnos has here nothing to offer except the telling after his fashion of a few stories not to be found elsewhere, as the fight between Dionysos and Perseus (bk. xlvii. 475 ff.), of which traces can be seen in earlier art but not many in literature.[a] It is of rather more importance that he has some knowledge, of course purely literary, of Orphism, a system which originated in or about the sixth century B.C., had a most curious mythology and theology of its own, and had by Nonnos's time died out, though not without leaving traces on Christian art.[b] The figure of Zagreus is old, probably of the original stratum of Orphism, for he is well known to Pindar in his Orphic

[a] See Roscher's *Lexikon*, iii. 2016 ff. (E. Kuhnert). It was a local Argive tradition, vouched for among other things by black-figured vases, and the proper ending of it was that Perseus killed Dionysos and he was buried in the Argolid together with his slain Bacchantes. Gods of fertility are of course often killed.

[b] The best work on Orphism is W. K. C. Guthrie, *Orpheus and Greek Religion*, London, Methuen, 1935. The artistic and other inheritance from Orphism is much exaggerated in R. Eisler, *Orphisch-dionysische Mysteriengedanken in der christlichen Antike* (*Vorträge der Bibliothek Warburg*, ii.

context.[a] How and when he became identified with Dionysos to the extent to which he is in Nonnos we do not know; the strangeness of the tale (the younger god is begotten by Zeus after having swallowed the heart of the older Zagreus) suggests something quite alien to ordinary Greek thought, and so akin to the abnormal ideas of Orphism itself.

If Nonnos had been a more consistent thinker and more of a poet, he had hold of an idea which would at least have given his work a grandiose pattern and a real, contemporary interest. He seems to have tried to fit the events of the story into an astrological background, ill though he was fitted to do so, when his knowledge of both astronomy and astrology was evidently feeble.[b] Astrology had long been popular and widely accepted, and it continued to be so, whatever the Church might say or do, till modern astronomy made its schemes cease to appeal to the average man's imaginative picture of the universe. Stegemann has shown[c] that he had some acquaintance

1922–1923), Leipzig-Berlin, Teubner, 1925, but the work is so crammed with *relevant facts* as to be valuable, though critical care should be exercised in reading it.

[a] This has been denied, but see Rose in *Greek Poetry and Life* (Oxford, Clar. Press, 1936), pp. 79–96.

[b] The most glaring instance of this is in bk. vi. 82, where he puts Venus in quadratile aspect with the Sun, *i.e.* 90 deg. away, her maximum distance from him being, as every beginner in astronomy knows, 46 deg. No astronomer and no astrologer of any repute would have made such a blunder.

[c] See in general V. Stegemann, *Astrologie und Universalgeschichte*, Teubner, 1930, especially pp. 122 ff. Several references to his excellent explanations of particular passages will be found in the notes to the text; but in general it may be said that he credits Nonnos with a more consistent and thorough application of his astrological and mystic ideas than he deserves to have attributed to him.

with astrological writings, and that his general scheme of the universe is in accord with their teachings. He divides time into world-months constituting a world-year, and after the cosmic month which brings the Flood (bk. i.) and that of Typhon's attempt (bk. ii.), the cosmic winter is over (bk. iii. 1), summer is come to the universe and the blessing of the new god, a god of the fruitfulness of autumn, is due. This comes in the later books of the poem, with the birth, growth and triumph of Dionysos. But unfortunately, having got his new saviour-god born, he has no idea what to do with him, and the poem trails off into a series of conventional adventures, military and amorous, each more tiring than the last, till finally a few concluding lines huddle Dionysos away to heaven. He has lost sight of his own framework, recurring to it only now and again, and so the work which might have been a curious monument of astrological religion, instinct with some genuine feeling, is but a heap of episodes, loosely connected.

Nonnos had, however, another enthusiasm, which gave rise to a piece of apparently original and not wholly unpicturesque creation. He had, even at that late date, unbounded faith in the civilizing mission of the Roman Empire (much less dead, of course, in the East than in the West) and especially in the benefits of Roman law. Therefore he provides one of the greatest of the law-schools, that at Berytus, with a foundation-myth of its own, the story of the nymph Berοë, child of Aphrodite (see bks. xli.-xlii. and notes there).* If all his constructive ideas were as interest-

* For this episode, see Stegemann, *op. cit.*, p. 174. It is part of an almost apocalyptic vision of world-peace which he believes, with some justification, to have risen before Nonnos's mind.

ing as this, or as his astrology, the *Dionysiaca* would be more readable and fuller of interest to the historian of ancient culture.

There is yet another point of view from which Nonnos's mythology may be examined. As Bentley says of him,[a] "he had great variety of Learning, and may pass for an able Grammarian, though a very ordinary Poet." Hence the episodes with which the poem abounds, and the continual digressions and allusions which interrupt the narrative, teem with stories, mostly in late literary forms, often probably also of late origin, even invented or given their present shape by Nonnos himself, which either cannot be found elsewhere or are not told in full save in the *Dionysiaca*. Instances of this will be found in abundance in the notes; besides the story of the fight with Perseus, already mentioned, we may remind the reader here that Nonnos is our authority (bk. i. 155, 511) for the very curious legend that Typhoeus contrived to steal not only the thunderbolts of Zeus but his sinews, which at once betrays itself as being in its origins at all events popular, probably old and hardly Greek. Nonnos it is who tells us the whole series of tales (bks. x. ff.) of the various loves of Dionysos who were metamorphosed into various plants connected with viticulture. Nonnos gives us incomparably the longest account of the expedition of the god against the Indians, and though he probably invented a good deal himself, still there are no doubt elements derived from earlier fancies than his, and in the dearth of documents for this interesting development of quasi-

[a] *Diss. on Phalaris*, p. 90 Wagner (Bohn ed.), p. 24 of the ed. of 1699. For "Grammarian" we should nowadays say "scholar" or "philologist."

political mythology, he has his value. Nonnos again is full of local legends, such as the naming of the promontory Pallene, though that is also to be found in a minor geographer or two; and, in general, as has already been said, he furnishes material for the study of Alexandrian mythology in its degenerate forms. Incidentally, he is so full of imitations of earlier and better poets than himself that here again he fills gaps in our knowledge, in a manner not to be despised considering how huge a proportion of Alexandrian literature is lost to us. His astrological episodes, in which various gods such as Aion (himself a late personification) turns nativity-caster and Harmonia keeps a sort of celestial Old Moore on her wall, we may ascribe to him and to no predecessor, so far as our knowledge goes.

While therefore anyone who uses Nonnos as a handbook to any sort of normal and genuinely classical mythology will be grievously misled, the searcher into sundry odd corners will be rewarded for his pains, and even those who are studying the subject more generally cannot afford to neglect this belated product of the learned fancy of Hellenized Egypt.

H. J. Rose.

RECENT TEXT-CRITICISM OF THE *DIONYSIACA*

THE interest which classicists of the English-speaking world have taken during the last century and a half in the *Dionysiaca* of Nonnos of Panopolis has shown an inverse ratio to the astonishing bulk of the poem.[a] A work which, since the appearance of its *editio princeps* (1569), has in some degree attracted the attention of such men as Daniel Heinsius, G. Hermann, A. Koechly, K. Lehrs, W. Meyer, R. Porson, J. J. Scaliger, J. H. Voss, and von Wilamowitz, continues, however, to appeal to a dozen or so European scholars, at least half of whom have contributed in recent years particularly to the better establishment of its text.

The manuscript-tradition was first studied in scientific fashion by A. Ludwich,[b] who also produced the edition now in use. He gave a full account of the lesser manuscripts and provided the basis for a revised edition by proving that the Laurentian codex (Mediceo-Laurentianus xxxii. 16, written in A.D. 1280), not used by any previous editor, was the one from which all other extant MSS. were descended.

[a] All references to the *Dionysiaca* are made to the latest and best edition, a truly remarkable piece of work, by A. Ludwich (Leipzig, Teubner, vol. i. 1909; vol. ii. 1911).

[b] "Über die handschriftliche Überlieferung der Dionysiaka des Nonnos": *Hermes*, xii. (1877), 273-299.

Although his collation of (L) was never published, he presented a selection of readings from it which amply revealed its primacy.[2] In his edition (i. 13) he maintained the view that (P) Palatino-Heidelbergensis 85, of the sixteenth century, the best copy of (L), was itself the model for another very faulty ms. (x), now lost, from which all the *codices deteriores* (Ω = FMNORSVW), none earlier than the sixteenth century, were copied.[3]

Another tradition is represented by Π (Papyrus Berolinensis 10567), a badly mutilated fragment containing parts of books xiv., xv. and xvi., dating from about the seventh century A.D.[4] (L) nevertheless constitutes for all practical purposes the basis for our text, although it is barely possible that manuscript material thus far left wholly unexamined may be brought to bear upon its textual problems.[5]

[2] *Op. cit.* 287–299. A description of the contents of (L) is given by A. Chiari, "De codice laurentiano xxxii. 16" in *Raccolta di Scritti in Onore di Felice Ramorino* (Milan, Società Editrice Vita e Pensiero, 1927), 569–574.

[3] See Ludwich's edition, i. 10–13 for an account of these manuscripts and the stemma given by V. Stegmann, *Astrologie und Universalgeschichte: Studien und Interpretationen zu den Prosopien des Nonnos von Panopolis* (Leipzig, Teubner, 1930), 128.

[4] Edited by W. Schubart and U. von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, in *Berliner Klassikertexte, herausgegeben von der Generalverwaltung der kgl. Museen zu Berlin, Heft* v. 1. *Hälfte: Griechische Dichterfragmente*, 1. *Hälfte, epische und elegische Fragmente* (Berlin, 1907), 94–106.

[5] I refer to three mss. now in the Escurial library, which no editor save the Comte de Marcellus (*Nonnos. Les Dionysiaques*, etc., Paris, Didot, 1856), Introduction xvi. and xxvii., has even mentioned. These are most fully and recently described by P. A. Revilla, *Catálogo de los Códices Griegos de la Biblioteca de El Escorial*, Tomo i. (Madrid, Imprenta Helénica, 1936), 718–720, 437–438, 502–503; a

(L) itself is hard to read; many compendia in it were wrongly transcribed by the copyists of the *deteriores*. Its corrections by two hands were put in carelessly, so that at times it is difficult to make out the true form. Yet these corrections are most important, although they were usually written over the wrong reading which remained otherwise unchanged in the MSS.; this may have been the condition in which the exemplar of (L) was handed down.

The problems presented by the text are, therefore, generally the result of errors which crept into it as it was propagated from the fifth century, when Nonnos flourished,[a] to the thirteenth.[b] That so many MSS. (exclusive of the papyrus, 14 in all, not counting the fragment listed by Miller and the 4 owned by Utenhovius and 1 by Oporinus, now lost; see Ludwich, *Praefatio*, i. 13) of a poem which contains

comparison of the cataloguer's remarks with the information concerning the other MSS. of Nonnos given by Ludwich shows that the *Escorialenses* form part of the tradition of LPxm. Their numbers in Revilla's catalogue are: 63 (Σ. i. 3), 135 (T. i. 15), (T. ii. 19). He makes no mention of a fourth fragmentary MS. containing the first two books of the *Dionysiaca* only, listed by E. Miller, *Catalogue des MSS. grecs de la bibliothèque de l'Escurial* (Paris, 1848), No. 249, pages 189-190, with the entry T. i. 13. The three he describes are all complete. Possibly an examination, impracticable at present, of these Spanish MSS. might yield some useful evidence upon certain readings of the text, especially since Ludwich considered the *deteriores* known to him worthy of examination at many points and often lists their readings with those of LP in his very full and ingeniously prepared *apparatus criticus*.

[a] See L. R. Lind, "The Date of Nonnos of Panopolis"; *Classical Philology*, xxix. (1934), 69-73.

[b] *Cf.* P. Collart, "Pages controversés des Dionysiaques de Nonnos"; *Revue de Philologie*, xli. (1917), 124.

rather monotonous hexameters, 21,287 in number, should have survived, is, of course, one of the many ironies attendant upon the transmission of ancient texts.

Chief recourse in clarifying a text upon which much still remains to be done [8] must, then, be had to conjectural emendation, but a type of emendation which must also maintain a wholesome respect for LP. The materials for such correction are, fortunately, not as desperately exiguous as one might suppose; first, the *usus Nonni scribendi* is peculiarly rich in repetitions of words, phrases, lines, and entire passages; second, the prosody of Nonnos is so rigid and relatively so free from exceptions that the laws governing it form a very useful aid; and, third, Nonnos imitated in many places a large number of authors whose testimony can be brought to bear upon his text.[9] These

[8] *Cf.* H. Tiedke, *Berliner philologische Wochenschrift*, xxx. (1910), 1116; P. Maas, *Deutsche Literaturzeitung*, No. xxxi. (1910), 2388; A. Ludwich, "Ad novissimam Nonni Dionysiacorum editionem epimetrum"; *Universitätsprogr. Königsberg* (1911), 8; R. Keydell, *Bursians Jahresbericht*, cexxx. (1931), 101-102.

[9] Conversely, the *Dionysiaca* has provided some evidence for the emendation of better authors than Nonnos. J. E. Sandys has made good use of it in establishing the text of Euripides' *Bacchae* (3rd ed., Cambridge Univ. Press, 1892), 190, 205. He has made reference to passages in Nonnos no less than 25 times, and in two instances with especial advantage. A. Rzach (*Hesiodi carmina*, ed.[2] Leipzig, Teubner, 1913), 17, has restored Σθονιὴ from *Dion.* 40. 229; see also Addenda, 269, Ehwearum Fragmenta 9, where Vitelli has collated *Dion.* 15. 223. L. R. Farnell (*The Works of Pindar*, London, Macmillan, ii., 1932, 9 and 234) makes use of *Dion.* 37. 133 in establishing Pindar, *Ol.* i. 89 as well as of 24. 37 and 40. 233 in establishing *Pyth.* 12. W. Headlam on Herodas, *Mimi* 7. 110 restored the right reading from *Dion.* 4. 139 (W. Headlam-A. D. Knox, *Herodas: the Mimes and Frag-*

include Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Euripides, Euphorion, Callimachos, Theocritos, Plutarch, Nicander, Oppian, Apollonios Rhodios, Dorotheos of Sidon, Aratos, the *Orphica*, and apparently certain Latin poets, Ovid, Claudian, and perhaps Virgil.*

About 500 changes have been made in the text since 1911, including the defence of readings in LΩ

ments, Cambridge Univ. Press, 1922), Introd. i. xxix, 362, 392. R. C. Jebb on Sophocles, *Oedipus Tyrannus* 957 keeps σημάντωρ, adducing the parallel from *Dion.* 37, 551; A. E. Housman (*Journal of Philology*, xvi. 1888, 249) cites *Dion.* 2. 160, 48. 428 for his emendation of Aeschylus, *Agamemnon* 57 τῶν αἰνοτόκων accepted by the latest editor, A. Y. Campbell. P. N. Papageorgius, *Scholia in Sophoclis Tragoedias Vetera* (Leipzig, Teubner, 1888), 17, 59, 271, collates *Dion.* 17. 11, 185, 43. 385, and 9. 114 on the scholia to *Ajax* 172, 695, and *Antigone* 1147.

* There is a large literature on the imitations of earlier Greek writers by Nonnos. His acquaintance with Latin poets, long a moot point as in the case of other late Greek authors, now seems in the light of recent investigation more than probable. The parallels between Latin poetry and the works of certain late Greek writers have heretofore been explained on the theory of common Hellenistic sources; but Julius Braune, *Nonnos und Ovid* (Greifswald, Dallmeyer, 1935, 41 pages), attempts to prove direct use of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* by Nonnos. Although his method of argument leaves something to be desired, his general results are accepted by R. Keydell, *Gnomon*, xi. (1935), 598, who also discusses the debt of Nonnos to Claudian, his fellow countryman (604-605). Whether Nonnos read Virgil is more doubtful, although not impossible, since the passages in which he might be supposed to have used the *Aeneid*, for example, have their prototypes likewise in Homer and Apollonius Rhodius. This is the conservative view of L. Castiglioni, "Epica Nonniana"; *Rendiconti del R. Istituto Lombardo di Scienze e Lettere*, serie ii., vol. lxv. (1932), 325-326. Q. Cataudella, "Sulla fortuna di Virgilio nel Mondo greco-egiziano," *Chronique d'Égypte*, vii. (1932), 332-333, hints, without giving proof, at a direct relationship between

or of emendations earlier than 1911, rejection of emendations, transpositions, and lacunae, and the establishment of new lacunae. It is significant that somewhat more than one-fifth of these changes represent restorations of readings in LΩ which had been displaced by emendations received into Ludwich's text. Collart has used palaeographical arguments in the main, and several critics have employed metrical evidence; but the greatest weight of proof has been drawn from the *usus scribendi*. Recent works upon the composition of the text have contributed valuable information as to both readings and transpositions of lines.[a] In spite of Ludwich's full presentation of the traditional readings it is quite possible that a fresh collation of (L) would produce favourable results.[b]

Since further criticism of the text must proceed on

Nonnos and Virgil. No commentator has remarked upon the marginal notes by the third hand in (L) at *Dion.* 37, 632: [illegible] and 770: [illegible], which, although they serve to show some knowledge of Virgil on the part of the scribe, may have no particular significance since Homer might have served as the model in these passages describing funeral games. For a brief account of imitations in general, see R. Keydell, *Pauly-Wissowa*, "Nonnos" (1936), 908-911, 914-915.

[a] R. Keydell, "*Zur Komposition der Bücher 13-40 der Dionysiaca des Nonnos*": *Hermes*, lxii. (1927), 393-434; "Eine Nonnos-Analyse": *L'Antiquité Classique*, i. (1932), 173-202; Paul Collart, *Nonnos de Panopolis: Études sur la Composition et le Texte des Dionysiaques* (Le Caire, Imprimerie de l'Institut français d'Archéologie orientale, 1930).

[b] Ludwich's emendations in his text amount to almost 500, a very small number in comparison to the size of the poem; a few of these he later retracted. The lack of any published *index verborum* to the *Dionysiaca* renders more difficult the task of collecting collateral passages: one by F. A. Rigler,

the basis of the material for the purpose which has gathered since 1911, it has been deemed advisable to collect in the following pages a practically complete conspectus of these changes to date, following as closely as possible the form used by Ludwich in his *apparatus criticus*. His method of abbreviation by numbering above the line and immediately following the critic's name the articles or books in which the emendation or change first appeared will facilitate reference and save space. It is hoped that this additional *apparatus* will prove of service to students.

L. R. Lind.

Wabash College.

covering, however, only the first 24 books, lies in manuscript in the Staatsbibliothek at Berlin. In the collection of emendations which follows all references have been checked and the line-numbers of collateral passages corrected wherever wrongly cited. Certain obvious abbreviations have been employed: coll. = collatus, etc.; corr. = correxit; defend. = defendit; dubit. = dubitavit; explev. = explevit; improb. = improbavit, -erunt; Met. = Metabole or Paraphrase of the Gospel of St. John; recep. = recepit, -erunt; restaur. = restauravit.

ADDENDA CRITICA

I. 13 [illegible] Koechly (coll. Anth. Pal. ix. 198), recep. Keydell[3] 180.—69 [illegible] LΩ, defend. Lind[2] 78.—98 signum interrogationis post 98 Wifstrand 146, n. 1.—137 [illegible] Collart[3] 66.—200 [illegible] (-η) LΩ, defend. Keydell[3] 19.—242 [illegible] LΩ, defend. Keydell[3] 19 (coll. 13. 414).—426 [illegible] Maas[1] 2588 (coll. Met. Z 68).—501 παρὰ Keydell[3] 381 (coll. 2. 332; Met. B 59).

II. 120 ἐμφανὲς LPΩ; [illegible] Koechly ([illegible] dubitanter), recep. Ludwich; qua ratione dixit Koechly "ἐμφανὲς quod aperte falsum," nescio; ἐμφανὲς quod traditum retinendum censeo; vide iam Ludwich[2] 96 (coll. ad 48. 114: 1. 76; 4. 430; 5. 311; 366; 12. 372; 14. 65; 373; 15. 4; 250; 22. 15; 23. 22; 81; 107; 34. 235; 38. 125; 305; 387; 402; 39. 258; 43. 260; 44. 12; 48. 347; 641).—143-146 lectiones LΩ defend. Tiedke[1] 215 (coll. 40. 138 ff.).—143 [illegible] Collart[3] 113-115 (coll. 23. 283).—163 [illegible] LΩ, defend. Keydell[3] 102, 103.—226 ὁ [illegible] Tiedke[1] 450.—247 [illegible] Graefe, quam emendationem recipio, quoniam cum [illegible] non possum construere illud [illegible] traditum.—321 [illegible] LΩ, defend. Tiedke[4] 315 (coll. 11. 278; 29. 380; 38. 139; 43. 175; 48. 193; Met. B 62).—425 [illegible] Ludwich[1] 91.

III. 60 [illegible] Tiedke[1] 448-449.—130 [illegible] Keydell[4] 39 (coll. 10. 51; 31. 75; 45. 235).—147 [illegible] ⟨δ'⟩ Maas[1] 2588.—149 [illegible] Chamberlayne, Studies in Philology, xiii. (1916), 65; coll. 11. 499 Lind.—226 [illegible] Ludwich; dubit. Keydell[3] 102.—267 [illegible] LΩ, recep. Collart[3] 75.—279 παρὰ LΩ, recep. Keydell[4] 41.—311 [illegible] . . . [illegible] Castiglioni[3] 315.—340 [illegible] LΩ, defend. Tiedke[4] 315 (coll. 13. 176; 36. 79 f.; 46. 227) et Castiglioni[3] 315.—398 [illegible] (-ω) LΩ, defend. Tiedke[4] 315 (coll. 33. 146).—400

κεχρημένη LΩ, defend. Maas[4] 442-443 (coll. Ioh. Gaz. 2. 16 Friedländer ; Aristoph. Lysist. 90 cum scholiis ; 5. 613).

IV. 31 *[illegible]* LPM, recep. Keydell[6] 102.—104 *[illegible]* Castiglioni[2] 314.—178 *εἰς [illegible] . . . [illegible]* Keydell[1] 14 (coll. 20. 96) ; *[illegible]*, primus Cunaeus.—198 *[illegible]* Castiglioni[2] 320.—241 post 241 lacunam statuit Keydell[2] 1 (coll. 7. 233 sqq.).—456 *[illegible]* LPM, defend. Tiedke[3] 223 (coll. 5. 132 ; 11. 177 ; 14. 173 ; 40. 440).

V. 77 *[illegible]* LPM, recep. Stegemann 231-232.—136 cf. Eustathius 1788, 46 Wifstrand 13.—178-188 collocationem versuum mutavit Ludwich[3] 374 ; mutationem eius improb. Keydell[6] 104, Collart[3] 80.—188 *[illegible]* Ludwich, improb. Maas[3] 2587.—189 *[illegible]* Cunaeus, recep. Keydell[6] 104.—225 *[illegible]* Ludwich, improb. Maas[3] 2587 ; ad *[illegible]* coll. 4. 426 ; 5. 329 ; 25. 38 ; 315 ; 463 ; 483 ; 37. 519 Ludwich[3] 91 ; *[illegible]* Koechly, recep. Tiedke[4] 311-312 (coll. 14. 408 ; 15. 16 ; 107 ; 26. 183 ; 36. 189 ; 436 ; 37. 37 ; Met. Ε 76). —303 *[illegible]* Collart[3] 86, n. 3 (coll. 423 ; 327 ; 343).—366 *[illegible]* LΩ, dubitanter recep. Ludwich[3] 96 (coll. 2. 120 ; 48. 114).—387 *[illegible]* Keydell[2] 381.—431-420 collocationem versuum Marcelli et Koechlii non recep. Keydell[7] 178.

VI. 73 coll. 2. 333 et Plato, Phaedrus 247 c Stegemann 43. —85 *[illegible]* [?] Stegemann 94.—93 *[illegible]* Koechly [?] Stegemann 95.—158 *[illegible]* Keydell[6] 2-3.—161 *[illegible]* Graefe, recep. Collart[3] 90-91 sine lacuna.—186 *[illegible]* LΩ, defend. Tiedke[4] 330.—238-239 "*[illegible]*, das weder intransitiv stehen noch etwa *[illegible]* als Objekt zu sich nehmen kann." *[illegible]* (pro *[illegible]*) Keydell[2] 381 (coll. 25. 101 ; 36. 349).—247 *[illegible]* LΩ, recep. Stegemann 63, 68, n. 1 ; 89.—247-248 *[illegible]* *Παρθενικῆς* LΩ, defend. Keydell[2] 382, atque recep. Stegemann 89.—276 *[illegible]* Ludwich, dubit. Keydell[6] 102.—292 *[illegible]* LΩ, restaur. Ludwich[3] 374 (coll. 13. 326 ; 37. 173 ; 39. 49 ; add. 25. 397 Lindt).—343 *[illegible]* Castiglioni[2] 316-317.—354 *[illegible]* Keydell[2] 382 (coll. Met. Ξ 109).—386 *[illegible]* Keydell[2] 383 (coll. 13. 566-568 ; 15. 248).

VII. 95 *[illegible]* LΩ, defend. Castiglioni[2] 311.—102 *σῆμά τε τῆς θειότητος* Collart[1] 263-265 et idem[3] 91 ; *σῆμα τεῆς θειότητος* L, recep. Keydell[6] 106.—176 "Vielleicht ist *ποταμοῖο* für *Διονύσου* einzusetzen. Durch dieselbe Änderung

hat Tiedke, Hermes, lviii. 318 den Vers 19, 327 hergestellt." Keydell[3] 179, n. 8.—234 *καί τιν* Graefe, recep. Keydell[3] 2 (coll. 47. 293).

VIII. 157 *σιδηροφόροιο* Keydell[4] 39 (coll. 47. 543).

IX. 42 *μετὰ* Ludwich[2] 373 (coll. 26. 323; 45. 278).—81 *φαντάζεται* LP, defend. Wifstrand 185 (coll. 42. 461).—120 *ἀναβλύζουσα* Castiglioni[1] 250.—128 *δαιδαλοεργέη* Koechly, defend. V. Macchioro, Att. Acc. Torino, liv. (1918–1919), 153-154; recep. O. Jahn, Hermes, iii (1869), 330; improb. Keydell[3] 107.—130 punctum post 130 Wifstrand 186.—169 *ἔχων θηρονόμον ὄγμον* et 171 *μεθέπων* ... transposuit Castiglioni[2] 318 (coll. 10. 224; 23. 226; 44. 76; 46. 147).—270 *φαίξασα* L[2] 172, recep. Tiedke[4] 203 (coll. 1. 283; 2. 532; 14. 284; 43. 38; sed *φαίνουσα* propius usui Nonni scribendi; 5. 602; 15. 310; 32. 196; 257; 34. 305; 39. 401); dubit. Keydell[3] 105.

X. 93 *κέντρα σὺν* tentavit Castiglioni[2] 311.—221 *εἶχε* Castiglioni[1] 250-251 (coll. 10. 285; 289; 292; 296-297; 39. 291).—285 δ' delevit Tiedke[2] 110 (coll. 45. 13; Met. 1 108; 109; Tiedke, Quaestiunculae Nonnianae, ii., Hermes, xv. (1880), 48).—303 *ἁρπάζεσκε* Maas[4] 265 (coll. 2. 315; 20. 288; 28. 207; 40. 420; 47. 688).—304 post 306 transposuit u[2] Marcellus, Koch; recep. Keydell[3] 102.—304 *οὐρανὸν οὐ μάλα δῶμα* Koch, recep. Keydell[3] 102; *Τρώιον* ... (vel ...) *δῶμα φιλοπτολέμου* ... Castiglioni[1] 251-252 (coll. 307; 33. 255 sqq.; 40. 153).—402 ... LΩ, recep. Keydell[3] 106.

XI. 184 ... LΩ, recep. Keydell[3] 19.—205 ... Castiglioni[1] 252 (coll. 2. 275; 11. 14).—227 ... Castiglioni[1] 252; recep. Ludwich[2] 92 (corr. 18. 321; coll. 4. 149; 12. 43; 20. 160 = 37. 240; 23. 65; 196; 48. 871).—231 *ἄρξασα* Castiglioni[1] 253 (coll. 11. 367; 40. 177) et defend. idem[2] 316 (coll. 37. 504) contra Keydell[3] 104.—253 *ἐπὶ δαῖτα* vel ... Collart[2] 104, n. 2.—272 ... interpunxit Keydell[3] 20 (coll. 480).—412 *καὶ . . . ἔην* Castiglioni[1] 253 (coll. 37. 242; 625); improb. Keydell[3] 104; retract. Castiglioni[2] 316.—443-445 post 442 collocavit Castiglioni[1] 253-255 (coll. 16. 260 ff.; 17. 313 ff.); improb. Keydell[3] 104.—485.12. 117 denuo recognovit Stegemann 128-158.—492 ... (-ω) LΩ, recep. Stegemann 130.—493 *διφόρον* Castiglioni[1] 255

et defend. idem[2] 316 contra Keydell[6] 104.—499 ὄρθιον LΩ, recep. Stegemann 132.

XII. 2 ἐναυλίζοντο LΩ, recep. Stegemann 138 et Keydell[7] 182 (coll. 20. 2).—15 θυγατέρες LΩ, recep. Stegemann 139.—16 ἱστάμεναι LΩ, recep. Stegemann 139.—19 ὠγύγιον Stegemann 140.—22 ὥρην LΩ, recep. Stegemann 140-141; φθινοπωρὶς ὀπώρην Collart[2] 116 (coll. 11. 513; 12. 95; 180; 196; 200; 240; 263; 291; 313; 314); improb. Keydell[6] 106.—57 δενδραίην LPM, recep. Stegemann 149.—87 λύσσαν LΩ, defend. Stegemann 154.—88 ἔτι LΩ, defend. Stegemann 154.—98 ἔσσεται LPFf, recep. Stegemann 156.—117 ἱπποσύνης LΩ, recep. Stegemann 158.—143 εὖρε τελέσσαι LΩ, defend. Tiedke[1] 222.—152 ἢ ναέτης FMΩ, recep. Castiglioni[2] 311; ἐνναέτης Cunaeus, recep. Lind[1] 208-209 (coll. 4. 266; 9. 169; Hesiod, Op. et D. 436; Ap. Rhod. 1. 1076; 2. 1273).—176 πέλεν ᾔδημον Castiglioni[1] 255-256 (sed cf. 48. 580).—250 αὐτὸς dubitanter Castiglioni[2] 327.—323 πέριξ (pro δράκων) Tiedke[4] 306 (coll. 11. 176; 19. 131; 28. 95; 43. 65; 44. 107 sqq., 45. 233; 48. 688).—341 εὐτύκτοιο LΩ, defend. Collart[2] 109, n. 3 (coll. 335-336).—357 οἶνον acc. Rigler, citavit Keydell[1] 17.—369 ἄσπετον Castiglioni[2] 314 (coll. 47. 73).

XIII. 45 γέροντος Koechly; γεραιοῦ Ludwich; "correctiones inutiles" Collart[2] 116, n. 1.—58 ἄρνην καὶ ἐρυθρὰς LΩ, recep. Maas[2] 130.—141 παρακάτθετο Ludwich[1] 5 (coll. 24. 46; 47. 215; 48. 649; 953; 958).—236 οἱ χθόνα ναιετάουσι (pro καὶ . . . Νωδαίοιο) sine lacuna (235) Collart[2] 117, et n. 2.—276 χόλον, Ἀρκάδα πέτρην Tiedke[4] 307 (coll. 298; 6. 124; 331; 8. 114; 13. 122; 132; 31. 187; 32. 9; 40. 83; 42. 533; Met. Z 84).—345 χαμαιγενέεσσι LΩ, defend. Keydell[6] 3.—436 κύκλῳ Keydell[2] 20 (coll. 32. 78; Met. Σ 84; 101).—451 πάτρην Keydell[4] 39 (coll. 448).

XIV. 26 αὐτοτέλεστον . . . γενέθλην LΩ, defend. Keydell[4] 39 (coll. Ap. Rhod. i. 1129 ff.; Georg Boesch, De Apollonii Rhodii elocutione. Diss. Berlin, 1908, p. 44).—128 καὶ κόσμησε φάλαγγα Collart[2] 118-119; improb. Keydell[6] 106.—153 παπταίνοντα Keydell[1] 14 (coll. 9. 102 ff.).—165 κατορθῶν sine lacuna Collart[2] 117, cf. n. 3.—200 Ἐρώτων LPFΩ, defend. Tiedke[4] 312-313 (coll. 5. 612 sq.; 13. 178 sq.; 25. 121; 47. 518; Joh. Gaz. ii. 125).—209 ἐρίπνας Keydell[4] 39.—237 ἐνεθήκατο Castiglioni[1] 256 (coll. 11. 234).—249 εὖια

Keydell[4] 40 (coll. 10. 140).—256-257 delere vel transponere vult Maas[4] 444.—279 ἀναθρῴσκοντα Castiglioni[1] 256-257, sed retract. idem[2] 312.—350 εὐπαλάμοιο Keydell[3] 383 (coll. 17. 146).—364 κεχρημένη γείτονι μηρῷ Graefe, recep. Maas[4] 442.—464 cf. αἰδὼς Ἀθήνης 47. 22.

XV. 3 ἀγχιβαθής Graefe, recep. Keydell[6] 102 (coll. 10. 166).—10 ἀγρώσσων Tiedke[1] 430 (coll. 43. 31; 48. 600).—112 ἐλαίης? Koechly, recep. Maas[2] § 40 (coll. 47. 4; 372) et G. Pasquali, Gnomon, v. 422; sed improb. Siegemann 238 (coll. 12. 112).—211 "ἀγχονίῃ möglich wäre." Tiedke[4] 314.—228 "Il faut sans doute ponctuer après μηκάς." Collart[2] 123-124.—294 ex apparatu "αἰθέρα LΩ ausgefallen" Ludwich[2] 93, n. 1.

XVI. 116 μαρμαίροντας Ludwich, improb. Maas[1] 2587; χαρίεντας Ludwich[2] 375 (coll. 11. 246; 46. 281).—119 παιζόμενον LΩ, defend. Keydell[4] 40 (coll. 38. 176; 236; 41. 280).—141 post 141 lacunam statuit Keydell[3] 383; νεβρίδα ποικιλόνωτον ἐπὶ στέρνοισιν ἀειδήσω temptavit ibidem, τε LΩ probavit.—183 φαρμακίη λῦσε Βάκχου Graefe, improb. Maas[4] 444.—224 παιδὸς ἑοῖο? Koechly, recep. Ludwich[3] 5.—344 Ὕπνῳ lapsus typographi; Ὕπνῳ restaur. Maas[1] 2588.

XVII. 6 τε μόνον (pro ἄσθμα) Collart[2] 124.—45 post 51 collocavit Keydell[3] 20.—72 "Il semble qu'on puisse supprimer le vers intrus sans indiquer de lacune." Collart[2] 126, n. 2.—144 ἐρίσαντας Castiglioni[1] 257 (coll. 9. 203; 248; 16. 245; 22. 26).—201 in apparatu Ω delevit Ludwich[3] 6.—222 αἰθομένη Castiglioni[1] 257 (coll. 9. 117; 17. 340; 28. 216).—277 Κελαινῷ dubitanter Wifstrand 178, n. 1 (coll. 32. 31; 33. 308; 35. 240).—335 αἰνόμορον Keydell[3] 384 (coll. 17. 174; 26. 130).—390 ἐρύσσας Ludwich, improb. Maas[1] 2587 et Tiedke[3] 446; retract. et Ἐρυθραίων ἔσω Graefe probavit Ludwich[3] 6 (coll. 27. 268; Met. A 63; N 165).

XVIII. 9 ἀνεμώδεος LΩ, recep. Tiedke[4] 307 (coll. 10. 78; 383; 12. 54; 92; 28. 283; 33. 210).—16 στεναῖσι Struve, recep. sine lacuna Collart[2] 128.—17 ἀμφιέλισσαν Castiglioni[1] 258 (coll. 11. 380 sqq.; 12. 197; Hesiod, Theog. 820; Ap. Rhod. 1. 792; 3. 51; 1141); improb. Keydell[6] 104; retract. Castiglioni[2] 316.—35 τραπέζῃ L[2] vel μιῇ ἔδρανον τραπέζης et Marcellus ultimum vocabulum versus mutilat; Collart[2] 130 (coll. 10. 235; 18. 23).—36 ἀναπιάζουσα LΩ, dubit. Tiedke[1] 423 (coll. 40. 532).—130 ἀρείζων Castiglioni[1] 258-259 (coll.

19. 199 et idem[2] 316 ; 10. 241 ; 11. 3 ; 25. 31 ; 28. 58 ; 46. 143) ; improb. Keydell[9] 104.—173 ἄλλον LΩ, dubitanter recep. Wifstrand 12 (coll. 182 Lind).—255 [illegible] [illegible] Keydell[1] 14 (coll. 10. 205).—275 [illegible] Maas[2] 131.—280 [illegible] Maas[2] 131 (coll. 36. 118 ; 41. 302 ; 387 ; "278-281 noch unentwirrt").—281 = 29. 177; coll. 1. 263 sqq.; 2. 39 sqq.; 41. 58 sqq. Maas[2] 131.—321 [illegible] Ludwich[2] 92 (coll. 11. 227 emendatus Castiglioni[1] 252).—324 [illegible] Castiglioni[1] 259 (coll. 14. 373 ; 21. 189 ; 39. 28).—344 [illegible] Tiedke[4] 308 (coll. 6. 224 ; 13. 530 ; 14. 282 ; 15. 396 ; 22. 23 ; 28. 143 ; 30. 113 ; 36. 379 ; 38. 191 ; 43. 137 ; 47. 228).

XIX. 6 [illegible] Keydell[1] 15 (coll. 3. 228 ; 20. 8 ; 42. 362).—129 "ἀργυρέοις ἀκτῖσι ῥέεθρα λευκαίνοντα [illegible] wahrscheinlich" Tiedke[2] 451 (coll. 5. 486 ; 11. 23 ; 18. 114 ; 40. 355 ; Met. Φ 19 ; Paul. Sil. Soph. ii. 331 ff.).—141 πεφορημένος Castiglioni[1] 259 (coll. 22. 369).—177 [illegible] Keydell[4] 40 (coll. 159 ; 14. 99).—226 φωνήεντα Keydell[1] 21 (coll. 206).—283 Ὄλυμπον LΩ, recep. Keydell[4] 40 (coll. 13. 568 ; 18. 258).—337 "vielleicht ποταμοῖο zu lesen ist" Tiedke[4] 318 ; cf. 7. 176.

XX. 69 cum [illegible] coll. 16. 186 ; 38. 75 ; 48. 944 Ludwich[1] 3.—93 ἐφ' [illegible] Ludwich, dubit. Keydell[9] 102.—192 [illegible] Castiglioni[1] 260 (coll. 211 ; 252 ; 5. 185) ; improb. Keydell[9] 104 (coll. 6. 170).—197 [illegible] (pro [illegible]) Castiglioni[1] 261 (coll. 20. 343 ; 21. 152).—236 ἔδνα (pro [illegible]) Tiedke[4] 309 (coll. 25. 334 ff. ; 40. 278) ; sed cf. Keydell[9] 105.—242 [illegible] LPM, restaur. Ludwich[2] 6 (coll. 2. 629 ; 3. 169 ; 4. 441 ; 446 ; 456 ; 5. 259 ; 17. 201 ; 21. 8 ; 28. 211 ; 36. 255).—319 μετὰ Castiglioni[1] 261 ; improb. Keydell[9] 104.—329 [illegible] Castiglioni[2] 320 (coll. 38. 86 ; 48. 697).—341 ὡς ὅ γε extrusit ἀλλ' ὅ γε : "ainsi 341 faisait sans doute suite primitivement à 332" Collart[3] 143.—357 ante 357 signum athetoseos posuit Maas[2] 131.

XXI. 2 λάβεν Scaliger, recep. sine lacuna Collart[3] 143, n. 1.—74-75 transpositionem non recep. Collart[3] 143, n. 2.—77 κλεῖδα LΩ, recep. Maas[2] 131-132.—80 [illegible] Graefe, recep. Tiedke[2] 454 (coll. 5. 335 ; 11. 173 ; 14. 368 ; 22. 75 ; 35. 5 ; 36. 372 ; 37. 288 ; 353 ; 519 ; 537 ; 39. 302 ; Met. Π 73 ; Υ 22).—222-226 post 247 collocationem non recep. Collart[3] 148-149.—222-224 post 221 collocavit Castiglioni[1] 261-263 ; improb. Keydell[9] 104.—224 "ἦν <δ'> ἐθελήσῃ for-

[illegible]" Castiglioni[2] 263; sed vid. 5. 471: 6. 314; 316; 23. 226.—236 [illegible] Koechly; [illegible] Cunaeus; recep. utramque Tiedke[1] 312.—344 [illegible] Struve, recep. sine lacuna Collart[3] 149, n. 3.

XXII. 2 [illegible] pro [illegible] corr. Paschal, Classical Philology, vii. (1912), 131.—9 [illegible] Ludwich; "objektlose" Keydell[9] 102.—42-43 " Il y a en réalité plus d'une lacune, car il ne semble pas y avoir plus de lien entre 42 et 43 qu'entre 41 et 42 et [illegible] est un lien bien artificiel." Collart[3] 150, n. 2. —103 [illegible] (pro μέγας) Keydell[3] 15 (coll. 23. 226; 24. 61).—113 [illegible] LΩ, recep. Keydell[4] 43.—171 [illegible] (pro [illegible]) Wifstrand 187 (coll. 2. 550; 24. 64; 26. 349); sed [illegible] produxit.—262 [illegible] LΩ, recep. Keydell[4] 41.—288 [illegible] Graefe, recep. Ludwich[2] 92-93 (coll. 15. 258; 16. 281).—290 [illegible] improb. Maas[1] 2287 (tmesin non admittit Nonnos).

XXIII. 103 [illegible] (pro με) Castiglioni[2] 263.—106 [illegible] Ludwich; "sinnlose" Keydell[9] 103.—130 [illegible] Castiglioni[2] 263 (coll. 6. 166; 20. 146; 24. 323; 25. 375; 29. 349; 31. 262).—132 [illegible] et ordinem pristinum servatis 133-134 Collart[3] 160.—161 lacunam ante 162 non recep. Keydell[9] 408, n. 1.—163 [illegible] vel [illegible] (pro [illegible]) sine lacuna post 161 Collart[3] 161.—160-161 delere vult Collart[3] 161.—219 [illegible] Keydell[3] 284 (coll. 32. 133; 2. 63; 19. 83; Met. A 173).—236 [illegible] LP, defend. Maas[2] 132 (cf. Tiedke, Quaest. Nonn. spec.; 1873, p. 3).—276 <[illegible]> [illegible] Castiglioni[2] 319.

XXIV. 122 post 122 transposuit 22. 42, 39, 40, 41 (hoc ordine) Collart[3] 151.—123 [illegible] LΩ, defend. Collart[3] 151.—202 [illegible] Keydell[4] 41 (coll. 2. 180).—206 [illegible] Ludwich[2] 376 (coll. 10. 98; 11. 462; 13. 291; 15. 394; 22. 2).—220 [illegible] Maas[2] 23, idem[2] 132, n. 1; retract. idem[3] 18, n. 1.—294 [illegible] Castiglioni[2] 264 (coll. 24. 276).—346 [illegible] Tiedke[1] 309 (coll. 14. 295; 24. 137; 27. 206; 28. 209; 29. 122; 36. 424; 37. 487).

XXV. 223 [illegible] LΩ, recep. Maas[2] 132 (coll. 2. 165; 23. 262).—207-208 " Sie sind unverständlich, passen auch keineswegs an die andern Stellen, an die man sie versetzt hat." Keydell[9] 410, n. 1.—208 [illegible] Collart[3] 163, n. 1.—335 [illegible] LΩ, recep. Stegemann 87.—397 [illegible] LΩ, recep. Ludwich[2] 376 et Stegemann

65-66.—107 ὑπερωπειρηδὸν LΩ, defend. Stegemann 66.—409 interpunxit post Ἄρατον, non post μετρηθέντος Maas[6] 266.—425 πέτρῃ LΩ, recep. Maas[6] 266 (coll. Ap. Rhod. 1. 741; 767).—436 ὁρμῇ Keydell[9] 21 (coll. 11. 417).—440 ἡβητήρ Ludwich[2] 93 (coll. 10. 366; 32. 211 etc.).—475 πυκάζων LΩ, defend. Keydell[9] 103.—502 τιμῇ Ludwich; dubit. Keydell[9] 102.—554 ἀχάρακτον LΩ, defend. Ludwich[3] 377 (coll. 553; 5. 399; 29. 170; 36. 39).

XXVI. 22-27 transpositiones non recep. Collart[3] 168, n. 1.—35 ἢ ξίφος Keydell[3] 384.—50 ἔδος (pro πέδον) Castiglioni[1] 264 (coll. 13. 124; 163), sed dubit. idem[3] 316.—55-59 transpositiones non recep. Collart[3] 169, n. 1.—132 δ' σὲ μάστα (L)PΩ, recep. Keydell[9] 103.—162 λάθριον ἀγγέλλοντα Castiglioni[3] 321.—233 ἑώους LΩ, Ἰνδοὺς ἀοιδοὺς dubitanter, recep. Tiedke[1] 226 (coll. 40. 392; 46. 336); "ἀοιδοὺς scheint sicher" Keydell[9] 105; ὁδίτης (Scaliger ad 33. 269) vel ἀλήτης (coll. 13. 323-324; 26. 225-226; 3. 54) Collart[3] 119-121.—246 μένος· interpunxit Lind.—245-246 εἵνεκα . . . γένος LΩ, defend. Tiedke[1] 224-228 (coll. 12. 292; 18. 218; 29. 304; 32. 219; 41. 353).—280 ἑσπομένων LΩ, defend. Tiedke[4] 313.—293 Εὐανδίας ἀχείμονος Keydell[9] 21 (coll. 1. 142; 3. 35).—323 ἐνὶ Castiglioni[3] 321 (coll. 35. 270; 39. 232; 48. 921).—356 παρὰ L, defend. Keydell[3] 381; idem[9] 102.

XXVII. 31 ὀρεσσιπόλον (propter 28) dubitanter Castiglioni[1] 264.—43 ἄγριον LΩ, recep. Castiglioni[3] 314-315.—70-72 post 125 collocavit Castiglioni[1] 265; improb. Keydell[9] 104.—94 ἀστεροπῇ . . . ἐλάζω Keydell[3] 385 (coll. 3. 292; 28. 187).—139 πέλας Graefe, improb. Maas[3] 132, n. 1.—228-230 collocationem post 236 improb. Keydell[9] 413.—255 αὐτὸς dubitanter Castiglioni[1] 266.—296 σκηπτρούχων ἐρύξαι LΩ, defend. Tiedke[2] 447-448.—306 οὐδὲ μάτην Keydell[1] 15 (coll. 34. 237).

XXVIII. 50 Δηριάδῃ πέλας ἐχθρὸν tentavit Ludwich; improb. Wifstrand 12.—81 ἀδευκέος LΩ, restaur. Ludwich[3] 377; ἔσκε τὸ δεύτερον dubitanter Tiedke[4] 310 (coll. 30. 294; 35. 262; 36. 389; 40. 32; 67).—92 ἐγρεμόθου Tiedke[4] 311 (coll. 30. 136).—157 φυλασσομένη γενετῆρα tentavit Ludwich; dubit. Keydell[9] 102.—183 punctum post 183 Keydell[4] 42.—184 πρήνιξε Keydell[4] 42.—185 μία μούνη LΩ, defend. Castiglioni[3] 317 (coll. 34. 39).—188 ἀντίρροπον

Keydell[3] 385 (coll. 3. 292 Lind).—231 ἀνατέλλουσα προσώπου dubitanter Castiglioni[3] 320.—259 φυλασσομένου L Ω, defend. Tiedke[1] 313 (coll. 37. 227 ; 42. 133).—276, 251-256, 277-305, 309-318, 306-308, 319 seq. sic collocavit sine lacuna post 277 Collart[3] 178 ; cf. Keydell[6] 415.—319-321 post 318 restaur. Collart[3] 178.—321 λίθῳ f', recep. Collart[3] 178.

XXIX. 78 ἀπ' ἠέρος L Ω, defend. Keydell[6] 103.—157-161 ordinem codicum servavit Collart[3] 179.—157 ὁμοῦ Collart[3] 179.—206 σκιάζων Cunaeus, recep. Keydell[6] 416.—207 ὄλεθρον Cunaeus, recep. Keydell[6] 416.—236 et 242 Στεροπῆα Keydell[6] 417 (coll. 14. 225).—263 lacunam non recep. Keydell[6] 417.—263-264 τῶν de Bassaridis intellexit sine lacuna Collart[3] 182.—321 ἐξ ὅτε Ludwich[3] 377 (coll. 23. 25 ; 25. 222 ; 38. 91 ; 44. 50).

XXX. 103 ποιῆτα L Ω, defend. Tiedke[1] 224.—112 χαλκείοισι Marcellus, recep. Lind[3] 21.—162 πηγὴν Castiglioni[3] 267.—165 ἀγροτέρης Maas[6] 266 (contra usum scribendi).—227 ἐρωτὴν Ludwich[3] 383.—264 ἄρχες Castiglioni[3] 251.—281 θεὸς Keydell[3] 22 (loquitur Athena!).—299 νίσσων Castiglioni[3] 322.

XXXI. 39 ἀμαλλοδέτῃσι Keydell[6] 43 (coll. 17. 153).—195 post 193 excidit versus? Collart[3] 187, n. 2.—232 γάρ (pro δέ) Castiglioni[3] 267.—236-237 post 235 collocavit Collart[3] 188.—249 ἕως Castiglioni[3] 322 (coll. 42. 332).—272 θέλξῃ f, recep. Collart[3] 189.—273 post 272 Collart[3] 189.

XXXII. 14-15 post 13 collocavit Collart[3] 189.—38 παῖδες L Ω, recep. Keydell[6] 42 (coll. 48. 790).—65 οὐ ποτε sine lacuna post 64 Collart[3] 190.—86, 87, 90, 88, 89 sic collocavit Collart[3] 191.—106 lacunam non recep. Collart[3] 192.—110-118 post 124 collocavit Collart[3] 192.—114 μητρυιὴν Castiglioni[3] 267, idem[3] 316 (coll. 30. 249).—165 Μαδαίης (cf. 40. 236) recte L Ω, probaverunt H. I. Bell, Classical Review, xxiii. (1909), 223 ; H. J. Milne, Archiv für Papyrusforschung, vii. 3-10 ; Keydell[6] 421, idem, Philologische Wochenschrift (1929), 1101 ; Collart[3] 192, n. 1.

XXXIII. 28-29 uncis inclusit Collart[3] 193, n. 2.—98 χείρεσσι L Ω, defend. Keydell[6] 42.—128 lacunam non recep. Collart[3] 194.—175 αἴγλῃ Ludwich[3] 94 (coll. 4. 283 ; 27. 18 ; 38. 154 ; 379 ; 41. 93).—178 οἴνου L, probavit Keydell[6] 42.—190 παρά Keydell[3] 22.—195 βεβολημένος Castiglioni[3] 268 ;

improb. Ludwich[2] 94 (coll. 7. 199; 43. 377).—276 κεφαλῇ δὲ κεχύσθη Ludwich[3] 378; κεφαλῇ δὲ λύσεν LΩ, defend. Tiedke[2] 861-862, idem[3] 445-446; βαλὼν Keydell[8] 22 (coll. 9. 196; 33. 701).—278 λόχμης Tiedke[3] 453 (coll. 13. 331; 16. 85; 309; 20. 256; 22. 294; 24. 149; 44. 89, etc.); coll. γείτονι τοίχῳ Met. Z 34 Keydell[6] 105.

XXXIV. 21 ἐφύδρων ὄχθης Graefe, improb. Castiglioni[2] 322.—47 obelum ante ἦε posuit et ἢ ἐγρεκύδοιμον Ἀθήνην maluit Maas[3] 132-133 (coll. 36. 21).—48 φαρέτρην LΩ, recep. Maas[3] 132-133.—126 ἐπὶ δίφρων Maas[3] 133.—154 καὶ (pro οὐ) Collart[3] 200.—157 ὀμφήεντος genitivus Ludwich[3] 94 (coll. 17. 38; 26. 74; 32. 286; 33. 270); nominativus Keydell[6] 103.—173 ἀπείρατον LΩ, recep. Ludwich[3] 379 (coll. 22. 135; 30. 220; 40. 221).—195 "Le vers 195 fait exactement suite à 167" Collart[3] 200, n. 4.—203 "λήξαντα unmöglich" Keydell[6] 103; cf. Ludwich[3] 379.

XXXV. 31 μαραινομένης (corruptio ex 5. 338) Maas[4] 443 (coll. 30. 214-215).—48 de lacuna dubit. Collart[3] 202, n. 3.—66-67 "La transposition . . . semble accidentelle." Collart[3] 203, n. 1.—101 μεταστρέψασα LΩ, defend. Keydell[6] 381 (coll. 22. 318).—146 ἄλλος Ludwich; "nicht notwendig" Keydell[6] 103.—164-165 Μορρεύς, οὐ φορέεις Castiglioni[2] 322.—241 ἠλιάδων LΩ, defend. Keydell[3] 23 (coll. 16. 105; 36. 127).—246 τέρπεται, ἀσπαίρουσαν ἐπ' ἀλλοτρίοις ἀλέγουσα sic interpunxit Maas[4] 266.—258 ἔδρακε LΩ, defend. etiam de lacuna cogitans Collart[3] 39 et n. 2.—270 δὲ LΩ, defend. Ludwich[3] 375.—295-296 uncis inclusit Collart[3] 204, n. 2.—303 ἀφάσση Tiedke[3] 450 (coll. 15. 6; 10; 31. 254; 45. 31; 48. 600; Met. I 39).

XXXVI. 174 "ἀλωσυδνοῖς wahrscheinlich" Ludwich[3] 379 (coll. 2. 286; 4. 423; 14. 379; 18. 191; 40. 191; 48. 124; 272); "unpassend" Keydell[6] 104 (coll. 6. 113; 14. 233).—204 στεινομένων Castiglioni[2] 323 (coll. 201; 39. 347).—284 φιλέει Graefe vel φιλέει Tiedke, maluit sine lacuna (283) Collart[3] 208.—296-303, 322-333, 304-328 sic ordinavit Collart[3] 210-211, n. 2.—329 θάμνον corr. Ludwich[3] 381.—349 ἀνεκρούσατο Castiglioni[2] 323 (coll. 1. 216; 22. 310; 32. 242; 43. 323; 48. 329).—352 ἀνεγράψας Διονύσου LΩ, defend. Keydell[6] 402, n. 1.—417 ἡγεμονεύων Graefe, dubit. Keydell[6] 428.

XXXVII. 22 ἐρχομένοιο[ιν] ὀρεσίδρομος Castiglioni[1] 268;

improb. Ludwich[2] 379.—32 lacunam post ἱλαστόμος non recep. Collart[2] 215-216.—68 ἀναίμονα Ludwich[2] 380 (coll. 2. 301; 15. 10; 61; 136; 365; 19. 117; 22. 194; 334; 29. 103).—69 **ἐπέδησεν LΩ**, defend. L. Sternbach, Anthologiae Planudeae Appendix Barberino-Vaticana (Leipzig, Teubner, 1890), 82.—76 ἀμβροσίῃ Castiglioni[1] 268.—94-98 ordinem versuum codicorum servavit Collart[2] 216 (coll. Homer Ψ 253-257).—193 [illegible] Keydell[3] 34 (coll. 37. 222; 42. 347; Met. I 6).—288 [illegible] LΩ, defend. Tiedke[1] 219.—460 [illegible] Keydell[3] 385 (coll. 10. 404).—485 χαλκευτής LΩ, defend. Tiedke[1] 221.—487 ἔχων Castiglioni[1] 269.—488 ἔχων LΩ, recep. Castiglioni[1] 269 (coll. 37. 610).—523 [illegible] (pro [illegible]) Castiglioni[1] 269.—544 sine lacuna W. Schönewulf, Nonniana. Diss. Marburg (1909), 18-19 (coll. Homer Ψ 694 ff.).—563 [illegible] Ludwich[1] 5 (coll. 42. 384).—596-597 [illegible] | [illegible], sic interpunxit Ludwich[2] 380.—609 [illegible] LΩ, defend. H. W. Greene, Classical Review, xxv (1911), 129-132.—681 sine lacuna W. Schönewulf (cf. 544).—728 [illegible] Tiedke[2] 316 (coll. 7. 149; 25. 248).

XXXVIII. 170 lacunam non recep. Collart[2] 221-222.—193-194 ὁ δὲ [illegible] . . . [illegible] delevit Maas[4] 444.—197 [illegible] LΩ, defend. Maas[4] 444.—202 [illegible] LΩ, defend. Maas[4] 444 (coll. Hesiod. Theog. 286); sed retract. idem[5] 265.—203 delevit Maas[4] 444.—205 [illegible] Castiglioni[2] 321 (coll. 23. 148); sed [illegible] contra usum scribendi; cf. 43. 405; [illegible] Koechly vel [illegible] maluit Maas[4] 444.—210 [illegible] LΩ, defend. Maas[4] 444.—212 "metrisch fehlerhaft" Tiedke[2] 448; εἶπε καὶ οὐ [illegible] [illegible]· [illegible] δὲ [illegible] Collart[2] 121-122; [illegible] δ' ἔθεν (vel ἑοῦ) [illegible] [illegible] Maas[4] 444 (coll. 45. 216).—214 [illegible] Ludwich, maluit dubitanter Maas[4] 444.—215 [illegible] Maas[4] 444.—223 [illegible] LΩ, recep. Stegemann 29.—224 [illegible] LΩ, recep. Stegemann 29.—231 sine lacuna Stegemann 34.—236 [illegible] Keydell[3] 40.—249 [illegible] Keydell[3] 42 (coll. 26. 244; 31. 38).—253 [illegible] Stegemann 41 (coll. 256; 220).—263 ἔτι ζ. LΩ, defend. Keydell[3] 386, idem[4] 430, n. 1.—284 [illegible] LP, defend. Keydell[3] 102.—288 [illegible] Keydell[3] 42.—307 [illegible] Stegemann 62, n. 1.—430 "[illegible] corruptum" Koechly; "weshalb?" Tiedke[2] 453 (coll. 29. 76; 48. 177).

XXXIX. 40 [illegible] LΩ, defend. Tiedke[1] 217-219 (coll. 23.

123 ; 33. 7 sqq. ; 47. 563 ; Met. A 189 ; Γ 12 ; H 42 ; I 82).—69 ἀπ' οὐρανίσιο Castiglioni[2] 323 (coll. 20. 206).—124 ἵπτατο Φήμη (coll. 5. 370 ; 18. 1 ; 24. 179 ; 26. 275 ; 44. 123 ; 47. 1).—164 αὐτόματον LΩ . . . φέρων (pro μέλαν) Keydell[2] 386 (coll. 26. 77).—182 δυσχείμερον dubitanter Keydell[1] 16, idem[2] 380 (coll. Ap. Rhod. i. 213).—279-285 " Le remède semble pire que le mal : mieux vaut une asyndète qu'une telle transposition avec addition de δέ " Collart[3] 225.—282 Ἰνδόν LΩ, defend. Collart[3] 225, n. 2.—300 ἐπέχρινον LΩ, defend. Keydell[6] 431, n. 2, et Collart[3] 225-226.—302 ἀξυτέροισιν FΩ, defend. Ludwich[3] 381.—312-339 (340-343 uncis inclusis), 344-347, (306-311 post Marcellum) sic collocavit Collart[3] 227.—323 ἴκρια corr. Ludwich[3] 381.—367 ἴχνεσιν LΩ, recep. Keydell[3] 103.

XL. 43 sine lacuna Collart[3] 288.—83 ὑφινεφής Castiglioni[1] 270 (coll. 26. 311 ; 43. 337 ; 48. 73 ; 78) ; improb. Ludwich[3] 381 (coll. 2. 561 ; 34. 227 ; 36. 230).—98-99 emendationes Lehrsii improb. Castiglioni[2] 310.—105-109 ordinem versuum codicorum servavit Collart[3] 230.—146 ποθέοντα Castiglioni[2] 324.—236 cf. 32. 165.—268 κτέρας Keydell[6] 427, n. 1 (coll. 35. 368).—282 ὅλην Keydell[3] 386 (coll. 47. 33 ; 454).—320 ἢ (pro καί) Maas[5] 133 (coll. 7. 184 ff. ; 41. 112 ff.).—333 ποιμένες ὑγρονόμοισι sine lacuna Collart[3] 232.—436 χαμεύναις corr. Ludwich[3] 381.—447 ἴκρια corr. Ludwich[3] 381.—452 ἴκρια corr. Ludwich[3] 381.—558 post 558 (Θάσβης – ⏑ ⏑ – καὶ πυράμου – ⏑ ⏑ – –> et lacunam ante ἵμερον statuit Maas[5] 133 (coll. 6. 345 sqq. ; 12. 84).—568 ὑγρογόνου Keydell[3] 16.

XLI. 15 οὐ LΩ, recep. Collart[3] 233-234, n. 3.—21 sine lacuna et 50 uncis inclusit Collart[3] 234.—101 ὁππότε Keydell[3] 387 (coll. 27. 273 sqq. ; 48. 20 sqq.).—102 τόκος Castiglioni[2] 321.—125 καὶ αἴσιον sine lacuna Collart[3] 235.—150 ὁμόχρονος Rigler, Lexicon s. v. ὁμόδρομος citavit Keydell[3] 387 (coll. 2. 95).—172 ἦλθεν Keydell[2] 387 (coll. 48. 851).—224 φορβάδες Castiglioni[2] 314 (coll. Euripides, Med. 824-826).—280 πισύροισιν Keydell[6] 40 (coll. Callim. frag. Pfeiffer p. 16).—382 διδάσκεται LΩ, defend. Castiglioni[2] 311.

XLII. 55 sine lacuna Keydell[7] 191, n. 22 et 23.—104 ὑγροπόρον Castiglioni[1] 270.—132 βεβιημένον LΩ, defend. Tiedke[1] 219-220.—197 μύθων Keydell[1] 16.—265 ἤνοπι Castiglioni[2] 313.—288 ἀρούρας dubit. Ludwich[2] 95 (coll. 5. 612 ; 13. 178 ; 14. 199).—290 λουομένην F, defend. Keydell[5]

4 (coll. 202; 8. 274; 40. 386 sqq.).—304 αἴρυζε Maas[3] 134; " αἴρυσσε unmöglich " Keydell[2] 103.—337 ἄνομα Ludwich[3] 382 (coll. 5. 268; 33. 15).—350 φοινὸν Castiglioni[1] 270.—383 φαρέτρην (pro Καδμείην) Tiedke[1] 216 (coll. 7. 116; 33. 113, 131; 182; 34. 35; 42. 51.—384 lectiones LΩ, defend. Tiedke[1] 217 (coll. 45. 103 sqq.).—397 παρείξεται? Koechly; recep. Keydell[2] 103.—514 " La lacune n'est pas rigoureusement indispensable; ἀγκάσω suggère de sous-entendre ἔσσω avec ἔρωτι." Collart[3] 242.

XLIII. 26-27 " La transposition . . . n'est pas indispensable." Collart[3] 242, n. 1.—39 μεταφλέξοιο Ludwich[3] 5 (coll. 3. 90; 24. 273).—41 " Die Konjektur Ludwichs . . . empfiehlt sich nicht; ἄδῆμος steht sonst nie am Versende." Wifstrand 98, n. 1.—62 ταρφέεσσι dubitanter Ludwich[3] 383 (coll. 5. 10).—82-86 transpositionem non recep. Collart[3] 242.—91 εἰκὼν νέμων Ludwich; dubit. Keydell[2] 103.—124 lacunam non recep. et 124 post 127 posuit, αἰγιαλοῦ legens Collart[3] 242, 244.—137 Ἰθώμην Ἀθ. Castiglioni[2] 271 (coll. 6. 224; 17. 105; cf. Hartmann, Mnemosyne, li. [1904], 257-258); improb. Keydell[2] 104 (coll. 9. 260).—138 ἐπιπνείουσα, interpunxit Castiglioni[2] 271.—156 μύθῳ LΩ, recep. Tiedke[1] 317 (coll. 13. 290; 22. 249; 24. 137; 169; 26. 96; 29. 6; 36. 261; 43. 253).—198-202 " Manifestement les vers 198-199 et 200-202 sont des doublets; il faut mettre un des deux groupes entre crochets, de préférence 198-199." Collart[3] 244.—269 Ἑλλὰς improb. Collart[3] 246.—270-283 uncis inclusit Collart[3] 246.—321 ἔργου Graefe, recep. Keydell[2] 103 (coll. 29. 225).—387 ἔστω Tiedke[1] 452 (coll. 20. 32; 48. 304).—405 παραξέσσειε Keydell[1] 387 (coll. 22. 338).—423 θαλάσσης Castiglioni[2] 324.—429 βίην Ludwich[3] 382 (coll. 4. 208; 6. 328; 20. 145; 25. 375; 33. 64; Homer Θ 23; Τ 114); cf. Keydell[2] 42.—443 de emendatione Ludwichii dubit. Keydell[2] 103.

XLIV. 138 εἰς πόθον (pro Αἰγινόρου) sine lacuna Collart[3] 251, n. 1.—147 post 146 posuit et uncis inclusit Collart[3] 249.—258 κόρυθος Tiedke[1] 318 (coll. 9. 37; 32. 80; 36. 47; 38. 140; 48. 966; ultimo vocabulo corrupto; 9. 71; 17. 224; 19. 327; 23. 223; 26. 235; add. 45. 177 Keydell[2] 105).

XLV. 14 τάφω Castiglioni[1] 271 (coll. 44. 160).—57 καταστέψουσι Marcellus, recep. Castiglioni[2] 320.—92-94 uncis inclusit Collart[3] 253-254.—114 εἶχεν ὑπὲρ πόντοιο λαβών,

sic interpunxit Maas[6] 13.—147 διὰ κόλπου Keydell[6] 105 (coll. 3. 49 ; 40. 360 ; 48. 447 ; Met. Δ 22).—189 lacunam post 189 statuit Keydell[3] 5.—259 ἀν- vel ἐπαγγέλλουσα Keydell[4] 43 (coll. 22. 113).—281 καταυγάζουσα Keydell[3] 5 (coll. 3. 58 ; 8. 321 ; 37. 536 ; 38. 128 ; 42. 73).—291 ἄρρητα dubit. Wifstrand 189.—323 sine lacuna Collart[3] 255.—338-339 πέπλοις πορφυρέοις Keydell[3] 23 (coll. 19. 75).

XLVI. 83 ἀλήτης (pro Ἀγαύη) Castiglioni[3] 312 (coll. 44. 134).—132 ὄγμον Ludwich[2] 92 ; οἶμον Tiedke[4] 319.—159 πέπλους LPM, recep. Keydell[3] 387.—216 τολμήεντι LΩ, defend. Tiedke[4] 314-315 (coll. 5. 249 ; 22. 309 ; 27. 66 ; 45. 208).—231 de emendatione Ludwichii dubit. Keydell[6] 102.—232 σπέρχεσθε Rigler, probavit Keydell[3] 17.

XLVII. 20 ὄχθαι Castiglioni[1] 272.—30 λησαμένη Castiglioni[1] 273 (coll. 48. 969 ; add. idem[2] 316 : 11. 358).—52 Ἴκαρος LΩ, recep. Keydell[6] 106, n. 28 (coll. 11. 321 ; 47. 52).—87 ἠὲ μελλούσης Ludwich[3] 382 (coll. 83 ; 2. 679 ; 5. 251 ; 255 ; 10. 95 ; 15. 243 ; 258 ; 22. 23) ; ποτὸν σύ μοι ἄσσον Keydell[3] 388 (coll. 25. 255).—160 φωνῇ Castiglioni[1] 272 (κούρη ex 156).—180 ἴσασιν Castiglioni[1] 273.—181 ἀγραύλων Ludwich, dubit. Keydell[6] 102 ; ἀγραύλῳ τοι βοτῆρ tentavit Castiglioni[2] 324 (coll. 4. 73 ; 15. 297 ; 39. 64).—183 φέρουσ Castiglioni[2] 324.—224 ἥλατο dubitanter Castiglioni[1] 273 ; ἄλλετο Keydell[3] 23 (coll. 35. 309 ; 36. 175).—292 cf. 7. 234 et Keydell[3] 2.—321 de emendatione Ludwichii dubit. Keydell[6] 102.—332 πόσιν (pro πόθον) Castiglioni[1] 274 (coll. 226 ; 297).—356 εἰ θέμις Maas[3] 343 (coll. 34. 79 ; 42. 206 ; 46. 87) ; Ἀφροδίτην (pro Ἀριάδνην) idem[3] 190.—391 Μαραθωνίς Graefe, vel Μαραθῶνι Hermann, recep. sine lacuna Collart[3] 259.—466 ἐρείδων Maas[3] 134.—469 Ναξιάδες LΩ, recep. Maas[3] 134.—513 ἄγων Castiglioni[2] 324 (coll. 34. 197).—514 σὲ πόσις Ἀνδρομέδης Ludwich[1] 8 ; οὔποτε μαινομένης Keydell[3] 388 (coll. 47. 295 sqq. ; 300).—567 ἵπτατο dubitanter Tiedke[3] 454.—619 ὀλίζονος corr. Ludwich[3] 381.—649 lectiones traditas recep. Collart[3] 123-124 ; θήσω Graefe, recep. Keydell[6] 106.

XLVIII. 87-89 "pourraient être mis entre crochets." Collart[3] 261.—114 ἡμιφανής LΩ, dubitanter recep. Ludwich[3] 95-96 ; cf. 2. 120.—180 ἀνίσης Keydell[3] 389.—265 καὶ περὶ vel παρὰ (pro παιδὶ δὲ) sine lacuna Collart[3] 263.—291 post 290 collocavit Collart[3] 264.—334 καὶ λύκον sine lacuna Collart[3] 265.—347 ἀνέπαλτο μέσῳ (pro ἀτέλεστος ἴσω) sine

lacuna Collart[3] 265-266.—358 lacunam ante λεῖβον statuit, Ἀθήνη legens Castiglioni[2] 319.—372 [illegible] Castiglioni[2] 320 (coll. 20. 329; 40. 414; 45. 327).—472 [illegible] Keydell[3] 5.—483 [illegible] Maas[6] 266.—485 ⟨δ'⟩ Maas[6] 266.—500 [illegible] Castiglioni[1] 274, sed retract. idem[2] 311.—586 [illegible] Wifstrand 190 (coll. 1. 61; 35. 58; 48. 686; Met. B 102; Rigler, Melet. Nonn. iv. 6 sq.).—592 μή τινα [illegible] Ludwich[1] 8 (coll. 14. 196; 20. 316; 48. 26; 22. 187; 31. 60; 48. 694).—631 Ἀφροδίτης 142, defend. Maas[5] 134 (coll. 4. 320); ad Ἀφροδίτης Graefe, coll. 34. 243 Keydell[4] 106.—659 [illegible] ἔργα μαζοῦ Tiedke[4] 319-321, 142 restauravimus.—660 [illegible] ⟨δ'⟩ sic interpunxit et interpolavit Tiedke[4] 319-321; [illegible] (pro [illegible]) dubitanter Keydell[4] 106.—728 [illegible] sine lacuna Collart[3] 269.—778 [illegible] Castiglioni[2] 324 (coll. 8. 330; 43. 396).—800 [illegible], [illegible] interpunxit et lacunam post 800 statuit Keydell[3] 24; [illegible] Castiglioni[2] 325.—822 [illegible], καὶ [illegible] Castiglioni[2] 325.—858 [illegible] Ludwich[1] 383 (coll. 16. 121; 32. 70; 35. 226; 40. 243; 41. 315; 44. 226; 48. 965); [illegible] Tiedke[2] 446-447 (coll. 43. 175; 44. 216).—976 [illegible] Tiedke[3] 111 (coll. 2. 158; 30. 173).

BIBLIOGRAPHY TO TEXT-CRITICISM

Castiglioni, Luigi: (1) *Collectanea Graeca* (Pisa, F. Mariotti, 1911), 242-274; (2) "Epica Nonniana"; *Rendiconti del R. Istituto Lombardo di Scienze e Lettere*, serie ii., lxv. (1932), 309-337.

Collart, Paul: (1) "Nonnos, Dionysiaques vii. 100 sqq."; *Rev. de Phil.*, xl. (1916), 263-265; (2) "Pages controversées des Dionysiaques de Nonnos"; *Rev. de Phil.*, xli. (1917), 113-125; (3) *Nonnos de Panopolis: Études sur la Composition et le Texte des Dionysiaques* (Le Caire, Imprimerie de l'Institut français d'Archéologie orientale, 1930).

Keydell, Rudolf: (1) "Zu Nonnos"; *Byz.-neugr. Jbb.*, iv. (1923), 16-17; (2) *ibid.* v. (1926-1927), 380-389; (3) *ibid.* vi. (1928), 19-24; (4) *ibid.* ix. (1931-1932),

39-44; (5) "Zu Nonnos und einigen Bruchstücken spätgriechischen Dichtung"; *ibid.* xii. (1936), 1-11; (6) "Zur Komposition der Bücher 13-40 der Dionysiaca des Nonnos"; *Hermes*, lxii. (1927), 393-434; (7) "Eine Nonnos-Analyse"; *L'Antiquité Classique*, i. (1932), 173-202; (8) "Nonnos und die Nonnianer"; *Bursians Jahresbericht*, ccxxx. (1931), 99-144.

Lind, L. R.; (1) "Nonnos and Thespis"; *Classical Philology*, xxviii. (1933), 208-209; (2) "A Note on Nonnos Dionysiaca i. 69-71"; *ibid.* xxx. (1935), 78; (3) "The Mime in Nonnos's Dionysiaca"; *Classical Weekly*, xxix. (1935), 21.

Ludwich, Arthur; (1) *Epimetrum Nonnianum* II., Universitätsprogr. Königsberg (1913), 3-8; (2) "Nonniana"; *Rhein. Mus.*, lxviii. (1913), 91-96; (3) "Nachlese zu Nonnos"; *Berl. Phil. Wochenschrift*, xxxviii. (1918), 373-384.

Mass, Paul; (1) Review of Ludwich's text; *Deutsche Literaturzeitung*, xxxi. (1910), 2586-2588; (2) *ibid.* xxxii. (1911), 926-927; (3) "Nonnos Dionys. 47, 256"; *Byz.-neugr. Jbb.*, ii. (1921), 343; (4) "Nonniana"; *ibid.* ii. (1921), 442-444; (5) *ibid.* iii. (1922), 129-134; (6) *ibid.* iv. (1923), 12-13, 265-269; (7) "Zur Verskunst des Nonnos"; *Byzantinische Zeitschrift*, xxvii. (1927), 17-18; (8) *Griechische Metrik; Einleitung in die Altertumswissenschaft*, herausgeg. von A. Gercke und E. Norden, i. 7 (Leipzig, Teubner, 1923); (9) *Textkritik*; *ibid.* i. 2.

Stegemann, Viktor; *Astrologie und Universalgeschichte; Studien und Interpretationen zu den Dionysiaka des Nonnos von Panopolis* (Leipzig, Teubner, 1930).

Tiedke, Heinrich; (1) "Zur Textkritik der Dion. des Nonnos"; *Hermes*, xlix. (1914), 214-228; (2) *ibid.* l. (1915), 445-455; (3) "Zu Nonnos"; *Berl. Phil. Wochenschrift*, xxxviii. (1918), 861-864; (4) "Zur Textkritik der Dion. des Nonnos"; *Hermes*, lviii. (1923), 305-321; (5) Review of Ludwich's text; *Berl. Phil. Wochenschrift*, xxxii. (1912), 109-111.

Wifstrand, Albert; *Von Kallimachos zu Nonnos; metrisch-stilistische Untersuchungen zur späteren griechischen Epik und zu verwandten Gedichtgattungen* (Lund, H. Ohlsson, 1933).

EDITIONS

Text

First printed by G. Falkenborg, Antwerp, 1569 (Plantin). With Latin translation, in a Corpus of Heroic Poetry : Οἱ τῆς ἡρωικῆς ποιήσεως καλοὶ συγγραφεῖς πάντες :
Poetae Graeci Veteres carminis heroici scriptores, qui extant, omnes . . .
Apposita est e regione Latina Interpretatio, notae item et variae lectiones margini adscriptae, cura et recensione Lac. Lectii V.C.L.
Accessit et Index Rerum et Verborum locupletissimus.
Aureliae Allobrogum. Excudebat Petrus de la Rouiere. anno MDCVI. (folio.)
Comte de Marcellus : Nonnos, in Didot's Series, No. 45.
Arminius Koechly : Index nominum. 2 vols. Teubner, 1857–1858.
Ludwich, A. : Nonni Panopolitani Dionysiaca. 2 vols. Teubner, Leipzig, 1909–1911.

The book by Collart and the two articles by Keydell listed below (*Hermes*, lxii. (1927) and *L'Antiquité Classique*, i. (1932), 173-202) constitute almost all the work done in recent times on the composition of the text.

Translations

The Latin translation : see Text.
French : Nonnos de Panopolis : Les Dionysiaques, ou Bacchus . . . rétabli, traduit, et commenté par le

Comte de Marcellus, ancien ministre plénipotentiaire. Cette édition, petit format, contient seulement l'introduction, la traduction française, et les notes. . . . L'édition grand in 8°, qui paraît en même temps, et qui fait partie de la Bibliothèque des auteurs grecs, publiée par MM. Firmin Didot, renferme, en outre, le texte grec corrigé, et le tableau motivé des corrections. Paris: au comptoir des Imprimeurs Unis, Lacroix Comon, Éditeur, Quai Malaquais, 15, 1856. Six volumes. M. de Marcellus has published two other works, which describe his travels and meditations in the districts which Nonnos deals with: *Souvenirs de l'Orient*, Paris, Débécourt, 1839, 2 vols.; *Épisodes Littéraires en Orient*, Paris, Lecoffre, 1851, 2 vols.

German: Die Dionysiaka des Nonnos: Deutsch von Thassilo von Scheffer, München, F. Bruckmann. Translated into German hexameters, with notes, 2 vols. 1929–1933.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books on Nonnos, Pamphlets and Articles in Periodicals

A work of prime importance from the bibliographer's point of view is Rudolf Keydell, "Die griechische Poesie der Kaiserzeit (bis 1929)"; *Bursians Jahresbericht*, vol. ccxxx. (1931), 41-161. Part II. "Nonnos und die Nonnianer," pp. 99-144, gives a concise list of the literature on Nonnos from 1911, the date of Ludwich's text, to 1929, with a careful criticism of each item in the list.

Keydell's other works on Nonnos include:

1. Article on Nonnos, *Pauly-Wissowa, Real-Enkyklopädie*, (1936) cols. 934-939.
2. "Zur Komposition der Bücher 13-40 der Dionysiaka des Nonnos"; *Hermes*, lxii. (1927), 393-434.
3. "Eine Nonnos-Analyse"; *L'Antiquité Classique*, i. (1932), 175-202.
4. Emendations of the text: *Byzantinisch-neugriechisches Jahrbuch*, iv. (1923), 14-17; v. (1926-1927), 383-389; vi. (1929), 19-24; ix. (1931), 39-44; xii. (1936), 1-11.
5. Review of Julius Braune, "Nonnos und Ovid"; in *Gnomon*, ix. (1933), 597-605.

The following books and articles may also be consulted:

Bogner, Hans: "Die Religion des Nonnos von Panopolis"; *Philologus*, lxxxix. (1934), 329-333.

Braune, Julius: "Nonnos und Ovid" (*Greifswalder Beiträge*, H. Dallmeyer, Greifswald, 41 pages, 1933); an attempt to prove that Nonnos made direct use of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; Keydell accepts Braune's results, *Gnomon*, xi. (1935), 597-605.

Castiglioni, L.: "Epica Nonniana"; *Rendiconti del R. Istituto Lombardo di Scienze e Lettere*, lxv. (1932), 309-337.

"Studi intorno alle fonti e alla composizione delle Metamorfosi di Ovidio"; *Annali della R. Scuola Normale superiore di Pisa, Filosofia e Filologia*, xx. Part 2, 1907.

"Actaeon e Artemis"; *Studi critici offerti da antichi discepoli a Carlo Pascal*. Catania, 1913, pp. 53-120.

Catandella, Q.: "Sulla poesia di Nonno di Panopoli"; *Atene e Roma*, xxxviii. (1936), 176-184.

Chamberlayne, L. P.: "A Study of Nonnus"; *Studies in Philology*, xiii. (1916), 40-60.

Collart, Paul: *Nonnos de Panopolis: Études sur la composition et le texte des Dionysiaques*; Le Caire: Publications de l'Institut français d'Archéologie orientale, 1930, pp. 208.

Damiani, G. F.: *L' ultimo Poeta Pagano* (Torino, 1902), discusses the influence of Nonnos upon Italian Baroque poetry.

Koehler, Reinhold: *Über die Dionysiaka des Nonnus von Panopolis* (Halle, C. E. M. Pfeffer, 1853, 95 pages); the best and the only work on the sources of the *Dionysiaca*.

Lind, L. R.:

1. "Nonnos and Thespis"; *Classical Philology*, xxviii. 208-209.
2. "The Date of Nonnos of Panopolis"; *Classical Philology*, xxix. 69-73.
3. "A Note on Nonnos, Dionysiaca i. 69-71"; *Classical Philology*, xxx. 78.
4. "Un-Hellenic Elements in the Subject Matter of the Dionysiaca of Nonnos"; *Classical Weekly*, xxix. 17-20.
5. "The Mime in Nonnus's Dionysiaca"; *Classical Weekly*, xxix. 21.
6. "Un-hellenic Elements in the 'Dionysiaca'"; *L'Antiquité Classique*, vii. (1938), 57-65.

Stegemann, Viktor: *Astrologie und Universalgeschichte: Studien und Interpretationen zu den Dionysiaka des*

Nonnos von Panopolis. Mit einer Sternkarte. (Teubner, Leipzig, 1930. Στοιχεῖα. Heft ix.: "Studien zur Geschichte des antiken Weltbildes und der griechischen Wissenschaft," begründet von Franz Boll.)

Wifstrand, Albert: *Von Kallimachos zu Nonnos: metrisch-stilistische Untersuchungen zur späteren griechischen Epik und zur verwandten Gedichtgattungen*. Pp. 202. C. W. K. Gleerup, Lund, 1933. (Skrifter utgivna av Vetenskaps-Societeten i Lund, No. 16.) Reviewed by Hans Herter in *Bursians Jahresbericht*, cclv. and cclvii. (1937), 89-81.

Several less important recent notes and articles are these:

Costa, G.: "Problemi di Storia di Religione. I.: Nonno di Panopoli"; *Bilychnis, Rivista mensile di studi religiosi*, vol. xxxvi. (1931), 143-155.

Koch, W.: "Nonnos als Astrologe"; *Astrologie*, xii. (1930), 321-341.

Amann, E.: "Nonnos le panopolitain"; article in *Dict. de théol. catholique*, vol. xi. (1931), cols. 793-795.

Rose, H. J.: *Mythes Phrathon chez Nonnos*. Paris, Leroux, 1932. p. 4. Franz Cumont, reply to Rose (same publication).

ΠΕΡΙΟΧΗ
ΤΩΝ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΩΝ

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΦΑΙ
ΤΩΝ ΠΡΩΤΩΝ ΙΕ ΤΜΗΜΑΤΩΝ ΤΩΝ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ

Πρῶτον ἔχει Κρονίωνι, φαεσφόρον ἅρπαγα νύμφης,
καὶ παλάμας Τυφῶνος ἀρασσόμενον πόλον ἄστρων.

Δεύτερον ἀστερόφοιτον ἔχει Τυφῶνος Ἐνυὼ
καὶ στεροπὴν καὶ ἄεθλα Διὸς καὶ κῶμον Ὀλύμπου.

Ἐν τριτάτῳ μάστενε πολύπλανον ὀλκάδα Κάδμου
Ἠλέκτρης τε μέλαθρα φιλοξενίην τε τραπέζης.

Ἰχνεύων δὲ τέταρτον ὑπὲρ πόντοιο νοήσεις
Ἁρμονίην πλώουσαν ὁμόστολον ἡλικι Κάδμῳ.

Πέμπτον ἔτι σκοπίαζε καὶ Ἀκταίωνα νοήσεις,
τὸν κεμὰς οὐκ ὤδινε, κυνοσπάδα νεβρὸν ἀλήτην.

Δίζεο θέσκελον ἕκτον, ὅπῃ Ζαγρῆα γεραίρων
γαίης ἔδρανα πάντα κατέκλυσεν ὑέτιος Ζεύς.

Ἕβδομον ἱκεσίην πολιὴν Αἰῶνος ἀείδει
καὶ Σεμέλην καὶ ἔρωτα Διὸς καὶ φώριον εὐνήν.

SUMMARY OF THE BOOKS OF THE POEM

Headings of the first fifteen Books of the *Dionysiaca*

(1) The first contains Cronion, light-bearing ravisher of the nymph, and the starry heaven battered by Typhon's hands.

(2) The second has Typhon's battle ranging through the stars, and lightning, and the struggles of Zeus, and the triumph of Olympos.

(3) In the third, look for the much-wandering ship of Cadmos, the palace of Electra and the hospitality of her table.

(4) Tracking the fourth over the deep, you will see Harmonia sailing together with her agemate Cadmos.

(5) Look into the fifth next, and you will see Actaion also, whom no pricket brought forth, torn by dogs as a fleeing fawn.

(6) Look for marvels in the sixth, where in honouring Zagreus, all the settlements on the earth were drowned by Rainy Zeus.

(7) The seventh sings of the hoary supplication of Time, and Semele, and the love of Zeus, and the furtive bed.

Ὄγδοον αἰολόμυθον ἔχει φθόνον ἄγριον Ἥρης
καὶ Σεμέλης πυρόεντα γάμον καὶ Ζῆνα φονῆα.

Εἰς ἕνατον σκοπίαζε καὶ ὄψεαι υἱέα Μαίης
θυγατέρας τε Λάμου καὶ Μύστιδα καὶ δρόμον
Ἰνοῦς.

Καὶ δεκάτῳ μανίην Ἀθαμαντίδα καὶ δρόμον
Ἰνοῦς,
πῶς φύγεν εἰς ἁλὸς οἶδμα σὺν ἀρτιτόκῳ Μελικέρτῃ.

Ἑνδέκατον δὲ δόκευε καὶ ἱμερόεντα νοήσεις
Ἄμπελον ἀνδροφόνῳ πεφορημένον ἅρπαγι ταύρῳ.

Δωδεκάτῳ φρένα τέρψον, ὅπῃ νέον ἄνθος Ἐρώτων
Ἄμπελος εἶδος ἀνῆκεν ἐς ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην.

Ἐν τρισκαιδεκάτῳ στρατιὴν νηριθμον ἐνίψω
καὶ προμάχους ἥρωας ἀγειρομένους Διονύσῳ.

Εἰς δέκατον δὲ τέταρτον ἔχε φρένα· κεῖθι κορύσσει
δαιμονίην στίχα πᾶσαν ἐς Ἰνδικὸν Ἄρεα Ῥείη.

Πέμπτῳ καὶ δεκάτῳ βριαρὴν Νίκειων ἀείδω,
θηροφόνον ῥοδόπηχυν ἀπειλήτειραν Ἐρώτων.

(8) The eighth has a changeful tale, the fierce jealousy of Hera, and Semele's fiery nuptials, and Zeus the slayer.

(9) Look into the ninth, and you will see the son of Maia, and the daughters of Lamos, and Mystis, and the flight of Ino.

(10) In the tenth also, you will see the madness of Athamas and Ino's flight, how she fled into the swell of the sea with newborn Melicertes.

(11) See the eleventh, and you will find lovely Ampelos carried off by the manslaying robber bull.

(12) With the twelfth, delight your heart, where Ampelos has shot up his own shape, a new flower of love, into the fruit of the vine.

(13) In the thirteenth, I will tell of a host innumerable, and champion heroes gathering for Dionysus.

(14) Turn your mind to the fourteenth: there Rheia arms all the ranks of heaven for the Indian War.

(15) In the fifteenth, I sing the sturdy Nicaia, the rosy-armed beastslayer defying Love.

NONNOS
DIONYSIACA

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΡΩΤΟΝ

Πρῶτον ἔχει Κρονίωνα, φαεσφόρον ἅρπαγι νύμφης,
καὶ παλάμαις Τυφῶνος ἀρασσόμενον πόλον ἄστρων.

Εἰπέ, θεά, Κρονίδαο διάκτορον αἴθοπος αἰγῆς,
νυμφιδίῳ σπινθῆρι μυχοστόκον ἅσθμα κεραυνοῦ,
καὶ στεροπὴν Σεμέλης θαλαμηπόλον· εἰπὲ δὲ φύτλην
Βάκχου δισσοτόκοιο, τὸν ἐκ πυρὸς ὑγρὸν ἀείρας
Ζεὺς βρέφος ἡμιτέλεστον ἀμαιεύτοιο τεκούσης,
φειδομέναις παλάμῃσι τομὴν μηροῦ χαράξας,
ἄρσενι γαστρὶ λύχευσε, πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,
εὖ εἰδὼς τόκον ἄλλον, ἐπεὶ γονόεντι καρήνῳ,
ἄσπορον ὄγκον ἄπιστον ἔχων ἐγκύμονι κόρῃ,
τεύχεσιν ἀστράπτουσαν ἀνηκόντιζεν Ἀθήνην.

Ἄξατέ μοι νάρθηκα, τινάξατε κύμβαλα, Μοῦσαι,
καὶ παλάμῃ δότε θύρσον ἀειδομένου Διονύσου·
ἀλλὰ χοροῦ φαίνοντα, Φάρῳ παρὰ γείτονι νήσῳ,
στήσατέ μοι Πρωτῆα πολύτροπον, ὄφρα φανείη
ποικίλον εἶδος ἔχων, ὅτι ποικίλον ὕμνον ἀράσσω·
εἰ γὰρ ἐφερπύσσειε δράκων κυκλούμενος ἀλκῷ,
μέλφω θεῖον ἄεθλον, ὅπως κισσώδει θύρσῳ

---

[a] The island (now part of Egypt) on which Menelaus caught Proteus, *Od.* iv. 351 ff. Nonnos came from Panopolis in neighbouring Egypt.

NONNOS I

The first contains Cronion, light-bearing ravisher of the nymph, and the starry heaven battered by Typhon's hands.

Tell the tale, Goddess, of Cronides' courier with fiery flame, the gasping travail which the thunderbolt brought with sparks for wedding-torches, the lightning in waiting upon Semele's nuptials; tell the naissance of Bacchos twice-born, whom Zeus lifted still moist from the fire, a baby half-complete born without midwife; how with shrinking hands he cut the incision in his thigh and carried him in his man's-womb, father and gracious mother at once — and well he remembered another birth, when his own head conceived, when his temple was big with child, and he carried that incredible unbegotten lump, until he shot out Athena scintillating in her armour.

[1] Bring me the fennel, rattle the cymbals, ye Muses! put in my hand the wand of Dionysos whom I sing: but bring me a partner for your dance in the neighbouring island of Pharos,[a] Proteus of many turns, that he may appear in all his diversity of shapes, since I twang my harp to a diversity of songs. For if, as a serpent, he should glide along his winding trail, I will sing my god's achievement, how with

φρικτὰ δρακοντοκόμων ἐδαΐζετο φῦλα Γιγάντων·
εἰ δὲ λέων φρίξειεν ἐπαυχενίην τρίχα σείων,
Βάκχον ἀνευάξω βλοσυρῆς ἐπὶ πήχεϊ Ῥείης
μαζὸν ὑποκλέπτοντα λεοντοβότοιο θεαίνης·
εἰ δὲ θυελλήεντι μετάρσιος ἅλματι ταρσῶν
πόρδαλις ἀίξῃ πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀμείβων,
ὑμνήσω Διὸς υἷα, πόθεν γένος ἔκτανεν Ἰνδῶν
πορδαλίων ὀχέεσσι καθιππεύσας ἐλεφάντων·
εἰ δέμας ἰσάζοιτο τύπῳ συός, υἷα Θυώνης
ἀείσω ποθέοντα συνοκτόνον εὔγαμον Ἄρην,
ὀψιγόνου τριτάτοιο Κυβηλίδα μητέρα Βάκχου·
εἰ δὲ πέλοι μιμηλὸν ὕδωρ, Διόνυσον ἀείσω
κόλπον ἁλὸς δύνοντα κορυσσομένοιο Λυκούργου·
εἰ φυτὸν αἰθύσσοιτο νόθον φιθύρισμα τιταίνων,
μνήσομαι Ἰκαρίοιο, πόθεν παρὰ θυιάδι λιγνῷ
βότρυς ἀμιλλητῆρι ποδῶν ἐθλίβετο ταρσῷ.

Ἄξατέ μοι νάρθηκα, Μιμαλλόνες, ὠμαδίην δὲ
νεβρῖδα ποικιλόνωτον ἐθήμονος ἀντὶ χιτῶνος
σφίγξατέ μοι στέρνοισι, Μαρωνίδος ἔμπλεον ὠδμῆς
νεκταρέης, βυθίῃ δὲ παρ' Εἰδοθέῃ καὶ Ὁμήρῳ
φωκαίων βαιρὸν δέρμα φυλασσέσθω Μενελάῳ.
εὐιά μοι δότε ῥόπτρα καὶ αἰγίδας, ἡδυμελὴ δὲ
ἄλλῳ δίθροον αὐλὸν ὀπάσσατε, μὴ καὶ ὁρίνω
Φοῖβον ἐμόν· δονάκων γὰρ ἀναίνεται ἔμπνοον ἠχώ,

---

* Thyone is one of the names of Semele. Aura, for whom see *inf.*, xlviii. 238 ff., was one of the nymphs of Artemis, hence a huntress. There are many traditions about the birth and birthplace of Dionysos, and hence it came to be thought that there were several deities confused. Diodorus (iii. 63) gives five, Cicero three (*Nat. Deor.* iii. 23). The third here is Iacchos.

ivy-wreathed wand he destroyed the horrid hosts of Giants serpent-haired. If as a lion he shake his bristling mane, I will cry "Euoi!" to Bacchos on the arm of buxom Rheia, stealthily draining the breast of the honbreeding goddess. If as a leopard he shoot up into the air with a stormy leap from his pads, changing shape like a master-craftsman, I will hymn the son of Zeus, how he slew the Indian nation, with his team of pards riding down the elephants. If he make his figure like the shape of a boar, I will sing Thyone's son, love-sick for Aura the desirable, boarslayer, daughter of Cybele, mother of the third Bacchos late-born.[a] If he be mimic water, I will sing Dionysos diving into the bosom of the brine, when Lycurgos[b] armed himself. If he become a quivering tree and tune a counterfeit whispering, I will tell of Icarios,[c] how in the jubilant winepress his feet crushed the grape in rivalry.

34 Bring me the fennel, Mimallons![d] On my shoulders in place of the wonted kirtle, bind, I pray, tight over my breast a dapple-back fawnskin, full of the perfume of Maronian nectar[e]; and let Homer and deep-sea Eidothea keep the rank skin of the seals for Menelaos. Give me the jocund tambours and the goatskins! but leave for another the double-sounding pipe with its melodious sweetness, or I may offend my own Apollo; for he rejects the sound of

[a] A Thracian king who persecuted Dionysos; see *inf.*, xx. 182 ff.

[b] An Athenian to whom Dionysos taught the cultivation of the vine; see *inf.*, xlvii. 34 ff.

[c] Macedonian name of the bacchants.

[d] Maron was a fine wine, from Maroneia in Thrace: *cf.* Hom. *Od.* ix. 197. Menelaos and the seals, Hom. *Od.* iv. 406.

ἐξ ὅτε Μαρσύαο θεημάχον αὐλὸν ἐλέγξας
δέρμα παρηώρησε φυτῷ κολπούμενον αὔραις,
γυμνώσας ὅλα γυῖα λιπορρύνοιο νομῆος.
Ἀλλά, θεά, μαστῆρος ἀλήμονος ἄρχευ Κάδμου.
Σιδονίης ποτὲ ταῦρος ἐπ' ἠόνος ὑψίκερως Ζεὺς
ἱμερόεν μύκημα νόθῳ μιμήσατο λαιμῷ
καὶ γλυκὺν εἶχε μύωπα· μετοχμάζων δὲ γυναῖκα,
κυκλώσας παλάμας περὶ γαστέρα δίζυγι δεσμῷ,
βαιὸς Ἔρως κούφιζε, καὶ ἐγγύθεν ὑγροπόρος βοῦς
κυρτὸν ὑποστορέσας λοφίην ἐπιβήτορι κούρῃ,
δόχμιος ὀκλάζων, κεχαλασμένα νῶτα τιταίνων,
Εὐρώπην ἀνάειρε· διεσσυμένοιο δὲ ταύρου
πλωτὸς ὄνυξ ἐχάραξε βατῆς ἁλὸς ἄψοφον ὕδωρ
ἴχνεσι φειδομένοισιν· ὑπὲρ πόντοιο δὲ κούρη
δείματι παλλομένη βοέῳ ναυτίλλετο νώτῳ
ἀστεμφὴς ἀδίαντος· ἰδὼν δέ μιν ἡ τάχα φαίης
ἢ Θέτιν ἢ Γαλάτειαν ἢ εὐνέτιν ἐννοσιγαίου
ἢ λοφίῃ Τρίτωνος ἐφεζομένην Ἀφροδίτην·
καὶ πλόον εἰλιπόδην ἐπεθάμβεε κυανοχαίτης,
Τρίτων δ' ἠπεροπῆα Διὸς μυκηθμὸν ἀκούων
ἀντίτυπον Κρονίωνι μέλος μυκήσατο κόχλῳ
ἀείδων ὑμέναιον· ἀειρομένην δὲ γυναῖκα
θαῦμα φόβῳ κεράσας ἐπεδείκνυε Δωρίδι Νηρεύς,
ξεῖνον ἰδὼν πλωτῆρα κερασφόρον· ἀκροβαφὴ δὲ
ὁλκάδα ταῦρον ἔχουσα βοοστόλος ἔπλεε νύμφη,

---

[a] Athena invented the pipes, but threw the instrument away. Marsyas picked it up, and was so pleased with it that he challenged Apollo to a musical contest. Apollo won, and flayed Marsyas alive.

breathing reeds, ever since he put to shame Marsyas[a] and his god-defiant pipes, and bared every limb of the skin-stript shepherd, and hung his skin on a tree to belly in the breezes.

45 Then come now, Goddess, begin with the long search and travels of Cadmos.

46 Once on the Sidonian beach Zeus as a high-horned bull imitated an amorous bellow with his changeling throat, and felt a charming thrill; little Eros heaved up a woman, with his two arms encircling her middle. And while he lifted her, at his side the sea-faring bull curved his neck downwards, spread under the girl to mount, sinking sideways on his knees, and stretching his back submissive, he raised up Europa; then the bull pressed on, and his floating hoof furrowed the water of the trodden brine noiselessly with forbearing footsteps. High above the sea, the girl throbbing with fear navigated on bullback, unmoving, unwetted. If you saw her you would think it was Thetis perhaps, or Galateia, or Earth-shaker's bedfellow,[b] or Aphrodite seated on a Triton's neck. Aye, Seabluehair[c] marvelled at the waddle-foot voyage[d]; Triton heard the delusive lowing of Zeus, and bellowed an echoing note to Cronos' son with his conch by way of wedding song; Nereus pointed out to Doris[e] the woman carried along, mingling wonder with fear as he saw the strange voyager and his horns.

65 But the maiden, a light freight for her bull-barge, sailed along oxriding, with a horn for steering-

[b] Amphitrite. [c] Poseidon.

[d] εἰλίποδες, Homer's word for the waddling gait of cattle, "skew-the-dew" as the English call it.

[e] Respectively the father of the Nereids and one of his daughters.

καὶ διερῆς τρομέουσα μετάρσιον ἅλμα πορείης
πηδάλιον κέρας ἔσχε, καὶ Ἵμερος ἔπλετο ναύτης.
καὶ δολόεις Βορέης γαμίῃ δεδονημένον αὔρῃ
φᾶρος ὅλον κόλπωσε δυσίμερος, ἀμφοτέρῳ δὲ
ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτων ἐπεσύρισεν ὄμφακι μαζῷ.
ὡς δ' ὅτε Νηρείδων τις, ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης,
ἑζομένη δελφῖνι χυτὴν ἀνέκοπτε γαλήνην,
καί οἱ ἀειρομένης ἐλελίζετο μυδαλέη χεὶρ
νηχομένης μίμημα, φέρων δέ μιν ἄρρηκτον ἅλμης
ἡμιφανὴς πεφόρητο δι' ὕδατος ὑγρὸς ὁδίτης,
κυρτώσας ἐὰ νῶτα, διερπύζουσα δὲ πόντου
δίπτυχος ἄκρα κέλευθα κατέγραφεν ἰχθύος οὐρή·
ὡς ὅ γε νῶτον ἄειρε· τιταινομένοιο δὲ ταύρου
βουκάλος αὐχένα δοῦλον Ἔρως ἐπεμάστιε κεντῷ,
καὶ νομίην ἅτε ῥάβδον ἐπωμίδι τόξον ἀείρων
Κυπριδίῃ ποίμαινε καλαύροπι νυμφίον Ἥρης
εἰς νομὸν ὑγρὸν ἄγων Ποσιδήιον· αἰδομένη δὲ
παρθενίην πόρφυρε παρηίδα Παλλὰς ἀμήτωρ
ἡνίοχον Κρονίωνος ὀπιπεύουσα γυναῖκα.
καὶ Διὸς ὑδατόεντι διεσσυμένου πόρον ὁλκῷ
οὐ πόθον ἔσβεσε πόντος, ὅτι βρυχίην Ἀφροδίτην
οὐρανίης ὤδινεν ἀπ' αὐλακος ἔγκυον ὕδωρ·
καὶ βοὸς ἀφλοίσβοιο κυβερνήτειρα πορείης
κούρη φόρτος ἔην καὶ ναυτίλος. εἰσορόων δὲ
μιμηλὴν ταχύγουνον ἐχέφρονα νῆα θαλάσσης
τοῖον ἔπος περίφοιτος Ἀχαιικὸς ἴαχε ναύτης·

"Ὀφθαλμοί, τί τὸ θαῦμα; πόθεν ποσὶ κύματα τέμνων
νήχεται ἀτρυγέτοιο δι' ὕδατος ἀγρονόμος βοῦς;
μὴ πλωτὴν Κρονίδης τελέει χθόνα; μὴ διὰ πόντου
ὑγρὸς ἀλιβρέκτοιο χαράσσεται ὁλκὸς ἀμάξης;
παπταίνω κατὰ κῦμα νόθον πλόον· ἦ ῥα Σελήνη

oar, and trembled at the high heaving of her watery course, while Desire was the seaman. And artful Boreas bellied out all her shaking robe with amorous breath, love-sick himself, and in secret jealousy, whistled on the pair of unripe breasts. As when one of the Nereids has peeped out of the sea, and seated upon a dolphin cuts the flooding calm, balanced there while she paddles with a wet hand and pretends to swim, while the watery wayfarer half-seen rounds his back and carries her dry through the brine, while the cleft tail of the fish passing through the sea scratches the surface in its course,—so the bull lifted his back: and while the bull stretched, his drover Eros flogged the servile neck with his charmed girdle, and lifting bow on shoulder like a pastoral staff, shepherded Hera's bridegroom with Cypris' crook, driving him to Poseidon's watery pasture. Shame purpled the maiden cheek of Pallas unmothered,[a] when she spied Cronion ridden by a woman. So Zeus clove the course with watery furrow, but the deep sea did not quench his passion—for did not the water conceive Aphrodite by a heavenly husbandry, and bring her forth from the deeps? Thus a girl steered the bull's unboisterous passage, herself at once both pilot and cargo.

[90] One saw this mimic ship of the sea, alive and nimble-kneed,—an Achaian seaman passing by, and he cried out in this fashion: "O my eyes, what's this miracle? how comes it that he cuts the waves with his legs, and swims over the barren sea, this land-pasturing bull? Navigable earth—is that the new creation of Cronides? Shall the farmer's wain trace a watery rut through the brine-sprent deep? That's a bastard voyage I descry upon the waves! Surely

[a] So called because she was born from the head of Zeus.

ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἔχουσα μετ' αἰθέρα πόντον ὀδεύει,
ἀλλὰ Θέτις βυθίῃ διερὸν δρόμον ἡνιοχεύει;
οὐ βοῒ χερσαίῳ τύπον εἴκελον εἰνάλιος βοῦς
ἔλλαχεν—ἰχθυόεν γὰρ ἔχει δέμας—, ἀντὶ δὲ γυμνῆς
ἀλλοφανὴς ἀχάλινον ἐν ὕδασι πεζὸν ὀδίτην
Νηρεῒς ἑλκεσίπεπλος ἀήθεα ταῦρον ἐλαύνει.
εἰ πέλε Δημήτηρ σταχυηκόμος, ὑγροπόρῳ δὲ
γλαυκὰ διασχίζει βοέῳ ποδὶ νῶτα θαλάσσης,
καὶ σὺ βυθοῦ μετὰ κῦμα, Ποσειδάων, μετανάστης
γαίης δίφια νῶτα μετέρχεο πεζὸς ἀροτρεύς,
νηῒ θαλασσαίῃ Δημήτερος αὔλακα τέμνων,
χερσαίοις ἀνέμοισι βατὸν πλόον ἐν χθονὶ τεύχων.
ταῦρε, παραπλάγχθης μετανάστιος· οὐ πέλε Νηρεὺς
βουκόλος, οὐ Πρωτεύς ἀρότης, οὐ Γλαῦκος ἀλωεύς,
οὐχ ἕλος, οὐ λειμῶνες ἐν οἰδμασιν, ἀλλὰ θαλάσσῃ
ἀτρυγέτῳ πλώοντες ἀνήροτα ναύλοχον ὕδωρ
πηδαλίῳ τέμνουσι καὶ οὐ σχίζουσι σιδήρῳ·
αὔλακας οὐ σπείρουσιν ὀπάονες ἐννοσιγαίου,
ἀλλὰ φυτὸν πόντοιο πέλει βρύα καὶ σπόρος ὕδωρ,
ναυτίλος ἀγρονόμος, πλόος αὔλακες, ὅλκὰς ἐχέτλη.
ἀλλὰ πόθεν μεθέπεις τινὰ παρθένον; ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτοὶ
ταῦροι ἐρωμανέοντες ἁφαρπάζουσι γυναῖκας;
ἦ ῥα Ποσειδάων ἀπατήλιος ἥρπασε κούρην
ταυρείην κεράεσσιν ἔχων ποταμηίδα μορφήν;
μὴ δόλον ἄλλον ὕφηνε πάλιν μετὰ δέμνια Τυροῦς,

Selene [a] has gotten an unruly bull, and leaves the sky to traipse over the high seas! Or no—deepwater Thetis drives a coach on a floating racecourse! This sea-bull is a creature very different from the land-bull, has a fishlike shape; must be a Nereid with other looks, not naked now, but in long flowing robes, driving this bull unbridled to march afoot on the waters, a new fashion that! If it is Demeter wheatenhaired, cleaving the gray back of the sea with waterfaring oxhoof, then thou, Poseidon, must have turned landlubber and migrated to the thirsty back of earth, afoot behind the plow, and cut Demeter's furrow with thy sea-vessel, blown by land-winds, tramping a voyage on the soil! Bull, you are astray out of your country; Nereus is no bulldrover, Proteus no plowman, Glaucos [b] no gardener; no marshground, no meadows in the billows; on the barren sea there's no tillage, but sailors cut the ship-harbouring water with a steering-oar, and do not split with iron; Earthshaker's hinds do not sow in the furrows, but the sea's plant is seaweed, sea's sowing is water, the sailor is the farmer, the only furrow is the ship's grain and wake,[c] the hooker is the plow.

118 [a] But how came you to have dealings with a maid? Do bulls also go mad with love, and ravish women? Has Poseidon played a trick, and ravished a girl, under the shape of a horned bull like a river-god? Has he woven another plot to follow the

[a] Very occasionally the Moon-goddess drives or rides a bull, because the astrological exaltation (ὕψωμα) of the Moon is in Taurus.

[b] Of Potniai in Boeotia, a fisher who was changed by a magic herb into a merman.

[c] If a line be drawn along the ship's course, the part ahead is called the grain, the part astern is the wake.

ὡς καὶ χθιζὰ τέλεσσεν, ὅθ' ὑδατόεις παρακοίτης
χεύμασι μιμηλοῖσι νόθος κελάρυζεν Ἐνιπεύς·"
Τοῖον ἔπος περόων Ἑλλήνιος ἔννεπε ναύτης
θαμβαλέος. βοέους δὲ γάμους μαντεύσατο κούρη,
καὶ πλοκάμους τίλλουσα γοήμονα ῥῆξεν ἰωήν·
"Κωφὸν ὕδωρ, ῥηγμῖνες ἀναιδέες, εἴπατε ταύρῳ,
εἰ βόες εἰσαΐουσιν· ἀμείλιχε, φείδεο κούρης.
εἴπατέ μοι, ῥηγμῖνες, ἐμῷ φιλόπαιδι τοκῆι
Εὐρώπην λιποπάτριν ἐφεζομένην τινὶ ταύρῳ
ἅρπαγι καὶ πλωτῆρι καί, ὡς δοκέω, παρακοίτῃ.
μητέρι βόστρυχα ταῦτα κομίσσατε, κυκλάδες αὖραι.
ναί, λίτομαι, Βορέης, ὡς ἥρπασας Ἀνθὶδα νύμφην,
δέξό με σαῖς πτερύγεσσι μετάρσιον· ἴσχεο, φωνή,
μὴ Βορέην μετὰ ταῦρον ἐρωμανέοντα νοήσω."
Ὡς φαμένη ῥαχίῃσι βοὸς πορθμεύετο κούρη·
Κάδμος ὅθεν περόωντος ἀπὸ χθονὸς εἰς χθόνα βαίνων
ἄστατα νυμφοκόμοιο μετήιεν ἴχνια ταύρου.
ἦλθε καὶ εἰς Ἀρίμων φόνιον σπέος, εὖτε κολῶναι
φοιτάδες ἀρρήκτοιο πύλας ἤρασσον Ὀλύμπου,
εὖτε θεοὶ πτερόεντες ἀχείμονος ὑφόθι Νείλου
ὀρνίθων ἀκίχητον ἐμιμήσαντο πορείην
ἠερίῳ ξένον ἶχνος ἐρετμώσαντες ἀήτῃ,
καὶ πῶλος ἑπτάζωνος ἱμάσσετο· καὶ γὰρ ἐς εὐνὴν
Πλουτοῦς Ζεὺς Κρονίδης πεφορτισμένος,
ὄφρα φυτεύσῃ

---

[a] Tyro, daughter of Salmoneus, loved the river-god Enipeus; Poseidon took his shape (hence "horned," for all river-gods have bulls' horns), and so got access to her. Compare Hom. *Od.* xi. 238.

[b] Orethyia, daughter of Erechtheus, king of Athens.

[c] A mountain range in Asia Minor under which the monster Typhoeus was said to be laid, according to one story. Compare Hom. *Il.* ii. 783.

bedding of Tyro, just as he did the other day, when the watery paramour came trickling up with counterfeit ripples like a bastard Enipeus?"[a]

[123] So the Hellenic sailor spoke his amazement as he passed by. Then the girl presaged her union with the bull; and tearing her hair, she broke out in lamentable tones:

[128] "Deaf Water, voiceless Coasts! Say to the Bull, if cattle can hear and hearken, 'Merciless, spare a girl!' Ye Coasts, pray tell my loving father that Europa has left her native land, seated upon a bull, my ravisher, my sailor, and as I think, my bedfellow. Take these ringlets to my mother, ye circling Breezes. Aye Boreas, I conjure thee, receive me on thy pinions in the air, as thou didst ravish thine Athenian bride![b] But stay, my voice! or I may see Boreas in love, like the Bull!"

[136] So the girl spoke, as the bull ferried her on his back.

[137] Then Cadmos, passing in his travels from land to land, followed the never-staying tracks of the bull turned bridesman. He came to the bloodstained cave of Arima,[c] when the mountains had moved from their seats and were beating at the gate of inexpugnable Olympos, when the gods took wing above the rainless Nile, like a flight of birds far out of reach, oaring their strange track in the winds of heaven, and the seven zones of the sky[d] were sore assailed.

[143] This was the reason. Zeus Cronides had hurried to Pluto's bed,[e] to beget Tantalos, that mad robber of

[a] The courses of the seven planets about the pole.

[b] Pluto (not Pluton), daughter of Cronos and mother of Tantalos.

Τάνταλον οὐρανίων ἀεσίφρονα φῶρα κυπέλλων,
αἰθέρος ἔντεα θῆκε μυχῷ κεκαλυμμένα πέτρης
καὶ στεροπὴν ἔκρυφεν· ὑπωροφίων δὲ κεραυνῶν
καπνὸν ἐρευγομένων ἐμελαίνετο λευκὰς ἐρίπνη,
καὶ κρυφίῳ σπιλάδι πυριγλώχινος ὁιστοῦ
πηγαὶ ἐθερμαίνοντο, χαραδραίων δὲ ῥεέθρων
Μυγδονὶς ἀφρώδωσα φαίριγξ ἐπεβόμβεεν ἀτμῷ.
καὶ παλάμας τανύσας ὑπὸ νεύματι μητρὸς Ἀρούρης
ὅπλα Διὸς νιφόεντα[1] Κλιξ ἔκλεψε Τυφωεύς,
ὅπλα πυρός· πετάσας δὲ βαρυσμαράγων στίχα λαιμῶν
παντοίην ἀλάλαζεν ὁμοφθόγγων ὅπα θηρῶν·
συμφυίες δὲ δρύοντες ἐπερρώοντο προσώπῳ
πορδαλίων, βλοσυρὰς δὲ κόμας λιχμῶντο λεόντων,
καὶ βοὰς σπειρηδὸν ἐμιτρώσαντο κεραίας
οὐραίαις ἑλίκεσσι, ταναγλώσσων δὲ γενείων
ἰὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα σιῶν ἐπεμίγνυον ἀφρῷ.
Ἔντεα δὲ Κρονίδαιο τιθεὶς ὑπὸ φωλίδι πέτρην
ἠλιβάτων ἐτίταινεν ἐς αἰθέρα λήια χειρῶν·
εὐπαλάμῳ δὲ φάλαγγι περὶ σφυρὸν ἄκρον Ὀλύμπου
τῇ μὲν ἐπισφίγγων Κινυσσυρίδα, τῇ δὲ πιέζων
ἄξονι κεκλιμένης λοφίην ἀνεσείρυσεν Ἄρκτου
Παρρασίης, ἑτέρῃ δὲ λαβὼν ἀνέκυφε Βοώτην,
ἄλλῃ Φωσφόρον εἷλκε, μάτην δ' ὑπὸ κυκλάδι νύσσῃ
πρῶιος αἰθερίης ἐπεσύρισεν ἦχος ἰμάσθλης·
εἴρυσεν ἠριγένειαν, ἐρυκομένοιο δὲ Ταύρου
ἄχρονος ἡμιτέλεστος ἐλώφεεν ἱππότις Ὥρη·

[1] So L. and all mss., emended to φλογόεντα by Graefe.

[a] Tantalus stole the divine (food and) drink and gave it to men.

[b] Odd, but intelligible: lightning is a sign of coming snow, *Il.* x. 7. But in Nonnos, νιφετός is often a storm, or showers of rain.

the heavenly cups [a]; and he laid his celestial weapons well hidden with his lightning in a deep cavern. From underground the thunderbolts belched out smoke, the white cliff was blackened; hidden sparks from a fire-barbed arrow heated the waterstrings; torrents boiling with foam and steam poured down the Mygdonian gorge, until it boomed again.

[154] Then at a nod from his mother, the Earth, Cilician Typhoeus stretched out his hands, and stole the snowy tools of Zeus,[b] the tools of fire; then spreading his row of rumble-rattling throats, he yelled as his warcry the cries of all wild beasts together: the snakes that grew from him waved over his leopards' heads, licked the grim lions' manes, girdled with their curly tails spiral-wise round the bulls' horns, mingled the shooting poison of their long thin tongues with the foam-spittle of the boars.[c]

[163] Now he laid the gear of Cronides in a cubby-hole of the rock, and spread the harvest of his clambering hands [d] into the upper air. And that battalion of hands! One throttled Cynosuris [e] beside the ankle-tip of Olympos; one gripped the Parrhasian Bear's mane as she rested on heaven's axis, and dragged her off [f]; another caught the Oxdrover and knocked him out; another dragged Phosphoros, and in vain under the circling turning-post sounded the whistling of the heavenly lash in the morning; he carried off the Dawn, and held in the Bull, so that timeless, half-complete, horsewoman Season rested her team.

[a] The hundred heads of the monster had the shapes of all kinds of animals; hence *ποικίλους*. He had two hundred hands. Compare Hesiod, *Theogony* 825 ff.

[b] *i.e.* his hands which were as numerous as cornstalks in a field.

[c] A variant of Cynosura. [f] Callisto.

καὶ σκιεροῖς πλοκάμοισιν ἐχιδνοκόμων κεφαλάων
ἀχλὺι φέγγος ἔην κεκερασμένον, ἡματίη δὲ
Ἠελίῳ σελάγιζε συναντέλλουσα Σελήνη.
Οὐδὲ Γίγας ἀπέληγε· παλιντύπτῳ δὲ πορείῃ
εἰς Νότον ἐκ Βορέαο, λιπὼν πόλον εἰς πόλον ἔστη·
καὶ δολιχῇ παλάμῃ δεδριγμένος Ἡνιοχῆος
νῶτα χαλαζήεντος ἐμάστιεν Αἰγοκερῆος,
καὶ διδύμους ἐπὶ πόντον ἀπ' αἰθέρος Ἰχθύας ἕλκων
Κριὸν ἀνεστυφέλιξε, μεσόμφαλον ἄστρον Ὀλύμπου,
γείτονος εἰαρινοῖο πυραυγέος ὑφόθι κύκλου
ἀμφιταλαντεύοντος ἰσόζυγον ἦμαρ ὁμίχλῃ.
ὀλκαίοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἀτηώρητο Τυφωεὺς
ἀγχιφυὴς· πετάσας δὲ πολυσπερὲς ἔθνος ἀγοστῶν
αἰθέρος ἀντεφέλιξε κατέσκεπεν ἄργυφον αἴγλην
αἰθύσσων ὀφίων σκολιὸν στρατόν· ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ὄρθιος ἀξονίοιο διέτρεχεν ἄντυγα κύκλου,
οὐρανίου δὲ Δράκοντος ἐπεσκίρτησεν ἀκάνθῃ
Ἄρεα συρίζων· ὁ δὲ Κηφέος ἐγγύθι κούρης
ἀστρικίαις παλάμῃσιν ἰσόζυγα κύκλον ἑλίξας
δέσμιον Ἀνδρομέδην ἑτέρῳ σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ
λοξὸς ὑπὸ σπείρῃσιν· ὁ δὲ γλωχῖνι κεραίης
ἰσοτύπου ταύροιο δράκων κυκλοῦτο κεράστης,
οὐστρήσας ἑλικηδὸν ὑπὲρ βοέοιο μετώπου
ἀντιτύπους Ὑάδας, κεραῆς ἴνδαλμα Σελήνης,
οἰγομένας γενύεσσιν· ὁμοπλεκέων δὲ δρακόντων
ἰοβόλοι τελαμῶνες ἐμιτρώσαντο Βοώτην·
καὶ θρασὺς ἄλλος ὄρουσεν,
ἰδὼν Ὄφιν ἄλλον Ὀλύμπου,
πῆχυν ἐχιδνήεντα περισκαίρων Ὀφιούχου,
καὶ στεφάνῳ στέφος ἄλλο περιπλέξας Ἀριάδνης,
αὐχένα κυρτώσας, ἐλελίζετο γαστέρος ὁλκῷ.

And in the shadowy curls of his serpenthair heads the light was mingled with gloom; the Moon shone rising in broad day with the Sun.

[176] Still there was no rest. The Giant turned back, and passed from north to south; he left one pole and stood by the other. With a long arm he grasped the Charioteer, and flogged the back of hailstorming Aigoceros; he dragged the two Fishes out of the sky and cast them into the sea; he buffeted the Ram, that midnipple star of Olympos, who balances with equal pin day and darkness over the fiery orb of his spring-time neighbour.[a] With trailing feet Typhoeus mounted close to the clouds: spreading abroad the far-scattered host of his arms, he shadowed the bright radiance of the unclouded sky by darting forth his tangled army of snakes. One of them ran up right through the rim of the polar circuit and skipt upon the backbone of the heavenly Serpent, hissing his mortal challenge. One made for Cepheus's daughter,[b] and with starry fingers twisting a ring as close as the other, enchained Andromeda, bound already, with a second bond aslant under her bands. Another, a horned serpent, entwined about the forked horns of the Bull's horned head of shape like his own, and dangled coiling over the Bull's brow, tormenting with open jaws the Hyades opposite ranged like a crescent moon. Poison-spitting tangles of serpents in a bunch girdled the Ox-drover. Another made a bold leap, when he saw another Snake in Olympos, and jumped around the Ophiuchos's arm that held the viper; then curving his neck and coiling his crawling belly, he braided a second chaplet about Ariadne's crown.

[a] For the Ram and spring-time, see xxxviii. 269.
[b] Andromeda.

καὶ Ζεφύρου ζωστῆρα καὶ ἀντιπόρου πτερὸν Εὔρου
αἰθύσσων πολύπηχυς ἐπεστρωφᾶτο Τυφωεὺς
νύσσαν ἐς ἀμφοτέρην,
μετὰ Φωσφόρον Ἕσπερον ἕλκων
καὶ λόφον Ἀτλάντειον. ἐνὶ βρυόεντι δὲ κόλπῳ
πολλάκι συμμάρψας Ποσιδήιον ἅρμα θαλάσσης
εἰς χθόνα βυσσόθεν εἷλκεν· ἀλιβρέκτων δὲ κομάων
αὖ ἐρύσας στατὸν ἵππον ὑποβρυχίης παρὰ φάτνης
οὐρανίην ἔρριψεν ἐς ἄντυγα πῶλον ἀλήτην
αἰχμάζων ἐς Ὄλυμπον· ἱμασσομένοιο δὲ δίφρου
Ἠελίου χρεμέτιζον ὑπὸ ζυγὰ κυκλάδες ἵπποι·
πολλάκι δ' ἀγραύλοιο πεπαυμένον ἱστοβοῆος
ταῦρον ἀπειλητῆρι μεμυκότα πήχεϊ σείων
ἰσοφυὲς μίμημα κατηκόντιζε Σελήνης,
καὶ δρόμον ἐστήριξεν· ἀνακρούσας δὲ χαλινῷ
ταύρων λευκὰ λέπαδνα κατερροίζησε θεαίνης,
λοίγιον ἰοβόλοιο χέων συριγμὸν ἐχίδνης.
Οὐδὲ κορυσσομένῳ Τιτηνιὰς εἴκαθε Μήνη·
μαρναμένη δὲ Γίγαντος ὁμοκραίροισι καρήνοις
ταυρείης ἐχάραξε φαεσφόρα κύκλα κεραίης·
καὶ βόες αἰγλήεντες ἐμυκήσαντο Σελήνης
χάσμα Τυφαονίοιο τεθηπότες ἀνθερεῶνος.
ἀστραίας δὲ φάλαγγας ἀταρβέες ὥπλισαν Ὧραι,
καὶ στίχες οὐρανίων Ἑλίκων νωμήτορι κύκλῳ
εἰς ἐνοπὴν σελάγιζον· ἐπερροίζησε δὲ πυρσῷ
αἰθέρα βακχεύων στρατὸς αἰόλος, οἵ τε Βορῆα,
καὶ Λιβὸς ἕσπερα νῶτα, καὶ οἳ λάχον ἄντυγας Εὔρου,
καὶ Νοτίους ἀγκῶνας· ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
ἀπλανέων ἀτίνακτος ἀπεπλάγχθη χορὸς ἄστρων,
ἀντιπόρους δ' ἐκίχησαν ἀλήμονας· ἔβρεμε δ' ἠχῇ

[a] The Moon.

Then Typhoeus manyarmed turned to both ends, shaking with his host of arms the girdle of Zephyros and the wing of Euros opposite, dragging first Phosphoros, then Hesperos and the crest of Atlas. Many a time in the weedy gulf he seized Poseidon's chariot, and dragged it from the depths of the sea to land; again he pulled out a stallion by his brine-soaked mane from the undersea manger, and threw the vagabond nag to the vault of heaven, shooting his shot at Olympos—hit the Sun's chariot, and the horses on their round whinnied under the yoke. Many a time he took a bull at rest from his rustic plowtree and shook him with a threatening hand, bellow as he would, then shot him against the Moon like another moon, and stayed her course, then rushed hissing against the goddess, checking with the bridle her bulls' white yoke-straps, while he poured out the mortal whistle of a poison-spitting viper.

[219] But Titan Mene [a] would not yield to the attack. Battling against the Giant's heads, like-horned to hers, she carved many a scar on the shining orb of her bull's horn [b]; and Selene's radiant cattle bellowed amazed at the gaping chasm of Typhaon's throat. The Seasons undaunted armed the starry battalions, and the lines of heavenly Constellations in a disciplined circle came shining to the fray. A varied host maddened the upper air with clamour and with flame: some whose portion was Boreas, others the back of Lips in the west, or the eastern zones or the recesses of the south. The unshaken congregation of the fixt stars with unanimous acclamation left their places and caught up their travelling fellows. The axis passing

[a] Nonnos pictures the moon as Isis-Hathor, with horns and a disk between them.

οὐρανίῳ κενεῶνι πεπαρμένος ὄρθιος ἄξων
μεσσοπαγὴς· ὁρόων δὲ κινησσόος ἔθνεα θηρῶν
Ὡρίων ξίφος εἶλκε, κορυσσομένου δὲ φορῆος
φαιδρὰ Ταναγραίης ἀμαρύσσετο νῶτα μαχαίρης·
καὶ σέλας αἰθύσσων πυριθαλπέος ἀνθερεῶνος
δίψιος ἀστερόεντι κύων ἐπεπάφλασε λαιμῷ
πέμπων θερμὸν ὕλαγμα, καὶ ἠθαίδος ἀντὶ λαγωοῦ
θηρσὶ Τυφωνίῃσιν ἀνήρυγεν ἀτμὸν ὀδόντων.
καὶ πόλος ἐσμαράγησεν· ἀμειβομένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
οὐρανὸν ἑπτάζωνον ἰσηρίθμων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
Πληιάδων ἀλάλαζε βοὴν ἑπτάστομος ἠχώ,
καὶ καινιχὴν ἰσόμετρον ἐπεγδούπησαν ἀλῆται.

Σμερδαλέην δὲ Γίγαντος ἰδὼν ὀφιώδεα μορφὴν
αἰγλήεις Ὀφιοῦχος ἀλεξικάκων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
γλαυκὰ πυριτρεφέων ἀπεσείσατο νῶτα δρακόντων,
στικτὸν ἀκοντίζων σκολιὸν βέλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ πυρσῷ
λαίλαπες ἐρροίζησαν, ἐτοξεύοντο δὲ λοξοὶ
ἠέρα βακχεύοντες ἐχιδνήεντες ὀιστοί·
καὶ θρασὺς ἰχθυόεντος ὁμόδρομος Αἰγοκερῆος
Τοξευτὴρ βέλος ἧκεν· ἀμαξαίῳ δ' ἐνὶ κύκλῳ
μεσσοφανὴς διδύμῃσι

Δράκων μεμερισμένος Ἄρκτοις
αἰθερίης ἐλέλιξε σελασφόρον ὅλκὸν ἀκάνθης·
γείτων δ' Ἠριγόνης ἑλατὴρ ὁμόφοιτος Ἀμάξης
πήχεϊ μαρμαίροντι καλαύροπα πάλλε Βοώτης·
γούνατι δ' Εἰδώλοιο καὶ ἀγχιπόρῳ παρὰ Κύκνῳ
Φόρμιγξ ἀστερόεσσα Διὸς μαντεύσατο νίκην.

Κωρυκίου δὲ κάρηνα λαβὼν ἐτίναξε Τυφωεύς,

* The heads of Typhoeus. Before becoming a constella-

through the heaven's hollow and fixt upright in the midst, groaned at the sound. Orion the hunter, seeing these tribes of wild beasts,[a] drew his sword; the blade of the Tanagraian brand sparkled bright as its master made ready for attack; his thirsty [b] Dog, shooting light from his fiery chin, bubbled up in his starry throat and let out a hot bark, and blew out the steam from his teeth against Typhaon's beasts instead of the usual hare. The sky was full of din, and, answering the seven-zoned heaven, the seven-throated cry of the Pleiads raised the war-shout from as many throats; and the planets as many again banged out an equal noise.

244 Radiant Ophiuchos, seeing the Giant's direful snaky shape, from his hands so potent against evil shook off the gray coils of the fire-bred serpents, and shot the dappled coiling missile, while tempests roared round his flames—the viper-arrows flew slanting and maddened the air. Then the Archer [c] let fly a shaft,—that bold comrade of fish-like Aigoceros [d]; the Dragon, divided between the two Bears, and visible within the circle of the Wain, brandished the fiery trail of the heavenly spine; the Oxherd, Erigone's neighbour, attendant driver of the Wain, hurled his crook with flashing arm; beside the knee of the Image [e] and his neighbour the Swan, the starry Lyre presaged the victory of Zeus.

258 Now Typhoeus shifted to the rocks, leaving the air, to flog the seas. He grasped and shook the peak

[a] Orion was a Boeotian (hence loosely Tanagraian) hunter.

[b] Because it rises in the dog-days. [c] Sagittarius.

[d] Capricorn, represented as a fish tailed goat.

[e] A kneeling man, called now Hercules, but by the Greeks ἄδουλον ἄγαλμα, or Ἐγγόνασιν, Latinized as Engonasin.

καὶ Κίλικος ποταμοῖο ῥόον ναετῆρα πιέζων
Ταρσὸν ὁμοῦ καὶ Κύδνον ἑνὶ ξύνωσεν ἀγοστῷ·
καὶ κραναοῖς βελέεσσιν ὀιστεύων στίχας ἅλμης
εἰς σκοπέλους μετένασσε,
μετ' αἰθέρα πόντον ἱμάσσων·
νισσομένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἁλιβρέκτου ποδὸς ὁλκῷ
φαίνετο γυμνωθεῖσα δι' ὕδατος ἄβροχος ὀσφύς,
καὶ μεσάτῳ βαρύδουπον ὕδωρ ἐπεβόμβεε μηρῷ·
νηχόμενοι δὲ δράκοντες, ἁλιγδούπων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
Ἄρεα συρίζοντες, ἐπεστρατόωντο θαλάσσῃ
ἰὸν ἀποπτύοντες· ἐν ἰχθυόεντι δὲ πόντῳ
ἱσταμένου Τυφῶνος ἔσω βρυόεντος ἐναύλου
βένθεϊ ταρσὰ πέπηκτο, καὶ ἠέρι μίγνυτο γαστὴρ
θλιβομένη νεφέεσσι· Γιγαντείου δὲ καρήνου
φρικτὸν ἀερσιλόφων ἀίων βρύχημα λεόντων
πόντιος ἰλυόεντι λέων ἐκαλύπτετο κόλπῳ·
πᾶσα δὲ κητώεσσα φάλαγξ ἐστείνετο πόντῳ,
Γηγενέος πλήσαντος ὅλην ἅλα μείζονα γαίης
ἀκλύστοις λαγόνεσσιν· ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ φῶκαι,
καὶ βυθίῃ δελφῖνες ἐνεκρύπτοντο θαλάσσῃ·
καὶ σκολιαῖς ἑλίκεσσι περίπλοκον ὁλκὸν ὑφαίνων
πούλυπος αἰολόμητις ἐθήμονι πήγνυτο πέτρῃ,
καὶ μελέων ἴνδαλμα χαραδραίη πέλε μορφή.
οὐδέ τις ἄτρομος ἔσκε· μετερχομένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
οἰστρομανὴς μύραινα δρακοντείης πόθον εὐνῆς
ποντοπόρων ἔφριξε θεημάχον ἄσθμα δρακόντων.
πυργώθη δὲ θάλασσα καὶ ὡμίλησεν Ὀλύμπῳ
ἠλιβάτοις πελάγεσσιν· ἀερσιπόρῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
ἠέρος ἄβροχος ὄρνις ἑλούσατο γείτονι πόντῳ.
καὶ βυθίου τριόδοντος ἔχων μίμημα Τυφωεὺς

of Corycius,[2] and crushing the flood of the river that belongs to Cilicia, joined Tarsos and Cydnos together in one hand; then hurled a volley of cliffs upon the mastered waves of the brine. As the Giant advanced with feet trailing in the briny flood, his bare loins were seen dry through the water, which broke heavy against his mid-thigh crashing and booming; his serpents afloat sounded the charge with hissings from brine-beaten throats, and spitting poison led the attack upon the sea. There stood Typhon in the fish-giving sea, his feet firm in the depths of the weedy bottom, his belly in the air and crushed in clouds: hearing the terrible roar from the mane-bristling lions of his giant's head, the sea-lion lurked in the cozy gulf. There was no room in the deep for all its phalanx of leviathans, since the Earthborn monster covered a whole sea, larger than the land, with flanks that no sea could cover. The seals bleated, the dolphins hid in the deep water; the manyfooted squid, a master of craft, weaving his trailing web of crisscross knots, stuck fast on his familiar rock, making his limbs look like a pattern on the stone. All the world was a-tremble: the love-maddened murry herself,[3] drawn by her passion for the serpent's bed, shivered under the god-desecrating breath of these seafaring serpents. The waters piled up and touched Olympos with precipitous seas; as the streams mounted on high, the bird never touched by rain found the sea his neighbour, and washed himself. Typhoeus, holding a counterfeit of the deep-sea

[2] A rock on the coast of Asia Minor, near Erythrai. The Cydnos runs through the city of Tarsos.

[3] The loves of the murry, or lamprey, and viper are told by Aelian (*Hist. An.* i. 50).

χειρὸς ἀμετρήτοιο ταμὼν ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ
νῆσον ἁλικρήπιδος ἀποσπάδα πέζαν ἀρούρης
ῥῆξε παλιρρύτοιο ὅλην σφαιρηδὸν ἐλίξας
μαρναμένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἐν ἠέρι γείτονες ἄστρων
ἠέλιον σκιόωντες ἐθωρήχθησαν Ὀλύμπῳ
ἡλιβάτου πρηῶνος ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀγοστοί.
Καὶ βίθιον μετὰ τέρμα,
μετὰ χθονὸς εὔλοχον ἕδρην
Ζηνὸς νίθος ὥπλισε χείρι πυριγλώχινι κεραυνῷ·
ἔντεα δὲ Κρονίωνος ἀμαιμακέτῃσιν ἀείραις
χεροὶ δεηκοσίῃσι πέλωρ ἐμόγησε Τυφωεύς·
βριθοσύνῃ παλάμῃ δὲ μὴ κοιφίζε Κρονίων.
ἀννεφέλου δὲ Γίγαντος ἐπὶ ξηροῖσιν ἀγοστοῖς
βροντὴ κωφὸν ἔπεμπεν ἀδουπήτου μέλος ἠχοῦς
ἠρέμα βομβήσασα, μόγις δέ οἱ ἠέρος αὐχμῷ
ἀσταγέος νιφετοῖο κατείβατο διφὰς ἐέρσῃ·
ἀστεροπὴ δ' ἤχλυσε, καὶ εἴκελον αἴθοπι καπνῷ
μαρμαιρηγῇ σελάγιζε κατηφέι λεπταλέον πῦρ·
καὶ παλάμας νοέοντες ἀπειρήτοιο φορῆος,
ἄρσενα πυρσὸν ἔχοντες, ἐθηλύνοντο κεραυνοί,
πυκνὸν ὀλισθήσαντες ἀμετρήτων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
ἅλμασιν αὐτοπύροισιν· ἀπεπλάζοντο δὲ πυρσοὶ
οὐρανίου ποθέοντες ἐθίμονα χείρα φορῆος.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις πλήξιππος ἀποπτυστῆρα χαλινοῦ
ξεῖνος ἀνὴρ ἀδίδακτος ἀπειθέα πῶλον ἱμάσσων
πυκνὰ μάτην μογέεσκεν, ὁ δὲ θρασὺς ἔμφρονι θυμῷ
χεῖρα νόθην γίνωσκεν ἀήθεος ἡνιοχῆος,
οἰστρηθεὶς δ' ἀνέπαλτο, καὶ ὄρθιος ὑψόσε βαίνων,
στηρίξας ἀτύακτον ὀπισθιδίου ποδὸς ὁπλήν,
προσθιδίους προβλῆτας ἐκούφισε γούνατα πάλλων,
καὶ λόφον ἠώρησεν, ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρων δέ οἱ ὤμων
ἀμφιλαφὴς δεδόνητο παρήορος αὐχένι χαίτη·

trident, with one earthshaking flip from his enormous hand broke off an island at the edge of the continent which is the kerb of the brine, circled it round and round, and hurled the whole thing like a ball. And while the Giant waged his war, his hurtling arms drew near to the stars, and obscured the sun, as they attacked Olympos, and cast the precipitous crag.

294 Now after the frontier of the deep, after the well-laid foundation of the earth, this bastard Zeus armed his hand with fire-barbed thunderbolt: raising the gear of Zeus was hard work for the monster Typhoeus with two hundred furious hands, so great was the weight; but Cronion would lightly lift it with one hand. No clouds were about the Giant: against his dry arms, the thunder let out a dull-sounding note booming gently without a clap, and in the drought of the air scarcely did a thirsty dew trickle in snowflakes without a drop in them; the lightning was dim, and only a softish flame shone sparkling shamefacedly, like smoke shot with flame. The thunderbolts felt the hands of a novice, and all their manly blaze was unmanned. Often they slipped out of those many many hands, and went leaping of themselves; the brands went astray, missing the familiar hand of their heavenly master. As a man beats a horse that loathes the bit,—some stranger, a novice untaught, flogging a restive nag, as he tries again and again in vain, and the defiant beast knows by instinct the changeling hand of an unfamiliar driver, leaping madly, rearing straight into the air with hind-hooves planted immovable, lifting the forelegs and pawing out to the front, raising the neck till the mane is shaken abroad over both shoulders at once: so the

ὣς ὅ γε χερσὶν ἔκαμνεν ἀμοιβαίῃσιν ἀείρων
μαρμαρυγὴν φύξηλιν ἀλωομένοιο κεραυνοῦ.
Ὄφρα μὲν εἰν Ἀρίμοις ἐπεφοίτεε Κάδμος ἀλήτης,
τόφρα δὲ Δικταίης ὑπὲρ ᾐόνος ὑγροπόρος βοῦς
ἐκ λοφιῆς ἀδίαντον ἑῆς ἀπεθήκατο κούρην.
καὶ Κρονίδην ὁρόωσα πόθῳ δεδονημένον Ἥρη
ζηλομανὴς γελόωντι χόλῳ ξυνώσατο φωνήν
Φοῖβε, τεῷ γενετῆρι παρίστασο, μή τις ἀροτρεὺς
Ζῆνα λαβὼν ἐρύσειεν ἐς ἐννοσίγαιον ἐχέτλην.
αἴθε λαβὼν ἐρύσειεν, ὅπως Διὶ τοῦτο βοήσω·
τέτλαθι διπλόα κέντρα καὶ ἀγρονόμων καὶ Ἐρώτων.
ὡς Νόμιος, κλυτότοξε, τεὸν ποίμαινε τοκῆα,
μὴ Κρονίδην ζεύξειε βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη,
μὴ λέχος Ἐνδυμίωνος ἰδεῖν σπεύδουσα νομῆος
Ζηνὸς ὑποστίξειεν ἀφειδέι νῶτον ἱμάσθλῃ.
Ζεῦ ἄνα, πόρτις ἐοῦσα κερασφόρος ἤμβροτεν Ἰώ,
ὅττί σε μή ποτε τοῖον ἴδεν πόσιν, ὄφρα λοχεύσῃ
ἰσοφυῆ τινα ταῦρον ὁμοκραίρῳ παρακοίτῃ.
Ἑρμείαν πεφύλαξο βοοκλόπον ἠθάδι τέχνῃ,
μή σε λαβὼν ἄτε ταῦρον ἑὸν κλέψειε τοκῆα,
καὶ κιθάρην ὀπάσειε τεῷ πάλιν υἱέι Φοίβῳ
ἅρπαγος ἁρπαμένου κειμήλιον. ἀλλὰ τί ῥέξω;
ὤφελεν ἀγρύπνοισιν ὅλον δέμας ὄμμασι λάμπων

---

[a] A mountain in Crete.

[b] Hera's speech is a mass of allusions. Apollo has the title Nomios, He of the Pastures (330), having been in all probability a god of herdsmen originally. For Selene's ox-team (331), cf. note on 97; she loved Endymion of Latmos and visited him while he slept; the myth forms the basis of Keats's poem of that title.

monster laboured with this hand or that to lift the fugitive flashing of the roving thunderbolt.

[322] Well, at the very time when Cadmos paid his visit to Arisna in his wanderings, the seafaring bull set down the girl from his withers, quite dry, upon the shore by Dicte[a]; but Hera saw Cronides shaken with passion, and mad with jealousy she called out with an angry laugh:

[328] "Phoibos, go and stand by your father, or some plowman may catch Zeus and put him to some earth-shaking plowtree. I wish one *would* catch him and put him to the plow! Then I could shout to my lord —' Learn to bear two goads now, Cupid's and the farmer's! You must be verily Lord of Pastures, my fine Archer, and shepherd your parent, or cattle-driver Selene may put Cronides under the yoke, she may score Zeus's back with her merciless lash when she is off to her neatherd Endymion's bed in a hurry! Zeus your Majesty! it is a pity Io[b] did not see you coming like that to court her, when she was a heifer with horns on her forehead! she might have bred you a little bull as horny as his father! Look out for Hermes! The professional cattle-lifter may think he is catching a bull and steal his own father! He may give his harp once again to your son Phoibos, as price for the ravisher ravished.[c]' But what can I do? If only Argos were still alive, shining all over with sleepless

[a] Io, daughter of the Argive River Inachos, was loved by Zeus, who turned her into a heifer to hide her from Hera; the latter set Argos to watch her with his unsleeping eyes, which he did till Hermes killed him. Hermes, the day he was born, stole Apollo's cattle, and made his peace with the elder god by giving him the lyre which he had just invented.

[c] See the Homeric *Hymn to Hermes*.

Ἄργος ἔτι ζώειν, ἵνα δύσβατον εἰς νομὸν ἕλκων
πλευρὰ Διὸς πλήξειε καλαύροπι βουκόλος Ἥρης."
Ἡ μὲν ἔφη· Κρονίδης δὲ λιπὼν ταυρώπιδα μορφὴν
εἴκελος ἠιθέῳ περιδέδρομεν ἄζυγα κούρην·
καὶ μελέων ἔφαυσεν, ἀπὸ στέρνοιο δὲ νύμφης
μίτρην πρῶτον ἔλυσε περίτροχον, ὡς ἀέκων δὲ
οἰδαλέην ἔθλιψεν ἀκαμπέος ἄντυγα μαζοῦ,
καὶ κύσε χείλεος ἄκρον, ἀναπτύξας δὲ σιωπῇ
ἁγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτου πεφυλαγμένον ἄμμα κορείης
ὄμφακα Κυπριδίων ἐδρέψατο καρπὸν Ἐρώτων.
Καὶ διδύμῃ σφριγόωσα γονῇ κυμαίνετο γαστήρ·
καὶ ζαθέης ὠδῖνος ἑὴν ἐγκύμονα νύμφην
κάλλιπεν Ἀστερίωνι, βαθυπλούτῳ παρακοίτῃ,
Ζεὺς πόσις· ἀντέλλων δὲ παρὰ σφυρὸν Ἡνιοχῆος
νυμφίος ἀστερόεις ἀμαρύσσετο Ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου,
εἰαρινῷ Φαέθοντι φιλόδροσα νῶτα φυλάσσων,
ὀκλαδὸν ἀντέλλων ἐπικάρσιος· ἡμιβαφὴς δὲ
δεξιὸν Ὠρίωνι πόδα προβλῆτα τιταίνων
φαίνεται, ἑσπερίην δὲ θοώτερος ἄντυγα βαίνων
σύνδρομον ἀντέλλοντα παρέρχεται Ἡνιοχῆα.
ὣς ὁ μὲν ἐστήρικτο κατ' οὐρανόν.
οὐ δὲ Τυφωεὺς
μέλλεν ἔτι κρατέειν Διὸς ἔντεα· τοξοφόρῳ γὰρ
Ζεὺς Κρονίδης σὺν Ἔρωτι πόλον δινωτὸν ἐάσας
φοιταλέῳ μαστῆρι δι' οὔρεος ἤντετο Κάδμῳ
πλαζομένῳ, ξυνὴν δὲ πολύτροπον ἤρτυε βουλὴν
ῥαψάμενος Τυφῶνι δυσηλακάτου λίνα Μοίρης,
καὶ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι συνέμπορος αἰγίβοτος Πὰν
δῶκε βόας καὶ μῆλα καὶ εὐκεράων στίχας αἰγῶν·
πλέξας δ' ἐκ καλάμων καλύβην ἑλικώδεϊ δεσμῷ
πῆξεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο, καὶ ἀγνώστῳ τινὶ μορφῇ

* King of Crete.

eyes, that he might be Hera's drover, and drag Zeus to some inaccessible pasture, and prod his flanks with a crook!'"

344 So much for Hera. But Cronides put off his bull-faced form, and in the shape of a young man ran round the innocent girl. He touched her limbs, loosed first the bodice about the maid's bosom, pressed as if by chance the swelling circle of the firm breast, kissed the tip of her lip, then silently undid the holy girdle of unwedded virginity, so well guarded, and plucked the fruit of love hardly ripe.

352 Soon her womb swelled, quick with twin progeny; and Zeus the husband passed over his bride with the divine offspring in her womb, to Asterion,[a] a consort of rich fortune. Then rising beside the Charioteer's ankle the bridegroom Bull of Olympus sparkled with stars, he who keeps his dewloving back for the Sun in the springtime, crouching upon his hams across the path as he rises: half submerged in the sea, he shows himself holding out his right foot towards Orion, and at evening quickens his pace into the circle and passes the Charioteer who rises with him to run his course.[b]

362 So he was established in the heavens.

But Typhoeus was no longer to hold the gear of Zeus. For now Zeus Cronides along with Archer Eros left the circling pole, and met roving Cadmos amid the mountains on his wandering search; then he devised with him an ingenious plan, and entwined the deadly threads of Moira's spindle for Typhon. And Goatherd Pan who went with him gave Zeus Almighty cattle and sheep and rows of horned goats. Then he built a hut with mats of wattled reeds and fixed it on

[a] Imitated closely from Aratos 174-178.

ποιμενίην ἐσθῆτα καθαφίμενος χροΐ Κάδμου
εἵμασι μιμηλοῖσι νόθον χλαίνωσε νομῆα·
καὶ δολίην σύριγγα φέρων εἰδήμονι Κάδμῳ
δῶκε Τυφαονίοιο κυβερνήτειραν ὀλέθρου.
ψευδαλέον δὲ βοτῆρα καὶ ἡμιοχῆα γενέθλης
Ζεὺς καλέσας πτερόεντα μίαν ξυνώσατο βουλήν·
" Κάδμε πέπον, σύριζε, καὶ οὐρανὸς εὖδιος ἔσται·
δηθύνεις, καὶ Ὄλυμπος ἰμάσσεται· ἡμετέρους γὰρ
τεύχεσιν οὐρανίοις κεκορυθμένος ἐστὶ Τυφωεύς.
αἰγὶς ἐμοὶ μούνη περιλείπεται· ἀλλὰ τί βάξει
αἰγὶς ἐμὴ Τυφῶνος ἐριδμαίνουσα κεραυνῷ;
δείδια, μή γελάσειε γέρων Κρόνος, ἀντιβίου δὲ
ἄζομαι αὐχένα γαῖρων ἀγήνορος Ἰαπετοῖο·
δείδια μυθοτόκον πλέον Ἑλλάδα, μή τις Ἀχαιῶν
ὑέτιον Τυφῶνα καὶ ὑφιμέδοντα καλέσσῃ
ἢ ὕπατον, χραίων ἐμὸν οὔνομα. γύνεο βούτης
εἰς μίαν ἡμιγένειαν, ἀμερσινόῳ δὲ λιγαίνων
ῥύσο ποιμενίῃ σέο πηκτίδι ποιμένα κόσμου,
μὴ νεφεληγερέταο Τυφωέος ἦχον ἀκούσω,
μὴ βροντὴν ἑτέροιο νόθου Διός, ἀλλά ἑ παίσω
μαρνάμενον στεροπῇσι καὶ αἰχμάζοντα κεραυνῷ.
εἰ δὲ Διὸς λάχες αἷμα καὶ Ἰναχίης γόνος Ἰοῦς,
κερδαλέης σύριγγος ἀλεξικάκῳ σέο μολπῇ
θέλγε νόον Τυφῶνος. ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἄξια μύθων

[a] Typ.
[b] The first two epithets are well-known titles of Zeus.
[c] The other one presumably was Salmoneus, see Virgil, Aen. vi. 585 ff.

the ground: he put on Cadmos a shepherd's dress, so that no one could know him in disguise, when he had clad his sham herdsman in this make-believe costume: he gave clever Cadmos the deceiving panspipes, part of the plot to pilot Typhaon to his death.

372 Now Zeus called the counterfeit herdsman and the winged controller of generation,[a] and disclosed this one common plan: "Look alive, Cadmos, pipe away and there shall be fine weather in heaven! Delay, and Olympos is scourged! for Typhoeus is armed with my heavenly weapons. Only the aegis-cape is left me; but what will my aegis do fighting with Typhon's thunderbolt? I fear old Cronos may laugh aloud, I am shy of the proud neck of my lordly adversary Iapetos! I fear Hellas even more, that mother of romances—what if one of that nation call Typhon Lord of Rain, or Highest, and Ruling in the Heights,[b] defiling my name! Become a herdsman for one day-dawn; make a tune on your mindbefooling shepherd's pipes, and save the Shepherd of the Universe, that I may not hear the noise of Cloud-gatherer Typhoeus, the thunders of a new[c] impostor Zeus, that I may stop his battling with lightnings and volleying with thunderbolts! If the blood of Zeus is in you, and the breed of Inachian Io,[d] bewitch Typhon's wits by the sovereign remedy of your guileful pipes and

[a] Zeus = Io
Epaphos = Libye
Belos
Argiope = Agenor
Cadmos

δώσω διπλόα δῶρα· σὲ γὰρ ῥητῆρα τελέσσω
ἁρμονίης κόσμοιο καὶ Ἁρμονίης παρακοίτην.
καὶ σύ, τελεσσιγόνοιο γάμου πρωτόσπορος ἀρχή,
τεῦνον, Ἔρως, σέο τόξα, καὶ οὐκέτι κόσμος ἀλήτης.
εἰ πέλεν ἐκ σέο πάντα, βίου φυλοτήσιε πουλύ,
ἓν βέλος ἄλλο τάνυσσον, ἵνα ξύμπαντα σαώσῃς·
ὡς πυρόεις, Τυφῶνι κορύσσεο, πυρσοφόροι δὲ
ἐκ σέο νοστήσωσιν ἐμὴν ἐπὶ χεῖρα κεραυνοί.
πανδαμάτωρ, ἵνα βάλλε τεῷ πυρί, θελγόμενον δὲ
σὸν βέλος ἀγρεύσεις, τὸν οὐ νίκησε Κρονίων·
Καδμείης δ' ἐχέτω φρενοθελγέος οἶστρον ἀοιδῆς,
ὅσσον ἐγὼ πόθων ἔσχον ἐς Εὐρώπης ὑμεναίους."

Ὡς εἰπὼν κεράεντι πανικέλος ἔσσυτο ταύρῳ,
ἔνθεν ὄρος πέλε Ταῦρος ἐπώνυμον. ὀξὺ δὲ τεύνων
Κάδμος ὁμοφθόγγων δονάκων ἀπατήλιον ἠχώ,
κλίνας γείτονι νώτον ὑπὸ δρυὶ φορβάδος ὕλης·
καὶ φαρέων ἄγραυλον ἀληθέος εἶμα νομῆος,
πέμπε Τυφαονίῃσι δολοπλόκον ὕμνον ἀκουαῖς
οἰδαλέῃ φύσημα παρηϊδι λεπτὸν ἰάλλων.
ἔνθα Γίγας φυλάσσος ἐχιδναίῳ ποδὸς ὀκῷ
ἄνθορεν εἰσαΐων δόλιον μέλος· ἔνδοθι δ' ἄντρου
ὅπλα Διὸς φλογόεντα λιπὼν παρὰ μητέρι Γαίῃ
τερφινόου σύριγγος ἐδίζετο γείτονα μολπὴν
ἐσπόμενος μελέεσσιν· ἰδὼν δέ μιν ἐγγύθι λόχμης
Κάδμος, ἅτε τρομέων, ὑπὸ ῥωγάδι κεύθετο πέτρῃ.
ἀλλά μιν ὑφικάρηνος ἀλυσκάζοντα νοήσας
νεύμασιν ἀφθόγγοισι πέλωρ ἐκάλεσσε Τυφωεύς,
καὶ δόλον οὐ γίνωσκε λιγύθροον· ἀντιτύπῳ δὲ
ποιμένι δαξιτερὴν μίαν ὦρεγεν, ἄρκιον ὀλέθρου

their tune! I will give you ample recompense for your service, two gifts: I will make you saviour of the world's harmony, and the husband of the lady Harmonia. You also, Love, primeval founder of fecund marriage, bend your bow, and the universe is no longer adrift. If all things come from you, friendly shepherd of life, draw one shot more and save all things. As fiery god, arm yourself against Typhon, and by your help let the fiery thunderbolts return to my hand. All-vanquisher, strike one with your fire, and may your charmed shot catch one whom Cronion did not defeat; and may he have madness from the mind-bewitching tune of Cadmos, as much as I had passion for Europa's embrace!"

[420] With these words Zeus passed away in the shape of the horned Bull, from which the Tauros Mountain takes its name.

But Cadmos tuned up the deceitful notes of his harmonious reeds, as he reclined under a neighbouring tree in the pasturing woodland; wearing the country garb of a real herdsman, he sent the deluding tune to Typhaon's ears, puffing his cheeks to blow the soft breath. The Giant loved music, and when he heard this delusive melody, he leapt up and dragged along his viperish feet; he left in a cave the flaming weapons of Zeus with Mother Earth to keep them, and followed the notes to seek the neighbouring tune of the pipes which delighted his soul. There he was seen by Cadmos near the bushes, who was sore afraid and hid in a cleft of the rock. But the monster Typhoeus with head high in air saw him trying to hide himself, and beckoned with voiceless signs, nor did he understand the trick in this beautiful music; then face to face with the shepherd, he held out one

ἀγνώσσων· μεσάτῳ δὲ δαφοινήεντι προσώπῳ
ἀνδρομέῳ γελόων κενεαυχέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
"Λιπόλε, τί τρομέεις με; τί φίλεα χειρὶ καλύπτεις;
καλὸν ἐμοὶ βροτὸν ἄνδρα μετὰ Κρονίωνα δαΐκειν,
καλὸν ἐμοὶ σύριγγα σὺν ἀστεροπῆσιν ἀείρειν·
τί ξυνὸν καλάμοισι καὶ αἰθαλόεντι κεραυνῷ;
πηκτίδα σὴν ἔχε μοῦνος, ἐπεὶ λάχεν ἄλλο Τυφωεὺς
ὄργανον αὐτοβόητον Ὀλύμπιον· ἑζόμενος δὲ
χερσὶν ἀδουπήτοισιν ἐθήμονος ἅμμορος ἠχοῦς
πηκτίδος ὑμετέρης ἐπιδεύεται ἀνέφελος Ζεύς·
σῶν δ' ὀλίγων δονάκων ἐχέτω κτύπον· οὐτιδανοὺς γὰρ
οὐ πλεκτοὺς καλάμοις καλάμους στοιχηδὸν ἐλίσσω,
ἀλλὰ κυλινδομένας νεφέλας νεφέλῃσι συνάπτων
οὐρανίοις πατάγοισιν ὁμόζυγα δοῦπον ἰάλλω.
στήσω δ', ἢν ἐθέλῃς, φιλίην ἔριν· ἀλλὰ σὺ μέλπαν
πέμπε μέλος δονακῶδες, ἐγὼ βρονταῖον ἀράσσω·
πνεύματι μὲν σφριγόωσαν ἔχων προβλῆτα παρειὴν
φυσιάᾳς στομάτεσσιν, ἰμασσόμενοι δὲ Βορῆος
ἄσθματι φυσητῆρος ἐμοὶ βρομέουσι κεραυνοί.
βουκόλε, μισθὸν ἔχοις σεῦ πηκτίδος· οὐρήιον γὰρ
ἀντὶ Διὸς σκηπτοῦχος ὅτε θρόνον ἡνιοχεύσω,
ἑσπόμενον μετὰ γαῖαν ἐς αἰθέρα καί σε κομίσσω
αὐτῇ ὁμοῦ σύριγγι καί, ἢν ἐθέλῃς, ἅμα ποίμνῃ·
οὐδέ τεῆς ἀγέλης νοσφίσσεαι· ἰσοτύπου γὰρ
στηρίξω σέθεν αἶγας ὑπὲρ ῥάχιν Αἰγοκερῆος
ἢ σχεδὸν Ἡνιοχῆος, ὃς Ὠλενίην ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ
πήχεϊ μαρμαίροντι σελασφόρον Αἶγα τιταίνει·

right hand, not seeing the net of destruction, and with his middle face, blood-red and human in shape, he laughed aloud and burst into empty boasts:

427 "Why do you fear me, goatherd? Why do you cover your eyes with your hand? A fine feat I should think it to pursue a mortal man, after Cronion! A fine feat to carry off panspipes along with the lightning! What have reeds to do with flaming thunderbolts? Keep your pipes alone, since Typhoeus possesses another kind of organ, the Olympian, which plays by itself! There sits Zeus, without his clouds, hands unrumbling, none of his usual noise—he could do with your pipes. Let him have your handful of reeds to play. I don't join worthless reeds to other reeds in a row and wave them about, but I roll up clouds upon clouds into a lump, and discharge a bang all at once with rumblings all over the sky!

439 "Let's have a friendly match, if you like. Come on, you make music and sound your reedy tune, I will crash my thundery tune. You puff out your cheek all swollen with wind, and blow with your lips, but Boreas is my blower, and my thunderbolts boom when his breath flogs them. Drover, I will pay you for your pipes: for when I shall hold the sceptre instead of Zeus, and drive the heavenly throne, you shall come with me; leave the earth and I will bring you to heaven pipes and all, with your flock too if you like, you shall not be parted from your herd. I'll settle your goats over the backbone of Aigoceros, one of the same breed; or near the Charioteer, who pushes the shining Olenian She-goat * in Olympos with his

* Amalthea, who gave milk to the infant Zeus and was placed among the stars. She came from Olenos in the Peloponnese.

στήσω δ' ὁμβροτόκοιο παρὰ πλατὺν αὐχένα Ταύρου
σοὺς βόας ἀστερόεντας ἐπαυτέλλοντας Ὀλύμπῳ,
ἢ δροσερὴν παρὰ νύσσαν, ὅπῃ ζωθαλπέι λαμπῷ
ἠνεμόεν μύκημα βόες πέμπουσι Σελήνῃ·
οὐδὲ τεῆς καλύβης ἀλίγης χρέος· ἀντὶ δὲ λέχρης
αἰθερίαις Ἐρίφοισι συναστράπτοι σέο πομπή.
καὶ φάτνης ἑτέρης τελέσω τύπον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴ
ἰσοφυὴς λάμψειεν Ὄνων παρὰ γείτονι Φάτνῃ·
ἔσσο καὶ ἀστερόεις μετὰ βουκόλον, ἧχι Βοώτης
φαίνεται, ἀστραίην δὲ καλαύροπα καὶ σὺ τιταίνων
ἔσσο Λυκαονίης ἐλατὴρ Ἀρκτῴης Ἁμάξης·
οὐρανίου Τυφῶνος ὁμέστιος, ὄλβιε ποιμήν,
σήμερον ἐν χθονὶ μάλπε, καὶ αὔριον ἐντὸς Ὀλύμπου.
μολπῆς δ' ἄξια δῶρα παρ' ἀστεροφεγγέι κύκλῳ
στηρίξω σέθεν ὄφρα Ὀλύμπιον, ἡδυμελῆ δὲ
οὐρανίῃ Φόρμιγγι τεὴν σύριγγα συνάψω.
σοὶ γάμον, ἣν ἐθέλῃς, δωρήσομαι ἀγνὸν Ἀθήνης·
εἰ δέ σοι οὐ γλαυκῶπις ἐπεύαδε, δέχνυσο Λητὼ
ἢ Χάριν ἢ Κυθέρειαν ἢ Ἄρτεμιν ἢ γάμον Ἥβης·
μούνης ἡμετέρης μὴ δίζεο δέμνιον Ἥρης.
εἰ δ' ἔλαχες πλήξιππον ἀδελφεὸν ἴδμονα δίφρου,
ἔμπυρον Ἠελίου τετράζυγον ἅρμα δεχέσθω·
εἰ δὲ Διὸς ποθέεις, ὡς αἰπόλος, αἰγίδα πάλλειν,
δώσω σοι τόδε δῶρον. ἐγὼ δ' ἐς Ὄλυμπον ἀδεύσω
οὐκ ἀλέγων Κρονίωνος ἀτευχέος· οὐτιδανὴ γὰρ
ἔντεσι θῆλυς ἐοῦσα τί μοι ῥέξειεν Ἀθήνη;
ἀλλὰ Τυφαονίην ἀναβάλλεο, βουκόλε, νίκην,
γνήσιον ὑμνείων με νέον σκηπτοῦχον Ὀλύμπου
σκῆπτρα Διὸς φορέοντα καὶ ἀστράπτοντα χιτῶνα."

* The allusions are to the constellations Capricorn, Auriga, Capella, Haedi, the two Asses and the faint little group of stars between them known as the Manger, the arctic con-

sparkling arm.[6] I'll put your cattle beside the rainy Bull's broad shoulder and make them stars rising in Olympos, or near the dewy turning-point[5] where Selene's cattle send out a windy moo from their life-warming throats. You will not want your little hut. Instead of your bushes, let your flock go flashing with the etherial Kids: I will make them another crib, to shine beside the Asses' Crib and as good as theirs. Be a star yourself instead of a drover, where the Ox-driver is seen; wield a starry goad yourself, and drive the Bear's Lycaonian wain. Happy shepherd, be heavenly Typhon's guest at table: tune up on earth to-day, to-morrow in heaven! You shall have ample recompense for your song: I will establish your face in the starlit circle of heaven, and join your tuneful pipes to the heavenly Harp. If you like, I will give you Athena for your holy bride: if you do not care for Grayeyes,[6] take Leto, or Charis, or Cythereia, or Artemis, or Hebe to wife. Only don't ask me for my Hera's bed. If you have a horse-master brother who can manage a team, let him take Helios's fiery four-in-hand. If you want to wield the goatskin cape of Zeus, being a goatherd, I will make you a present of that too. I mean to march into Olympos caring nothing for Zeus unarmed; and what could Athena do to me with her armour?—a female! Strike up 'See the Conquering Typhon comes,' you herdsman! Sing the new lawful sovereign of Olympos in me, bearing the sceptre of Zeus and his robe of lightning!"

stellations already mentioned above, 165, and finally (467) to Lyra.

[5] "The spring equinox," see vi. 237. The puzzling word εἴσω is discussed by Stegemann, *Astrologie*, p. 30.

[6] The standing epithet of Athena.

Εἶπε, καὶ Ἀδρήστεια τόσην ἐγκίρνατο φωνήν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ γνώσκεν ἑκούσιον εἰς λύσιν ἄγρης
νήματι Μοιριδίῳ πεφορημένον υἷὸν Ἀρούρης
τερψινόων δονάκων βεβολημένον ὀδὲ κέντρῳ,
κερδαλέην ἀγέλαστος ἀνήρυγε Κύδνος ἰωγήν·
"Βαιὸν ἐμῆς σύριγγος ἐθάρβεες ἔχνον ἀκουήν·
εἰπέ, τί κεν ῥάξειας, ὅταν σέο θῶκον ἀείσω
ἑπτατόνου κιθάρης ἐπινίκιον ὕμνον Ἀρίσταων;
καὶ γὰρ ἐπουρανίοισιν ἐγὼ πλήκτροισιν ἐρίζων
Φοίβου ἐμὴ φόρμιγγα παρέδραμον, ἡμετέρῃς δὲ
χορδὰς εὐκελάδους Κρονίδης ἀμάθυνε κεραυνῷ
υἱέι νικηθέντι φέρων χάρμ· εἰ δὲ πολὺ εὖρον
νεῦρα πάλιν σφιγγώοντα,
μέλος πλήκτροισι τιταίνων
θέλξω δένδρεα πάντα καὶ οὔρεα καὶ φρένα θηρῶν·
καὶ στέφος αὐτοέλικτον, ὁμόζυγον ἅλικι γαίῃ,
Ὠκεανὸν σπείδοντα παλινδίωκτον ἐρίξω
τὴν αὐτὴν περὶ νῆσον ἄγειν κυκλούμενον ὦμαρ,
ἁπλανέων δὲ φάλαγγα καὶ ἀντιθέοντας ἑλίσσας
στήσω, καὶ Φαέθοντα καὶ ἱστοδόκα Σελήνην·
ἀλλὰ θεοὺς καὶ Ζῆνα βιαλὼν πυρόεντι βελέμνῳ
μοῦνον ἔα κλυτότοξον, ὅπως περὶ δεῖπνα τραπέζης
δαινυμένου Τυφῶνος ἐγὼ καὶ Φοῖβος ἐρίζω,
τίς τίνα νικήσειε μέγαν Τυφῶνα λιγαίνων.
Πιερίδας μὴ κτεῖνε χορίτιδας, ὄφρα καὶ αὗται
Φοίβου κῶμον ἄγοντος ἢ ὑμετέροιο νομῆος
θῆλυ μέλος πλέξωσιν ὁμόθρονον ἅρσενι μολπῇ."
Ἔννεπε· καὶ χαροπῇσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι
νεῦσε Τυφωεύς,
καὶ πλοκάμους ἐδόνησεν· ἐρευγομένων δὲ κομήων

---

[a] Nemesis.

[b] See 312: this is just mentioned by the way.

481 He spoke, and Adrasteia[a] took note of his words thus far. But when Cadmos understood that the son of Earth had been carried by Fate's thread into his hunting-net, a willing captive, struck by the delightful sting of those soul-delighting reeds, unsmiling he uttered this artful speech:

488 "You liked the little tune of my pipes, when you heard it; tell me, what would you do when I strike out a hymn of victory on the harp of seven strings, to honour your throne? Indeed, I matched myself against Phoibos with his heavenly quill, and beat him with my own harp, but Cronides burnt to dust my fine singing strings with a thunderbolt, to please his beaten son! But if ever I find again the swelling sinews,[b] I will strike up a tune with my quills to bewitch all the trees and the mountains and the temper of wild beasts. I will drag back Okeanos, that coronet self-wreathed about the earth and old as earth herself,[c] I will make him hasten and bring his stream rolling back upon himself round the same road. I will stay the army of fixed stars, and the roving planets, and Phaëthon,[d] and Selene's carriage-pole. But when you strike Zeus and the gods with your thunderbolt, do leave only the Archer, that while Typhon feasts at his table, I and Phoibos may have a match, and see which will beat which in celebrating mighty Typhon! And do not kill the dancing Pierides, that they may weave the women's lay harmonious with our manly song when Phoibos or your shepherd leads the merry dance!"

507 He finished; and Typhoeus bowed his flashing eyebrows and shook his locks; every hair belched

[a] Okeanos is conceived as a river running round the earth at its limit. [b] Here, as often, the sun.

ἰὸν ἐχιδνήεντα περιρραίνοντο κολῶναι.
καὶ ταχὺς εἰς ἑὸν ἄντρον ἐπείγετο· κεῖθεν ἀείρας
νεῦρα Διὸς δολόεντι πόρεν ξεινήια Κάδμῳ,
νεῦρα, τά περ χθονὶ πῖπτε Τυφαονίῃ ποτὲ χάρμῃ.
Καὶ δόσιν ἀμβροσίην ἀπατήλιος ᾔνεσε ποιμὴν·
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἀμφαφάασκε καὶ ἄρμενον οἷά τε χορδὴν
ἐσσομένην φόρμιγγι κατέκρυφε κοιλάδι πέτρῃ,
Ζηνὶ Γιγαντοφόνῳ πεφυλαγμένα· φειδομένῳ δὲ
λεπταλέον φύσημα μεμυκότι χείλεϊ πέμπων,
θλιβομένοις δονάκεσσιν ὑποκλέπτων τόνον ἠχούς,
λαρότερον μέλος εἶπε· καὶ οὔατα πολλὰ τιταίνων
ἁρμονίης ἤκουε, καὶ οὐ γίνωσκε Τυφωεύς.
θελγομένῳ δὲ Γίγαντι νόθος παρεσύρισε ποιμὴν
ἀθανάτων ἅτε φύζαν ἐῇ σύριγγι λιγαίνων,
καὶ Διὸς ἐσσομένην ἐμελίζετο γείτονα νίκην
ἑζομένῳ Τυφῶνι μόρον Τυφῶνος ἀείδων·
καὶ πλέον οἶστρον ἔγειρε. καὶ ὡς νέος ἡδέι κέντρῳ
ἁβρὸς ἐρωμανέων ἐπιθέλγεται ἥλικι κούρῃ,
καὶ πῇ μὲν χαρίεντος ἐς ἄργυφα κύκλα προσώπου,
πῇ δὲ βαθυσμήριγγος ἀλήμονα βότρυν ἐθείρης
δέρκεται, ἄλλοτε χεῖρα ῥοδόχροον, ἄλλοτε μίτρῃ
σφιγγομένην ῥοδόεντος ἴτυν μαζοῖο δοκεύει
αὐχένα παπταίνων γυμνούμενον, ἀμφὶ δὲ μορφῇ
θέλγεται ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἄγων ἀκόρητον ὀπωπήν,
οὐ δὲ λιπεῖν ἐθέλει ποτὲ παρθένον· ὡς ὅ γε Κάδμῳ
θελγομένην μελέεσσιν ὅλην φρένα δῶκε Τυφωεύς.

---

[a] A memory of Hom. *Il.* i, 528 ἦ καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων, ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπεῤῥώσαντο ἄνακτος κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο· μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον.

[b] The story is obscurely told, and probably Nonnos did not understand it; it is obviously old. By some device or by a well-aimed blow, Typhon had evidently cut the

viper-poison and drenched the hills.[a] Quick he returned to his cave, took up and brought out the sinews of Zeus,[b] and gave them to crafty Cadmos as the guest's gift; they had fallen on the ground in the battle with Typhaon.

533 The deceitful shepherd thanked him for the immortal gift; he handled the sinews carefully, as if they were to be strung on the harp, and hid them in a hole in the rock, kept safe for Zeus Giant-slayer. Then with pursed-up lips he let out a soft and gentle breath, pressing the reeds and stealing the notes, and sounded a tune more dainty than ever. Typhoeus pricked up all his many ears and listened to the melody, and knew nothing. The Giant was bewitched, while the false shepherd whistled by his side, as if sounding the rout of the immortals with his pipes; but he was celebrating the soon-coming victory of Zeus, and singing the fate of Typhon to Typhon sitting by his side. So he excited him to frenzy even more: and as a lusty youth enamoured is bewitched by delicious thrills by the side of a maiden his agemate, and gazes now at the silvery round of her charming face, now at a straying curl of her thick hair, now again at a rosy hand, or notes the circle of her blushing breast pressed by the bodice, and watches the bare neck, as he delights to let his eye run over and over her body never satisfied, and never will leave his girl—so Typhoeus yielded his whole soul to Cadmos for the melody to charm.

[a] sinews out of Zeus's arms, thus disabling him; Cadmos now gets them back by pretending that he wants them for harp-strings. So fantastic a tale may well be genuinely Oriental, as fits the locality, not Greek at all; there are in various parts of the world tales, mostly savage, of a similar loss and recovery of important parts of the body.

ADDITIONAL NOTE TO BOOK I

165 ff. Nonnos is fond of displaying his very inaccurate astronomical learning. Here Cynosuris is Cynosura, in the constellation Ursa Minor; but as Typhoon reaches for it with one hand while the other grasps the Great Bear and Nonnos describes it as being "by the ankle of the sky," which, if it means anything, signifies the lower, *i.e.* southern part, near the equator, he seems to confuse it with Canis Minor, which is some 70 deg. from the Pole. The Parrhasian Bear is Callisto, daughter of Lycaon, king of Arcadia, in which Mt. Parrhasion lies; she was turned by Zeus into the constellation Ursa Maior. Bootes, the Ox-driver, otherwise Arctophylax, the Bearward, is immediately behind her. Phosphoros was the morning star, the planet now called Venus, which rising on the horizon before the sun is said to be under the "circling turning-post" of the sky, *i.e.* drives around the edges of it; *the goose*, Latin *meta*, was the post around which the chariots turned in a race. The heavenly bodies are quite commonly spoken of as riding or driving. The Bull being one of the signs of the Zodiac, if Typhoon was interfering with it the sun could not pass through, and so the season (late spring) could not be completed. By grasping at once Auriga and Capricornus,—the latter is "hailstorm" because it is the sign of the winter solstice,—the Giant reaches clean across the sky from east to west, 178-179. The Ram is the "mid-navel" of the heavens, not because it is anywhere near the Pole, but because it is the sign from which the astronomical year conventionally starts; its fiery neighbour is the Sun, which is theoretically in Aries in spring. The "heavenly serpent" (189) is the constellation Draco, near the Pole; Cepheus's daughter is here the constellation Andromeda. The serpent which is attacking the Bull, *i.e.* the constellation Taurus [194], since it is hanging from his horns, has its head somewhere near

the Hyades, the little crescent-shaped group of stars near his nose. The "other snake" of 199 is not Draco, but the serpent which Ophiuchus holds. Aratus's, or the Northern, crown is the wedding-wreath of Ariadne, daughter of Minos, made a constellation by Dionysus to celebrate her union with him. In 206 the rest of Atlas (the mountain) is dragged along with the evening star to the morning star (Nonnus did not know, or had forgotten, that the two are one and the same), because it represents the extreme west for most Greek geographers and, being the metamorphosed head of the Titan who supported the sky, could be brought in along with the stars themselves. For an explanation of 713, see note on 97.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΝ

Δεύτερον ἀστερόφοιτον ἔχει Τυφῶνος Ἐνιὼ
καὶ στεροπὴν καὶ ἄεθλα Διὸς καὶ κῶμον Ὀλύμπου.

Ὡς ὁ μὲν αὐτόθι μίμνε
παρὰ σφυρὰ φορβάδος ὕλης
ἀκροπόρῳ σύριγγι μετάτροπα χείλεα σύρων,
Κάδμος Ἀγηνορίδης νόθος αἰπόλος· ἀπροιδὴς δὲ
Ζεὺς Κρονίδης ἀκίχητος ὑπὸ σπέος ἄφοβος ἕρπων
χεῖρας ἑὰς ἐκόρυσσε τὸ δεύτερον ἡθάδι πυκνῷ.
καὶ νέφος ἔσκεπε Κάδμον ἀθηήτῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ,
μὴ δόλον ἠπεροπῆα μαθὼν καὶ φῶρα κεραυνοῦ
λάθριον ὑστερόμητις ἀποκτείνειε Τυφωεὺς
βουκόλον ἀλλοπρόσαλλον· ὁ δὲ πλέον ἠδέι κέντρῳ
ἤθελεν εἰσαΐειν φρενοθελγέα ῥυθμὸν ἀοιδῆς.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις Σειρῆνος ἐπίκλοπον ὕμνον ἀκούων
εἰς μόρον αὐτοκέλευστον ἀώριος εἴλκετο ναύτης,
θελγόμενος μελέεσσι, καὶ οὐκέτι κῦμα χαράσσων
γλαυκὸν ἀκυμάντοισιν ὕδωρ λεύκαινεν ἐρετμοῖς,
ἀλλὰ λιγυφθόγγοιο πεσὼν ἐπὶ δίκτυα Μοίρης
τέρπετο πηδαλίοιο λελασμένος, ἄστρον ἑάσας
Πλειάδος ἑπταπόροιο καὶ ἄντυγα κυκλίδος Ἄρκτου·
ὣς ὅ γε κερδαλέης δεδονημένος ἄσθμασι μολπῆς
πηκτίδος ἡδὺ βέλεμνον ἐδέξατο πομπὸν ὀλέθρου.

BOOK II

The second has Typhon's battle ranging through the stars, and lightning, and the struggles of Zeus, and the triumph of Olympos.

And so Cadmos Agenorides remained there by the ankle of the pasturing woodland, drawing his lips to and fro along the tops of the pipes, as a pretended goatherd; but Zeus Cronides, unespied, unsought, crept noiseless into the cave, and armed himself with his familiar fires a second time. And a cloud covered Cadmos beside his unseen rock, lest Typhoeus might learn this crafty plan, and the secret thief of the thunderbolts, and wise too late might kill the turnsoat herdsman. But all the Giant wanted was, to hear more and more of the mind-bewitching melody with its delicious thrill. When a sailor hears the Siren's perfidious song, and bewitched by the melody, he is dragged to a self-chosen fate too soon; no longer he cleaves the waves, no longer he whitens the blue water with his oars unwetted now, but falling into the net of melodious Fate, he forgets to steer, quite happy, caring not for the seven starry Pleiades and the Bear's circling course: so the monster, shaken by the breath of that deceitful tune, welcomed with delight the wound of the pipes which was his escort to death.

Ἀλλὰ καλυπτομένου νεφέων σκιοειδέι μίτρῃ
ἔμπνοος εὐκελάδοιο δόναξ σίγησε νομῆος,
ἁρμονίην δ' ἀνέκοψεν. ἀερσιπότης δὲ Τυφωεὺς
οἶστρον ἑλὼν πολέμοιο
κατέδραμεν εἰς μυχὸν ἄντρου,
βροντὴν δ' ἠνεμόφοιτον ἐδίζετο φοιτάδι λύσσῃ
καὶ στεροπὴν ἀκίχητον, ἐρευνητῆρι δὲ ταρσῷ
ζαφλεγὲς ἁρπαμένοιο σέλας μάστευε κεραυνοῦ,
καὶ κενεὸν σπέος εὗρε. δολοφραδέας δὲ μενοινὰς
ὀψὲ μαθὼν Κρονίδαο καὶ αἰόλα δήνεα Κάδμου
αἰχμάζων σκοπέλοισιν ἐπεσκίρτησεν Ὀλύμπῳ
καὶ ποδὸς ἀγκύλον ἴχνος ἄγων ὀφιώδεϊ ταρσῷ
ἰὸν ἀκοντιστῆρος ἀπέπτυεν ἀνθερεῶνος·
ὑψιλόφου δὲ Γίγαντος ἐχιδναίῃσιν ἐθείραις
πίδακας ὀμβρήσαντος ἐκυμαίνοντο χαράδραι·
καί οἱ ἐπαΐσσοντι βαθυνομένην χθονὸς ἕδρην
ἀκλινέος δαπέδοιο Κίλιξ ἐλελίζετο πυθμὴν
ποσσὶ δρακοντείοισι, πολυσφαράγῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Ταυρείου λοφόεντος ἀρασσομένου κενεῶνος
γείτονες ὠρχήσαντο φόβῳ Παμφυλίδες ὄχθαι,
καὶ χθόνιαι σήραγγες ἐβόμβεον, ἔτρεμον ἄκραι
ἠιόνες, σείοντο μυχοί, καὶ ὀλίσθανον ἀκταὶ
λυομένης ψαμάθοιο ποδῶν ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ.
οὐ νομός, οὐ τότε θῆρες ἀπήμονες· ὠμοβόροι γὰρ
ἄρκτοι ἐδαιτρεύοντο Τυφαονίοιο προσώπου
ἀρκτῴαις γενύεσσι, λεοντείων δὲ καρήνων
γλαυκὰ δασυστέρνων ἐλαφύσσετο γυῖα λεόντων
χάσμασιν ἰσοτύποισιν, ἐχιδνήεντι δὲ λαιμῷ
ψυχρὰ πεδοτρεφέων ἐδαΐζετο νῶτα δρακόντων,
ἠερίους δ' ὄρνιθας ἐδαίνυτο γείτονι λαιμῷ
ἱπταμένους ἀβάτοιο δι' αἰθέρος, ἀγχιφανῆ δὲ
αἰετὸν ἤσθιε μᾶλλον, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ὄρνις ἀκούει·

29 But now the shepherd's reed breathing melody fell silent, and a mantling shadow of cloud hid the piper as he cut off his tune. Typhoeus rushed head-in-air with the fury of battle into the cave's recesses, and searched with hurried madness for the wind-coursing thunderbolt and the lightning unapproachable; with inquiring foot he chased the fire-shotten gleam of the stolen thunderbolt, and found an empty cave! Too late he learnt the craft-devising schemes of Cronides and the subtle machinations of Cadmus: flinging the rocks about he leapt upon Olympus. While he dragged his crooked track with snaky foot, he spat out showers of poison from his throat; the mountain torrents were swollen, as the monster showered fountains from the viperish bristles of his high head; as he marched, the solid earth did sink, and the steady ground of Cilicia shook to its foundations under those dragon-feet; the flanks of craggy Taurus crashed with a rumbling din, until the neighbouring Pamphylian hills danced with fear; the underground caverns boomed, the rocky headlands trembled, the hidden places shook, the shore slipt away as a thrust of his earthshaking foot loosened the sands.

30 Neither pasture nor wild beasts were spared. Rawravening bears made a meal for the jaws of Typhoeus's bear-heads; tawny bodies of chest-bristling lions were swallowed by the gaping jaws of his own lion-heads; his snaky throats devoured the cold shapes of earthfed serpents; birds of the air, flying through untrodden space, there met neighbours to gulp them down their throats—he found the eagle in his home, and that was the fowl he relished most, because it is called the Bird of Zeus. He ate up the plowing

ἤσθιε βοῦν ἀροτῆρα, καὶ οὐκ ὤκτειρε δυσείκων
αἱμοβαφῆ ζυγίῳ κεχαραγμένον αὐχένα δεσμῷ.
καὶ ποταμοὺς ἐκόνισσε πιὼν ἐπιδόρπιον ὕδωρ,
Νηιάδων δὲ φάλαγγας ἀπεστυφέλιξεν ἐναύλων·
καὶ βυθίῃ στείχουσα βατὸν ῥόον ἅλματι πεζῷ
ἀβρέκτοις μελέεσσιν ἀσάμβαλος ἵστατο Νίμφη
Νηιὰς ὑγροκέλευθος, ἀμιλλητῆρι δὲ ταρσῷ
κούρης παλλομένης παρὰ δαφνίδα πέζαν ἐναύλων
σφίγγετο πηλώεντι πεπηγότα γούνατα δεσμῷ·
μαινομένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἰδὼν πολύμορφον ὀπωπὴν
ταρβαλέος σύριγγα γέρων ἀπεσείσατο ποιμὴν
νόσφι φυγών· ὀρόων δὲ πολυσπερὲς ἔθνος ἀγαστῶν
αἰπόλος ἀστήρικτον ἐπέτρεπεν αὐλὸν ἀέλλαις·
οὐ σπόρον ἀμφεκάλυφε πέδῳ ταλαεργὸς ἀρωτὴς
ῥαίνων ἀρτιχάρακτον ὀπισθοβόλῳ χθόνα καρπῷ,
οὐδὲ Τυφωνίης παλάμης νωμήτορι παλμῷ
αὔλακα τεμνομένην ἐνοσίχθων τάμνε συδῶρ,
ἀλλὰ βόας μεθέηκε, Γιγαντείῳ δὲ βελέμνῳ
σχιζομένης κενεῶνες ἐγυμνώθησαν ἀρούρης.
καὶ διερὴν φλέβα λῦσεν, ἀνωγομένου δὲ βαρέθρου
χεύμασι πηγαίοισιν ἀνέβλυε νέρτερος αὐλών,
ἀσκεπέος δαπέδοιο χέων ὑποκόλπιον ὕδωρ·
καὶ σκόπελοι ῥίπτοντο· χαραδραίοις δὲ ῥεέθροις
ἠερόθεν πίπτοντες ἀνεκρύπτοντο θαλάσσῃ,
ὕδατα χερσώσαντες· ἀπὸ χθονίων δὲ βελέμνων
αὐτοπαγῆ ῥιζοῦτο νεηγενέων σφυρὰ νήσων.
δένδρεα δ' αὐτόφυτα μετωχλίσθησαν ἀρούρης,
καὶ δαπέδῳ πέσε καρπὸς ἀώριος, ἀρτιθαλὴς δὲ
κῆπος ἀιστώθη, ῥοδόεις δ' ἀμαθύνετο λειμών·

ox,[1] and had no pity when he saw the galled neck bloody from the yoke-straps.

He made the rivers dust, as he drank the water after his meal, beating off the troops of Naiads from the river-beds; the Naiad of the deeps made her way tripping afoot as if the river were a roadway, until she stood, unshod, with dry limbs, she a nymph, the creature of watery ways, and as the girl struggled, thrusting one foot after another along the thirsty bed of the stream, she found her knees held fast to the bottom in a muddy prison.

The old shepherd, terrified to descry the manifold visage of this maddened monster, dropt his pipes and ran away; the goatherd, seeing the wide-scattered host of his arms, threw his reed flying to the winds; the hard-working plowman sprinkled not the new-sowed ground with corn thrown behind him, nor covered it with earth, nor cut with earth-shaking iron the land furrowed already by Typhon's guiding hand, but let his oxen go loose. The earth's hollows were bared, as the monster's missile cleft it. He freed the liquid vein, and as the chasm opened, the lower channel bubbled up with flooding springs, pouring out the water from under the uncovered bosom of the ground, and rocks were thrown up, and falling from the air in torrential showers were hidden in the sea, making the waters dry land; and the hurtling masses of earth rooted themselves firmly as the footings of new-made islands. Trees were levered up from the earth by the roots, and the fruit fell on the ground untimely; the fresh-flowering garden was laid waste, the rosy meadows withered;

[1] An act of impiety; the plow-ox was exempted from sacrifice by Attic law, Aelian, *V. H.* v. 14.

καὶ Ζέφυρος δεδόνητο κυλινδομένων ἀνεμώνων
αὐχμηροῖς πετάλοισι· φιλοθρήνοισι δὲ μηδεὰς
αἴλινα Φοῖβος ἄειδε δαιζομένων ὑακίνθων,
πλέξας πένθιμον ὕμνον, Ἀμυκλαίων δὲ κομάρβων
κοπτομένῃ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐπέστενε γείτονι δάφνῃ·
κεκλιμένην δ' ὤρθωσεν ἐὴν πίτυν ἀχνύμενος Πάν·
καί, Μορίης μνησθεῖσα, φαρέτρωι Ἀτθίδα νύμφην
τεμνομένῃ Γλαικῶπις ἐπεστονάχιζεν ἐλαίῃ·
καὶ Παφίη δάκρυσε κομιομένης ἀνεμώνης,
πυκνὰ δὲ μυρομένη καλύκων εὐώδεα χαίτην
βόστρυχον ἀβρὸν ἔτιλλε κομιομένου ῥοδεώνος·
καὶ στάχυν ἡμιτέλεστον ἀλωλότα μίμνετο Δηώ,
μηκέτι κῶμον ἄγουσα θαλύσιον· Ἀδρυάδες δὲ
ἤλικες ὠδύροντο λιπόσκια δένδρεα Νύμφαι.

Καί τις ἐνπτόρθοιο δεχαζομένοιο κορύμβου
σύγχρονος ἀκριόμενος Ἀμαδρυὰς ἄνθεσι δάφνης,
ἐκ πίτυος δὲ φυγοῦσα βαθῶι ποδὶ παρθένος ἄλλη
ἀγχιφανὴς ἀγόρευε μετήλυδι γείτονι Νύμφῃ·

"Δαφναίη φυγόδεμνος Ἀμαδρυάς,
εἷς δρόμος ἔστω
ἀμφοτέραις, μὴ Φοῖβον ἴδῃς, μὴ Πᾶνα νοήσω.
ὑλοτόμοι, τάδε δένδρα παρέλθετε, μὴ φυτὰ Δάφνης
τέμνετε δειλαίης τετιημένα· φείδεο, τέκτων,
ὁλκάδα μὴ τελέσῃς πιτυώδεα δούρατα τέμνων,
μὴ ῥοθίοις φαύσειε θαλασσαίης Ἀφροδίτης.
ναί, δρυτόμος, πυμάτην πόρε μοι χάριν,
ἀντὶ κορύμβων
κόπτέ με σοῖς πελέκεσσι, καὶ ἡμετέρου δυὶ μαζοῦ

[a] Hyacinthos, the beloved of Apollo, was buried in Amyclai. The plant is really a flag or iris.

[b] See note on 108.

[c] This refers to the contest between Athena and Poseidon for the city. Each was to offer a gift; Poseidon gave the

the West Wind was beaten by the dry leaves of whirling cypresses. Phoibos sang a dirge in lamentable tones for his devastated iris, twining a sorrowful song, and lamented far more bitterly than for his [a] clusters of Amyclean flowers, when the laurel by his side was struck. Pan in anguish uplifted his fallen pine [b]; Grayeyes, remembering Moria,[c] groaned over her broken olive-tree, the Attic nymph who brought her a city.[d] The Paphian also wept when her anemone[e] was laid in the dust, and mourned long over the fragrant tresses of flowercups from her rosebed laid in the dust, while she tore her soft hair. Deo mourned over the half-grown corn destroyed and no longer celebrated the harvest home. The Hadryad nymphs lamented the lost shade of their yearsmate trees.

[98] One Hamadryad [f] leapt unveiled from the cloven shaft of a bushy laurel, which had grown with her growth, and another maiden stepping out of her pine-tree appeared beside her neighbour the exiled nymph, and said:

[99] "Laurel Hamadryad, so shy of the marriage bed, let us both take one road, lest you see Phoibos, lest I espy Pan! Woodmen, pass by these trees! Do not fell the afflicted bush of unhappy Daphne! Shipwright, spare me! cut no timbers from my pine-tree, to make some lugger that may feel the billows of Aphrodite, Lady of the Sea! Yes, woodcutter, grant me this last grace: strike me with your axe instead

horse, Athena the olive. A moria is a sacred olive tree, Zeus Morios was the guardian of them.

[d] Unknown; not the one of xxv. 481.

[e] Adonis was turned into one.

[f] The word favoured by Nonnos, Hadryas, means the same as Hamadryas (ἁ copulative), the nymph who grows up along with the tree (σύγχρονος, ἥλιξ).

πῆξον ἀνυμφεύτοιο σαόφρονα χαλκὸν Ἀθήνης,
ὄφρα θάνω πρὸ γάμοιο καὶ Ἄιδι παρθένος ἔλθω,
εἰσέτι νῆις Ἔρωτος, ἅ περ Πίτυς, οἷά τε Δάφνη."
Ὣς φαμένη πετάλοισι νόθην ποιήσατο μίτρην,
καὶ χλοερῷ ζωστῆρι κατέσκεπεν ἄντυγα μαζοῦ
αἰδομένη, καὶ μηρὸν ἐπεσφηκώσατο μηρῷ·
ἡ δέ μιν εἰσορόωσα κατηφέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
"Παρθενίης ἔμφυλον ἔχω φόβον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἐκ Δάφνης γεγαυῖα διώκομαι, οἷά τε Δάφνη.
πῇ δὲ φύγω; σκοπέλους ὑποδύσομαι;
ἀλλὰ κολώνας
ῥιπτομένας ἐς Ὄλυμπον ἐτεφρώσαντο κεραυνοί,
καὶ τρομέω σέο Πᾶνα δυσίμερον, ὅς με χαλέφει,
ὡς Πίτυν, ὡς Σύριγγα· διωκομένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
ἄλλη δευτερόφωνος ὀρίδρομος ἔσσομαι Ἠχώ.
οὐκέτι ταῦτα κόρυμβα μετέρχομαι, ἡμιφανῆ[1] δὲ
οὔρεα ναιετάω μετὰ δένδρεον, ἦχι καὶ αὐτὴ
Ἄρτεμις ἀγρώσσει φιλοπάρθενος· ἀλλὰ Κρονίων
Καλλιστοῦς λάχε λέκτρον
ἐς Ἄρτεμιν εἶδος ἀμείψας·
ἵξομαι εἰς ἁλὸς οἶδμα·
τί μοι γάμος; ἀλλ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ

[1] So mss.: Ludwich ὑψιφανῆ.

---

[a] "Our" Athena, because, like the nymphs, she is virgin; the bronze is hers either because she is a warlike goddess or from her Spartan title Chalcioicos, She of the Bronze House. Since edge-tools and weapons were really of bronze in Homer's day, the word remains in poetical use in that sense even some 1400 years later; the best part of a millennium before Nonnos, Pindar, *Pyth.* xi. 20, had spoken of "grey bronze," really meaning a steel or iron weapon, as the epithet shows.

[b] Pitys, beloved by Pan, fled from him and was changed

of my clusters, and drive our[a] unmarried Athena's chaste bronze through my breast, that I may die before I wed, and go to Hades a virgin, still a stranger to Eros, like Pitys and like Daphne![b]"

109 With these words, she contrived a makeshift kirtle with the leaves, and modestly covered the circle of her breast with this green girdle, pressing thigh upon thigh. The other seeing her so downcast, answered thus:

111 "I feel the fear inborn in a maiden, because I was born of a laurel, and I am pursued like Daphne. But where shall I flee? Shall I hide under a rock? No, thunderbolts have burnt to ashes the mountains hurled at Olympos; and I tremble at your lustful Pan, who will persecute me like Pitys,[c] like Syrinx—I shall be chased myself until I become another Echo,[d] to scour the hills and second another's speech. I will haunt these clusters no longer; I will leave my tree and live in the mountains which are still half to be seen,[e] where Artemis also hunts, and she loves a maiden.—Yet Cronion won the bed of Callisto by taking the form of Artemis![f] I will plunge into the briny deep—what is marriage to me!—Yet in the

into a pine-tree: Propertius i. 18. 20. Daphne suffered a like fate in fleeing from Apollo: Ovid, *Met.* i. 452.

[c] For Pitys, see preceding note. Syrinx (Panpipe) was also pursued by Pan in an amorous mood, and turned into a bed of reeds, from which he made his pipe.

[d] Echo was once a nymph, who for keeping Hera talking and so delaying her from spying on Zeus's amours was deprived by her of the power to do more than repeat the words of another.

[e] Reading ἡμιφανή with all MSS.: Ludwich conjectures ὀφιφανή. But the meaning is that the flood had not quite covered them.

[f] This is Ovid's story, *Met.* ii. 401 ff., but there are other versions.

'Αστερίην ἐδίωκε γιγαιμανέων 'Εγκελάδων.
αἶθε λάχον πτερὰ κοῦφα· δι' ὑφαπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
ἠερίοις ἀνέμοισι συνέμπορον οἶμον ὄδευσα·
ἀλλὰ τάχα πτερύγων κενεὸς δρόμος, ὅστις Τυφωεὺς
ἠλιβάτοις παλάμῃσιν ἐπιφαύει νεφελάων.
εἰ δὲ γάμοις ἀδίκοις με βιήσεται, εἶδος ἀμείψω,
μίξομαι ὀρνίθεσσι, καὶ ἱπταμένη φιλομήλη
καὶ ῥόδον ἀγγέλλουσα καὶ ἀνθεμόεσσαν ἐέρσην
ἔσσομαι εἰαρινοῖο φίλη Ζεφύροιο χελιδών,
φθεγγομένη λάλος ὄρνις ὑπωρόφιος μέλος ἠχοῦς,
ὀρχηθμῷ πτεράεντι περισκαίρουσα καλιήν.
Πρόκνη, πικρὰ παθοῦσα, σὺ μὲν σέο πενθάδι μολπῇ
υἱέα δακρύοισας, ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὰ λέκτρα γοήσω.
Ζεῦ ἄνα, μὴ τελέσῃς με χελιδόνα, μὴ με δοκεύσῃ
καὶ Τηρεὺς πτερύεις κεχολωμένος, οἷα Τυφωεύς.
ἀήρ, οὔρεα, πόντος ἀνέμβατος· ἔνδοθι γαίης
κρύπτομαι· ἀλλὰ Γίγαντος ἐχιδνώδεων ἀπὸ ταρσῶν
ἰοβόλοι δύνουσιν ὑπὸ χθόνα φωλάδες ὧραι.
εἶην ὑγρὸν ὕδωρ ἐπιδήμιον, οἷα Κομαιθὼ

---

[a] Asterië is the nymph of Delos, and leaped into the sea to avoid the attentions of Zeus. That she was then pursued by Poseidon seems to be an invention of Nonnos; at all events, no other surviving author has heard of it.

[b] Reading φωλῇδι with the ms. Philomela, here as elsewhere in Greek, is the swallow. She and Procne were sisters, Athenian princesses; Tereus, king of Thrace, married Procne, by whom he had a son Itys, or Itylus; Tereus afterwards, on some pretext, fetched Philomela from Athens, violated her and cut out her tongue. Managing to communicate with her sister by means of a piece of embroidery which she sent her, on which she had portrayed her story, she was helped to escape from the prison where Tereus had put her; by way of revenge, Procne served to Tereus at a banquet the flesh of their child, and when he pursued the

sea, Earthshaker chased Asterië[1] in the madness of his passion. O that I had wings to fly! I will traverse the heights, and take the road which the winds of the air do travel! But perhaps racing wings are also useless: Typhoeus reaches the clouds with high-clambering hands!

130 "But if he will force me by violence, I will change my shape. I will mingle with the birds; fitting as Philomela,[2] I will be the swallow dear to Zephyrus in spring-time, harbinger of roses and flowery dew, prattling bird that sings a sweet song under the tiles, dashing about her nest with dancing wings. And, you, Procne, after your bitter sufferings,—you may weep for your son with mourning notes, and I will groan for my bridal.—Lord Zeus! make me no swallow, or angry Tereus on the wing may chase me, like Typhoeus! Air, mountain, sea, I may tread none of them: I will hide me deep in the earth. No! the water-snakes of the monster's viperish feet crawl into the caverns underground, spitting poison! May I be a fountain of water in the country, like Comaitho,[3] mingling her newly

women, all three were turned into birds, Procne becoming a nightingale, Philomela a swallow, Tereus a hoopoe, and, in some late and uncertain accounts, Itys also a bird of some sort. This is why the nightingale's song is mournful (she is lamenting for Itys) and the swallow chatters and does not sing (she has no tongue). A familiar variant of the story makes Philomela the nightingale, and Procne the swallow. The swallow is as regularly and proverbially the messenger of spring in Greek as in English (μία χελιδὼν οὐ ποιεῖ ἔαρ, one swallow does not make a spring).

[1] Daughter of King Phoroneus. She was in love with Amphitryon, and gave him the golden hair from his father's head whereon his life lay. Amphitryon put her to death, and she was turned into a fountain. The story of Nisus and Scylla was similar.

πατρῴῳ κεράσασα νεόρρυτα χεύματα Κύδνῳ·
οὐκ ἐθέλω παρὰ μῦθον, ὅτι προχοῇσι συνάφω
παρθενικῆς δυσέρωτος ἐμὸν φιλοπάρθενον ὕδωρ.
πῇ δὲ φύγω; Τυφῶνι μιγήσομαι; ἀλλὰ λοχεύσω
ἀλλοφυῆ πολύμορφον ὁμοίιον υἷα τοκῆι.
εἴην δένδρεον ἄλλο, καὶ ἐκ δρυὸς εἰς δρύας ἔλθω
οὔνομα παιδὸς ἔχουσα σαόφρονος· ἀντὶ δὲ Δάφνης
μὴ Μύρρης ἀθέμιστον ἐπώνυμον ἔρνος ἀκούσω.
ναί, λίτομαι, παρὰ χεῦμα γοήμονος Ἠριδανοῖο
εἴην Ἠλιάδων καὶ ἐγὼ μία· πυκνὰ δὲ πέμψω
ἐκ βλεφάρων ἤλεκτρα, φιλοθρήνοις δὲ κορύμβοις
γείτονος αἰγείροιο περίπλοκα φύλλα πετάσσω
δάκρυσιν ἀφνειοῖσιν ἐμὴν στενάχουσα κορείην·
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ Φαέθοντα κινύρομαι. ἵλαθι, δάφνη,
αἰδέομαι φυτὸν ἄλλο μετὰ προτέρης φυτὸν ὕλης.
ἔσσομαι, ὡς Νιόβη, καὶ ἐγὼ λίθος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴν
λαϊνέην στενάχουσαν ἐποικτείρωσιν ὀδῖται·
ἀλλὰ κακογλώσσοιο τί μοι τύπος; ἵλαθι, Λητώ·
ἐρρέτω αἰνοτόκοιο θεημάχον οὔνομα Νύμφης.[a]
Ἡ μὲν ἔφη· Φαέθων δὲ πόλον δινωτὸν ἐάσας
εἰς δύσιν ἔτραπε δίφρον· ἀναθρῴσκουσα δὲ γαίης
ὑψιτενὴς ἅτε κῶνος ἐς ἠέρα σιγαλέη Νὺξ
οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντι διεχλαίνωσε χιτῶνι,
αἰθέρα δαιδάλλουσα· καὶ ἀννεφέλῳ παρὰ Νείλῳ
ἀθάνατοι πλάζοντο, παρ' ὀφρυόεντι δὲ Ταύρῳ
Ζεὺς Κρονίδης ἀνέμιμνεν ἐγερσιμόθου φάος Ἠοῦς.

[a] Daughter of Cinyras and mother of Adonis. She had an incestuous love for her own father and managed by a trick to satisfy it. When he found it out, she was saved from him by becoming the tree which bears her name (this is why it weeps), and Adonis was born from the tree.

[b] Sisters of Phaëthon, who mourned their brother beside that stream until they grew into poplars.

flowing water with her father Cydnus—no, not to suit the story, because I shall then have to join my virgin water with the out-gushings of a lovesick maid. But where shall I flee? Shall I mingle with Typhon? Then shall I bear a son like the father—an alien, multiform! Let me be another tree, and pass from tree to tree keeping the name of a virtuous maid; may I never, instead of laurel, be called that unhallowed plant which gave its name to Myrrha.[a] Yes, I beseech thee! let me be one of the Heliades[b] beside the stream of mourning Eridanus; often will I drop amber from my eyelids; I will spread my leaves to entwine with the dirge-loving clusters of my neighbouring poplar, bewailing my maidenhood with abundant tears—for Phaëthon will not be my lament. Forgive me, my laurel; I shrink from being another tree after the tree of my former wood. I also will be a stone, like Niobe,[a] that wayfarers may pity me too, a groaning stone.—But why be the shape of one with that ill-omened tongue? Be gracious, Leto! Perish the god-defiant name of a nymph unhappy to be a mother!"

169 While she spoke, Phaëthon had left the rounded sky, and turned his car towards setting; silent Night leapt up from earth into the air like a high-stretching cone, and wrapped heaven about in a starry robe spangling the welkin. The immortals moved about the cloudless Nile, but Zeus Crunides on the brows of Taurus awaited the light of toil-awakening Dawn.

[a] Because Niobe, wife of Tantalus and mother of six sons and six daughters, boasted herself superior to Leto with only two children, Apollo and Artemis, these killed all her family, and she mourned until she turned into a stone from grief.

Νὺξ μὲν ἔην·
φρουραὶ δὲ περὶ στίχες ἦσαν Ὀλύμπου
ἑπτὰ περὶ ζώνῃσι, καὶ οἷά περ ὑψόθι πύργων
ἔννυχον ἦν ἀλάλαγμα, βοὴ δ' ἑτερόθροος ἄστρων
ἀμφιλαφὴς πεφόρητο, καὶ ἀξονίης κτύπον ἠχοῦς
ἐκ Κρονίης βαλβῖδος ἐδέχνυτο νύσσα Σελήνης·
καὶ νεφέων στεφανηδὸν ἐπασσυτέρῃσι καλύπτραις
οὐρανὸν ἐφράξαντο φυλάκτορες αἰθέρος Ὧραι
ἀμφίπολοι Φαέθοντος· ἀσυλήτων δὲ πυλάων
ἀστέρες Ἀτλάντειον ἐπεκλήισσαν ὀχῆα,
μὴ λόχος εἰσέλθῃσι πόλον μακάρων ἀπεόντων·
ἀντὶ δὲ συρίγγων ἐνοπῆς καὶ ἐθήμονος αὐλοῦ
ἐννυχίαις πτερύγεσσι μέλος σύριζον ἀῆται.
αἰθερίῳ δὲ Δράκοντι συνέμπορος Ἀρκάδος Ἄρκτου
ἐννυχίην Τυφῶνος ἐπήλυσιν ὑψόθι λεύσσων
ὄμμασιν ἀγρύπνοισι γέρων ἐφύλασσε Βοώτης,
ἀντολίην ἐδόκευεν Ἑωσφόρος, Ἕσπερος ἀστὴρ
ἑσπερίην, Νοτίας δὲ λιπὼν ἰθύντορι τόξων
ὀμβρηρὰς Βορέαο πύλας περιδέδρομε Κηφεύς.
καὶ πυρὰ πάντοθεν ἦεν, ἐπεὶ φλόγες αἴθοπες ἄστρων
καὶ νύχιοι λαμπτῆρες ἀκοιμήτοιο Σελήνης
ὡς δαΐδες σελάγιζον, ἀελλήεντι δὲ ῥόμβῳ
πυκνὰ διαθρῴσκοντες ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἄκρον Ὀλύμπου
ἀστέρες ἀικτῆρες ἐπέγραφον ἠέρα πυρσῷ
δεξιτεροὶ Κρονίωνι, κυβιστητῆρι δὲ παλμῷ
πυκνὰ διαΐσσουσα χαρασσομένων νεφελάων

---

[a] The celestial watch-word is passed along from the outermost of the seven (ancient) planets, which include sun and moon, to the one nearest the earth.

[b] *Cf.* note on i. 165.

[c] An allusion to *Il.* x. 13, where Agamemnon hears "noise of flutes and pipes and hum of men" from the Trojan camp at night.

170 It was night. Sentinels stood in line around Olympus and the seven zones, and as it were from the summit of towers came their nightly alarms; the calls of the stars in many tongues were carried all abroad, and the moon's turning-mark received the creaking echo from Saturn's starting-point.[a] Now the Seasons, guardians of the upper air, handmaids of Phaëthon, had fortified the sky with a long string of covering clouds like a coronal.[b] The stars had closed the Atlantean bar of the inviolable gates, lest some stealthy troop should enter the heavens while the Blessed ones were away: instead of the noise of pipes and the familiar flute,[c] the breezes whistled a tune with their wings through the night.[d] Old Ocheed was on guard with unsleeping eyes, in company with the heavenly Serpent of the Arcadian Bear, looking out from on high for some nightly assault of Typhoeus: the Morning Star watched the east, the Evening Star the west, and Cepheus, leaving the southern gates to the Archer, himself patrolled the rainy gates of the north.

180 Watchfires were all around: for the blazing flames of the stars, and the nightly lamp of unresting Selene, sparkled like torches. Often the shooting stars, leaping through the heights of Olympus with windswept whirl from the ether, scored the air with flame on Cronion's[e] right hand; often the lightning darted, twisting about like a tumbler, and tearing

[a] For the astronomy, including the blunder about morning and evening star, *cf.* note on i. 165 ff.

[b] Apparently Cronion here is the planet *Jupiter*, since Zeus is sitting waiting on Mt. Taurus, see 168; it is not the only passage in which astral and mythological gods give Nonnos some trouble.

ἀστεροπὴ σκίρτησεν, ἀμοιβαίῃσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
κρύπτετο καὶ σελάγιζε παλίνδρομος ἄστατος αἴγλη,
καὶ πλοκάμους πλεκτοῖο πυρὸς βοτρυδὸν ἑλίξας
φέγγεϊ λαχνήεντι σέλας τρήχυνε κομήτης,
καὶ δοκίδες μάρμαιρον ἐπήλυδες, οἷα δὲ μακροὶ
ἠερόθεν τανύοντο δοκοὶ δολιχήρεϊ πυρσῷ
Ζηνὶ συναιχμάζοντες, ὑπ' ἀκτίνεσσι δὲ λάμπων
ἀντιπόρου Φαέθοντος ἐκάμπτετο σύνδρομος ὄμβρῳ
Ἴριδος ἀγκύλα κύκλα πολύχροος ὁλκὸς ὑφαίνων,
χλωρὰ μελαινομένῳ, ῥοδοειδέι λευκὰ κεράσσας.
Καὶ Διὶ μουνωθέντι παρήγορος ἵκετο Νίκη
ἠέρος ἄκρα κέλευθα διαγράψασα πεδίλῳ,
Λητοῦς εἶδος ἔχουσα, καὶ ὁπλίζουσα τοκῆα
ἀντιτύποις στομάτεσσι πολύτροπον ἴαχε φωνήν·
"Ζεῦ ἄνα, σῶν τεκέων πρόμος ἵστασο,
μηδὲ νοήσω
μιγνυμένην Τυφῶνι γάμων ἀδίδακτον Ἀθήνην·
μητέρα μὴ τελέσειας ἀμήτορα, μαρνάμενος δὲ
ἀστεροπὴν κούφιζε σελασφόρον ἔγχος Ὀλύμπου,
καὶ νεφέλας συνάγειρε τὸ δεύτερον, ὑέτιε Ζεῦ·
ἤδη γὰρ σταθεροῖο τινάσσεται ἔδρανα κόσμου
χερσὶ Τυφαονίῃσιν, ὁμοζυγέων δὲ λυθέντων
στοιχείων πισύρων ἠρνήσατο λήια Δηώ·
Ἥβη λεῖπε κύπελλον, Ἄρης δ' ἀπεσείσατο λόγχην,
Ἑρμῆς ῥάβδον ἔθηκε, λύρην δ' ἔρριψεν Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ πτερόεις πεπότητο λιπὼν πτερόεντας ὀιστούς,
εἶδος ἔχων κύκνοιο, τελεσσιγάμου δὲ θεαίνης

* He probably means by the dark, violet and indigo; and pale, yellow and orange. Naturally there is and can be no black in a rainbow; perhaps Nonnos thinks of it as showing against a dark cloud.

the clouds as it shot through, the uncertain brilliance which runs to and fro, now hidden, now shining, in alternating swing; and the comet twined in clusters the long strands of his woven flame, and made a ragged light with his hairy fire. Stray meteors were also shining, like long rafters stretching across the sky, shooting their long fires as allies of Zeus; and the rain's rearmade, the bow of Iris, wove his many colours into a rounded track, and shone bent under the light-shafts of Phaëthon opposite, mingling pale with dark, and light with rosy.[a]

[205] Zeus was alone, when Victory came to comfort him, scoring the high paths of the air with her shoe. She had the form of Leto; and while she armed her father, she made him a speech full of reproaches, with guileful lips:

[208] "Lord Zeus! stand up as champion of your own children! Let me never see Athena mingled with Typhon, she who knows not the way of a man with a maid! Make not a mother of the unmothered![a] Fight, brandish your lightning, the fiery spear of Olympos! Gather once more your clouds, lord of the rain! For the foundations of the steadfast universe are already shaking under Typhon's hands; the four blended elements are melted! Deo has renounced her harvests. Hebe has left her cup, Ares has thrown down his spear, Hermes has dropped his staff, Apollo has cast away his harp, and taken a swan's form, and flown off on the wing, leaving his winged arrows behind! Aphrodite, the goddess who

[a] Having no *mother*, but only a father, Athena, whose emissary is here speaking (Victory is her constant attendant), is "wholly of the Father" and approves of men in every way except as husbands, *cf.* Aeschylus, *Eumenides* 737 ff.

ἄσπορος ἔπλετο κόσμος ἀλωομένης Ἀφροδίτης,
ἁρμονίης δ' ἀλύτου λύτο πείσματα· νυμφοκόμος γὰρ
πανδαμάτωρ ἀδάμαστος
Ἔρως θρασὺς εἰς φόβον ἔπτη
τόξα λιπὼν γονόεντα· καὶ ἠθάδα Λήμνον ἐάσας
σὸς πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος ἀπειθέα γούνατα σύρων
ἆ βραδὺς ἀστήρικτον ἔχει δρόμον. ἆ μέγα θαῦμα,
καὶ μάλα μοι κοτέουσαν ἐποικτείρω σέθεν Ἥρην.
ἦ ῥα τεὸς γενέτης πάλιν ἵξεται εἰς χορὸν ἄστρων;
μή ποτε τοῦτο γένοιτο· καὶ εἰ Τιτηνὶς ἀκούω,
οὐκ ἐθέλω Τιτῆνας ἰδεῖν κρατέοντας Ὀλύμπου,
ἀλλὰ σὲ καὶ σέο τέκνα. σὺ δὲ κρατέοντι κεραυνῷ
Ἀρτέμιδος προμάχιζε σαόφρονος· ἦ ῥα φυλάσσω
παρθενικὴν ἀνάεδνον ἀναγκαίῳ παρακοίτῃ;
ἦ ῥα τόκου ταμίη τόκον ὄψεται; ἦ ῥα τανύσσει
χεῖρας ἐμοί; ποίην δὲ καλέσσομαι ἰοχεαίρῃ
ἵλαον Εἰλείθυιαν, ὅτ' Εἰλείθυια λοχεύσῃ;[a]
Ὣς φαμένης σκιοειδὲς ἑὸν πτερὸν Ὕπνος ἑλίξας
εὔνασεν ἀμπνείουσαν ὅλην φύσιν· ἀλλὰ Κρονίων
ἦν τότε μοῦνος ἄυπνος· ἐφαπλώσας δὲ Τυφωεὺς
νωθρὰ βαρυνομέναις ἐπερείσατο νῶτα χαμεύναις
πλήσας μητέρα γαῖαν· ἀνοιγομένοιο δὲ κόλπου
χάσματι κοιλαίνοντο σεσηρότι φωλάδες εὐναὶ
εἰς χθόνα δυομένοισιν ἐχιδναίοισι καρήνοις.
Ἠελίου δὲ φανέντος ὁμογλώσσων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
εἰς ἐνοπὴν πολύπηχυς ἐπεβρυχᾶτο Τυφωεὺς
Ζῆνα μέγαν καλέων· βλοσυρὴ δέ οἱ ἵκετο φωνή,
ῥιζοπαγὴς ὅθι πέζα παλιμπόρου[1] Ὠκεανοῖο

[1] So Graefe, for παλίμπορος.

[a] Leto is meant, being daughter of Coios and Phoibe.

brings wedlock to pass, has gone a-wandering, and the universe is without seed. The bonds indissoluble of harmony are dissolved: for bold Eros has flown in panic, leaving behind his generative arrows, he the adorner of brides, he the all-mastering, the unmastered! And your fiery Hephaistos has left his favourite Lemnos, and dragging unruly knees, look how slow he keeps his unsteady course! See a great miracle—I pity your Hera, though she hates me sure enough! What—is your begetter to come back into the assembly of the stars? May that never be, I pray! Even if I am called a Titaness,[a] I wish to see no Titans lords of Olympos, but you and your children. Take your lordly thunderbolt and champion chaste Artemis. What—do I keep my maiden for a bridegroom who offers no gifts but only violence? What—is the dispenser of childbirth to see childbirth of her own? Will she stretch out her hands to me, and then what gracious Eileithyia[b] shall I call for the Archeress, when Eileithyia herself is in childbed?"

237 So she spoke: and Sleep beating his shady wing sent all breathing nature to rest; but Cronion alone remained sleepless. Typhoeus stretched out his sluggish back and lay heavy upon his bed, covering his Mother Earth; she opened wide her bosom, and lurking lairs were hollowed out in a grinning chasm for the snaky heads which sank into the ground.

244 The sun appeared, and many-armed Typhoeus roared for the fray with all the tongues of all his throats, challenging mighty Zeus. That sonorous voice reached where the root-fixt bed of refluent

[a] Eileithyia is often identified with, or her name used as a title of, Artemis in her capacity of goddess of childbirth.

τέτραχα τεμνομένην περιβάλλεται ἄντυγα κόσμου,
ζωσαμένη στεφανηδὸν ὤλην χθόνα κυκλάδι μίτρῃ·
φθεγγομένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἀμειβομένη στίχα φωνῆς
παντοίη σμαράγησε καὶ οὐ μία σύνθροος ἠχὼ
τοῦ δὲ κορυσσομένοιο φυῆς πολυειδέι μορφῇ
ὠρυγὴ κελάδησε λύκων, βρύχημα λεόντων,
ἄσθμα συῶν, μύκημα βοῶν, σύριγμα δρακόντων,
πορδαλίων θρασὺ χάσμα,
κορυσσομένων γένυς ἄρκτων,
λύσσα κυνῶν· μεσάτῃ δὲ Γίγας βροτοειδέι μορφῇ
Ζηνὸς ἀπειλήτειραν ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωήν·
"Χεῖρες ἐμαί, Διὸς οἶκον ἀράξατε,
πυθμένα κόσμου
σείσατε σὺν μακάρεσσι, καὶ αὐτοέλικτον Ὀλύμπου
κόψατε θεῖον ὀχῆα, καὶ αἰθερίης ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κίονος ἑλκομένης φυγέτω δεδονημένος Ἄτλας,
ἄντυγα δ' ἀστερόφοιτον ἀπορρίψειεν Ὀλύμπου,
μηκέτι δειμαίνων ἕλικα δρόμον—οὐ γὰρ ἐάσω
ὤμοις θλιβομένοις κυρτούμενον υἱὸν Ἀρούρης
αἰθέρος ὀχλίζοντα παλινδίνητον ἀνάγκην—,
ἀλλὰ θεοῖς ἑτέροισιν ἀτέρμονα φόρτον ἐάσας
μαρνάσθω μακάρεσσιν, ἀναρρήξειε δὲ πέτρας
τρηχαλέοις βελέεσσιν ὀιστεύων πόλον ἄστρων,
ὃν πάρος ἠέρταζεν, ἱμασσόμεναι δὲ κολώναις
ταρβαλέαι φυγέτωσαν ἀνάλκιδες οὐρανὸν Ὧραι,
δμωίδες Ἠελίοιο περιπλέγδην δὲ λαβοῦσαι
ἠέρι μίξατε γαῖαν, ὕδωρ πυρί, πόντον Ὀλύμπῳ.
καὶ πισύρων ἀνέμων τελέσω δούλειον ἀνάγκην,
μαστίζω Βορέην, κλονέω Νότον, Εὖρον ἱμάσσω,
καὶ Ζέφυρον πλήξαιμι, καὶ ἤματι νύκτα κεράσσω
χειρὶ μιῇ[1]· καὶ γνωτὸς ἐμὸς πολυπίδακι λαιμῷ

[1] So mss.: Ludwich χειμερίην.

Oceanus surrounds the circle of the world and its four divided parts, girdling the whole earth crescent-wise with encircling band; as the monster spoke, that which answered the army of his voices, was not one concordant echo, but a babel of screaming sounds: when the monster arrayed him with all his manifold shapes, out rang the yowling of wolves, the roaring of lions, the grunting of boars, the lowing of cattle, the hissing of serpents, the bold yap of leopards, the jaws of roaring bears, the fury of dogs. Then with his midmost man-shaped head the Giant yelled out threats against Zeus:

"Smash the house of Zeus, O my hands! Shake the foundation of the universe, and the blessed ones with it! Break the bar of Olympus, self-turning, divine! Drag down to earth the heavenly pillar, let Atlas[a] be shaken and flee away, let him throw down the starry vault of Olympus and fear no more its circling course—for I will not permit a son of Earth to be bowed down with chafed shoulders, while he underprops the revolving compulsion of the sky! No, let him leave his endless burden to the other gods, and battle against the Blessed Ones! Let him break off rocks, and volley with those hard shots the starry vault which he once carried! Let the timid Seasons, the Sun's handmaids, flee the heavens under the shower of mountains! Mix earth with sky, water with fire, sea with Olympus, in a litter of confusion!

"I will compel the four winds also to labour as my slaves; I lash the North Wind, I buffet the South, I flog the East; I will thrash the West, with one hand[b]: I will mix night with day; Oceanus my brother

[a] *Cf.* on i. 165 *ff.*

[b] Reading χειρὶ μιῇ with L. and all mss.

Ὠκεανὸς πρὸς Ὄλυμπον ἄγων ἐφοίμενον ὕδωρ,
πέντε παραλλήλων πεφορημένος ἐφρίδι κύκλων,
ἄστρα κατακλύσσειε, καὶ ὕδατι δαφνὶς ἀλιόθεν
Ἄρκτος Ἀμαξαίοιο δεδυκότος ἱστοδοκεύσῃ.
ταῦροι ἐμοί, δονέοντες ἰσήμερον ἄντυγα κύκλων
αἰθέρι μυκήσασθε, χαραυγομένης δὲ κεραίης
ἰσοτύπου φλογερὸν κεράτα ῥίξατε Ταύρου
καὶ βόες ὑγρὰ κέλευθα μεταλλάσσουσι Σελήνης
δειδιότες βαρύδουπον ἐμῶν μύκημα καρήνων
καὶ βλοσυρῶν μέγα χάσμα διαπτύξασα γενείων
ἄρκτος ἀνοιστρήσειε Τυφωνίς Ἄρκτον Ὀλύμπου·
αἰθερίῳ δὲ Λέοντι λέων ἐμὸς ἀντιφερίζων
Ζῳδιακῆς ἀέκοντα μεταστήσειε κελεύθου
ἡμετέρους δὲ δράκοντας Ὄφις φρίξειεν Ἀμάξης . . .
ἀστεροπαῖς ἁλίγαις κεκορυθμένος· ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης
κύματα λισσήεντα, λόφοι χθονός, ἄγκεα νήσων
φάσγανά μοι γεγάασι, καὶ ἀσπίδες εἰσὶ κολῶναι,
καὶ σκόπελοι θώρηκες ἀαγέες, ἔγχεα πέτραι,
καὶ ποταμοὶ σβεστῆρες ἀνιδυνταίου κεραυνοῦ·
δεσμοὺς δ' Ἰαπετοῖο Ποσειδάωνι φυλάσσω,
ἀμφὶ δὲ Καύκασον ἄκρον ἐνίπτερος ἄλλος ἀρείων
αἰετὸς αἰμάξειε παλιμφυὲς ἦπαρ ἀμύσσων

---

[a] The Bear is "thirsty" because it never sets (a commonplace with every poet from Homer on).

[b] Koechly marks a lacuna; as the next line manifestly refers to Zeus, I have introduced his name.

[c] Typhon wants to reverse all the old judicial decisions of the gods. Iapetos, father of Prometheus, is classed with the other rebellious Titans; Prometheus was chained to a rock in the Caucasus by order of Zeus, for stealing fire and giving it to man, Hephaistos performing the work of fastening him; an eagle tore continually at his liver, which grew as continually. Iphimedeia's two giant sons,

shall bring his water to Olympos aloft with many-fountained throat, and rising above the five parallel circles he shall inundate the stars; then let the thirsty[a] Bear go wandering in the water with the Waggon's pole submerged!

281 "Bellow, my bulls, shake the circle of the equator in the sky, break with your notched horns the horns of the fiery Bull, your own likeness! Let Selene's cattle change their watery road, fearing the heavy-booming bellow of my heads! Let Typhaon's bear open wide his grim gaping jaws, and worry the Bear of Olympos! Let my lion face the heavenly Lion, and drive him reluctant from the path of the Zodiac! Let the Waggon's snake shiver at my serpents! (Little do I care for Zeus,)[b] with only a few lightnings to arm him! Ah, but my swords are the maddened waves of the sea, the tors of the land, the inland glens; my shields are the hills, the cliffs are my breastplates unbreakable, my halberts are the rocks, and the rivers which will quench the contemptible thunderbolt. I will keep the chains of Iapetos[c] for Poseidon; and soaring round Caucasos, another and better eagle shall tear the bleeding liver,

Otos and Ephialtes, imprisoned Ares, 150 Hermes, after thirteen months, effected his release, see *Il.* v. 385, *Od.* xi. 303 (Maia was Hermes' mother). Orion (306) was killed by Artemis for trying to violate her (or for saying he was a better hunter than she); Tityos (307) is punished in Tartaros for a like attempt on Leto. Ares, Typhaon sarcastically says, is to be tamed till he loses his own title of Slayer and deserves one of his father's epithets, Meilichios, "easy to be entreated" (with an allusion to the cult of Zeus Meilichios at Athens and elsewhere). Ephialtes, in one version of his legend, wanted to marry Hera; Nonnos would seem to know of another in which he aspired after Athena, if 311 ff. is to have any point.

Ἡφαίστου πυρόεντος, ἐπεὶ πυρὸς εἵνεκα κάμνει
ἥπατος αὐτοφύτοιο χαρασσομένοιο Προμηθεύς·
υἱάσι δ' ἀντικέλευθον ἔχων τύπον Ἰφιμεδείης
κρύψω ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι περίπλοκον υἱέα Μαίης
χαλκέῳ ἐν κεράμῳ πεφυλαγμένον, ὄφρά τις εἴσῃ·
' λύσας δεσμὸν Ἄρηος ἐκεύθετο δέσμιος Ἑρμῆς.'
λυσαμένη δ' ἄψαυστον ἑῆς σφρηγῖδα κορείης
Ἄρτεμις Ὠρίωνος ἀναγκαίη δάμαρ ἔστω,
καὶ Τιτυῷ πετάσειε παλαίτερα φάρεα Λητώ,
εἰς γάμον ἑλκομένη βεβιημένον· ἀνδροφόνον δὲ
ῥωγαλέων σακέων γυμνούμενον Ἄρεα δήσας
κοίρανον ὑσμίνης ληίσσομαι ἀντὶ φονῆος
μείλιχον, ὀψιγάμῳ δὲ συναπτομένην Ἐφιάλτῃ
Παλλάδα ληιδίην νυμφεύσομαι, ὄφρα νοήσω
Ἄρεα θητεύοντα καὶ ὠδίνουσαν Ἀθήνην,
καὶ μογεροῖς ὤμοισι παλινδίνητον ἀείρων
οὐρανὸν Ἀτλάντειον ἐλαφρίσσειε Κρονίων
ὄρθιος, ἡμετέρων δὲ γάμων ὑμέναιον ἀκούσῃ
ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτων, ὅτε νυμφίος ἔσσομαι Ἥρης,
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ δαΐδων ἐπιδεύομαι· αὐτόματος δὲ
δαλὸς ἐμῶν θαλάμων στεροπῆς σέλας,
ἀντὶ δὲ πεύκης
αὐτὸς ἐμοὶ Φαέθων ἰδίης φλογὸς ἀφάμενος πῦρ
νυμφιδίῳ τανύσειε Τυφωέι δούλιον αἴγλην,
καὶ γαμίους σπινθῆρας ἐπαιθύσσοντες Ὀλύμπῳ
ἀστέρες ἀστράψειαν ἐμῶν λαμπτῆρες Ἐρώτων,
ἀστέρες ἕσπερα λύχνα· σὺν εὐθαλάμῳ δ' Ἀφροδίτῃ
εὐνέτις Ἐνδυμίωνος ἐμὴ θεράπαινα Σελήνη
δέμνιά μοι στορέσειε· καὶ εἰ χρέος ἐστὶ λοετρῶν,
λούσομαι ἀστερόεντος ἐν ὕδασιν Ἠριδανοῖο·

[a] Otos and Ephialtes, who shut up Ares in a brazen jar: Hom. *Od.* xi. 305, *Il.* v. 385.

growing for ever anew, of Hephaistos the fiery: since fire was that for which Prometheus has been suffering the ravages of his self-growing liver. I will take a shape the counterpart of the sons of Iphimedeia,[a] and I will shut up the intriguing son of Maia[b] in a brazen jar, prisoned with galling bonds, that people may say, 'Hermes freed Ares from prison, and he was put in prison himself!' Let Artemis break the untouched seal of her maidenhood, and become the enforced consort of Orion; Leto shall spread her old bedding for Tityos, dragged to wedlock by force. I will strip murderous Ares of his ragged bucklers, I will bind the lord of battle, and carry him off, and make the Killer the Gentle; I will carry off Pallas and join her to Ephialtes, married at last; that I may see Ares a slave, and Athena a mother.

264 "Cronion also shall lift the spinning heavens of Atlas, and bear the load on weary shoulders—there shall he stand, and bear the song at my wedding, and hide his jealousy when I shall be Hera's bridegroom. Torches shall not lack at my wedding. Bright lightning shall come of itself to be selfmade torch of the bride-chamber; Phaëthon himself instead of pine-brands, kindled at the light of his own flames, shall put his radiance at the service of Typhoeus the Bridegroom; the stars shall sprinkle their bridal sparks over Olympos as lamps to my loves, the stars, lights of evening! My servant Selene, Endymion's bed-fellow, along with Aphrodite the friend of marriage, shall lay my bed; and if I want a bath, I will bathe in the waters of starry Eridanos." Come

[a] Hermes.

[b] A bath is part of the regular ritual of marriage; Eridanos, a mysterious western river, is here the constellation of that name.

ἀλλὰ Διὸς μετὰ λέκτρα Τυφωέι, κυκλάδες Ὧραι,
πήξατε παστὸν Ἔρωτος·
ἀπ' Ὠκεανοῦ δὲ καὶ αὐταί,
Λητώ, Ἀθηναίη, Παφίη, Χάρις, Ἄρτεμις, Ἥβη,[1]
νυμφοκόμῳ Τυφῶνι κομίσσατε σύγγονον ὕδωρ.
καὶ γαμίοις πλήκτροισιν ἐμῆς παρὰ δαῖτα τραπέζης
ἀντὶ Διὸς μέλψειε Τυφωέα λέκτρα Ἀπόλλων.
οὐ ξείνου δαπέδοιο φέρω πόθον· ἡμετέρων γὰρ
Οὐρανὸν ἀστερόνωτον ἀδελφεὸν ἡνιοχεύσω,
οὐρανὸν οἶκον ἔχων μητρώιον, οἷα γαίης.
καὶ Κρόνον ὠμηστῆρα τὸ δεύτερον εἰς φάος ἕλκων
γνωτὸν ἐμὸν συνάεθλον ἀπὸ χθονίοιο βερέθρου
λύσω δεσμὰ βίαια, παλιννόστους δὲ τελέσσω
αἰθερίους Τιτῆνας, ὁμωροφίους δὲ κομίσσω
Γηγενέας Κύκλωπας ἐς οὐρανόν, ἄλλα δὲ τεύξω
ὅπλα πυρός· πολέων γὰρ ἐμοὶ χρέος ἐστὶ κεραυνῶν,
ὅττι διηκοσίῃσι, καὶ οὐ δοιαῖς πολεμίζω
χερσὶν ἐγὼ Κρονίδῃ παναμοίιος· ἀντιτύπους δὲ
κρείσσονας ὀψιγόνους πολυφεγγέι μείζονι πυρσῷ
ἀστεροπὰς ἑτέρας χαλκεύσομαι, εὐρύτερον δὲ
ὄγδοον οὐρανὸν ἄλλον ὑπέρτερον ὑψόθι τεύξω
ἄστρασι φαιδροτέροισι κεκασμένον· οὐ δύναται γὰρ
ἀγχιφανὴς πόλος οὗτος ὅλον Τυφῶνα καλύψαι.
καὶ μετὰ θήλεα τέκνα καὶ ἀρσενόπαιδα γενέθλην
πουλυτόκου Κρονίδαο πολυσπερὲς ἄλλο φυτεύσω
αἷμα νέων μακάρων πολυαύχενον· οὐ χορὸν ἄστρων
λείψω νόσφι γάμων ἀγρήων, ἀλλὰ συνάψω
ἄρσενι θηλυτέρην, ἵνα δούλια τέκνα λοχεύσῃ
παρθενικὴ πτερόεσσα παρευνηθεῖσα Βοώτῃ."

[1] Ἥρη mss., Ἥβη Graefe, followed by de Marcellus, Koechly, Ludwich.

now, ye circling Seasons! You prepared the bed of Zeus, build now the bower of love for Typhoeus; you also, Leto, Athenaia, Paphian, Charis, Artemis, Hebe, bring up from Oceanos his kindred[a] water for Typhon the Bridegroom! And at the banquet of my table, with bridal quill Apollo my menial shall celebrate Typhoeus instead of Zeus.

"I long for no stranger's demesne; for Uranos is my brother, a son of Earth like myself; the star-dappled heaven which I shall rule, the heaven which I shall live in, comes to me through my mother. And cannibal[b] Cronos I will drag up once more to the light, another brother, to help me in my task, out of the underground abyss; I will break those constraining chains, and bring back the Titans to heaven, and settle under the same roof in the sky the Cyclopes, sons of Earth. I will make more weapons of fire; for I need many thunderbolts, because I have two hundred hands to fight with, not only a pair like Cronides. I will forge a newer and better brand of lightning, with more fire and flashes. I will build another heaven up aloft, the eighth, broader and higher than the rest, and furnish it with brighter stars; for the vault which we see close beside us is not enough to cover the whole of Typhon. And after these girl children and the male progeny of prolific Zeus, I will beget another multiparous generation of new Blessed Ones with multitudinous necks. I will not leave the company of the stars useless and unwedded, but I will join male to female, that the winged Virgin may sleep with the Oxherd and breed me slave-children."

[a] Oceanos, like Typhoeus, is a son of Earth: Hesiod, *Theogony* 126-138. [b] Because he swallowed his children.

Εἶπεν ὁμοκλήσας· Κρονίδης δ' ἐγέλασσεν ἀκούων,
καὶ μόθος ἀμφοτέροισιν ἐπέβρεμεν· ἦν δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
πομπὸς Ἔρις Τυφῶνι, Διὸς δ' ἡγήσατο Νίκη
εἰς μόθον. οὐ βοέης ἀγέλης χάριν, οὐ περὶ ποίμνης
ἦεν ἀγών, οὐ νεῖκος ἔην ἐπὶ κάλλει νύμφης,
οὐ κλόνος ἀμφὶ πόληος ὀλίζονος· ἀλλ' ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ
αἰθέρος ἵστατο δῆρις, ἔην δ' ἐνὶ γούνασι Νίκης
σκῆπτρα Διὸς καὶ θῶκος ἀέθλια δηωτῆσος.
Ζεὺς μὲν ἱμασσομένων νεφέων βρονταῖον ἀράσσων
αἰθέριον μύκημα μέλος σάλπιζεν Ἐνυοῦς,
καὶ νεφέλας ἑλικηδὸν ἐπὶ στέρνοιο καθάψας
εἶχε Γιγαντείων βελέων σκέπας· οὐδὲ Τυφωεὺς
ἄψοφος ἦν· κεφαλαὶ δὲ βοῶν μυκηθμὸν ἱεῖσαι
αὐτόματοι σάλπιγγες ἐπεσμαράγησαν Ὀλύμπῳ,
συμμιγέες δὲ δράκοντες ἐσύρισαν, Ἄρεος αὐλοί.
καὶ στίχας ἠλιβάτων μελέων θώρηξε Τυφωεὺς
φραξάμενος σκοπέλῳ σκόπελον μέγαν,
εἰσόκε πυκναὶ
ἀρραγέες στοιχηδὸν ἐπυργώθησαν ἐρίπναι,
καὶ πέτρην προθέλυμνον ἐπασσυτέρῃ θέτο πέτρῃ·
ἦν δὲ κορυσσομένης στρατιῆς τύπος· ἀγχιφανὴς γὰρ
ῥωγάδα ῥωγὰς ἔρειδε, λόφος λόφον,
αὐχένα δ' αὐχήν,
ὑψινεφὴς δ' ἀγκῶνα πολύπτυχον ὤθεεν ἀγκών·
καὶ κραναὰι πήληκες ἔσαν Τυφῶνι κολῶναι
αἰπυλόφῳ πρηῶνι καλυπτομένων κεφαλάων.
μαρναμένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἔην πολυδειράδι μορφῇ
ἓν δέμας, ἀλλὰ φάλαγγες ἀπείρονες,
αἱ μὲν ἀγοστῶν,
αἱ δὲ λεοντείων γενύων εὐθηγέες αἰχμαί,
ἄλλαι ἐχιδναίων πλοκάμων ἐπιβήτορες ἄστρων.
δένδρεα δ' ἐπτύσσοντο Τυφαονίων ἀπὸ χειρῶν

356 So he shouted; Cronides heard, and laughed aloud. Then the din of battle resounded on both sides. Strife was Typhon's escort in the mellay, Victory led Zeus into battle. No herds of cattle were the cause of that struggle, no flocks of sheep, this was no quarrel for a beautiful woman, no fray for a petty town: heaven itself was the stake in the fight, the sceptre and throne of Zeus lay on the knees of Victory as the prize of combat.

366 Zeus flogging the clouds beat a thundering roar in the sky and trumpeted Enyo's call, then fitted clouds upon his chest in a bunch as a protection against the Giant's missiles. Nor was Typhoeus silent; his bull-heads were self-sounding trumpets for him, sending forth a bellow which made Olympus rattle again; his serpents intermingled whistled for Ares' pipes. He fortified the ranks of his high-clambering limbs, shielding mighty rock with rock until the cliffs made an unbroken wall of battlements, as he set crag by crag uprooted in a long line. It looked like an army preparing for battle; for side by side bluff pressed hard on bluff, tor upon tor, ledge upon ledge, and high in the clouds one tortuous ridge pushed another[a]; rugged hills were Typhon's helmets, and his heads were hidden in their beetling steeps. In that battle, the Giant had indeed one body, but many necks, but legions of arms innumerable, lions' jaws with well-sharpened fangs, hairbush of vipers mounting over the stars. Trees were doubled up by Typhaon's hands and

[a] This passage is an imitation of Hom. *Il.* xvi. 215 ἀσπὶς ἄρ' ἀσπίδ' ἔρειδε, κόρυς κόρυν, ἀνέρα δ' ἀνήρ.

σειόμενα Κρονίδαο καταντίον, ἄλλα δὲ γαίης
ἔρνεα καλλιπέτηλα, τά περ βαβρυθότι παλμῷ
Ζεὺς ἀέκων ἀμάθυνεν ἑνὶ σπιθῆρι κεραυνοῦ·
πολλὴ μὲν πτελέη σὺν ὁμήλικι ῥίπτετο πεύκῃ
καὶ πλάτανος περίμετρος, ἀκοντίζοντο δὲ λεῦκαι
ἄντα Διός· πολλὴ δὲ λαγὼν ἐρρήγνυτο γαίης.
Πᾶσα δὲ τετράπλευρος ἴτυς στυφελίζετο κώμων,
καὶ πίσυρες Κρονίωνι συναιχμάζοντες ἀῆται
ἠερίην σκοτόεσσαν ἐπυργώσαντο κονίην
κύματα κυρτώσαντες· ἰμασσομένης δὲ θαλάσσης
Σικελίη δεδόνητο, Πελωριὰς ἔβραμον ὄχθαι
Αἰτναῖοί τε τένοντες, ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ πέτραι
μάντιες ἐσσομένων Λιλυβηΐδες, ἔστενε δ' ἀκτὴ
ἑσπέριον παρὰ χεῦμα Παχυνάς· ἐγγύθι δ' ἄρκτου
ἀμφὶ νάπην Θρήϊσσαν Ἀθωνὶς ἔκλαγε Νύμφη.
Πιερικῷ δὲ τένοντι Μακηδονὶς ἴαχεν ὕλη·
ἀντολίης δὲ θέμεθλα τινάσσετο, δενδρονόμοι δὲ
Ἀσσυρίου Λιβάνοιο θυώδεες ἔπτυσαν αἰλαί.
Καὶ Διὸς ἀκαμάτοιο καταιχμάζοντα κεραυνοῦ
ῥίπτετο πολλὰ βέλεμνα Τυφωνίων ἀπὸ χειρῶν·
καὶ τὰ μὲν αἴσσοντα Σεληναίῳ παρὰ δίφρῳ
ἀσταθέων ἀχάρακτα κατέγραφον ἴχνια ταύρων,
ἄλλα δὲ δυηθέντα δι' ἠέρος ὀξέϊ ῥοίζῳ
ἄσθμασιν ἀντιπόροισι μετερρίπιζον ἀῆται·
καὶ Διὸς ἀψαύστοιο παραπλαγχθέντα κεραυνοῦ
πολλὰ Ποσειδάωνος ἐδέξατο τερπομένη χείρ,
γειοτόμου γλωχῖνος ἀφειδήσασα τριαίνης·
ὑγροβαφῆ δὲ βέλεμνα παρὰ Κρονίης πόρων ἅλμης
Ζηνὶ φέρων ἀνάθημα γέρων ἱδρύσατο Νηρεύς.

---

* The north.

thrown against Cronides, and other fine leafy growths of earth, but all these Zeus unwilling burnt to dust with one spark of thunderbolt cast in a heavy throw. Many an elm was hurled against Zeus with firs coeval, and enormous plane-trees and volleys of white poplar; many a pit was broken in earth's flank.

[605] The whole circuit of the universe with its four sides was buffeted. The four winds, allied with Cronion, raised in the air columns of sombre dust; they swelled the arching waves, they flogged the sea until Sicily quaked; the Pelorid shores resounded and the ridges of Aitna, the Lilybaian rocks bellowed prophetic of things to come, the Pachynian promontory crashed under the western wave. Near the Bear,[a] the nymph of Athos wailed about her Thracian glen, the forest of Macedon roared on the Pierian ridge; the foundations of the east were shaken, there was crashing in the fragrant valleys of Assyrian Libanus.

[613] Aye, and from Typhaon's hands were showered volleys against the unwearied thunderbolts of Zeus. Some shots went past Selene's ear, and wound through the invisible footprints of her moving bulls; others whirling through the air with sharp whizz, the winds blew away by counterblasts. Many a stray shot from the invulnerable thunderbolts of Zeus fell into the welcoming hand of Poseidon, unsparing of his earthpiercing trident's point; old Nereus brought the brine-soaked bolts to the ford of the Cronian Sea,[b] and dedicated them as an offering to Zeus.

[a] The North Sea with the Baltic and perhaps even the Arctic Ocean; Pliny, *N.H.* iv. 94, 104, *cf.* Plut. *De def. orac.* 420 A.

Καὶ βλοσυροὺς δύο παῖδας Ἐνυαλίοιο κορύσσας
εἶχε Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ὀπάονα πατροπάτωρ Ζεύς
αἰθέρος ἀσπιστῆρας ὁμηλικίδας, ἀστεροπῇ δὲ
στῆσε Φόβον, καὶ Δεῖμον ἐπιστήριξε κεραυνῷ
δεῖμα φέρων Τυφῶνι καὶ ἀσπίδα κούφισε Νίκῃ
πρόσθε Διὸς ταινίουσα, καὶ ἀντιάχησεν Ἐνυώ,
Ἄρης δ' ἐσμαράγησεν. ἐπαγκίζων δὲ θυέλλαις
ἠερόθεν πεφόρητο μετάρσιος αἰγίοχος Ζεύς,
ἑζόμενος πτερόεντι Χρόνου τετράζυγι δίφρῳ·
ἵπποι δὲ Κρονίωνος ὁμόζυγες ἦσαν ἄῆται.
καὶ πῇ μὲν στεροπῇσι κορύσσετο, πῇ δὲ κεραυνῷ,
ἄλλοτε δὲ βροντῇσιν ἐπέχραεν, ἄλλοτε δ' ὄμβροις
πηγνυμένης προχέων πετρούμενα νῶτα χαλάζης
ὀμβρηροῖς βελέεσσι· Γιγαντείοισι δὲ πυκνοὶ
κίονες ὑδατόεντες ἐπερρίγνωτο καρήνοις
ὀξυβελεῖς, παλάμαι δὲ Τυφωέος, οἷα μαχαίρῃ,
ἠερίῳ τέμνοντο χαλαζήεντι βελέμνῳ·
καὶ παλάμῃ κεκόνιστο, καὶ οὐ μεθέηκε κολώνης,
ἀλλὰ νιφοβλήτοιο τομῇ πλησίον χαλάζης
μάρνατο καὶ πίπτουσα, διαῤῥαισουσα δὲ γαίης
ἅλμασιν αὐτοκίνητος ἐπάλλετο μαινομένῃ χεῖρ,
οἷα βαλεῖν ἐθέλουσα καὶ εἰσέτι κύκλον Ὀλύμπου.
καὶ πρόμος οὐρανίων πυρόεν βέλος ὑψόθι σείων
δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο κέρας πολέμοιο νομεύων
ὑψιφανὴς πολέμιζεν· ἐς ὑδροπόρους δὲ χαράδρας
ὦρτο Γίγας πολύπηχυς, ἐπασσυτέρῳ δὲ συναφὰς
αὐτομάτῳ σφήκωσεν ὁμόπλοκα δάκτυλα δεσμῷ
κοιλαίνων παλάμας πολυχανδέας, ἧσιν ἀείρων
μεσσόθι χειμερίων ποταμῶν ὀρεσίδρομον ὕδωρ,
χερσὶ βαθυνομέναις μεμερισμένα χείματα πέμπων,
ἀστεροπῇ προέηκε· χαραδραίῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ

414 Now Zeus armed the two grim sons of Enyalios, his own grandsons, Rout and Terror his servant,[a] the inseparable guardsmen of the sky: Rout he set up with the lightning, Terror he made strong with the thunderbolt, terrifying Typhon. Victory lifted her shield and held it before Zeus: Envo countered with a shout, and Ares made a din. Zeus breasting the tempests with his aegis-breastplate swooped down from the air on high, seated in Time's chariot with four winged steeds, for the horses that drew Cronion were the team of the winds. Now he battled with lightnings, now with levin; now he attacked with thunders, now poured out petrified masses of frozen hail in volleying showers. Waterspouts burst thick upon the Giant's heads with sharp blows, and hands were cut off from the monster by the frozen volleys of the air as by a knife. One hand rolled in the dust, struck off by the icy cut of the hail; it did not drop the crag which it held, but fought on even while it fell, and shot rolling over the ground in self-propelled leaps, a hand gone mad! as if it still wished to strike the vault of Olympus.

428 Then the sovereign of the heavens brandished aloft his fiery bolt, and passing from the left wing of the battle to the right, fought manifest on high. The many-armed monster hastened to the watery torrents; he intertwined his row of fingers into a living mat, and hollowing his capacious palms, he lifted from the midst of the wintry rivers their water as it came pouring down from the mountains, and threw these detached parcels of the streams against the lightning. But the ethereal flame blazed with

[a] The construction of δούλων is very like Euripides, *I.T.* 3-4 Ἀτρέως δὲ παῖς Μενέλεως Ἀγαμέμνων τε.

βαλλομένη σελάγιζε δι' ὕδατος αἰθερίη φλὸξ
λαβροτέρῳ σπινθῆρι, καὶ ἔζεσε δίψιον ὕδωρ
αἰθαλόεν, διερὴ δὲ φύσις τερσαίνετο μύδρῳ·
σβέσσαι γὰρ μενέαινε Γίγας θρασὺς αἰθέριον πῦρ,
νήπιος· οὐδ' ἐνόησε, πυραυγέες ὅττι κεραυνοὶ
καὶ στεροπαὶ γεγάασιν ἀπ' ὀμβροτόκων νεφελάων.
Καὶ πάλιν ἰθυτμῆτας ἑλὼν σπήλυγγας ἐναύλων
στέρνα Διὸς μενέαινε βαλεῖν ἄτρωτα σιδήρῳ,
καὶ σκοπιὴ Διὸς ἄντα τιταίνετο· χείλεϊ δ' ἄκρῳ
Ζεὺς ὀλίγον φύσησε, καὶ ὑψίκρημνον ἐοῦσαν
λεπταλέον φύσημα παρέτραπε κυκλάδα πέτρην,
χειρὶ δὲ δινήεντα λόφον νησαῖον ἀράξας
εἰς ἐνοπὴν πολύδινος ἀνῃώρητο Τυφωεύς,
καὶ Διὸς ἀρρήκτοιο κατηκόντιζε προσώπου·
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἀντικέλευθον ἀλεύατο μάρμαρον αἰχμὴν
κρᾶτα παρακλίνας, στεροπῆς δ' ἐτύχησε Τυφωεὺς
θερμὸν ἀμειβομένης ἕλικα δρόμον, αἶψα δὲ πέτρη
ἀκροφαληριόωσα μελαίνετο μάρτυρι καπνῷ.
καὶ τριτάτην προΐαλλεν· ἐπεσσυμένην δὲ Κρονίων
πεπταμένης παλάμης μεσάτῳ νωμήτορι[1] καρπῷ,
σφαῖραν ἅτε θρῴσκουσαν, ἀτέρμονι χειρὶ πατάξας
πέμπε πάλιν Τυφῶνι· μεταστρεφθεῖσα δὲ πολλῇ
ἠερίῃ στροφάλιγγι παλιννόστοιο πορείης
αὐτομάτη τόξευεν ὀιστευτῆρα κολώνη.
τέτρατον ἠκόντιζεν ὑπέρτερον· ἁψαμένη δὲ
αἰγίδος ἀκροτάτων θυσάνων ἔδιχάζετο πέτρη.
ἄλλην δὲ προέηκεν· ἀελλήεσσα δὲ πέτρη
ἡμιδαὴς σελάγιζεν ὀιστευθεῖσα κεραυνῷ.

[1] κωμήτορι most mss., νωμήτορι Ludwich.

livelier sparks through the water of the torrents which struck it; the thirsty water boiled and steamed, and its liquid essence dried up in the red hot mass. Yes—to quench the ethereal fire was the bold Giant's plan, poor fool! he knew not that the fire-flaming thunderbolts and lightnings are the offspring of the clouds from whence the rain-showers come!*

Again, he cut straight off sections of the torrent-beds, and designed to crush the breast of Zeus which no iron can wound; the mass of rock came hurtling at Zeus, but Zeus blew a light puff from the edge of his lips, and that gentle breath turned the whirling rock aside with all its towering crags. The monster with his hand broke off a rounded promontory from an island, and rising for the attack circled it round his head again and again, and cast it at the invisible face of Zeus; then Zeus moved his head aside, and dodged the jagged rock which came at him; but Typhon hit the lightning as it passed on its hot zigzag path, and at once the rock was white-patched at the tip and blackened with smoke—there was no mistake about it. A third rock he cast; but Cronion caught it in full career with the flat of his infinite open hand, and by a playful turn of the wrist sent it back like a bounding ball, to Typhon. The crag returned with many an airy twist along its homeward path, and of itself shot the shooter. A fourth shot he sent, higher than before; the rock touched the tassel-tips of the aegis-cape, and split asunder. Another he let fly: storm-swift the rock flew, but a thunderbolt struck it, and half-consumed, it blazed.

* A common theory of ancient physicists.

οὐ σκοπιαὶ νέφος ὑγρὸν ἀνέσχισαν, ἀλλὰ τινεῖσαι
ὑδρηλαῖς νεφέλῃσι διερρήγνυντο κολῶναι.
Ξυνὴ δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἰσόρροπος ἦεν Ἐνυὼ
καὶ Διὶ καὶ Τυφῶνι· πολυφλοίσβῳ δὲ βαλέσθαι
αἰθέρος ὀρχηστῆρες ἐβιαιεύοντο κεραυνοί.
μάρνατο δὲ Κρονίδης κεκορυθμένος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμῷ
βροντὴν μὲν σάκος εἶχε, νέφος δέ οἱ ἔσκετο θώρηξ,
καὶ στεροπὴν δόρυ πᾶλλε, Διιπετέες δὲ κεραυνοὶ
ἠερόθεν πέμποντο πυριγλώχινες ὀιστοί·
ἤδη γὰρ περίφοιτος ἀπὸ χθονίων κενεώνων
ξηρὸς ἀερσιπότητος ἀνέδραμεν ἄτμὸς ἀροίρης,
καὶ νεφέλης ἔντοσθεν ἑλιξόμενος αἴθοπι λαιμῷ
πνίγετο θερμαίνων νέφος ἔγκυον· ἀμφὶ δὲ καπνῷ
τριβομένων καναχηδὰ πυριτρεφέων νεφελάων
θλιβομένη πεφόρητο διυφάβατος ἐνδομυχὶς φλόξ
διζομένη μέσον οἶμον, ἐπεὶ σέλας ἐφθόη βαίνειν
οὐ θέμις· ἀστεροπὴν γὰρ ἀναθρώσκουσαν ἐρύκει
ὀμβρηρῇ ῥαθάμιγγι λελουμένος ἴκμιος ἀήρ,
πυκνώσας νέφος ὑγρὸν ὑπέρτερον· ἀζαλέου δὲ
νειόθεν οἰγομένοιο διέδραμεν ἀλλήμενον πῦρ,
ὡς λίθος ἀμφὶ λίθῳ φλογερὴν ὠδῖνα λοχείων
λάινον ἠκόντιζε πολυθλιβὲς αἰπόγυιον πῦρ,
πυρσογενὴς ὅτε θῆλυς ἀράσσεται ἄρσενι πέτρῳ·
οὕτω θλιβομένῃσιν ἀνίπτεται οὐρανίη φλὸξ
λιγνύι καὶ νεφέλῃσιν· ἀπὸ χθονίοιο δὲ κευτοῦ
λεπταλέου γεγαῶτος ἐμαιώθησαν ἀῆται.
ἄλλην δ' ἐξ ὑδάτων μετανάστιον ἀτμίδα γαίης

---

[a] The word is an invention of Hesiod's (*Works and Days* 775) as though "high-flying," a misunderstanding of Homer's ἀερσίπους, "foot-lifting."

The crags could not pierce the raincloud; but the stricken hills were broken to pieces by the raineloods.

[670] Thus impartial Enyo held equal balance between the two sides, between Zeus and Typhon, while the thunderbolts with booming shots held revel like dancers of the sky. Crondes fought fully armed: in the fray, the thunder was his shield, the cloud his breastplate, he cast the lightning for a spear; Zeus let fly his thunderbolts from the air, his arrows barbed with fire. For already from the underground abyss a dry vapour diffused around rose from the earth on high,[a] and compressed within the cloud was stifled in the fiery gullet, heating the pregnant cloud. For the lurking flame crushed within rushed about struggling to find a passage through; over the smoke the fire-breeding clouds rumble in their agony seeking the middle path; the fire dares not go upwards; for the lightning leaping up is kept back by the moist air bathed in rainy drops, which condenses the seething cloud above, but the lower part is parched and gapes and the fire runs through with a bound. As the female stone is struck by the male stone,[b] one stone on another brings flame to birth, while crushed and beaten it produces from itself a shower of sparks: so the heavenly fire is kindled in clouds and murk crushed and beaten, but from earthy smoke, which is naturally thin, the winds are brought forth. There is another floating

[a] It is somewhat unusual to distinguish two stones as male and female in this manner; nothing is commoner, however, than to make such a distinction with fire-sticks, the harder one which bores or rubs being the male, or husband, and the softer stick or plank against which it is pressed the female or wife; see Frazer, *Golden Bough*[3], index under "Fire-sticks."

ἠέλιος φλογερῇσι βολαῖς ἀντωπὸν ἀμέλγων
τυθαλέῳ νοτέουσαν ἀνείρυσεν αἰθέρος ἄλκῃ·
ἡ δὲ παχυνομένη νεφέων ὕδατα καλύπτρῃ,
σεισαμένη δὲ πάχυντον ἀραιοτέρῳ δέμας ἔτρῳ,
ἄψ ἀναλυσαμένη μαλιὸν νέφος εἰς χύσιν ὄμβρου,
ὑδρηλὴν προτέρῃ μετενείατεν ἔμφυτον ὕλῃ.
τοῖος ἔφυ φλογόεις νεφέων τύπος, οἷος καὶ αὐτὸ
ἰσότυπος στερόπῃσι συνωδίνοντο κεραυνοί.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ πολέμιζε
κατ' ἀντιβίοιο δὲ πέμπων
ἠθάδα πυρσὸν ἴαλλεν, ἀκοντιστῆρα λεόντων,
βάλλων ποικιλόφωνον ἀμετρήτων στίχα λαιμῶν
οὐρανίῳ πρηστῆρι· διοβλήτου δὲ βαλόντος
ἓν σέλας ἕφλεγε χεῖρας ἀπείρονας, ἓν σέλας ὤμους
νηρίθμους ἀμάλυνε καὶ αἰόλα φῶτα δρακόντων,
καὶ κεφαλὰς ἐδάιξαν ἀτέρμονας αἰθέρος αἰχμαί,
καὶ πλοκάμους Τυφῶνος ἐλιξ ἀμάλυνε κομήτης
ἀντιπόρῳ σπινθῆρι διοιστρηχα πυρσὸν ἴάλλων,
καὶ κεφαλαὶ σελάγιζον, ἀναστομέων δὲ καναίων
βόστρυχα συρίζοντα κατεσφρηγίσσατο σιγῇ
οὐρανίῳ σπινθῆρι, μαραινομένων δὲ δρακόντων
ἰοβόλοι ῥαθάμιγγες ἐτερσαίνοντο γενείων·
μαρναμένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἐτέφρωθησαν ὀπωπαί
καπνῷ λιγνύοντι, νηοβλήτων δὲ προσώπων
χιονέαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐλευκαίνοντο παρειαί.
καὶ πισύρων ἀνέμων τετράζυγον εἶχεν ἀνάγκην·
εἰ γὰρ ἐς ἀντολίην σφιλερὰς ἐλέλιζεν ὀπωπάς,
ὑσμίνην φλογόεσσαν ἐδέχνυτο γείτονος Εὔρου·
εἰ κλίσιν ἐσκοπίαζε δυσίνεμον Ἀρκάδος Ἄρκτου,
χειμερίου πρηστῆρος ἀθαλπέι βάλλετο πάχνῃ
φεύγων ψυχρὸν ἄημα νηοβλήτοιο Βορῆος

vapour, drawn from the waters, which the sun shining full on them with fiery rays milks out and draws up dewy through the boiling track of air. This thickens and produces the cloudy veil; then shaking the thick mass by means of the thinner vapour, it dissolves the fine cloud again into a fall of rain, and returns to its natural condition of water. Such is the character of the fiery clouds, with their twin birth of lightnings and thunders together.*

[500] Zeus the father fought on: raised and hurled his familiar fire against his adversary, piercing his locks, and sending a fiery whirlwind from heaven to strike the battalion of his innumerable necks with their babel of tongues. Zeus cast his bolt, and one blaze burnt the monster's restless hands, one blaze consumed his numberless shoulders and the speckled tribes of his serpents; heaven's blades cut off those countless heads; a writhing comet met him front to front discharging a thick bush of sparks, and consumed the monster's hair. Typhon's heads were ablaze, the hair caught fire; with heaven's sparks silence sealed the hissing tresses, the serpents shrivelled up, and in their throats the poison-spitting drops were dried. The Giant fought on: his eyes were burnt to ashes in the murky smoke, his cheeks were whitened with hoar-frost, his faces beaten with showers of snow. He suffered the fourfold compulsion of the four winds. For if he turned flickering eyes to the sunrise, he received the fiery battle of neighbouring Eurus. If he gazed towards the stormy clime of the Arcadian Bear, he was beaten by the chilly frost of wintry whirlwinds. If he shunned the cold blast of snow-beaten Boreas, he was shaken by

* A page from the poet's handbook of natural science.

καὶ διερῷ δεδόνητο καὶ αἰθαλόεντι βελέμνῳ·
καὶ δύσιν εἰσορόων βλοσυρῆς ἀντώπιον Ἠοῦς
ἑσπερίην ἔφριξε θυελλήεσσαν Ἐννώ,
εἰαρινῆς αἴων Ζεφυρηΐδος ἦχον ἰμάσθλης·
καὶ Νότος ἀμφὶ τένοντα μεσημβρινὸν Λίγυος ἠρῆς
ἄντυγας ἠερίας ἐτεμάσσατο, θερμὸς ἀήτης,
φλογμὸν ἄγων Τυφῶνι πυραυγέι καίματος ἀτμῷ·
εἰ πάλιν ὄμβρον ἔχευε κατάρρυτον ἐτήσιος Ζεύς,
λυσιπόνοις λιβάδεσσιν ὅλον χρόα λοῦσε Τυφωεύς
θερμὰ καταψύχων κεκαφηότα γυῖα κεραυνῷ.

Καὶ κρανοῖς βελέεσσι χαλαζαίου νιφετοῦο
παιδὸς ἰμασσομένου τριφερὴ μαστίζετο μήτηρ·
δερκομένη δὲ Γίγαντος ἐπὶ χροῒ μάρτυρα Μοίρης
λάινα πηκτὰ βέλεμνα καὶ ὑδατόεσσαν ἀκωκὴν
Ἠελίου Τιτῆνα κατηφέι λίσσετο φωνῇ,
ἓν φάος αἰτίζουσα θρεπτήριον, ὄφρά με πυρσῷ
θερμοτέρῳ λύσειε Διὸς πετροέμενον ὕδωρ
νιφομένῳ Τυφῶνι χέων ἐμφύλιον αὐγήν·
καὶ οἱ ἰμασσομένῳ συνετήκετο· καιομένων δὲ
ἠλιβάτων ὀρόωσα πυριστεφὲς ἔθνος ἀγοστῶν
χειμερίην ἱκέτευε μολεῖν δυσπέμφελον αὖρην
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν, ἵνα ψυχροῖσιν ἀήταις
διψαλέην Τυφῶνος ἀποσβέσσειεν ἀνίην.

Ἰσοτύπου δὲ τάλαντα μάχης ἕλιπε Κρονίων,
χειρὶ δὲ δενδρήεσσαν ἀπορρίψασα καλύπτρην
μήτηρ ἄχνυτο Γαῖα, Τυφαονίων κεφαλάων
καπνὸν ὀπιπεύουσα· μαραινομένων δὲ προσώπων
Γηγενέος λύτο γοῦνα· προθεσπίζουσα δὲ νίκην
βροντείοις πατάγοισι Διὸς μνήσατο σάλπιγξ·

---

* κεκαφηότα θυμόν "panting forth one's life" is the epic

the volleys of wet and hot together. If he looked to the sunset, opposite to the dawn of the grim east, he shivered before Enyo and her western tempests when he heard the noise of Zephyros cracking his spring-time lash; and Notos, that hot wind, round about the southern foot of Capricorn flogged the aerial vaults, leading against Typhon a glowing blaze with steamy heat. If again Rainy Zeus poured down a watery torrent, Typhoeus bathed all his body in the trouble-soothing showers, and refreshed his benumbed limbs after the stifling thunderbolts.*

[540] Now as the son was scourged with frozen volleys of jagged hailstones, his mother the dry Earth was beaten too; and seeing the stone bullets and icy points embedded in the Giant's flesh, the witness of his fate, she prayed to Titan Helios with submissive voice: she begged of him one red hot ray, that with its heating fire she might melt the petrified water of Zeus, by pouring his kindred[1] radiance over frozen Typhon. She herself melted along with his bruised body; and when she saw his legion of highclambering hands burnt all round, she besought one of the tempestuous winter's blasts to come for one morning, that he might quench Typhon's overpowering thirst by his cool breezes.

[553] Then Cronion inclined the equally balanced beam of the fight. But Earth his Mother had thrown off her veil of forests with her hand, and just then was grieving to behold Typhaon's smoking heads. While his faces were shrivelling, the Giant's knees gave way beneath him; the trumpet of Zeus

phrase. Nonnos seems to hear this meaning, and also an echo of [illegible]. Hesychius glosses [illegible].

[1] Because both came of the same stock.

ἤριπε δ' οὐρανίῳ μεθίων φλογόεντι βελέμνῳ,
ὠτειλὴν ἀσίδηρον ἔχων πολέμοιο, Τυφωεὺς
ὑψιτενής, καὶ νῶτα βαλὼν ἐπὶ μητέρι Γαίῃ
κεῖτο, περιστορέσας ὀφιώδεα γυῖα κονίῃ,
πυρσὸν ἀναβλύζων. Κρονίδης δ' ἐρέθιζε γελάσσας,
τοῖον ἔπος προχέων φιλοπαίγμονος ἀνθερεῶνος·
" Καλὸν ἀσσσητῆρα γέρων Κρόνος εὗρε, Τυφωεῦ
Χθὼν μόγις νῦν λύχνευσε, μέγαν γόνον Ἰαπετοῖο·
ἤδὺς ὁ Τιτήνων τιμήορος· ὡς ὁράω δέ,
ἀδρινέες γεγάασι τάχα Κρονίδαο κεραυνοί.
δηθύνεις τέο μέχρις ἀνίμβατον αἰθέρα ναίειν,
ψευδόμενε σκηπτοῦχε;
μένει δέ σε θῶκος Ὀλύμπου
σκῆπτρα Διὸς καὶ πέπλα θεημάχε δέξο Τυφωεῦ,
Ἀστραῖον δὲ κόμισσον ἐς οὐρανόν· ἦν δ' ἐθελήσῃς,
αἰθέρι νωτήσεις καὶ Εὐρυνόμῃ καὶ Ὀφίων
καὶ Κρόνος ἀμφοτέροισιν ὁμόστολος· ἐρχομένῳ δὲ
σὺν σοὶ ποικιλόωντον ἐς ὑψιπόρων ἴτυν ἄστρων
δεσμὰ φυγὼν δολόμητις ὁμαρτήσειε Προμηθεύς,
ἤπατος ἡβώοντος ἀφειδέα δαιτυμονῆα
οὐρανίης θρασὺν ὄρνιν ἔχων πομπῆα κελεύθου.
τί πλέον ἤθελες ἄλλο μετὰ κλόνον ἠὲ νεῖσαι
Ζῆνα καὶ ἐννοσίγαιον ὀπάονα σεῖο θοώων;
Ζῆνα μὲν ἀδρινέοντα καὶ οὐ σκηπτοῦχον Ὀλύμπου,
βροντῆς καὶ νεφέων γυμνούμενον, ἀστεροπῆς δὲ
ἀντὶ πυρὸς ζαθέοιο καὶ ἠθάδος ἀντὶ κεραυνοῦ
δαλὸν ἀερτάζοντα Τυφωνίῳ παρὰ παστῷ,
λιθιδίης ἁλόχοιο τεῆς θαλαμηπόλον Ἥρης
ὀφθαλμῷ κοτέοντι τεῶν ζηλήμονα λέκτρων·

---

* A Titan, husband of Eos. In the Orphic cosmogony.

brayed, foretelling victory with a roll of thunder; down fell Typhoeus's high-uplifted frame, drunk with the fiery bolt from heaven, stricken with a war-wound of something more than steel, and lay with his back upon Earth his mother, stretching his snaky limbs in the dust and belching flame. Cronides laughed aloud, and taunted him like this in a flood of words from his mocking throat:

"A fine ally has old Cronos found in you, Typhoeus! Earth could scarcely bring forth that great son for Iapetos! A jolly champion of Titans! The thunderbolts of Zeus soon knit their power against you, as I see! How long are you going to wait before taking up your quarters in the inaccessible heavens, you sceptred impostor? The throne of Olympos awaits you; accept the robes and sceptre of Zeus, God-defying Typhoeus! Bring back Astraios* to heaven; if you wish, let Eurynome and Ophion return to the sky, and Cronos in the train of that pair! When you enter the dappleback vault of the high-ranging stars, let crafty Prometheus leave his chains, and come with you; the bold bird who makes hearty meals off that rejuvenescent liver shall show him the way to heaven. What did you want to gain by your riot, but to see Zeus and Earth-shaker foot-men behind your throne? Well, here you have Zeus helpless, no longer sceptre-bearer of Olympos, Zeus stript of his thunders and his clouds, holding up no longer the lightning's fire divine or the familiar thunderbolt, but a torch for Typhoeus's bower, groom of the chamber to Hera the bride of your spear, whom he eyes with wrath, jealous of your bed:

* Eurynome and Ophion had ruled in Olympos before Cronos and Rhea, but Cronos turned them out.

σύζυγα δ' ἐννοσίγαιον ἀποζευχθέντα θαλάσσης
ὑμετέρῃ μετὰ πόντον ὑποδρήσσοντα τραπέζῃ,
διψάδι χειρὶ φέροντα τεὸν δέπας ἀντὶ τριαίνης.
Ἄρεα λάτριν ἔχεις, θεράπων τεός ἐστιν Ἀπόλλων·
πέμπε δὲ Τιτήνεσσι διάκτορον υἱέα Μαίης
σὸν κράτος ἀγγέλλοντα καὶ οὐρανίην σέθεν αἴγλην·
ἐργατίνην δ' Ἥφαιστον ἐθήμονι κάλλιπε Λήμνῳ,
ὄφρά κεν ἀσκήσειε νεοζεύκτῳ σέο νύμφῃ
ποικίλον αὐχένος ὁρμὸν ἐύχροον ἤνοπι κόσμῳ,
ἠὲ πεδοστιβέων ἁμαρύγματα φαιδρὰ πεδίλων,
οἷσι τεὴ παράκοιτις ἀγάλλεται, ἠὲ τελέσσῃ
χρυσοφαῆ θρόνον ἄλλον Ὀλύμπιον, ὄφρα γελάσσῃ
κρείσσονα θῶκον ἔχουσα τεὴ χρυσόθρονος Ἥρη·
καὶ χθονίους Κύκλωπας ἔχων ναετῆρας Ὀλύμπου
τεῦξον ἀρειοτέροιο νέον σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ.
ἀλλὰ δόλῳ θέλξαντα τεὸν νόον ἐλπίδι νίκης
χρυσῷ δῆσον Ἔρωτα μετὰ χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης·
χαλκῷ σφίγξον Ἄρηα κυβερνητῆρα σιδήρου.
ἀστεροπαὶ φεύγουσι καὶ οὐ μίμνουσιν Ἐνυώ·
πῶς στεροπῆς ὀλίγης οὐκ ἔκφυγες ἀπτόλεμον πῦρ;
ἢ πόθεν οὔασι σοῖσιν ἀμετρήτοισιν ἀκούων
βρονταίην ἐλάχειαν ἐδείδιες ὄμβριον ἠχώ;
τίς σε τόσον ποίησεν ἀνάλκιδα; πῇ σέθεν αἰχμαί;
πῇ κεφαλαὶ σκυλάκων;
πῇ χάσματα κεῖνα λεόντων
καὶ χθόνιον μύκημα βαρυφθόγγων σέο λαιμῶν;
πῇ δε δρακοντείης δολιχόσκιος ἰὸς ἐθείρης;
οὐκέτι συρίζεις ὀφιώδεϊ κυκλάδι χαίτῃ;
πῇ βοέων στομάτων μυκήματα; πῇ σέο χειρῶν

here you have Earthshaker with him, torn from the sea for a new place instead of the deep as waiter at your table, no trident in his hand but a cup for you if you are thirsty! Here you have Ares for a menial, Apollo is your lackey! Send round Maia's son, King's Messenger, to announce to the Titans your triumph and your glory in the skies. But leave your smith Hephaistos to his regular work in Lemnos, and he can make a necklace to adorn your newly wedded bride, a real work of art, in dazzling colours, or a fine pair of brilliant shoes for your wife's feet to delight her, or he can build another Olympian throne of shining gold, that your golden-throned Hera may laugh because she has a better throne than yours! And when you have the underground Cyclopes domiciled in Olympos, make a new spark for an improved thunderbolt. As for Eros, who bewitched your mind by delusive hopes of victory, chain him with golden Aphrodite in chains of gold, and clamp with chains of bronze Ares the governor of iron!

"The lightnings try to escape, and will not abide Enyo! How was it you could not escape a harmless little flash of lightning? How was it with all those innumerable ears you were afraid to hear a little rainy thud of thunder? Who made you so big a coward? Where are your weapons? Where are your puppyheads? Where are those gaping lions, where is the heavy bellowing of your throats like a rumbling earthquake? Where is the far-flung poison of your snaky mane? Do not you hiss any more with that coronet of serpentine bristles? Where are the bellowings of your bull-mouths? Where are your hands and their volleys of precipi-

ἠλιβάτου πρηῶνος ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀγοστοί;
οὐκέτι μαστίζεις ἑλικώδεας ἄντυγας ἄστρων;
οὐκέτι λευκαίνουσι συῶν προβλῆτες ἀκωκαὶ
ἀφροκόμῳ ῥαθάμιγγι διάβροχον ἀνθερεῶνα;
πῇ μοι φρικτὰ γένεια σεσηρότα λυσσάδος ἄρκτου;
εἶξον ἐπουρανίοισι, πεδοτρεφές· ὑμετέρων γὰρ
χειρὶ μιῇ νίκησα διηκοσίων στίχα χειρῶν.
ἀλλὰ βαθυκρήμνοισι περισφίγγουσα κολώναις
Σικελίη τρικάρηνος ὅλον Τυφῶνα δεχέσθω
οἰκτρὰ κονιομένοις ἑκατὸν κομόωντα καρήνοις.
ἔμπης, εἰ νόον ἔσχες ὑπέρβιον, εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτῷ
ἐλπίσιν ἀπρήκτοισιν ἐπεσκίρτησας Ὀλύμπῳ,
τεύξω σοι, πανάποτμε, κενήριον, ὑστάτιον δὲ
σὸν κενεὸν παρὰ τύμβον, ἀτάσθαλε, τοῦτο χαράξω·
'Γηγενέος τόδε σῆμα Τυφωέος, ὅν ποτε πέτροις
αἰθέρα μαστίζοντα κατέφλεγεν αἰθέριον πῦρ.'"
Ἔννεπε κερτομέων νέκυν ἔμπνοον, υἱὸν Ἀρούρης.
καὶ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι χέων ἐπινίκιον ἠχὼ
λαϊνέῃ σάλπιγγι Κίλιξ μυκήσατο Ταῦρος,
ὑδρηλοῖς δὲ πόδεσσιν ἕλιξ ὠρχήσατο Κύδνος
Ζηνὸς ἀνευάζων διερῷ βρυχήματι νίκην,
μεσσοφανὴς προχέων ναέτην ῥόον ἥλικι Ταρσῷ.
Γαῖα δὲ πετρήεντα διαρρήξασα χιτῶνα
ἄχνυτο κεκλιμένη, καὶ πενθάδος ἀντὶ μαχαίρης
κοπτομένην ἀνέμοις ἀπεκείρατο δενδράδα χαίτην,
βόστρυχον ὑλήεντος ἀποτμήξασα καρήνου
φυλλοχόῳ ἅτε μηνί, χαραδραίας δὲ παρειὰς
δρύψατο, καὶ κελαδεινὰ δι' εὐύδρων κενεώνων
ἔρρεε μυρομένης ποταμήια δάκρυα Γαίης.
ἐκ δὲ Τυφαονίων μελέων στροφάλιγγες ἀέλλης

tous crags? Do you flog no longer the mazy circles of the stars? Do the jutting tusks of your boars no longer whiten their chins, wet with a frill of foamy drippings? Come now, where are the bristling grinning jaws of the mad bear?

620 "Clodhopper, give place to the sons of heaven! For I with one hand have vanquished your hands, two hundred strong. Let three-headland Sicily receive Typhoeus whole and entire, let her crush him all about under her steep and lofty hills, with the hair of his hundred heads miserably bedabbled in dust. Nevertheless, if you did have an over-violent mind, if you did assault Olympus itself in your impracticable ambitions, I will build you a cenotaph, presumptuous wretch, and I will engrave on your empty tomb, this last message: 'This is the barrow of Typhoeus son of Earth, who once lashed the sky with stones, and the fire of heaven burnt him up.'"

631 Thus he mocked the half-living corpse of the son of Earth. Then Cilician Tarsos brayed a victorious noise on his stony trumpet for Zeus Almighty, while Cydnos danced zigzag on his watery feet, crying Euoi! in rolling roar for the victory of Zeus, Cydnos visible in the midst, as he poured the flood upon Tarsos which had been there ever since he had been there himself. But Earth tore her rocky tunic and lay there grieving; instead of the shears of mourning,* she let the winds beat her breast and shear off a coppice for a curl; so she cut the tresses from her forest-covered head as in the month of leaf-shedding, she tore gullies in her cheeks; Earth wailed, as her river-tears rolled echoing through the swollen torrents of the hills. The gales eddying

* Shears for cutting off the hair in mourning.

κύματα μαστίζουσιν, ἐπεσσύμεναι δὲ καλύψαι
ὁλκάδας ἀκλύστοιο καθιππεύουσι γαλήνης,
οὐ μούνοις ῥοθίοισιν ἐπήλυδες· ἀλλ' ἐνὶ γαίῃ
πολλάκις αἰθύσσουσα θυελλήεσσα κονίη
ὄρθιον ἡβώοντα κατέκλυσε καρπὸν ἀλωῆς.
Καὶ ταμίη κόσμοιο, παλιγγενέος Φόσις ὅλης,
ῥηγνυμένης κενεῶνα κεχηνότα πῆξεν ἀροήρης,
νησαίους δὲ τένοντας ἀποτμηγέντας ἐναύλων
ἁρμονίης ἀλύτοιο πάλιν σφρηγίσσατο δεσμῷ,
οὐκέτι δὲ κλόνος ἦεν ἐν ἄστρασιν· Ἠέλιος γὰρ
χαιτήεντα Λέοντα παρὰ σταχυώδεϊ Κούρῃ
Ζῳδιακῆς ἔστησε παραΐξαντα κελεύθου·
οὐρανίου δὲ Λέοντος ἐπισκαίροντα προσώπῳ
Καρκίνον ἀντικέλευθον ἀθαλπέος Αἰγοκερῆος
ἂψ ἀνασειράζουσα διεστήριξε Σελήνη.
Οὐ μὲν ἀοιδοπόλοιο λελασμένος ἔπλετο Κάδμου
Ζεὺς Κρονίδης, καλέσας δὲ τόσην ἐφθέγξατο φωνὴν
ἠερίης σκιοειδὲς ἀποσκεδάσας νέφος ὀρφνης·
"Κάδμε, τεῇ σύριγγι πύλας ἔστεψας Ὀλύμπου·
σὸν γάμον οὐρανίῃ καὶ ἐγὼ Φόρμιγγι γεραίρω·
γαμβρὸν ἐγὼ τελέσω σε καὶ Ἄρεϊ καὶ Κυθερείῃ,
καὶ χθονίου δείπνοιο θεοὺς ἔχε δαιτυμονῆας.
ἵξομαι εἰς σέο δῶμα· τί φίλτερον ἄλλο νοήσεις
ἢ μακάρων βασιλῆα τεῆς ψαύοντα τραπέζης;
εἰ δὲ τύχης ἐθέλεις ἑτερότροπα κύματα φεύγειν
πορθμεύων βιότοιο γαληναίοιο πορείην,
Ἄρεα μὲν Διρκαῖον ἀεὶ πεφύλαξο χαλέψαι,

---

[a] Lectius translates: Continuatae vero Calypsae naves tranquillae contra equitant serenitatis: a riddle indeed.

[b] Virgo, in the Zodiac: the brightest star was Σταχύς, the Ear of Corn.

[c] The constellation Lyra.

from Typhaon's limbs lash the waves, hurrying to engulf[a] the ships and riding down the sheltered calm. Not only the surges they invade; but often over the land sweeps a storm of dust, and overwhelms the crops growing firm and upright upon the fields.

Then Nature, who governs the universe and recreates its substance, closed up the gaping rents in earth's broken surface, and sealed once more with the bond of indivisible joinery those island cliffs which had been rent from their beds. No longer was there turmoil among the stars. For Helios replaced the maned Lion, who had moved out of the path of the Zodiac, beside the Maiden who holds the corn-ear[b]; Selene took the Crab, now crawling over the forehead of the heavenly Lion, and drew him back opposite cold Capricorn, and fixt him there.

But Zeus Cronides did not forget Cadmos the masterminger. He dispersed the cloud of darkness which overshadowed him, and calling him, spoke in this fashion:

"Cadmos, you have crowned the gates of Olympos with your pipes! Then I will myself celebrate your bridal with heaven's own Harp.[c] I will make you goodson to Ares and Cytherela; gods shall be guests at your wedding-feast on the earth! I will visit your house: what more would you want, than to see the King of the Blessed touching your table? And if you wish to cross life's ferry on a calm sea, escaping the uncertain currents of Chance, be careful always not to offend Ares Dircaian,[d] Ares angry

[a] That is, Theban, from the fountain of Dirce in Thebes. It is rather too soon to give him that epithet, for there was no Thebes as yet and no Dirce.

Ἄρεα νόσφι λόχου κεχολωμένον· ἐννύχιος δὲ
οὐρανίοιο Δράκοντος ἐναντίον ὄμμα τιτήνας
ῥέξον ὑπὲρ βωμοῖο λαβὼν εὔοδμον ὀφίτην,
κικλήσκων Ὀφιοῦχον Ὀλύμπιον, ἐν πυρὶ καίων
Ἰλλυρικῆς ἐλάφοιο πολυγλώχινα κεραίην,
ὄφρα φύγῃς, ὅσα πικρὰ τεῷ πεπρωμένα πότμῳ
Μοιριδίης ἔκλωσεν ἕλιξ ἄτρακτος ἀνάγκης,
εἰ λίνα Μοιράων ἐπιπείθεται. ἀλλὰ τοκῆος
μνῆστιν ἔα κοτέοντος Ἀγήνορος, ἀσταθέων δὲ
ἀμφὶ κασιγνήτων μὴ δείδιθι· κεκριμένοι γὰρ
πάντες ἔτι ζώουσιν, ἐπεὶ Νοτίην χθόνα Κηφεὺς
νάσσατο Κηφήνων ἐπιήρανος Αἰθιοπήων,
καὶ Θάσος εἰς Θάσον ἦλθεν, ἀερσιλόφοιο δὲ Ταύρου
δύσνιφον ἀμφὶ τένοντα Κίλιξ Κιλίκεσσιν ἀνάσσει,
Θρηικίην δ' ἐπὶ πέζαν ἀπόσσυτος ἵκετο Φινεύς·
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ κομόωντα βαθυπλούτοισι μετάλλοις
γαμβρὸν ἐς Ὠρείθυιαν ἄγω καὶ Θρῄκα Βορῆα,
νυμφίον ὀμφήεντα φιλοστεφάνου Κλεοπάτρης.
καὶ σὺ κασιγνήτων ἰσοελκέι νήματι Μοίρης
Καδμείων βασίλευε καὶ οὔνομα λεῖπε πολίταις·
πλαγκτοσύνης δ' ἀπόειπε
παλίμπορα κύκλα κελεύθου,
καὶ βοὸς ἄστατον ἴχνος ἀναίνεο· Κυπριδίῳ γὰρ

---

* See next note. λόχος is "birth" in Aesch. *Ag.* 136, and here apparently "offspring." All Cadmos's troubles in later life came from killing the dragon, son of Ares, which guarded the spring near the site of Thebes, Zeus advises him to make friends with the celestial Dragon, also with

when deprived of his brood.[a] At dead of night fix your gaze on the heavenly Serpent, and do sacrifice on the altar holding in your hand a piece of fragrant serpentine; and calling upon the Olympian Serpent-holder, burn in the fire a horn of the Illyrian deer with many tines; that so you may escape all the bitter things which the wreathed spindle of apportioned Necessity has spun for your fate,—if the threads of the Portioners ever obey!

680 "Let pass the memory of your angry father Agenor, fear not for your wandering brothers[b]; for they all live, though far apart. Cephenus journeyed to the regions of the south, and he has found favour with the Cephenes of Ethiopia[c]; Thasos went to Thasos, and Cilix is king over the Cilicians round about the snowy mount of high-peaked Taurus; Phineus came with all speed to the Thracian land. As for him, I will make him proud with his deep mines of riches, and lead him as goodson to Orrithyia and Thracian Boreas, as prophetic bridegroom of garlanded Cleopatra. For you, the Portioner's thread weighs equal with your brothers; be king of the Cadmeians, and leave your name to your people. Give up the back-wending circuits of your wandering way, and relinquish the bull's restless track; for

Ophiuchus, as being presumably an *expert* in dealing with reptiles, and to accompany his prayers with fumigations of two of the most approved specifics against earthly serpents, serpentine, which if pulverized will cure their bite, Orph. *Lithica* 328 *ff.*, and hart's horn; for the stag is so deadly an enemy to all snakes that even to burn a piece of his antler will effectually drive them away, Pliny, *N.H.* viii. 118.

[b] They were all sent in search of Europa.

[c] Cepheus was son of Belus and therefore cousin of Cadmus, according to Apollodorus. He became king of Ethiopia, and the people took his name.

σύγγονον ὑμετέρην ζυγίῳ νυμφεύσατο θεσμῷ
Ἀστερίων Δικταῖος ἀνὴρ Κορυβαντιάδος Ἴδης,
καὶ τὰ μὲν αὐτὸς ἐγὼ μαντεύσομαι, ἄλλα δὲ Φοῖβος
καλλείψω· σὺ δέ, Κάδμε, μεσόμφαλον ἄξονα βαίνων
Δελφίδος αἰδήεντα μετέρχεο τέμπεα Πυθοῦς."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμπεν Ἀγηνορίδην μετανάστην
Ζεὺς Κρονίδης·

καὶ κραιπνὸς ἐς αἰθερίων ἴτην ἄστρων
χρύσεον ἔτραπε δίφρον, ἐπεμβεβαυῖα δὲ Νίκη
ἤλασεν οὐρανίῃ πατρώιον ἅρμα χαλίνῃ.
καὶ θεὸς εἰς πόλον ἦλθε τὸ δεύτερον· ἐγγύθεν δὲ
οὐρανίας πετάσαντο πύλας ὑφαίνουσαι Ὧραι,
αἰθέρα δ' ἐστέψαντο· παλιντύκτῳ δ' ἐνὶ μορφῇ
σὺν Διὶ νικήσαντι θεοὶ νώτησαν Ὀλύμπῳ,
καὶ πτερύων μίμημα μετηλλίξαντο προσώπων.
ἁβροχίτων δ' ἀσιδηρος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἦλθεν Ἀθήνη
Ἄρεα Κῶμον ἔχουσα, Μέλος δέ οἱ ἕπλετο Νίκη·
καὶ Θέμις ὅπλα Γίγαντος ἀλωλότος ἄφρων Γαίη
εἰς φόβον ἐσσομένων ἐπεδείκνυε, μητρὶ Γιγάντων,
ὑφιπαγῆ κρεμάσασα παρὰ πρυθύροισιν Ὀλύμπου.

---

[4] Dicte, a mountain in Crete; Ida, the chief mountain of Crete. The Cretan Dactylol or Curetes, who wailed upon the infant Zeus, are often called Corybantes, although that name belongs to the Phrygian priests of Rhea.

your sister has been wedded by the law of love to Asterion of Diete, king of Corybantian Ida.[a]

"So much I will myself foretell for you, the rest I will leave to Phoibos. And now, Cadmos, do you make your way to the midnipple of the earth, and visit the speaking vales of Pytho."[b]

With these words, Zeus Cronides dismissed Agenor's son, and swiftly turned his golden chariot toward the round of the ethereal stars, while Victory by his side drove her father's team with the heavenly whip. So the god came once more to the sky; and to receive him the stately Seasons threw open the heavenly gates, and crowned the heavens. With Zeus victorious, the other gods came home to Olympos, in their own form come again, for they put off the winged shapes which they had taken on. Athena came into heaven unarmed, in dainty robes with Ares turned Comos, and Victory for Song[c]; and Themis displayed to dumbfounded Earth, mother of the giants, the spoils of the giant destroyed, an awful warning for the future, and hung them up high in the vestibule of Olympos.

[a] Delphi, where the priestess spoke oracles.

[b] The deities are embodiments of the revels, by a sort of mystical fusion. Comos, so familiar to us through Milton, is not really a mythological figure at all, but a late personification; see Philostratus, *Imagines* 2.

ADDITIONAL NOTE TO BOOK II

80 *ff.* The plants mentioned seem all to have stories attached. The cypress was once a beautiful boy, Cyparissus, beloved by Zephyrus; the *Ἀμάρακος* (not our hyacinth, perhaps iris or a fritillary) is connected in mythology with the pre-hellenic god Hyacinthus of Amyclai in Laconia, worshipped along with Apollo there. He is said to have been a boy favourite of the god, who, being accidentally killed by him, was turned into the flower which bears his name; hence it is blood-red and the markings on its petals spell *ai ai* (alas, alas). The laurel was once a chaste nymph, Daphne, who, loved and pursued by Apollo, prayed to the Earth to help her and was turned into a laurel (*δάφνη*), which thus became the god's sacred tree. Pan had a like experience with Pitys, who to avoid his attentions was turned into the pine-tree, *πίτυς*. Moria (clearly the nymph of the sacred olives of Attica, that being the meaning of her name) is unknown save for this passage; she has *nothing* to do with the Moria of xxv. 481 *ff.* The olive "brought a city" to Athena, because by making it spring from the ground she won her contest with Poseidon for the city of Athens. The Paphian, i.e. Aphrodite, goddess of Paphos, is particularly concerned for the anemone because that is the flower which sprung from the dead body of her beloved Adonis, or from the tears she shed for him; another story makes the rose, which in any case is sacred to her, spring from his body. Deo is Demeter, and being corn-goddess (her name means "spelt-mother") she naturally is interested in the fate of the corn-stalks.

ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΤΟΝ

Ἓν τριτάτῳ μάστευε πολύπλαυον ἀλκαίδα Κάδμου
Ἠλέκτρης τε μέλαθρα φιλοξενίην τε τραπέζης.

Λῦτο δ' ἀγών, ὅτε χεῖμα παρήλυθεν· ἄκρα δὲ φαίνων
ἀντεφέλῳ τελαμῶνι φαεσφόρα νῶτα μαχαίρης
Ὠρίων ἀνέτελλε, καὶ οὐκέτι κυκλάδι λίμνῃ
λούετο παχνήεντα δεδυκότος ἴχνια Ταύρου·
οὐκέτι δ' ὁμβροτόκοιο παρὰ κλίμα διφάδος Ἄρκτου[a] 5
ἴχνεσιν ἀβρέκτοισιν ὁδεύετο μάρμαρον ὕδωρ·
οὐκέτι Μασσαγέτης μετανάστιον οἶκον ἰμάσσων,[b]
δουρατέῳ τροχόεντι διαστείβων ῥόον ἁλωῇ,
ὑδρηλὰς ἐχάρασσε πεπηγότος αὐλακας Ἴστρου·
ἤδη γὰρ Ζεφύροιο προΐγγελος ἔγκυος Ὥρη 10
σχιζομένων καλύκων δροσερὸν ἐμέθυσσεν ἀήτης,
καὶ λιγυρὴ μερόπεσσι συνέστιος εἴαρι κῆρυξ
ὄρθριον ὕπνον ἄμερσε λάλος τρύζουσα χελιδών·
ἀρτιφανὴς, καὶ γυμνὸν ἀπ' εὐώδμοιο καλύκτρης
εἰαριναῖς ἐγέλασσε λελουμένον ἄνθος ἐέρσαις 15
ζωογόνοις. Κιλίκων δὲ παρὰ κροκόεντας ἐναύλους
ὑψιλόφου Ταύροιο λιπὼν πρηῶνα κεράστην
πρώιος ἦιε Κάδμος, ὅτε ζόφον ἔσχισεν Ἠώς.

---

[a] Because Ursa Maior never sets (Hom. *Il.* xviii. 489).
[b] Nomads who lived in tented carts.

BOOK III

In the third, look for the much-wandering ship of Cadmus, the palace of Electra and the hospitality of her table.

The struggle was finished by the end of winter. Orion rose, displaying with his cloudless baldric the glittering surface of his sword. No longer were the frozen footsteps of the setting Bull washed under the circling mere. No longer in the region of the thirsty[1] Bear, mother of rains, was the petrified water traversed by unwetted feet. No longer the Massagetan scored watery furrows on the frozen Ister, whipping up his migratory house, and travelling across the river with his track of wooden wheels.[2] For already the teeming Season, fore-courier of Zephyrus, had inebriated the dewy breezes from the bursting flowercups: the full-voiced herald, spring's welcome fellow-guest, the chattering twittering swallow, had just shown herself to rob mankind of their morning sleep: the flower, clear of its fragrant sheath, laughed, bathed in the life-giving dew of springtime.

[10] Early in the morning, when Dawn had cleft the gloom, Cadmus came down from the horned peaks of lofty Taurus along the saffron glens of Cilicia.[3]

[1] Saffron of Corycus, in Cilicia, was the best: Horace, *Sat.* ii. 4. 68.

καὶ πλόος ὥριος ἦεν· ἐπειγομένοιο δὲ Κάδμου
ἐκ χθονὸς ὠχλίζοντο χαλινωτήρια νηῶν·
ἱστὸς δ' ὑψικάρηνος ὑπέρτερον ἠέρα τύπτων
ὄρθιος ἐστήρικτο· καὶ ἠρέμα πόντον ἱμάσσων
ἄσθμασιν ἠῴοις ἐπεβόμβεε κοῦφος ἀήτης,
πομπὸν ἔχων κελάδημα, καὶ ἄλλοπρόσαλλα θυέλλαις
οἴδματα κυρτώσας διερῆς ἀνέκοφε χορείης
σιγαλέης δελφῖνα κυβιστητῆρα γαλήνης.
συμπλεκέες δὲ κάλωες ἐσύρισαν ὀξέι ῥοίζῳ,
σπερχομένῳ δ' ἀνέμῳ πρότονοι μύκον, ἰθυπόρου δὲ
λαῖφος ἐκολπώθη βεβιημένον ἔγκυον αὔρης·
σχίζετο δ' ἄστατον οἶδμα παλιμπετές,
ἄφρεε δ' ὕδωρ
οἰδαλέον, καὶ νηὸς ἐπειγομένης διὰ πόντου
κύματι βομβήεντι περὶ τρόπιν ἤπυεν ἠχώ·
πηδαλίου δὲ κόρυμβα διχαζομένης ἁλὸς ὁλκῷ
κυρτὰ φαληριόωντα κατέγραφε νῶτα θαλάσσης.
Καὶ δεκάτης μετὰ νύσσαν ἀχείμονα
κυκλάδος Ἠοῦς
Κάδμος ἀκυμάντοισι Διὸς πεφορημένος αὔραις,
Τρώιον ὑγρονόμοιο διασχίζων πόρον Ἕλλης,
ἅρπαγος ἐξ ἀνέμοιο μεμυκότι σύρετο πορθμῷ
εἰς Σάμον ἀντικέλευθον ἐγερσιμόθοιο Καμάνδρου,
γείτονα Σιθονίης, ὅθι παρθένος εἰσέτι Κάδμῳ
Ἁρμονίη πεφύλακτο· καὶ ὁλκάδα θέσπιδι Ῥείῃ
Θρηικίην πόμπευον ἐς ᾐόνα μάντιες αὖραι.
καὶ Σαμίης ὁρόωντες ἀκοιμήτου φλόγα πεύκης
ἀγχίγυοι στείλαντο γεγηθότες ἱστία ναῦται·
νῆα δὲ πορθμεύσαντες ἀκυμάντου σχεδὸν ὅρμου
νήνεμον ἀκροτάτοισιν ὕδωρ ἐχάρασσον ἐρετμοῖς,

[a] The halcyon days.
[b] The Hellespont, or more loosely (as here) the sea near it.

Sailing was now in season, Cadmos was in haste; they hauled up the ship's bridling-hawsers off the land. The mast lifting its head on high struck the upper air standing firmly. A light breeze gently rippling the sea with the breath of the morning hummed "All aboard!" Soon it curved the fickle waves with its gusts, and stopt the watery dance of the dolphin, that tumbler of the quiet calm. The intertwined ropes whistled with a shrill hiss, the forestays hummed in the freshening wind, the sail grew big-bellied, enforced by the forthright gale. The restless flood was cleft, then fell back to its place; the water swelled and foamed, the ship sped over the deep, while the keel struck the boisterous waves with a resounding splash, and the end of the steering-oar covered the white-crested billows where the ship's wake divided the curving back of the sea.

20 On the tenth circling Dawn after the peaceful turning-point of spring,[a] Cadmos had been carried by winds from Zeus over a waveless sea; but as he cleft the Trojan channel of water-ranging Helle,[b] a violent wind drove him over a roaring passage to Samos,[c] over against battle-stirring Scamandros, not far from Sithonia,[d] where Harmonia still a virgin awaited him safely. There the prophetic breezes escorted his vessel to the Thracian coast, by divine Rheia's ordinance. The sailors rejoiced to see the sleepless flame of the Samian torch,[e] and furled their sails as they came near the land; then rowing the ship towards the waveless anchorage they scored the smooth water

off the Troad. Helle fell off the golden ram's back there, hence the name.

[a] Samothrace.

[c] Central prong of the Chalcidic peninsula.

[e] Presumably used in the mysteries.

καὶ λιμένος προσέκελσαν ὑπὸ σκέπας· ἀκλινέων δὲ
τρητὸς ὄνυξ πετραίος ἐδέξατο πείσματα νηῶν,
καὶ διερῆς ψαμάθοιο βαθυνομένου διὰ κύλπου
ὁλκάδος ἀγκυλόδοντες ἐπεσφήκωντο χαλινοί
δυομένου Φαέθοντος· ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖο δὲ ναῦται
ἀστορίας ψαμάθοισιν ἐπεστορέσαντο χαμεύνας
ἑσπερίην μετὰ δαῖτα· βαρυνομένοισι δὲ φωτῶν
ὄμμασιν ἄφοφον ἶχνος ἐπήγαγεν Ὕπνος ἀλήτῃς.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε πορφυρέοιο παρὰ πτερὸν αἴθοπος Ἕῳου
ἄκρα χαρασσομένην ὑπὸ ῥωγάδι Τενκριδος Ἴδης
ὄρθρων ἀποπτύουσα φάνη λαμπουσκόπος Ἠώς,
ἀντιπόρου μέλαν οἶδμα καταυγάζουσα θαλάσσης,
Ἁρμονίην τότε Κύπρις ἵνα ζείξειεν ἀκούῃ,
ἅπλοα σιγαλέης ἐτανύσσατο νῶτα γαλήνης.
ἤδη δ' ἔκλαγεν ὄρνις ἑώιος ἠέρα τέμνων,
καὶ στίχες εὐπήληκες ἐριμυκέων Κηφιδάντων
Κνώσσιον ἐκρούσαντο σακισπάλον ἅλμα χορείης
ἴχνεσι μετρητοῖσιν· ἐρισμαράγου δὲ βοείης
τυπτομένης ἑλικηδὸν ἀμαλλιτύρι σιδήρῳ
δίκτυπος αὐλὸς ἔμελπε, καὶ ἀρχηστῆρας ἐτείνων
σύνθρουν ἐσμιράγησε μέλος βητάρμοσι παλμῷ.
καὶ δρύες ἐφριζόωντο, ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ πέτραι,
καὶ νοερῷ σείοντο τινάγματι θυιάδες ὗλαι,
καὶ Δρυάδες κελάδησαν· ἐπεσσεύοντο δὲ πυκναὶ
εἰς χορὸν ἀντιπόρῳ σκιρτήματι κυκλάδες ἄρκτοι,
βρυχηθμῷ δὲ λέοντες ὁμοζήλων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
μυστιπόλων ἀλαλαγμὸν ἐμιμήσαντο Καβείρων
ἔμφρονα λύσσαν ἔχοντα· φιλοσκύλακος δὲ θεαίνης

---

[a] E.S.E.

[b] These properly belong to Crete, but we hear of them

with the tips of their oars and ran her up under shelter of the harbour. A hole drilled through a rocky claw received the hawsers of the ships, and held them immovable, and the curving teeth of the ship's bridles were wedged tight into the wet sand deep under the water, by the time that the sun went down. On shore, after the evening meal, the men spread their pallets on the sand without bedding; the poor fellows' eyes were heavy, and wandering sleep came on them with silent step.

[75] But when along the wing of red fiery Euros,[a] Dawn scraping the peaks of rugged Teucrian Ida from below spilled away the morning twilight, and showed herself to survey the harbour, illuminating the black swell of the opposite sea, then Cypris spread out a back of silent calm where no ship could sail, for she meant to unite Harmonia to her mate. Already the bird of morning was cutting the air with loud cries; already the helmeted bands of desert-haunting Corybants[b] were beating on their shields in the Crossian dance, and leaping with rhythmic steps, and the cowhides thudded under the blows of the iron as they whirled them about in rivalry, while the double pipe made music, and quickened the dancers with its rollicking tune in time to the bounding steps. Aye, and the trees whispered, the rocks boomed, the forests held jubilee with their intelligent movings and shakings, and the Dryads did sing. Packs of bears joined the dance, skipping and wheeling face to face; lions with a roar from cruel throats mimicked the triumphant cry of the priests of the Cabeiroi, sane in their madness; the revelling pipes

[a] Also in Samothrace, and the two names Corybants and Cabeiroi were confused later.

μελπομένης Ἑκάτης θιασώδεες ἔβρεμον αὐλοὶ
ἄζυγες, οὓς Κρονίη κεραοξόος εὕρατο τέχνη.
Καὶ πατάγῳ κελάδοντι
φιλοσμαράγων Κορυβάντων
πρώιος ἔγρετο Κάδμος, ὁμοπλεκέες δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
ὀρθρινῆς ἀίοντες ἀσιγήτοιο βοείης
Σιδόνιοι πλωτῆρες ἐυκροκάλων ἀπὸ λέκτρων
ἀκταίης μεθέηκαν ἀλίκτυπα νῶτα χαμεύνης.
καὶ πόλιν ἰχνεύων ἐπλάζετο Κάδμος ὀδίτης
νῆα λιπὼν ἑτάροισιν ἀπόσσυτος· ἐρχομένῳ δὲ
εἰς δόμον Ἁρμονίης θαλαμηπόλος ἤντετο Πειθὼ
θνητῆς εἶδος ἔχουσα, καὶ ἀχθοφόρου διὰ κόλπου,
οἷα γυνὴ ταλαεργός, ἀφυσσαμένη πόμα πηγῆς
ἀργυρέην εὔκυκλον ἐκούφισε κάλπιν ἀγοστῷ,
ἄγγελος ἐσσομένων, ὅτι νυμφίον ἠθάδι θεσμῷ
ζωογόνοις πρὸ γάμοιο καθικμαίνουσι λοετροῖς.
καὶ σχεδὸν ἄστεος ἦεν, ὅθι γλαφυροῖς ἐνὶ βόθροις
συμπλεκέων ῥυπόωσαν ἐπασσυτέρων στίχα πέπλων
ποσσὶ πολυσκάρθμοισιν ἐπιστείβουσι γυναῖκες,
ποσσὶν ὁμοζήλοισι. καὶ ἀκροτάτων ἀπὸ ταρσῶν
κυανέῃ νεφέλῃ κεκαλυμμένον ἄχρι καρήνου
Κάδμον ἀσημάντοιο δι' ἄστεος ἤγαγε Πειθὼ
ξεινοδόκου βασιλῆος ἐρευνητῆρα μελάθρου,
πομπὸς ὁδοῦ Παφίης ὑπὸ νεύμασιν· ἔνθά τις ὄρνις,
ἑζομένη γλαυκωπὸν ὑπὸ σκέπας ἁβρὸν ἐλαίης,
ὀμφαίη στόμα λάβρον ἀναπτύξασα κορώνη
ἠιθέῳ νεμέσιζεν, ἐς Ἁρμονίην ὅτι νύμφην
ἥιε φειδομένῳ γαμίῳ ποδὶ νωθρὸς ὀδίτης,
καὶ πτερὰ σεισαμένη φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν·
" Νήπιος ἔπλετο Κάδμος,
ἢ ἔπλετο νῆις Ἐρώτων·

rang out a tune in honour of Hecate, divine friend of dogs, those single pipes, which the horn-polisher's art invented in Cronos's days.

"The noisy Corybants with their ringing din awoke Cadmos early in the morning; the Sidonian seamen also with one accord, hearing the never-silent oxhide at dawn, rose from their rattling pebbly pallets and left the brine-beaten back of the shore, their bed. Cadmos left the ship to his companions, and set out on foot for a quick walk to find the city. As he was going towards Harmonia's house, he was met by Peitho,[a] Lady of the bride-chamber. She had the form of a mortal woman, and like a household drudge, she carried a weight pressed against her bosom by her arm, a rounded silver jug which she had filled with drink from the spring: a presage of things to come, since they drench the bridegroom by time-honoured custom with life-giving water in the bath before the marriage. He was now close by the city, where in hollow pits bundles on bundles of soiled clothing are trodden by the women's bounding feet, trodden in emulation. Peitho covered Cadmos with a dark mist from heels to head, and led him through the unseeing city in search of the king's hospitable hall, guiding his way by the Paphian's command. There some bird,[b] perched under the delicate shadow of a gray olive-tree,—it was a crow, she opened her loud beak inspired, and reproached the young man for a laggard, that the bridegroom walked to his bride Harmonia with dawdling foot. She flapt her wings and rallied him soundly:

"'So Cadmos is a baby, or only a novice in love!

[a] An attendant of Aphrodite, "Persuasion."
[b] *Cf.* Apoll. Rhod. iii. 927 ff.

νυμφίον οὐ βραδὺν οἶδεν Ἔρως ταχύς·
ἵλαθι, Πειθώ,
δηθύνει σέο Κάδμος ἐπειγομένης Ἀφροδίτης.
θερμὸς Ἔρως καλέει σε·
τί, νυμφίε, νωθρὸς ὀκνεῖς;
ἡδύς, ὃς ἱμερόεντος Ἀδώνιδος ἔπλεο γείτων,
ἡδὺς ὁ Βυβλιάδεσσιν ὁμιλήσας πατρίδα ναίων.
ἤλιτον, οὐ ῥόον εἶδες Ἀδώνιδος, οὐ χθόνα Βύβλου
ἔδρακες, ἧχι πέλει Χαρίτων δόμος, ἧχι χορεύει
Ἀσσυρίη Κυθέρεια καὶ οὐ φυγόδεμνος Ἀθήνη.
τερπομένην δὲ γάμοισι τιθηνήτειραν Ἐρώτων
Πειθὼ πομπὸν ἔχεις, οὐκ Ἄρτεμιν· ἴσχεο μόχθων.
Ἁρμονίης ἀπόναιο καὶ Εὐρώπην λίπε ταύρῳ·
σπεῦδε, καὶ Ἠλέκτρη σε δεδέξεται, ἧς ἀπὸ χειρῶν
καὶ δὴ καὶ γαμίων ἐμβάλλεο φόρτον Ἐρώτων
ἐμπορίην φιλότητος ἐπιτρέψας Ἀφροδίτῃ.
Κυπριδίην δὲ θύγατρα φυλασσομένην σέο πάτρῃ
ἄλλην δέχνυσο Κύπριν· ἐπαινήσεις δὲ κορείην,
καὶ γαμίην καλέσεις με θεοτρόπον ὄρνιν Ἐρώτων.
ἤλιτον· ἀλλά με Κύπρις ἐπέπνεεν· ἐκ Παφίης γὰρ
θεσπίζω σέο λέκτρα, καὶ εἰ πέλον ὄρνις Ἀθήνης.
Ὣς φαμένη σφρήγισσε λάλον στόμα μάρτυρι σιγῇ.
ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε οἱ στείχοντι λεωφόρα κύκλα κελεύθου
τηλεφανὴς βασίλειος ἐφαίνετο πανδαίδαλος αὐλὴ
κίοσιν ὑψωθεῖσα, τανυσσαμένη τότε Κάδμῳ
δάκτυλον ἀντιτύποιο νοήμονα μάρτυρα φωνῆς

[a] In Byblos were held the famous rites of Adonis.

[b] Possibly Athena Genetyllis; in any case, no doubt an identification of Athena with some Asiatic mother-goddess.

[c] Harmonia was the daughter of Ares and Aphrodite, according to one story, or of Zeus and Electra, by another. Electra was the daughter of Atlas, in Samothrace.

Eros is a quick one, and knows nothing of slow bridegrooms! Forgive me, Peitho—your Cadmos dallies, Aphrodite is in haste! Hot Eros calls you, bridegroom—you plod along like a laggard, and why? You are a nice neighbour for charming Adonis! You are a nice fellow-countryman for the girls of Byblos![a] No, I am wrong: you never saw the river of Adonis; you never set eyes on the soil of Byblos, where the Graces have their home, where Assyrian Cytherea dances, and an Athena who is not coy![b] Peitho is your guide, not Artemis. Peitho the friend of marriage, the nurse of the baby Loves. Cease your toiling and moiling, enjoy Harmonia and leave Europa to her bull! Make haste, and Electra[c] will welcome you; from her hands sure enough you will be laden with a cargo of wedded love, if you leave the business part of the delights to Aphrodite. She is the Cyprian's daughter, guarded for your bride-chamber, another Cypris for you to receive. You will thank the crow, and you will call me the bird of marriage, the prophet of the Loves! No, I am wrong, Cypris inspired me; the Paphian made me foretell your nuptials, although I am Athena's bird![d]"

[122] With these words, she sealed up her talkative beak, a silent witness now.

[124] Cadmos walked along the winding highroad; and when the king's all-hospitable court came into view, far-seen upon its lofty pillars, Peitho pointed a finger to indicate the corresponding words in her mind, and

[a] Her statue at Corone held a crow in its hand, Pausanias ix. 34. 6; but she forbade it to enter the Acropolis at Athens for bringing her bad news; see Callimachus, *Hecale*, frag. 1. 3 (p. 230 L.C.L.), Antigonus Carystius, *Hist. mirab.* 12.

σιγαλέῳ κήρυκι δόμον σημήνατο Πειθὼ
ποικίλον ἀστράπτοντα· καὶ αἰθέρα δύσατο δαίμων
ἀλλοφανὴς πτερόεντι διαιθύσσουσα πεδίλῳ.
Καὶ δόμον ἐσκοπίαζεν ἀλήμονι Κάδμος ὑπωπῇ,
Ἡφαίστου σοφὸν ἔργον, ὃν Ἠλέκτρῃ ποτὲ νύμφῃ
ἐργοπόνος Λήμνοιο Μυριναίῃ κάμε τέχνῃ,
δαίδαλα πολλὰ φέροντα. νεοσταθέος δὲ μελάθρου
χάλκεος οὐδὸς ἔην εὐήλατος· ἀμφίθυροι δὲ
σταθμοὶ ἐμηκύνοντο πολυγλυφέων πυλεώνων,
καὶ λόφος ὀμφαλόεντι διεσφαίρωτο καρήνῳ
μεσσοφανὴς ὀρόφοιο· λιθοστρώτοιο δὲ τοίχου
νῶτα κατεστήρικτο πεπηγότα λευκάδι γύψῳ
εἰς μυχὸν ἐξ οὐδοῖο. πέλας δέ τις ὄρχατος αὐλῆς
ἀμφιλαφὴς δροσόεντι φυτῶν ἐβαρύνετο καρπῷ
τετράγυος πρὸ δόμοιο· καὶ ἄρσενα φύλλα πετάσσας
θηλυτέρῳ φοίνικι πόθον πιστώσατο φοῖνιξ·
ὄγχνη τ' ἀγλαόκαρπος ὁμήλικι σύμφυτος ὄγχνῃ
ὄρθριον ἐψιθύριζεν, ἑλισσομένη δὲ κορύμβοις
γείτονα πιαλέης ἐπεμάστιε θάμνον ἐλαίης·
εἰαρινοῖς ἀνέμοισιν ἀναινομένῃ παρὰ δάφνῃ
σείετο μύρσινα φύλλα, καὶ εὐπετάλου κυπαρίσσου
ὄρθριον ἐρρίπιζε κόμην εὔοδμος ἀήτης·
συκῆς θ' ἡδυτόκοιο καὶ ἰκμαλέης ἀπὸ ῥοιῆς
καρπὸς ἐρευθιόων ἐπεθήλεεν οἴνοπι καρπῷ
ἀγχιφύτῳ, καὶ μῆλον ἐπήνθεε γείτονι μήλῳ·
πολλὰ δὲ Φοιβείοισι σοφοῖς ποικίλλετο φύλλοις
γράμματα δενδρήεντα φιλοκλαύτων ὑακίνθων·
καὶ Ζεφύρου πνείοντος ἀεξιφύτου διὰ κήπου
ἄστατον ὄμμα τίταινε πόθων ἀκόρητος Ἀπόλλων,

---

[a] Myrina: one of the cities of Lemnos.

[b] The episode of Nausicaa in the Odyssey is obviously the source of this scene: Hom. *Od.* vii. 81 ff.

by this voiceless herald showed the house of shining artistry; then the divinity in another shape rose into the sky, shooting through it with winged shoe.

[m] Then Cadmos surveyed the house with roving gaze; that masterly work of Hephaistos, which the industrious god once built for Electra as a bride, and embellished it with many ornaments in the fine Myrinaian art of Lemnos.[a] The whole palace was new.[b] A brazen threshold well-wrought was before it. Double doors with lofty pillars opened into a vestibule richly carven, and a dome spanned the roof with a rounded head seen in the middle. The walls were faced with tesselated stones set in white cement from threshold to inner end. Before the house near the courtyard was an enclosure, widespread, four acres of trees heavy with fresh fruit. Male palm stretched his leaves over female palm, pledging his love. Pear growing by pear, all of one age with glorious fruit, whispered in the morning breeze—and with its dangling clusters beat on the pollard growth of a luscious olive hard by. In the breezes of spring, the myrtle waved his leaves by the reluctant[c] laurel, while the fragrant wind of morning fanned the foliage of the leafy cypress. On the fig-tree, mother of sweets, and the juicy pomegranate, red fruit grew rich over purple fruit beside it, and apple flourished near apple. On the learned[d] leaves of Apollo's mournful iris was embroidered many a plant-grown word; and when Zephyros breathed through the flowery garden, Apollo turned a quick eye upon his young darling.

[a] Because the chaste Daphne (Laurel), who was turned into a tree to avoid Apollo, does not like Aphrodite's myrtle too near her.

[b] The iris knew his A B C, since his pattern was read as αἰ αἰ.

καί, φυτὸν ἡβητῆρος ἰδὼν δεδονημένον αὔραις,
δίσκου μνῆστιν ἔχων ἐλελίζετο, μή ποτε κούρῳ
ζηλήμων φθονέσειε καὶ ἐν πετάλοισιν ἀήτης,
εἰ ἐτεόν ποτε κεῖνον ἐπισπαίροντα κονίῃ
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν ἰδὼν δάκρυσεν Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ τύπος ἀνθεμόεις μορφώσατο δάκρυα Φοίβου
αἴλινον αὐτοκέλευστον ἐπιγράψας ὑακίνθῳ.
ὄρχατος ἔπλετο τοῖος ἐύσκιος· ἄγχι δὲ πηγὴ
δίστομος, ἔνθεν ἔην ναέταις ποτόν, ἔνθεν ἀλωεὺς
ἐξ ἀμάρης ὀχέτευε πολυσχιδὲς ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ
εἰς φυτὸν ἄλλο μετ' ἄλλο·
ῥόος δέ τις ὡς ἀπὸ Φοίβου
ἁβρὰ μελιζομένης ἐπεβόμβεε πυθμένι δάφνης.
καὶ πολὺς εὐποίητος ἐρεισάμενος πόδα πέτρῳ
χρύσεος ἵστατο κοῦρος, ἐναντία δαιτυμονήων
λαμπάδος ἑσπερίης τανύων ἐπιδόρπιον αἴγλην·
πολλαὶ δ' ἰσοτύπων μελέων τεχνήμονι σιγῇ
χάσμασι ποιητοῖσι σεσηρότος ἀνθερεῶνος
ψευδαλέων σκυλάκων στίχες ἔμφρονες ἄγχι θυράων
ἕστασαν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, καὶ ἀργυρέῳ κυνὶ γείτων
χρύσεος οἰδαίνοντι κύων συνυλάκτεε λαιμῷ
σαίνων ἠθάδα φῶτα· παραστείχοντι δὲ Κάδμῳ
μιμηλῆς ἀπέπεμπε βοῆς ξεινοσσόον Ἠχώ,
ποιητῆς δ' ἐλέλιζε φιλοστόργου τύπον οὐρῆς.
Ὄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Κάδμος ἐυστρέπτοιο προσώπου
ὄμματα δινεύων διεμέτρεε κῆπον ἀνάκτων
καὶ γλυφίδας καὶ κάλλος ὅλον γραπτοῖο μελάθρου,
λαϊνέων ὁρόων ἀμαρύγματα φαιδρὰ μετάλλων,
τόφρα δὲ καλλείψας ἀγορὴν καὶ νείκεα λαῶν,

---

[a] The boy Hyacinthos was beloved by Apollo; once while they were playing with quoits, the wind turned a quoit so that it struck and killed the boy. Later this

his yearning never satisfied; if he saw the plant beaten by the breezes, he remembered the quoit, and trembled for fear the wind, so jealous once about the boy, might hate him even in a leaf*; if it is true that Apollo once wept with those eyes that never wept, to see that boy writhing in the dust, and the pattern there on the flower traced its own "alas!" on the iris, and so figured the tears of Phoibos.

[165] Such was the shady garden. Hard by, a brook divided in two runnels; from this the people drew their drinking, from that the gardener cut up the water into many curving channels and carried it from plant to plant; one stream chuckled at the root of a laurel, as if Phoibos were singing a delicate tune to his Daphne.

[169] Within, well-wrought boys of gold stood on many pillars of stone, holding out torches before the banqueters to give them light for their dessert in the evening. Before the gates rows of dogs[†] stood on this side and that, not real yet intelligent, all modelled alike, silent works of art, snarling with gaping throats; then if a man came by whom they knew, golden dog by silver dog would bark with swelling throat and fawn upon him. So as Cadmos passed, Echo sent forth a sound like a welcome for a guest, and wagged the friendly shape of an artificial tail.

[189] While Cadmos had been moving his face about and turning his eyes to survey the royal garden, and saw the sculptures, and all the beauty of the hall with its paintings and bright sparkling precious stones, Eusthenios had left the market-place and the disputes of his people, and sat splendid upon the back of a

story grew into one where Zephyros and Apollo were rivals.

* See Hom. Od. vii. 91.

φαιδρὸς ἀερσιλόφοιο περὶ ῥάχιν ἥμενος ἵππου,
Ἠμαθίων Θρήισσαν ἔχων Σάμον, Ἄρεος ἕδρην,
μητέρος Ἠλέκτρης βασιλήιον εἰς δόμον ἔστη,
ὃς τότε μοῦνος ἄνασσε κασιγνήτοιο νομεύων
ἡνία κοιρανίης, ὅτι πάτριον οὖδας ἐάσας
Δάρδανος ἀντικέλευθον ἐνάσσατο πέζαν ἀρούρης,
Δαρδανίην εὔπυργον ἐπώνυμον ἄστυ χαράξας,
Ἰδαίην ἀροτῆρι διαγράψας κόνιν ὄλκῳ·
καὶ ῥόον Ἑπταπόροιο πιὼν καὶ χεύματα Ῥήσου
γνωτῷ κλῆρον ἔλειπεν ἔχειν καὶ σκῆπτρα Καβείρων.
Δάρδανος, Ἠμαθίωνος ἀδελφεός, ὃν Διὸς εὐναὶ
ἤροσαν, ὃν κομέεσκε Δίκη τροφός, εὖτε λαβοῦσαι
σκῆπτρα Διὸς καὶ πέπλα Χρόνου
καὶ ῥάβδον Ὀλύμπου
εἰς δόμον Ἠλέκτρης βασιληΐδος ἕδραμον Ὧραι
κοιρανίης ἀλύτοιο προμάντιες Αὐσονιήων
καὶ βρέφος ἐθρέψαντο, καὶ ἀτρέπτῳ Διὸς ὀμφῇ
κοῦρος ἀνασταχύων παλιναυξέος ἄνθεμον ἥβης
Ἠλέκτρης λίπεν οἶκον, ὅτε τριτάτου χύσις ὄμβρου
κύμασι πυργωθεῖσα κατέκλυσεν ἕδρανα κόσμου.
πρώτου γὰρ κελάδοντος ἐπειρήθη νιφετοῖο
Ὤγυγος ἠλιβάτοιο δι' ὕδατος αἰθέρα τέμνων,
χθὼν ὅτε κεύθετο πᾶσα κατάρρυτος, ἄκρα δὲ πέτρης
Θεσσαλίδος κεκάλυπτο, καὶ ὑψόθι Πυθιὰς ἄκρη
ἀγχινεφὴς νιφόεντι ῥόῳ κυμαίνετο πέτρη.
δεύτερος ὄμβρος ἔην, ὅτε κυκλάδος ἄντυγα γαίης
χεύματι λυσσήεντι κατέκρυφε δύσνιφον ὕδωρ,

[a] The Romans.

[b] Ogygos was ruler of the Theban territory when Lake Copais rose and flooded the land. Here the name is applied to the mountain height.

courser with arching neck. He was lord of Samothrace, the seat of Ares, having inherited the royal house of Electra his mother. At that time he was sole king, holding the reins of sovereignty which belonged to his brother Dardanus, who had left his native soil, and migrated to the soil of the continent opposite. There he had scored the dust of Ida with a plow-furrow, and marked the limits of Dardania, the fortified city which bore his name. So he drank the water of Scamander-streams and the flood of Rhesus, leaving the inheritance and the sceptre of the Cabeiroi to his brother.

[185] This Dardanus, Emathion's brother, was one whom the bed of Zeus had begotten, whom Justice nursed and cared for at the time when the Seasons ran to the mansion of Queen Electra, bearing the sceptre of Zeus, and the robe of Time, and the staff of Olympos, to prophesy the indissoluble dominion of the Assyrian race.[a] The Seasons brought up the baby; and by an irrevocable oracle of Zeus, the lad just sprouting the flower of recrescent youth left Electra's house, when for the third time a deluge of rain had flooded the world's foundations with towering billows.

[189] Ogygos[b] made proof of the first roaring deluge, as he cut the air through the high-climbing waters, when all the earth was hidden under the flood, when the tops of the Thessalian rocks were covered, when the summit of the Pythian rock near the clouds on high was bathed in the snow-cooled[a] flood. There was a second deluge, when tempestuous waters covered the circuit of the round earth in a furious flood, when

[a] Because it rose so high that it swept away the snow from the mountain-tops.

Δευκαλίων ὅτε μοῦνος ὁμόστολος ἥλικι Πύρρῃ
ὀλλυμένων μερόπων ἐνὶ λάρνακι κοιλάδι τέμνων
χεῦμα παλινδίνητον ἀτεκμάρτου νιφετοῖο
ἠέρος ὑδατόεντος ἅλιξ πορθμεύετο ναύτης.
καὶ τρίτατος Διὸς ὄμβρος ὅτε χθονὸς ἔκλυσεν ἕδρην
καὶ σκοπέλους ἔκρυψεν, Ἀθωιάδος δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
ἄβροχα Σιθονίης ἐκαλύπτετο νῶτα κολώνης,
ὑψιπόρου τότε χεῦμα διασχίζων νιφετοῖο
Δάρδανος ἀρχαίης ἐπεβήσατο γείτονος Ἴδης.
τοῦ τότε Σιθονίης χιονώδεος ἀρχὸς ἀρούρης
σύγγονος Ἠμαθίων ἀγορὴν βαρύδουπον ἐάσας
θάμβεεν ἀνέρος εἶδος, ἐπεί νύ οἱ ἔμφυτος ἥβη
ἠνορέην καὶ κάλλος ἐμίγνυε σύζυγι μορφῇ.
θάμβεε τηλίκον εἶδος· ἀριφραδέων γὰρ ἀνάκτων
αὐτόματοι κήρυκες ἀναιδέες εἰσὶν ὀπωπαί.
καί μιν ἑλὼν ξείνισσε, σὺν Ἠλέκτρῃ δὲ καμούσῃ[1]
αἰόλα πιαλέης ἐπεκόσμεε δεῖπνα τραπέζης,
ξεῖνον ὑποσσαίνων φιλίῳ καὶ ἀμεμφέι μύθῳ,
πολλὰ τιθείς. ὁ δὲ κυφὸν ἐπ' οὔδεος αὐχένα κάμψας
ἀμφιπόλων ἀπάνευθεν ἀθελγέας εἷλκεν ὀπωπάς,
καὶ μόλις εἰλαπίναζε· φιλοξείνοιο δὲ νύμφης
ἑζομένης ἀντωπὸς ὑποκλέπτοντι προσώπῳ
αἰδομένην ἐτίταινε σαόφρονα χεῖρα τραπέζῃ.
Τοῖσι δὲ δαινυμένοισιν ἐπήτριμος ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
ἔμπνοος ἐσμαράγησε δόναξ Κορυβαντίδος Ἴδης·
ἐκ δὲ πολυτρήτοιο πόρου σκιρτήματι χειρῶν
σύνθροον ἐκρούσαντο μέλος μυκήτορος αὐλοῦ
δάκτυλοι ὀρχηστῆρες ἐπιθλίβοντες ἀοιδήν·

[1] LM θανούσῃ, Ludwich καμούσῃ comparing iv. 224. There are many conjectures.

---

[a] Sithonia is the promontory west of Athos.

all mortal men perished, and Deucalion alone with his mate Pyrrha in a hollow ark cutting the swirling flood of infinite deluge went on his eddying voyage through the air turned water.

213 When the third time rain from Zeus flooded the solid earth and covered the hills, and even the unwetted slopes of Sithonia with Mount Athos itself,[a] then Dardanos, cutting through the stream of the uplifted flood, landed on the ancient mountain of Ida his neighbour.

220 It was his brother Emathion, ruler of the snowy Sithonian land, who left the noisy market-place, and stood amazed at the hero's looks; for the youthful grace inborn in him mingled manliness and beauty with a form to match. The prince was amazed at such noble looks; for the eyes of prudent kings are instinctive heralds, although the ear cannot hear them. He received the guest with a welcome; then, while Electra toiled to help him, he provided a rich table of fine fare, flattering his guest with friendly address that left nothing to be desired; for it was a bounteous feast. But Cadmos bent his neck towards the ground, and hid looks of disquiet from the attendants, and hardly touched the banquet. He sat opposite the hospitable lady, but scarce stealing a glance at her served himself with a modest and timid hand.

234 As they feasted, the breathing reeds of Corybantic Ida resounded one after another in succession; the players' hands skipt along the riddled run of the trotting pipe, and the fingers beat out their tune in cadence, dancing and pressing the sound[b]; the

[a] The words might equally mean: "the dancing Dactyls with leaping hands pressed out the tune"; the Dactyls being the Corybants of Ida.

καὶ τροχαλοῖς κροτέοντα τινάγμασι σύνθροον ἠχὼ
κύμβαλα βομβήεντα συνέκτυπε δίζυγι χαλκῷ
συμφερτοῖς δονάκεσσιν· ὑπὸ πλήκτρῳ δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
ὄρθιος ἑπτατόνοιο λύρης ἐλελίζετο χορδή.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ μετὰ δαῖτα
κορέσσατο Βίστονος αὐλοῦ,
εἰρομένῃ πελάσας φιλοπευθεῖ θῶκον ἀνάσσῃ
Κάδμος ἁλιπλάγκτοιο μεληδόνος οἶστρον ἐάσας,
φαιδρὸν ἑὸν γένος εἶπε, καὶ ἀενάων στίχα μύθων
οἰγομένου κρουνηδὸν ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος·
"Νύμφα φίλη, τί με τόσσον ἀνείρεαι
αἷμα γενέθλης;
ὠκυμόρων μερόπων γενεὴν φύλλοισιν ἐίσκω·
φύλλα τὰ μὲν κατέχευαν ἐπὶ χθονὶ θυιάδες αὔραι
ὥρης ἱσταμένης φθινοπωρίδος, ἄλλα δὲ καιρῷ
εἰαρινῷ κομέουσι τεθηλότα δενδράδες ὕλαι·
ὣς βροτέη γενεὴ μινυώριος ἡ μὲν ὀλέθρῳ
δάμναται ἱππεύσασα βίου δρόμον, ἡ δ' ἔτι θάλλει,
ἄλλῃ ὅπως εἴξειεν· ἐπεὶ παλινάγρετος ἕρπων
εἰς νέον ἐκ πολιοῖο ῥέει μορφούμενος αἰών.
Ἀλλ' ἐρέω περίπυστον ἐμὴν εὔπαιδα γενέθλην·
ἔστι πόλις, κλυτὸν Ἄργος, ἐδέθλιον ἵππιον Ἥρης,
νήσου Τανταλίδαο μεσόμφαλος· ἔνθα δὲ κούρην
θηλυτόκοις ἔσπειρε γοναῖς εὐπάρθενον ἀνὴρ
Ἴναχος, Ἰναχίης ὀνομάκλυτος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
νηοπόλος, καὶ φρικτὰ πολισσούχοιο θεαίνης
ὄργια βυσσοδόμευε θεηγόρα μύστιδι τέχνῃ
πρεσβυγενής· καὶ Ζῆνα, θεῶν πρόμον,
ὄρχαμον ἄστρων,
γαμβρὸν ἔχειν ἀπέειπε,
σέβας πεφυλαγμένος Ἥρης, . . .

* An imitation of Hom. *Il.* vi. 145.

clanging cymbals in brazen pairs struck ringing blows running in cadence with the sets of reeds: the harp itself with its seven strings twangled aloud under the quill.

[243] But after the banquet, when Cadmos had had enough of the Bistonian pipe, he drew his seat nearer to the queen, who questioned him with great curiosity. He left aside the fever of his sorrowful sea-wanderings, and spoke of his illustrious lineage: the words poured in ceaseless flow like a fountain from his open lips.

[249] "Beloved lady, why do you ask me thus of my blood and breeding? I liken the swift-passing generations of mortal man to the leaves. Some leaves the wild winds scatter over the earth when autumn season comes; others the woodland trees grow on their bushy heads in spring-time. Such are the generations of men, short-lived: one rides life's course, until death brings it low; one still flourishes, only to give place to another: for time moves ever back upon itself, changing form as it flows from hoary age to youth."

[257] "But I will tell you my lineage with its noble sons. There is a city Argos, famous for horses, and Hera's habitation, the midnipple of the island of Tantalides.[a] There a man begat a daughter, and a beautiful daughter,—Inachos, famed burgher of the land Inachian. A templeman he was, and brooded over the awful rites that spoke the voice of the divine cityholder, he chief and eldest in practice of her mysteries: aye, he refused to wed his daughter to Zeus lord of the gods, leader of the stars, all for reverence of Hera . . . at the time when Io changed

[a] Peloponnese: Pelops was son of Tantalos.

ταυροφυὴς ὅτε πόρτις ἀμειβομένου προσώπου
εἰς ἀγέλην ἄγραυλον ἐλαύνετο σύντομος Ἰώ,
καὶ δαμάλης ἄγρυπνον ἐθήκατο βουκόλων Ἥρη
ποικίλον, ἁπλανέεσσι κεκασμένον Ἄργον ὀπωπαῖς,
Ζηνὸς ὀπιπευτῆρα βοοκραίρων ὑμεναίων,
Ζηνὸς ἀθηήτοιο, καὶ εἰς νομὸν ἦμε κούρη
ὀφθαλμοὺς τρομέουσα πολυηλήιον νομῆος·
γυιοβόρον δὲ μύωπι χαρασσομένη δέρας Ἰὼ
Ἰονίης ἀλὸς οἶδμα κατέγραφε φοιτάδι χηλῇ
ἦλθε καὶ εἰς Αἴγυπτον, ἐμὸν ῥόον,—ὦ πολύφωτε
Νεῖλον ἐφημίξαντο φαρώνυμοι, οὔνεκα γαίῃ
εἰς ἕτος ἐξ ἔτεος πεφορημένος ὑγρὸς ἀκοίτης
χεύμασι πηλώεντι νέην περιβάλλεται Διώ,—
ἦλυθεν εἰς Αἴγυπτον, ὅτῃ βοέην μετὰ μορφὴν
δαιμονίης ὖδαλμα μεταλλίξησι κεραίης
ἔσκε θεὰ φερέκαρπος· ἀνιπτομένου δὲ κιρπεοῦ
Αἰγυπτίης Δήμητρος, ἐμῆς κεραελκέος Ἰοῦς,
εὐόδμοις ὁμόφοιτος ἐλίσσεται ἀτμὸς ἀήταις.
ἔνθ' Ἔπαφον Διὶ τίκτεν, ἀκηρασίων ὅτι κάλπιν
Ἰναχίης δαμάλης ἐπαφήσατο θεῖος ἀκοίτης
χερσὶν ἐρωμανέεσσι· θεηγενέος δὲ τοκῆος
ἐξ Ἐπάφου Λιβύη· Λιβύης δ' ἐπὶ παστὸν ὀδεύων
Μέμφιδος ἄχρις ἵκανε Ποσειδάωνος μετανίστης,
παρθένον ἰχνεύων Ἐπαφηίδα, καὶ τότε κούρη
δεξαμένη ναετῆρα βιβλοῦ χερσαῖον ἐδίτην
Ζῆνα Λίβυν τέκε Βῆλον, ἐμῆς ἀροτῆρα γενέθλης,
καὶ Διὸς Ἀσβύσταο νέην ἀντίρροπον ἀμφὶς
Χαονίῃ βοόωσι πελειάδι διφάδες ἄρμοι
μαντιπόλοι· πέμπτῳ δὲ πατὴρ ἰσόμετρον ἀριθμῷ

her face and became a cattleshaped heifer; when she was driven to pasture along with the herd of kine; when Hera made sleepless Argos herdsman to that calf—spotted Argos, covered with unwavering eyes. He was to watch the horned bride of Zeus, Zeus whom eye may not see. To pasture went the girl Io, trembling at the eyes of her busy-prepng drover; then pierced by the limb-gnawing gadfly, she soared the gulf of the Ionian sea with travelling hoof. She came as far as Aigyptos, my own river, which my people have called Neilos by name, because year by year that watery consort covers Earth with new slime by its muddy flood*—she came as far as Aigyptos, where after her cow's form, after putting off the horned image ordained by heaven, she became a goddess of fruitful crops; when the fruit starts up, the fruit of Egyptian Demeter my stronghorned Io, scented vapour is carried around by the fragrant breezes. There she brought forth Epaphos the Toucher to Zeus, so called because the divine bedfellow with love-mad hands touched the invidate breasts of the heifer child of Inachos. Epaphos the god-begotten was father of Libya; to Libya's bower came Poseidaon on his travels, migrating as far as Memphis in search of Epaphos's maiden daughter. There the girl received the denizen of the deep, now a traveller by land, and brought forth Belos the Libyan Zeus, the husbandman of my family. And now the new voice of Zeus Asbystes which the thirsty sands give forth in soothsaying is equal to the Chaonian dove.† Belos was father of a numerous

* As if Neilos were ὁ ἀεὶ Νεὸς Ἴλυς, New Slime.

† Asbystis is Libya: Zeus Ammon is meant. The two priestesses of the oracle of Zeus at Dodona were called Doves.

Βῆλος ἐπασσυτέρην γενεὴν σπερμήνατο παίδων,
Φινέα καὶ Φοίνικα λιπόπτολιν, οἷς ἅμα θάλλων
ἀστὸς ἀμοιβαίων πολίων περίφοιτος Ἀγήνωρ
ἀσταθέος βιότοιο, πατὴρ ἐμός, εἶχε πορείην
εἰς Θήβην μετὰ Μέμφιν, ἐς Ἀσσυρίην μετὰ Θήβην,
καὶ σοφὸς Αἰγυπτίης ναέτης Αἴγυπτος ἀρούρης
αἰνοτόκος πολύτεκνος, ὃς ἀρσενόπαιδι γενέθλῃ
ἥρμοσε τοσσατίων μινυώρια πότμα παίδων,
καὶ Δαναὸς λιπόπατρις, ὃς ὥπλισεν ἄρσενι φύτλῃ
θῆλυ γένος ταχινὸν γάμιον ξίφος, ὁππότε παστοὶ
αἵματι φοινίσσοντο δαϊζομένων ὑμεναίων,
καὶ κρυφίοις ξιφέεσσι σιδηροφόρων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
ἄρσενα γυμνὸν Ἄρηα κατεύνασε θῆλυς Ἐνυώ·
οὐ μὲν Ὑπερμνήστρη κακονύμφιον εἴκαθεν ἔργον,
ἀλλὰ παρωσαμένη δυσπένθερα θεσμὰ τοκῆος
ἠερίῃ πατρῷον ἐπέτρεπε μῦθον ἀέλλῃ,
καὶ καθαρὴν ἐφύλαξεν ἀναίμονα χεῖρα σιδήρου·
ἔπλετο δ' ἀμφοτέρων ὅσιος γάμος. ἀρτιθαλῆ δὲ
γνωτὴν ἡμετέρην θρασὺς ἥρπασε ταῦρος ἀλήτης,
εἰ ἐτεὸν πέλε ταῦρος· ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ οἶδα πιθέσθαι,
εἰ βόες ἱμείρουσι γυναικείων ὑμεναίων.
καί με κασιγνήτοισιν ὁμήλικα πέμψεν Ἀγήνωρ
σύγγονον ἰχνεύοντα καὶ ἄγριον ἅρπαγα νύμφης,
ταῦρον ἀκυμάντοιο νόθον πλωτῆρα θαλάσσης,
οὗ χάριν ἀστήρικτος ἀλώμενος ἐνθάδε βαίνω."
Τοῖα μὲν εὐσύριγγος ἔσω μυθεῖτο μελάθρου
Κάδμος ἐυγλώσσοιο χέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνος,
πατρῴης ἐνέπων τεκνοσσόον οἶστρον ἀπειλῆς
καὶ Τυρίων ῥοθίων ψευδήμονα ταῦρον ὁδίτην,

[a] Phineus was his brother in ii. 686.
[b] The fifty sons of Aigyptos married the fifty daughters

family of children, as many as five: Phineus,[2] and Phoinix who went abroad; with them grew up Agenor, who flitted from city to city and belonged to each in turn, a man of unstable life, my father—he travelled to Thebes after Memphis, to Assyria after Thebes. Then there was the wise Aigyptos, who lived on Egyptian soil, ill-fated father of many children, who begat all those flocks of short-lived sons; and Danaos who went abroad, who armed his daughters against that family of men, and drew a wedding-sword, when the marriage-chambers were reddened with blood of the murdered bridegrooms,[3] and with secret swords on armed beds, Envo the female bedded Ares the male naked and helpless.

320 "Nay, but Hypermnestra was displeased with this bridal crime. She thrust away her father's commands,—that bad goodfather! she let the winds carry his words away, and kept her hand clean from blood and steel: these two consummated a proper wedlock. But our sister[4] in her youthful bloom was ravished away by a bold vagabond bull, if bull he really was; but I do not know how to believe it if bulls desire marriage with a woman. And Agenor sent me along with my brothers to track our sister and the girl's wild robber, that bull the bastard voyager over a waveless sea. That is why my random journeying brings me here."

330 Such was the tale of Cadmos in the cloistered palace: the words poured from his eloquent lips, as he told the sting of a father's threat when he would urge on his children, and the counterfeit bull travelling the Tyrian surf, the ravisher of the Sidonian

[2] Danaos, of whom all but one killed her husband on the wedding night. [3] Europa.

Σιδονίης ἀκίχητον ἀπευθέος ἅρπαγα νύμφης·
Ἠλέκτρη δ' ἀίουσα παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν·
"Ξεῖνε, κασιγνήτην καὶ πατρίδα καὶ γενετῆρα
Ληθαίῃ στροφάλιγγι καὶ ἀμνήστῳ πόρε σιγῇ·
οὕτω γὰρ μερόπων φέρεται βίος ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
μόχθον ἔχων, ὅτι πάντες,
ὅσους βροτέη τέκε γαστήρ,
Μοιριδίου κλωστῆρος ἐδουλώθησαν ἀνάγκῃ.
μάρτυς ἐγώ, βασίλεια καὶ εἰ πέλον, εἴ ποτε κείνων
Πληιάδων γενόμην καὶ ἐγὼ μία, τῶν ποτε μήτηρ
θηλυτέρας ὠδῖνας ἔσω μαιώσατο κόλπον,
ἑπτάκις Εἰλείθυιαν ἐῇ καλέσασα λοχείῃ
κέντρον ἐλαφρίζουσαν ἀμοιβαίου τοκετοῖο,
μάρτυς ἐγώ· πατέρων γὰρ ἀπόπροθι δώματα ναίω,
οὐ Στεροπήν, οὐ Μαῖαν ὁμόστολον, οὐδὲ Κελαινὼ
σύγγονον ἐγγὺς ἔχουσα συνέστιον· οὐδ' ἔνι κόλπῳ
γνωτῆς Τηϋγέτης Λακεδαίμονα δίζυγι παλμῷ
παιδοκόμῳ πήχυνα γεγηθότα κοῦρον ἀγοστῷ·
οὐ σχεδὸν Ἀλκυόνης ὁρόω δόμον, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
φθεγγομένης Μερόπης φρενοτερπέα μῦθον ἀκούω.
πρὸς δ' ἔτι καὶ τόδε μᾶλλον ὀδύρομαι·
ἀρτιθαλὴς γὰρ
υἱὸς ἐμὸς λιπόπατρις, ὅτε χνόον ἔσχεν ἰούλων,
Δάρδανος Ἰδαίης μετανάσσατο κόλπον ἀρούρης,
καὶ Φρυγίῳ Σιμόεντι θαλύσια δῶκε κομάων
Θυμβραίου ποταμοῖο πιῶν ἀλλότριον ὕδωρ·
καὶ Λιβύης παρὰ τέρμα πατὴρ ἐμὸς εἰσέτι κάμνει
ὤμοις θλιβομένοισι, γέρων κυρτούμενος Ἄτλας,
αἰθέρος ἑπτάζωνον ἀερτάζων κενεῶνα.

bride, no catching the ravisher, no news of the bride. When Electra heard, she answered in words of consolation:

328 "My guest, let sister and country and father pass into the whirlpool of Forgetfulness and unremembering silence! For this is the way men's life runs on, bringing trouble upon trouble; since all that are born of mortal womb are slaves by necessity to Fate the Spinner. I am witness, queen though I am, if I was ever born myself one of those Pleiads, seven girls whom our mother once carried under her heart in labour, seven times having called Eileithyia at her lying-in to lighten the pangs of birth after birth—I am witness! for my house is far from my father's; no Sterope[a] is near me, no Maia[a] my companion, nor sister Celaino[a] beside me at my hearth; I have not dandled up and down sister Taygete's Lacedaimon[b] at my breast nor held the merry boy on my cherishing arm; I do not see Alcyone's[a] house hard by, or hear Merope[a] herself speak some heart-warming word! Here is something besides which I lament even more—in the bloom of his youth my own son has left his home, just when the down was on his cheek, my Dardanos has gone abroad to the bosom of the Idaian land; he has given the first-ling crop of his hair to Phrygian Simois, and drunk the alien water of river Thymbrios.[c] And away by the boundary of Libya my father still suffers hardship, old Atlas with chafing shoulders bowed, upholding the seven-zoned vault of the sky.

[a] Names of the other Pleiads.

[b] Taygete the Pleiad is the nymph of Mount Taygetos near Sparta, and her son the eponym of Lacedaimon, the district in which Sparta lies.

[c] A stream then flowing into the Scamandros.

ἔμπης τόσσα παθοῦσα παρήγορον ἐλπίδα βόσκω
Ζηνὸς ὑποσχεσίῃσιν, ὅτι γνωτῇσι σὺν ἄλλαις
ἐκ χθονὸς Ἀτλάντειον ἐλεύσομαι εἰς πόλον ἄστρων
οὐρανὸν οἶκον ἔχουσα, καὶ ἔσσομαι ἕβδομος ἀστήρ.
καὶ σὺ τεὰς πρήυνε μεληδόνας· ἀπροϊδὴς δὲ
εἰς σὲ βιοπλάγκτοιο τύχης στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδων
φρικτὸς ἀκινήτοιο μίτος σφρηγίσσατο Μοίρης·
τλῆθι φέρειν λιπόπατρις ἀκαμπέα δεσμὸν ἀνάγκης,
ἐσσομένων προκέλευθον ὑπέρτερον ἐλπίδα βόσκων,
εἰ γένος ἐρρίζωσε τεὸν πρωτόσπορος Ἰώ,
εἰ λάχες ἐκ Λιβύης Ποσιδήιον αἷμα γενέθλης·
μίμνε παρ' ὀθνείοις, ἅτε Δάρδανος, οἰκία ναίων,
ναιετάων ξένον ἄστυ, πατὴρ τεὸς ὥς περ Ἀγήνωρ,
ὡς Δαναὸς γενετῆρος ἀδελφεός· ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
ἄλλος ἀνὴρ φερέοικος ἔχων γένος ἔνθεον Ἰοῦς,
αἰθέριον βλάστημα Διιπετές, οὔνομα Βύζας,
αὐτογόνου Νείλοιο πιὼν ἑπτάστομον ὕδωρ
γείτονα γαῖαν ἔνειμεν, ὅπῃ παρὰ Βόσπορον ἀκτὴν
Ἰναχίῃ δαμάλῃ πεπερημένον ἕλκεται ὕδωρ,
πᾶσι περικτιόνεσσι τιθεὶς φάος, ὁππότε κείνου
ἀκλινέος δόχμωσε μεμηνότος αὐχένα ταύρου.[a]
Εἶπεν Ἀγηνορίδαο κατευνάζουσα μερίμνας.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ προέηκε τανύπτερον υἱέα Μαίης
εἰς δόμον Ἠλέκτρης ταχὺν ἄγγελον, ὄφρά κε Κάδμῳ
Ἁρμονίην ὀπάσειεν ἐς ἁρμονίην ὑμεναίων,
παρθένον οὐρανόθεν μετανάστιον, ἣν Ἀφροδίτης
λαθριδίῃ φιλότητι γαμοκλόπος ἤροσεν Ἄρης·

[a] Carryhouse was the peasant's name for a snail, Hesiod, *Works and Days* 569; Herodotus uses the word for the Scythian nomads, iv. 46.

[b] Byzas, son of Poseidon and Ceroessa, daughter of Zeus and Io. He was founder of Byzantium. Nothing is known of the story of the mad bull.

351 "Still and all with these great sufferings I feed a comfortable hope, by the promises of Zeus, that with my other sisters I shall pass from the earth to the stars' Atlantean vault, and dwell in heaven myself a star with my sisters six. Then do you too calm your own sorrows. Unforeseen, for you also the terrible thread of Fate immovable is rolling the eddy of your wandering lot of life, and the seal is set. Have a heart to endure in exile the unbending shackle of necessity, and feed the prevailing hope which foreruns things to come, if lo with the first seed has rooted your race, if you have got from Libya Poseidon's blood in your family. Abide among foreigners like Dardanos, there make your home; dwell in a city of strangers like your own father Agenor, like Danaos your father's brother. For another man also who carried his home on his back,[1] one of the divine stock of Io, a heavenly sprout dropt from Zeus, named Byzas,[2] who had drunk the seven-mouth water of self-begotten Nile, inhabited the neighbouring land, where along the Bosporos shore flows the water once traversed by the Inachian heifer.[3] To all these who dwelt about he showed a light, when he had turned aside the neck of that mad bull unbending."

372 So she spoke, lulling to sleep the anxieties of Cadmos.

373 But Father Zeus sent his quick messenger Maia's son[4] on outspread wings to Elektra's house, that he might offer Harmonia to Cadmos for the harmony of wedlock—that maiden immigrant from heaven, whom Ares the wife-thief begat in secret love with Aphro-

[1] Io, see above, 264 ff. [2] Hermes.

καὶ βρέφος αἰδομένη κρυφίης αὐτάγγελον εὐνῆς
μήτηρ οὐκ ἀτίταλλεν, ἀπ' αἰθερίοιο δὲ κόλπου
πήχεϊ κεκλιμένην ἐπιμάζιον ἤγαγε κούρην
εἰς δόμον Ἠλέκτρης μαιήιον, ἧς τόκον Ὧραι
ὑγρὸν ἐμαιώσαντο λεχωΐδες, ἧς ἔτι πυκνοὶ
ἀργεννὴν σφριγόωντες ἀνέβλυον ἰκμάδα μαζοί·
δεξαμένη δὲ θύγατρα νόθην ἰσόζυγι θεσμῷ
σύγχρονον Ἡμαθίωνος ἐνὶ ξυνώσατο μαζῷ
κούρην ἀρτιλόχευτον, ὁμοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
διχθαδίην θρεπτῆρι γονὴν κούφιζεν ἀγωστῷ.
ὡς δέ τις ἀγροτέρη διδυμητόκος ἔνδοθι λόχμης
λαχνήεσσα λέαινα γαλαξαίῃσιν ἐέρσαις
σκύμνοις ἀμφοτέροις διδυμάονας ἤρμοσε μαζοὺς
καὶ διδύμοις τεκέεσσι μεριζομένην πόρε θηλήν,
καὶ χρόα λιχμάζουσα καὶ ἄτριχον εἰσέτι δειρὴν
ἰσοτύποις κομιδῇσιν ἀνέτρεφεν ἥλικα φύτλην·
ὣς τότε παιδοκόμῳ φιλίῃ μαιώσατο θηλῇ
ἀρτιγόνων μεθέπουσα συνωρίδα δίζυγα τέκνων·
πολλάκι νήπιον υἷα συνέμπορον ἥλικι κούρῃ
πίονος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα μετάτροπον ἰκμάδι μαζοῦ
πεπταμένης πήχυνε φιλήτορι χειρὸς ἀγωστῷ·
γούνασι δ' ἄρσενα παῖδα συνίδρυε θήλεϊ κούρῃ,
μηρὸν ἐφαπλώσασα κεχηνότα γείτονι μηρῷ,
κόλπον ἀνευρύνουσα βαθυνομένοιο χιτῶνος·
καὶ τεκέων κλάζουσα μέλος θελκτήριον ὕπνου
ἀμφοτέρους εὕδοντας ἐκοίμισε μαιάδι τέχνῃ,
πῆχυν ὑποστορέσασα συνήορον αὐχένι παίδων,
καὶ σφισι λέκτρον ἔθηκεν ἑὸν γόνυ, διχθαδίῳ δὲ
φάρεος ἄκρον ἕλισσε διαιθύσσουσα προσώπῳ,
τέκνα καταψύχουσα, καὶ ἔσβεσε καύματος ὁρμὴν
ἀντίτυπον φύσημα χέων ποιητὸς ἀήτης.

dite.* The mother did not nurse it—she was ashamed of the baby which told its own tale of the furtive bed: but away from the bosom of the sky she carried the suckling, lying in her arm, to the fostering house of Electra, when the childbed Seasons had just delivered her baby still wet, when her breasts were tight and swollen with the gushing white sap. Electra received the bastard daughter with equal rights, and joined the newborn girl on one breast with her newborn Emathion, held with equal love and care her two different nurslings in her arm. As a shaggy lioness of the wilds, mother of twin young sucking-cubs in the jungle, with her milky dew fits twin teats to the pair of cubs, and gives her twin young each a share of her teats, and licks their skin and the neck as yet hairless, nursing the young birthmates with equal care: so Electra then with loving breast foster-mothered her brace of newborn babes, the boy and girl, and cherished them with equal care. Often she pressed to her with open hand and loving arm her baby son and his age-mate girl, on this side and that taking turns of the sap from her rich breast; and she set on her knees the manly boy with the womanly girl, letting out the fold of her lowered gown so as to join thigh parted wide from neighbour thigh; or singing songs for a sleep-charm, lulled both her babies to slumber with foster-mother's art, while she stretched her arm enclosing the children's necks, made her own knee their bed, fluttered the flap of her garment fanning the two faces, to keep the little ones cool, and quenched the waves of heat as the hand-made wind poured out its breath against it.

* See Hom. *Od.* viii. 266 ff.

Ὄφρα μὲν ἕζετο Κάδμος
ἐχέφρονος ἐγγὺς ἀνάσσης,
τόφρα λαθὼν πυλαωρὸν ἐῷ λησίστορι ταρσῷ
ἀπροϊδὴς ἀκίχητος ἐς οἶκον ἦιεν Ἐρμῆς
εἴκελος ἡιθέῳ· ῥοδέῳ δέ οἱ ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
ἀσκεπέος κεχάλαστο παρήορος ὅλκος ἐθείρης
ἀμφιλαφής, στέφας δὲ νεότριχος ἄκρα παρειὴς
λεπτὸς ἀεξομένων ἐρυθαίνετο κύκλος ἰούλων
ἀρτιφυὴς ἑκάτερθε περιδρομος· οἷα δὲ κῆρις
ἠθάδα μάξδον ἄειρεν· ἀληίτῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
ἐκ κεφαλῆς νεφέεσσι κεκασμένος εἰς σφέας ἄκρους
πιαλέης ἐκίχησε πεπαιμένα δεῖπνα τραπέζης·
οὐδέ μιν Ἡμαθίων σχεδὸν ἔδρακεν, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
Ἁρμονίη καὶ Κάδμος ὁμέστιος, οὐ χαρὸς ἀνδρῶν
δούλιος· Ἠλέκτρῃ δὲ θεοειδέϊ φαίνετο μούνῃ
Ἑρμῆς ποικιλόμυθος· ἑλὼν δέ μιν εἰς μυχὸν αἴσης
ἀπροϊδὴς ὁάριζε καὶ ἀνδρομέῃ φάτο φωνῇ·

"Μητροκασιγνήτῃ, Διὸς εὐνέτι, χαῖρε, γυναικῶν
πασάων μετόπισθε μακαρτάτη, ὅττι Κρονίωνι
κοιρανίην κόσμοιο τοῖς τεκέεσσι φιλώσαις,
καὶ χθονὸς ἄστεα πάντα κυβερνήσεις σέο φύτλῃ,
ἕδνα τεῆς φιλότητος, ἐμῇ δ' ἅμα μητέρι Μαίῃ
ἄστρασιν ἑπταπόροισι συναστράψειας Ὀλύμπῳ
σύνδρομος Ἠελίοιο, συναντέλλουσα Σελήνῃ.
εἰμὶ τεῆς, φιλότεκνε, γονῆς ἐμφύλιος Ἑρμῆς,
ἄγγελος ἀθανάτων ταννσίπτερος, οὐρανόθεν δὲ
ξείνιος ὑψιμέδων με τεὸς προέηκεν ἀκοίτης
ἀμφὶ τεοῦ ξείνοιο θεοειδέος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
πείθεο σῷ Κρονίωνι, καὶ Ἁρμονίην σέο κούρην
πέμπε μολεῖν ἀνάεδνον ὁμόστολον ἥλικι Κάδμῳ,
καὶ Διὶ καὶ μακάρεσσι χαρίζεο· τειρομένους γὰρ

409 While Cadmos sat near the prudent queen, into the house came Hermes in the shape of a young man, unforeseen, uncaught, eluding the doorkeeper with his robber's foot. About his rosy face on both sides locks of hair uncovered hung loose. A light bloom of ruddy down ran about the edge of his round cheeks on either side, fresh young hair newly grown. Like a herald, he held his rod as usual. Wrapt in cloud from head to toe, with face unseen he reached the rich table when the meal was at an end. Emathion saw him not though close at hand, nor did Harmonia herself and Cadmos at her board, nor the company of serving men; only god-fearing Electra perceived Hermes the eloquent. Into a corner of the house he led her in surprise to tell his secrets, and spoke in the language of men:

420 "Good be with you, my mother's sister, bedfellow of Zeus! Most blessed of all women that shall be hereafter, because Cronion keeps the lordship of the world for your children, and your stock shall steer all the cities of the earth! [a] This is the dower of your love. And along with Maia my mother you shall shine with the Seven Stars in the sky, running your course with Helios, rising with Selene. Children's friend, I am Hermes, one of your own family, wing-spreading Messenger of the immortals. From heaven I have been sent by your bedfellow, the guests' protector [b] ruling in the heights, on behalf of your own god-fearing guest. Then do you also obey your Cronion, and let your daughter Harmonia go along with her yearsmate Cadmos as his bride, without asking for bridal gifts. Grant this grace to Zeus and the Blessed ones; for when the immortals

[a] The Romans. [b] Zeus Xenios.

ἀθανάτους ὁ ξεῖνος ἅλους ἐσάωσεν ἀείδων·
οὗτος ἀνὴρ μογέοντι τεῷ χραίσμησεν ἀκοίτῃ,
οὗτος ἀνὴρ ἐπέτασσεν ἐλεύθερον ἦμαρ Ὀλύμπῳ,
μή σε τεὴ θέλξειε γόῳ φιλομήτορι κούρῃ·
ἀλλά μιν εἰς ὑμέναιον ἀλεξικάκῳ πόρε Κάδμῳ
πειθομένῃ Κρονίωνι καὶ Ἄρεϊ καὶ Κυθερείῃ."

were in distress, this stranger saved them all by his music.* This man has helped your bedfellow in trouble, this man has opened the day of freedom for Olympus! Let not your girl bewitch you with mother-loving groans, but give her in marriage to Cadmos our Saviour, in obedience to Cronion and Ares and Cytherein."

* See bk. i.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΤΑΡΤΟΝ

Ἰχνεύων δὲ τέταρτον ὑπὲρ πόντοιο νομῆας
Ἁρμονίην πλώουσαν ὁμόστολον ἤλυθε Κάδμῳ.

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐς Ὄλυμπον ἐΰρραπις ἦεν Ἑρμῆς
αἰθύσσων πτερὰ κοῦφα, τιταινομένων δὲ πεδίλων
σύνδρομος ἠερίοισιν ἐράσσετο ταρσὸς ἀήταις.
οὐδὲ γυνὴ Θρῄσσα, κυβερνήτειρα Καβείρων, . . .[1]
ἀλλὰ Διὸς σέβας εἶχε, καὶ Ἄρεος ἄζυγι κούρῃ
ὄρθια δινεύουσα νοήμονι δάκτυλα παλμῷ
Ἁρμονίην ἐκέλευσε τύπῳ τεχνήμονι φωνῆς·
ἡ δὲ τιταινομένη βλεφάρων ἀντώπιον αἴγλην
Ἠλέκτρης ἀγέλαστον ἐδέρκετο κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,
καὶ βαθὺν ἀφράστοιο νεόσσυτον ὄγκον ἀνίης
σιγαλέαι κήρυκες ἐμαντεύοντο παρειαί.
παρθενικὴ δ' ἀνέπαλτο καὶ ὠμάρτησε τεκούσῃ
εἰς δόμον αἰπύμητον· ἀναπτύξασα δὲ μήτηρ
ἐπταμύχου θαλάμοιο πολυσφρίγιστον ὀχῆα
λάινον οὐδὸν ἄμειψε· φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
ἄστατα ταρβαλέης ἐλελίζετο γούνατα νύμφης·
καὶ παλάμην ῥοδόπηχυν ἑῆς ἀνακούφισε κούρης

[1] A line has dropt out, having the sense suggested in the text.

[a] Because she was queen of Samothrace, of which the Cabeiroi are the gods.

BOOK IV

Tracking the fourth over the deep, you will see Harmonia sailing together with her age-mate Cadmos.

With these words, Fincrod Hermes departed, fanning his light wings, and the flat of his extended shoes oared him as quick as the winds of heaven in their course. Nor did the Thracian lady, the pilot of the Cabeiroi,[a] (disobey his bidding); but she had respect to Zeus, and curving her extended fingers with a significant movement towards Ares' unwedded daughter, she beckoned Harmonia by this clever imitation of speech.[b] The other strained the answering gleam from her eyelids, and saw the round of Electra's face unsmiling, as her cheeks like silent heralds boded the heavy load of a new unspoken distress.

[12] The maiden leapt up and followed her mother into her high-built chamber. Her mother rolled back the bolt of a sevennookshotten chamber sealed with many seals, and crossed the doorstone; her knees trembled restlessly in loving anxiety and fear. She caught and lifted the girl's hand and rosy arm with

[a] The Eastern mode of beckoning; not with one finger upwards, but the whole hand extended, palm downwards, with a forward and downward movement.

δραξαμένη παλάμῃ χιονώδεϊ· καὶ τάχα φαίης
Ἥβην χειρὸς ἔχουσαν ἰδεῖν λευκώλενον Ἥρην.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε πορφυρέοισι πέδον στείβουσα πεδίλοις
λοίσθια μαρμαίροντος ἐδύσατο κύκλα μελάθρου,
παρθένον ἀχνυμένην Ἀτλαντιὰς ἵδρυε νύμφη
εἰς θρόνον εὐποίητον· ἀμοιβαίῳ δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
ἑζομένη στοιχηδὸν ἐπ' ἀργυροφεγγέι δίφρῳ
ἀγγελίην Κρονίωνος ἀπειθέι πέφραδε κούρῃ,
καί μιν πάντα δίδαξεν, ὅσα βροτοειδέι μορφῇ
ἀλλοφανὴς ἄτε κοῦρος Ὀλύμπιος ἔννεπε κήρυξ.
παρθενικὴ δ' ἀίουσα πολυπλάγκτους ὑμεναίους
καὶ πόσιν ἀστήρικτον, ὑπωρόφιον μετανάστην,
ξεῖνον ἔχειν ἀπέειπε, καὶ ἐκ Διὸς ὅσσα τοκῆος
ξεινοδόκος Κάδμοιο βοοσσόος ἔννεπεν Ἑρμῆς·
καὶ πόσιν ἤθελε μᾶλλον ὁμόπτολιν, ὥς κεν ἀλύξῃ
συζυγίην φερέοικον ἀδωροδόκων ὑμεναίων·
καὶ παλάμῃ κρατέουσα κατηφέι χεῖρα τιθήνης
δάκρυσι μυδαλέη πολυμεμφέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
Μῆτερ ἐμή, τί παθοῦσα τεὴν ἠρνήσαο κούρην;
οὕτω σεῖο θύγατρα νεήλυδι φωτὶ συνάπτεις,
ποῖον ἐμοί ποτε δῶρον ὁ ναυτίλος ἐγγυαλίξει;
ἦ ῥά μοι ἔδνα γάμων πρυμνήσια νηὸς ὀπάσσει;
οὐκ ἐδάην, φιλότεκνε, τεὴν ὅτι παῖδα φυλάσσεις,
παρθενικὴν λιπόπατριν, ἀλήμονας εἰς ὑμεναίους
ἄλλοι ἐμοὶ μνηστῆρες ἀρείονές εἰσι πολῖται·
τί χρέος ἦν ἀνάεδνον ἔχειν τινὰ γυμνὸν ἀκοίτην
ἀλλοδαπὸν περίφοιτον, ἀλυσκάζοντα τοκῆα;
ἀλλ', ἐρέεις, Κρονίωνι τεῷ χραίσμησεν ἀκοίτῃ·
πῶς Διὸς οὐ γέρας ἔσχεν Ὀλύμπιον,
εἴ περ Ὀλύμπου,
ὡς ἐνέπεις, προμάχιζε, καὶ οὐ Διὸς εὐνέτις Ἥρη

her own snow-white hand—you might almost say that you saw white-armed Hera holding Hebe's hand.

20 But when treading the floor with her crimson shoes she reached the farthest curve of the resplendent room, Atlas's daughter seated the sorrowful maiden upon a handsome chair: then she in her turn sank upon a silver-shining stool, and declared Cronion's message to the incredulous girl, and explained everything which she had heard from the Olympian herald disguised as a lad in human form. When the maiden heard of this marriage of much wandering and this unstable husband, this homeless man under their *roof*, she declared she would have no stranger, and refused all that Cadmos's patron proposed on Zeus his father's behalf, that cattle-drover Hermes! She would rather have one of her own city as husband, and away with a carryhouse mate and a wedding without wedding-gifts! Then clasping her foster-mother's hand with her own sorrowing palm, bathed in tears she burst into reproachful speech:

38 "Mother mine, what has possessed you to cast off your own girl? Do you join your own daughter to some upstart fellow like this? What gift will this sailor man put into my hand? Will he give me the ship's hawser for bride-price? I did not know you were keeping your own child, the poor banished maiden, for marriage with a vagrant—you, my kind nurse! I have others to woo me, and better ones, of our own city: why must I have a bedfellow with empty hands, naked and bare, a foreign vagrant, a runaway from his father? But you will say he helped your husband Cronion. Why did not the man get from Zeus an Olympian gift of honour, if indeed he was defender of Olympos, as you say? Why did not Hera the con-

Ζηνὸς ἀοσσητῆρι συνήρμοσε παρθένον Ἥβην;
οὐ χατέει Κάδμοιο τεὸς πόσις ὑψιμέδων Ζεύς·
ἱλήκοι Κρονίδης· ἐψεύσατο θέσκελος Ἑρμῆς
ἀμφὶ Διὸς γενετῆρος· ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ οἶδα πιθέσθαι,
εἰ λίπε θοῦρον Ἄρηα, κυβερνητῆρα κυδοιμοῦ,
καὶ βροτὸν ἄνδρα κάλεσσεν ἑοῦ συνάεθλον ἀγῶνος
ὁ κρατέων κόσμοιο καὶ αἰθέρος. ἆ μέγα θαῦμα,
τοσσατίους Τιτῆνας ἐνεκλήισσε βερέθρῳ,
καὶ Κάδμου χατέεσκεν, ὅπως ἕνα μοῦνον ὀλέσσῃ.
οἶδας ἐμῶν πατέρων διδυμάονα σύγγονον εὐνήν·
Ζεὺς προπάτωρ ἐμὸς ἔσχε κασιγνήτης λέχος Ἥρης
θεσμὸν ἔχων θαλάμων ἐμφύλιον· ἀμφότεροι δὲ
Ἄρης καὶ Κυθέρεια, μιῆς ἐπιβήτορες εὐνῆς,
Ἁρμονίης γενετῆρες, ἑνὸς γεγάασι τοκῆος,
δέμνιον ἀμφιέποντες ὁμόγνιον. ὤμοι ἀνάγκης·
γνωταὶ γνωτὸν ἔχουσιν, ἐγὼ λιπόπατριν ἀκοίτην."
Ὣς φαμένης ἀπένιψε γοήμονος ὄμβρον ὀπωπῆς
μήτηρ ἀσχαλόωσα· διχοστασίῃ δὲ μενοινῆς
Ἁρμονίην ᾤκτειρε, Διὸς δ' ἀλέεινεν ἀπειλήν.
Ἀλλὰ περισφίγξασα δέμας φρενοθελγέι κεστῷ
κερδαλέῳ ζωστῆρι δολοφράδμων Ἀφροδίτη,
καὶ χροῒ δυσαμένη φιλοτήσια φάρεα Πειθοῦς
Ἁρμονίης εὔοδμον ἐδύσατο παρθενεῶνα·
καὶ τύπον οὐρανίοιο μεταλλάξασα προσώπου
Πεισινόῃ δέμας ἴσον ἐίσκετο γείτονι κούρῃ,
Κάδμον ἅ περ ποθέουσα, καὶ ὡς κρυφίῃ τινὶ νούσῳ
λεπταλέον πέμπουσα σέλας χλοάοντι προσώπῳ
ἀμφιπόλους ἔσσευε· παρεδριόωσα δὲ μούνῃ,
οἷά περ αἰδομένη, δολίην ἀνενείκατο φωνήν·
"Ὀλβίη, οἷον ἔχεις ἐνὶ δώμασι καλὸν ἀλήτην,
οἷον ἔχεις μνηστῆρα, μακαρτάτη· οἷον ἀκοίτην

sort of Zeus, betroth virgin Hebe to the champion of Zeus? Your husband Zeus who rules in the heights needs no Cadmos. Cronides forgive me—divine Hermes lied in what he said about Father Zeus. I don't know how I can believe that he neglected furious Ares the pilot of warfare, and called in a mortal man to be partner in the game—he the master of world and sky! Here is a great marvel—he locked up all those Titans in the pit, and then wanted Cadmos, to destroy only one! You know how my fathers wedded—two had their sisters. Zeus my father's father possessed the bed of his sister Hera, by the family rule of marriage; both the parents of Harmonia, Ares and Cytherein, who mounted one bed, were of one father, another pair of blood-kindred. What miserable necessity! Sisters may have a brother for bedfellow, I must have a banished man!"

[63] As she spoke, her mother in distress wiped the raindrops from that mourning face: torn between two, she pitied Harmonia and shrank from the threats of Zeus.

[67] But now tricky-minded Aphrodite girt her body in the heart-bewitching cestus-belt, and clothing herself in the lovenobe of Persuasion she entered Harmonia's fragrant chamber. She had doffed her heavenly countenance, and put on a form like Peisinoë, a girl of the neighbourhood. As though in love with Cadmos and suffering from some hidden sickness, with but little brightness in her pale face, she chased away the maids; and when Harmonia was alone she sat by her side and said as in shame with deceitful tongue:

[77] "Happy girl! What a handsome stranger you have in the house! What a man to court you, most

ὄφεαι ἱμερόεντα, τὸν οὐ λίχε παρθένος ἄλλη·
ἀτρεκὲς Ἀσσυρίης ἀπὸ πατρίδος αἷμα κομίζει,
ἦχι ῥόος χαρίεντος Ἀδώνιδος ἱμερόεις γὰρ
ἐκ Λιβάνου νέος οὗτος, ὅτῳ Κυθέρεια χορεύει·
ἤλιτον· οὐ τάχα Κάδμον ἐπιχθονίη τέκε γαστήρ,
ἀλλὰ Διὸς γόνος ἔσχεν, ἑὴν δ' ἐφείσατο φύτλην.
οἶδα, πόθεν νέος οὗτος Ὀλύμπιος· εἴ ποτε Μαίῃ
σύγγονον Ἠλέκτρην Τιτήνιος ἤρασεν Ἄτλας,
Ἁρμονίῃ πόσις ἦλθεν ἀνεψιὸς ἄπτερος Ἑρμῆς,
οὐδὲ μάτην Καδμῖλος ἀείδεται· οὐρανίην γὰρ
μορφὴν μοῦνον ἄμειφε καὶ εἰσέτι Κάδμος ἀνύει.
εἰ δὲ πέλει θεὸς ἄλλος ἔχων βροτοειδέα μορφήν,
Ἠμαθίων τάχα Φοῖβον ἐὼ ξείνισσε μελάθρῳ.
παρθένε πασιμέλουσα, μακαρτέρη ἐσσὶ τεκούσης
εἰς πόθον, εἰς ὑμέναιον Ὀλύμπιον· ἃ μέγα θαῦμα,
λάθριος Ἠλέκτρην νυμφεύσατο μητίετα Ζεύς,
ἀμφαδὸν Ἁρμονίην μνηστεύεται αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων·
ἀλβίη, ἣν ἐπόθησεν ἐκηβόλος· αἶψα καὶ αὐτὴν
Πευσινόης σπεύσειεν ἔχειν ὑμέναιον Ἀπόλλων·
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ ποτε Φοῖβον ἀναινόμαι, οὐδέ τε Δάφνη,
οὐ νόον Ἁρμονίης μιμήσομαι· ἀλλὰ λεπούσα
κλῆρον ἐμὸν καὶ δῶμα καὶ οὖς ποθέω γαστῆρας,
ἴξομαι Ἀπόλλωνι συνέμπορος εἰς ὑμεναίους.
μέμνημαί ποτε τοῦτον ἐγὼ τύπον· ἡμετέρῳ γὰρ
εἰς δόμον ἀμφήεντα συνεσπομένη γαστῆρι
Πύθιον εἶδον ἄγαλμα, καὶ ὡς τὸν εἶδον ἀλήτην,
ὠσάμην Φοίβοιο πάλιν βρέτας ἐνθάδε λεύσειν.
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις, ὅτι Φοῖβος ἔχει χρυσώνυμα μίτρην·

* Son of Hephaistos and Cabeiro, and father of the Cabeiroi in Samothrace; sometimes identified with Hermes, *e.g.*, Lycophron 162.

blessed of women! What a lovely bedfellow you will see, that no other maiden has won! Surely his blood comes from Assyria! That must be his home, beside the river of that enchanting Adonis, for that lovely young man came from Libanos where Cytherea dances. No, I was wrong! I don't suppose any mortal womb bred Cadmos; no, he is sprung from Zeus and he has concealed his stock! I know where this young Olympian comes from. If Titan Atlas ever begat Electra as Maia's sister, here's cousin Hermes without wings come as husband for Harmonia. Then that's why we sing hymns to Cadmikos![a] He has only changed his heavenly shape and still he is called Cadmos.[b] Or if he is some other god in human shape, perhaps Apollo is Emathion's guest in this house.

[93] "World-famed maiden, you are more blessed than your mother for Olympian desire and Olympian marriage! Here is a great marvel! Zeus Allwise wedded Electra in secret—Apollo himself won Harmonia in the light! Happy girl, whom Farshooter desired! I only wish Apollo would be as eager for marriage with Peisinoë too! I don't say no to Apollo, like Daphne, I can tell you! I will not feel like Harmonia! No, I will leave my inheritance and house and the parents whom I love—I will go on my travels to marriage with Apollo! I remember once a carving like him. For I once went with our father into the house of oracle, and there I saw the Pythian image; and when I saw your vagrant, I thought I saw the statue of Phoibos again in this place.

[103] "But you will say, Phoibos has a goldgleaming

[a] Cadmos = Cadmikos = Hermes, *cf.* Lycophron 219.

χρύσεος ἔπλετο Κάδμος ὅλον δόμας· ἦν δ' ἐθελήσῃς,
δμῶας ἐμοὺς ἔχε πάντας ἀπείρονας, ἀντὶ δὲ κείνου
χρυσὸν ἐμὸν ξυμπαντα καὶ ἄργυρον ἐγγυαλίξω,
καὶ Τυρίης ὑπίσω βαιολήια πέπλα θαλάσσης
καὶ δόμον, ἢν ἐθέλῃς, πατρώιον· εἰ δὲ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
δέχνυσο καὶ γενέτην καὶ μητέρα, δέχνυσο πάσας
ἀμφιπόλους, καὶ μοῦνον ἐμοὶ πόρε τοῦτον ἀκοίτην.
παρθένε, τί τρομέεις; σὺ μὲν εἶαρι παντυπορήσεις
στεινὸν ὕδωρ πλώουσα, σὺν ἠμερόεντι δὲ Κάδμῳ
Ὠκεανὸν περίμετρον ἐγὼ κατὰ χεῖμα περήσω.
μὴ τρομέος ἀλὸς οἶδμα βαρύβρομον, ὅττι σαώσει
εἰν ἁλὶ φόρτον Ἔρωτος ἀλὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη.
παρθένε, Κάδμον ἔχεις, μὴ δίζεο θῶκον Ὀλύμπου.
οὐ ποθέω στιλβουσαν Ἐρυθραίην λίθον Ἰνδῶν,
οὐ φυτὸν Ἑσπερίδων παγχρύσεον, οὐδέ με τέρπει
Ἠλιάδων ἤλεκτρον, ὅσον μία νυκτὸς ἀρίχλη,
τῇ ἕνι Πεισινόην προσεπτύξεται οὖτος ἀλήτης.
εἰ δὲ γένος μεθέπεις ἐξ Ἄρεος, ἐξ Ἀφροδίτης,
σοὶ γάμον ἄξιον εἶρε γάμων ταμίη σέο μήτηρ.
οὔ ποτε τηλίκον ἄνθος ἐσέδρακον· αὐτόματον γὰρ
εἰαρινὸν δώρημα φύσις δωρήσατο Κάδμῳ
εἶδον ἐγὼ παλάμην ῥοδοδάκτυλον, εἶδον ὀπωπὴν
ἠδὺ μέλι στάζουσαν· ἐρωτυλίου δὲ προσώπου
ὡς ῥόδα φοινίσσουσι παρηίδες, ἁρπυιῇ δὲ
δίχροα χιονέων ἀμαρύσσεται ἴχνια ταρσῶν
μεσσόθι πορφύροντα, καὶ ὡς κρίνον εἰαὶ ἀγοστοί.
καλλείψω πλοκαμῖδας, ὅπως μὴ Φοῖβον ὀρίνω
χροιῇ ὀνειδίζουσα Θεραπναίης ἰακίνθου.

---

* Perhaps the ruby, perhaps pearls from the Persian Gulf or Indian Ocean.

diadem. Cadmus is gold in all his body! If you like, take all my serfs innumerable—for him, I will put in your hands all my gold and silver, I will give royal robes of the Tyrian Sea, and the house of my fathers, if you like; accept, if I dare to say it, my father and mother too, accept all my waiting-women, and give me only this man for my bedfellow!

114 "Maiden, why do you tremble? You will sail the seas in the spring-time across the narrow water—but with lovely Cadmus I will traverse the infinite Ocean stream in winter! Tremble not at the heavyrumbling briny swell, because love's cargo will be kept safe on the brine by Aphrodite daughter of the brine. Maiden, you have Cadmus, seek not the throne of Olympus! I desire not the shining Erythraean stone of the Indies,[a] nor the all-golden tree of the Hesperides, I delight not in the amber of the Heliades,[b] so much as one shadowy night in which this vagrant shall hold Peisinoë in his arms. If you fetch your lineage from Ares, from Aphrodite, your provident mother has found you a marriage well worthy of theirs. I have never beheld such a flower; spring itself blooms in Cadmus by nature's gift. I have seen his rosefinger hand, I have seen his glance distilling sweet honey; the cheeks of his lovebegetting face are red as roses; his feet go twinkling, ruddybrown in the middle, and changing colour at the ends into shining snow[c]; his arms are lilywhite. I will pass the hair, or I may provoke Phoebus by blaming the hue of his Therap-

[a] Sisters of Phaëthon, whose tears were amber.

[b] i.e. white where the sandals protect them, brownish-red above the instep. The effeminate prettiness of Cadmus here is in accordance with the degenerate taste of the day.

εἴ ποτε δινεύων φρενοτερπέα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς
ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐλέλιζεν, ὅλη σελάγιζε Σελήνη
φέγγεϊ μαρμαίροντι, καὶ εἴ ποτε βόστρυχα σείσας
αὐχένα γυμνὸν ἔθηκεν, ἐφαίνετο Φωσφόρος ἀστήρ.
χείλεα σιγήσαιμι· τὸ δὲ στόμα, πορθμὸν Ἐρώτων,
Πειθὼ ναιετάουσα χέει μελιηδέα φωνήν,
καὶ Χάριτες μεθέπουσιν ὅλον δέμας· ἄκρα δὲ χειρῶν
αἰδέομαι κρίνειν, ἵνα μὴ γάλα λευκὸν ἐλέγξω.
δέχνυσο δειλαίην με συνέστιον· ἠιθέου δὲ
δεξιτερῆς ψαύουσα καὶ ἀμφαφόωσα χιτῶνα
κρυπταδίης εὔροιμι παρήγορα φάρμακα νούσου·
αὐχένα γυμνὸν ἴδοιμι καὶ ἐζομένοιο πιέσσω
δάκτυλον ὡς ἀέκουσα, καὶ ἡμετέρου διὰ κόλπου
τεθναίην ὅτε μοῦνον ἀφειδέα χεῖρα χαλάσσας
ἀμφοτέρων θλίψειεν ἐλεύθερον ἄντυγα μαζῶν,
χείλεσιν ἡμετέρουσι μεμυκότα χείλεα πήξας,
τέρπων ἀκροτάτοισι φιλήμασιν· ἠίθεον δὲ
εἰσέτι πηχύνουσα καὶ εἰς Ἀχέροντα περήσω
αὐτομάτη, γλυκερὸν δὲ πολυκλαύτῳ παρὰ Λήθῃ
λέξω καὶ φθιμένοισιν ἐμὸν μόρον, ὥς κεν ἐγείρω
οἶκτον ὁμοῦ καὶ ζῆλον ἀθελγεὶ Περσεφονείῃ
καὶ Χαρίτων πνείοντα φιλήματα κεῖνα διδάξω
θηλυτέρας δυσέρωτας, ὅσας κτάνεν ἱμερόεν πῦρ,
καὶ νέκυας τελέσω ζηλήμονας, εἰ παρὰ Λήθῃ
εἰς Παφίην μετὰ πότμον ἔτι φθονέουσι γυναῖκες.
ἕσπομαι, ἢν ἐθέλῃς, καὶ ὁμόστολος, οὐ τρομέω δὲ
πλαγκτοσύνην ἀδίδακτον. ἀμείλιχε, γίνεο Κάδμου
κουριδίη παράκοιτις· ἐγὼ θαλαμηπόλος εἴην
ἀμφοτέροις θεράπαινα, καὶ Ἁρμονίῃ καὶ ἀκοίτῃ.
ἀλλὰ πάλιν τρομέω σε, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις,

* *i.e.* Cadmos has something better than the traditional (Hom. *Od.* vi. 231 ; xxiii. 158) "hyacinthine" locks.

naian iris.[a] Whenever he moved his full eyes with their heart-gladdening glance, there was the full moon shining with sparkling light; when he shook his hair and bared his neck, there appeared the morning star! I would not speak of his lips; but Persuasion dwells in his mouth, the ferry of the Loves, and pours out honey-sweet speech. Aye, the Graces manage his whole body: hands and fingers I shrink to judge, or I may find fault with the whiteness of milk.

[160] "Accept me for your companion, unhappy me! but if I touch the boy's right hand and stroke his tunic I may find comfortable physic for my secret sickness. I may see his neck bare, or press a finger as if unconsciously while he sits; I could gladly die, if he would only slip a willing hand into the orb of my bosom and press my two breasts, and hold his closed lips upon my lips to delight me with brushing kisses. But if I could still hold the boy in my arms, I will pass even to Acheron the River of Pain of my own free will, and with rapture even amid the many lamentations of all-forgetting Lethe, I will tell the dead of my fate, to awaken pity and envy alike in merciless Persephoneia; I will teach those grace-breathing kisses to women unhappy in love who died of that lovely fire, I will make the dead jealous, if women still grudge at the Paphian[b] in Lethe after their doom.

[169] "I will go with you if you wish, even as your companion. I tremble not before unfamiliar wanderings. Hard-hearted girl, become the lawful wife to Cadmos; I would be chambermaid to you both, Harmonia and husband.—But again I tremble before

[a] Aphrodite.

μή ποτέ σοι διὰ λέκτρα χόλον καὶ ζῆλον ἐγείρω,
ὅττι, θεά περ ἐοῦσα καὶ αἰθέρος ὄρχαμος, Ἥρη
Ζηνὸς ἐπιχθονίῃσι νόθαις ἀλόχοισι μεγαίρει·
Εὐρώπῃ κεχόλωτο καὶ ἤκαχεν ἄστατον Ἰώ·
οὐδὲ θεὰς μεθέηκε· χολωομένης δὲ τεκούσης
ἤλασεν ὠδίνουσαν Ἄρης ἐγκύμονα Λητώ.
εἰ μὴ ζῆλος ἔχει σε, πόθων ἵνα φάρμακον εὕρω,
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν ἐμοὶ πόρε τοῦτον ἀκοίτην,
ναί, λίτομαι, καὶ νυκτὸς ἕνα δρόμον· εἰ δὲ μεγαίρεις,
χειρὶ τεῇ με δάιξον, ὅπως ἄμπαυμα νοήσω
τηλίκον ἀπρήυντον ἀεὶ κατὰ νύκτα καὶ ἠῶ
ἐνδόμυχον μεθέπουσα περὶ φρένα βοσκόμενον πῦρ."
Εἶπε, καὶ Ἁρμονίην φυγοδέμνιον ἤλασε κεστῷ
εἰς πλόον οἰστρήσασα πόθῳ πειθήμονα κούρην.
ἡ δὲ μεταστρέψασα νόον διδυμάονι βουλῇ
ξεῖνον ἔχειν μενέαινε καὶ ἤθελε πατρίδα ναίειν,
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἱμασσομένη νόον οἴστρῳ·
"Ὦμοι, τίς μετάμειψεν ἐμὴν φρένα;
σώζεο, πάτρη,
χαίροις, Ἠμαθίων καὶ πᾶς δόμος· ἄντρα Καβείρων,
χαίρετε, καὶ σκοπιαὶ Κορυβαντίδες· οὐκέτι λεύσσω
μητρῴης Ἑκάτης νυχίην θιασώδεα πεύκην.
σώζεο, παρθενίη, νυμφεύομαι ἠδέι Κάδμῳ·
Ἄρτεμι, μὴ νεμέσα, χαροπῆς ἁλὸς οἶδμα περήσω.
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις, ὅτι πόντος ἀμείλιχος· οὐκ ἀλεγίζω
μαινομένου ῥοθίοιο, συνολλυμένους δὲ δεχέσθω
Ἁρμονίην καὶ Κάδμον ἐμὸν μητρώιον ὕδωρ.
ἕσπομαι ἡβητῆρι γάμους βοόωσα θεάων·
εἰ μὲν ἐς ἀντολίην με φέρει πλώουσαν ἀκοίτης,
ἵμερον Ὠρίωνος ἐς Ἠριγένειαν ἐνίψω,

* Aphrodite came out of the sea.

you, lest some time I awaken anger and jealousy for your bed tho' you fain would hide it, since even Hera, goddess though she is and queen of the heavens, grudges Zeus his bastard wives on earth. She was angry with Europa and tormented the wandering Io; she spared not even goddesses; because his mother was angry, Ares persecuted Leto with child in her birthpangs. If you are not jealous to find me a physic for my desire, give me this bedfellow for one dawn, yes I beseech you, for the course of one night too; if you grudge it, kill me with your own hand, that I may know rest from carrying this always night and day, fed on the secret places of my heart, this mighty implacable fire!"

177 She said her say, and with her girdle drove beddby Harmonia to her voyage, stung as with a gadfly and now obedient to desire. She changed her mind, and with divided purpose wished both to have the stranger and to live in her own land. So smitten to the heart with the sting, she spoke:

183 "Ah me, who has changed my heart? Save you, my country! Farewell, Emathion and all my house! Farewell grottoes of the Cabeiroi and Corybantian cliffs; never again shall I see the revelling companies of my mother's Hecate with their torches in the night. Farewell, maidenhood, I wed my sweet Cadmos! Artemis, be not shocked, I am to cross the swell of the blue brine. But you will say, the deep is pitiless; I care nothing for the maddened surges—let Harmonia and Cadmos drown together, and my mother's sea[a] may receive us both. I follow my boy, calling upon the goddesses who have wedded theirs! If my bedfellow carries me to the sunrise this voyage, I will proclaim how Orion loved Dawn, and I will

καὶ Κεφάλου θαλάμων μιμνήσκομαι· εἰ δέ ποτ' ἔλθω
εἰς δύσιν ἀχλυόεσσαν, ἐπ' Ἐνδυμίωνι καὶ αὐτὴ
Λατμιὰς ἴσα παθοῦσα παρηγορέει με Σελήνη."
Τοῖα νοοπλανέεσσι μεληδόσιν ἤπυε κούρη
ἄσχετος ἱμερόεντι δαϊζομένη νόον οἴστρῳ·
καὶ κινυρῇ ῥαθάμιγγι διαινομένοιο προσώπου
Ἠλέκτρης κύσε χεῖρα καὶ ὄμματα καὶ πόδας ἄκρους
καὶ κεφαλὴν καὶ στέρνα, καὶ Ἠμαθίωνος ὀπωπὴν
χείλεσιν αἰδομένοισι, κασιγνήτου περ ἐόντος,
πάσας δ' ἀμφιπόλους ἠγκάζετο· μυρομένη δὲ
τυκτὰ πολυγλυφέων ἠσπάσσατο κύκλα θυράων
ἄπνοα καὶ κλιντῆρα καὶ ἔρκεα παρθενεῶνος·
πατρῴην δὲ λαβοῦσα κόνιν προσπτύξατο κούρη.
Καὶ τότε χειρὸς ἔχουσα θεῶν ὑπὸ μάρτυρι πομπῇ
Ἁρμονίην ἀνάεδνον ὀφειλομένην φέρε Κάδμῳ
Ἠλέκτρη, χυτὸν ὄμβρον ἀποσμήξασα προσώπου.
Κυπριδίην δὲ θύγατρα λαβὼν ἠῷος ὀδίτης
γρηὶ σὺν ἀμφιπόλῳ λίπε δώματα, δῶρον ἀνάσσης
λάτριν ἔχων πομπῆα δι' ἄστεος ἄχρι θαλάσσης.
Παρθενικὴν δ' ὁρόωσα παρ' ᾐόνας ὑψόθι πόντου
ξείνῳ ἐφεσπομένην, φλογερῇ ζείουσαν ἀνάγκῃ,
Κύπριδι μεμφομένη φιλοκέρτομος ἴαχε Μήνη·
"Κύπρι, καὶ εἰς σέο τέκνα κορύσσεαι,
οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
ὑμετέρης ὠδῖνος ἐφείσατο κέντρον Ἐρώτων;
ἣν τέκες, οὐκ ἐλέαιρες, ἀμείλιχε; καὶ τίνα κούρην

---

[a] Eos, the Dawn-goddess, loved Orion the giant hunter (see below, 338) and carried him off; they had a son Phaëthon, who became an attendant on Aphrodite. She had a similar affair with the Attic hero Cephalos.

[b] Endymion of Latmos was a handsome shepherd whom

recall the match of Cephalos [a]; if I go to the misty sunset, my comfort is Selene herself who felt the same for Endymion upon Latmos." [b]

197 Such words the girl uttered in mindwandering plaints, and could not be restrained, her mind ravaged with the sting of desire. With drops of grief her face was wet as she kissed Electra's hand and eyes, her feet and head and breast, and Emathion's eyes, with shamefast lips although he was her brother. She embraced all her handmaids, and caressed lamenting the rows of the lifeless carven doors all round, her bed and the walls of her maiden chamber.[c] Last the girl took up and kissed the dust of her country's soil.

207 And then Electra took Harmonia by the hand, under the witnessing escort of the gods, and took her undowered to Cadmos as his due, wiping the streaming shower from her face. Early in the morning the traveller received the Cyprian's daughter with an old waiting-woman, and left the house, having as the queen's gift a servant to guide him through the city to the sea.

213 When the Moon saw the girl following a stranger along the shore above the sea, and boiling under fiery constraint, she reproached Cypris in mocking words:

214 "So you make war even upon your children, Cypris! Not even the fruit of your womb is spared by the goad of love! Don't you pity the girl you bore, hardheart? What other girl can you pity then,

the Moon-goddess loved. For some reason (accounts vary) he was cast into a perpetual sleep. (See below, 227.)

[c] See Medeia's farewells, Apoll. Rhod. iv. 26; the ultimate source is perhaps Euripides, *Alc.* 175 ff.

οἰκτείρεις ἑτέρην, ὅτε σὸν γένος εἰς πόθον ἕλκεις;
πλάζεο καὶ σύ, φίλη· Παφίης τέκος, εἰπὲ τεκούσῃ·
'κερτομέει Φαέθων σε, καὶ αἰσχύνει με Σελήνη.'
Ἁρμονίη, λιπόπατρι δυσίμερε, κάλλιπε Μήνῃ
νυμφίον Ἐνδυμίωνα, καὶ ἄμφεπε Κάδμον ἀλήτην,
τλῆθι φέρειν πόνον ἶσον, ἐρωτοτόκῳ δὲ μερίμνῃ
μνώεο καὶ σὺ καμοῦσα ποθοβλήτοιο Σελήνης."
Ὣς φαμένης ἑτάρους ὑπὲρ ᾐόνα Κάδμος ἐπείγων
ὁλκάδος ἰθυπόροιο παλίμπορα πείσματα λύσας
εἰαρινῷ κόλπωσεν ἀχείμονι λαῖφος ἀήτῃ·
διχθαδίους δὲ κάλωας ἐφαψάμενός τινι γόμφῳ
δουροπαγὲς πόμπευε δι' οἴδματος ἅρμα θαλάσσης,
ἰσάζων ἑκάτερθε νεὼς πόδας, οἷα δὲ Φοῖνιξ,
ναυτιλίης νοέων πατρώιον ἠθάδα τέχνην,
πηδαλίῳ παρέμιμνεν· ἐπὶ πρύμνῃ δὲ καὶ αὐτὴν
Ἁρμονίην ἄφαυστον ὁμόπλοον ἵδρυε κούρην
νηὸς ἰδὼν ξείνους ἐπιβήτορας, οὓς τότε ναῦται
μισθοφόρους ἐδέχοντο. καὶ ἠρέμα σύμπλοος ἀνὴρ
ἀμφοτέρους ὁρόων ἐκεράσσατο θαύματι φωνήν·
"Αὐτὸς Ἔρως πέλεν οὗτος ὁ ναυτίλος·
οὐ νέμεσις γὰρ
υἷα τεκεῖν πλωτῆρα θαλασσαίην Ἀφροδίτην·
ἀλλὰ βέλος καὶ τόξον ἔχει καὶ πυρσὸν ἀείρει
βαιὸς Ἔρως πτερύγεσσι κεκασμένος· εἰσορόω δὲ
ὁλκάδα Σιδονίην. δολόεις τάχα φώριος Ἄρης
ἕζεται ἐν πρύμνῃσιν ἔσω Λιβάνοιο κομίζων
ἑσπερίην πλώουσαν ἀπὸ Θρῄκης Ἀφροδίτην.
ἵλαθι, μῆτερ Ἔρωτος, ἀκυμάντῳ δὲ γαλήνῃ
πέμπέ μοι ἵκμενον οὖρον ἀχείμονι μητρὶ θαλάσσῃ."

---

[a] Here the Sun. It was Helios who saw the loves of Ares and Aphrodite and told Hephaistos: Hom. *Od.* viii. 270.

when you drag your own child into passion?—Then you must go wandering too, my darling. Say to your mother, Paphian's child, 'Phaëthon* mocks you, and Selene puts me to shame.' Harmonia, love-tormented exile, leave to Mene her bridegroom Endymion, and care for your vagrant Cadmos. Be ready to endure as much trouble as I have, and when you are weary with love-begetting anxiety, remember love-wounded Selene."

[230] While she was speaking, Cadmos hastened his companions over the shore. He released the back-running hawsers of the forthfaring ship, and shook out the sail to the mild spring breeze, and guided the timbered sea-car across the sea-swell, making the two ropes fast to a pin bracing the sheets equally ship-shape and Phoinician fashion: for he knew from his fathers the traditional art of seamanship. He remained by the steering-oar, but he kept the girl Harmonia untouched sitting on the poop, his companion, when he saw strangers coming aboard as passengers whom the sailors were then taking in with the fare. One of the passengers seeing these two, mingled his voice with admiration as he said gently:

[238] "That sailor looks like Love himself! and no wonder that Aphrodite of the sea has a mariner son. But Eros carries bow and arrow and lifts a firebrand, he's a little one with wings on him; and this I see is a Sidonian ketch. Perhaps that is the cunning old thief Ares sitting on the poop, and carrying Aphrodite into Libanos, from Thrace, whence he sailed last night. Be gracious, mother of Love! Send me a following wind in a waveless calm over your mother sea stormless!"

Τοῖον ἔπος λαθραῖον ὁμόπλοος ἔντεπεν ἀνὴρ
λοξὸς ἐς Ἀρμονίην ἀντώπιον ὄμμα τιταίνων.
Καὶ πλόον ἦνυσε Κάδμος ἐς Ἑλλάδα, Φοιβάδος ὀμφῇς
οἶστρον ἔχων πραπίδεσσι, Διὸς δέ οἱ αἰὲν ἐπίγων
ἔνθεος ἁπλανέεσσιν ἐπέτρεχε μῦθος ἀκουαῖς.
ἔνθα Πανελλήνεσσι νεώτερα δῶρα τιταίνων
ἀρχεκάκου Δαναοῖο φερέσβιον ἔκρυφα τέχνην,
ὑδροφόρου Δαναοῖο· τί γὰρ πλέον εὗρεν Ἀχαιοῖς,
εἴ ποτε χαλκείῃσι πεδοσκαφέεσσι μακέλλαις
χάσματος οὐδαίοιο χυτὸν κευθῶνα κολάφας
δίφιον Ἄργος ἔπαυσε, κονιομένους δὲ πολίτας
ὑγρὰ ποδῶν ἐπίβαθρα πόρεν, ξεινήιον ὕδωρ,
ἐκ βυθίων λαγόνων ὀλίγον ῥόον; αὐτὰρ ὁ πάσῃ
Ἑλλάδι φωνήεντα καὶ ἔμφρονα δῶρα κομίζων
γλώσσης ὄργανα τεῦξεν ὁμόθροα, συμφυέος δὲ
ἁρμονίης στοιχηδὸν ἐς ἄζυγα σύζυγα μίξας
γραπτὸν ἀσιγήτοιο τύπον τορνώσατο σιγῆς,
πάτρια θεσπεσίης δεδαημένος ὄργια τέχνης,
Αἰγυπτίης σοφίης μετανίστιος, ἥμος Ἀγήνωρ
Μέμφιδος ἐννάετης ἑκατόμπυλον ὦκισε Θήβην
καί, ζαθέων ἄρρητον ἀμελγόμενος γάλα βίβλων,
χειρὸς ὀπισθοπόροιο χαράγματι λοξὰ χαράσσων
ἔγραφεν ἀγκύλα κύκλα· καὶ Αἰγυπτίου Διονύσου
Εὔια φοιτητῆρος Ὀσίριδος ὄργια φαίνων
μύστιδος ἐννυχίας τελετὰς ἐδιδάσκετο τέχνης.

---

* For some obscure reason Danaos and his daughters are commonly connected with water. One of them, Amymone, seems to be originally the nymph of a fountain in the Argolid.

† Ἄζυγα and σύζυγα seem to be a paraphrase of vowel and consonant, those which exist unjoined and those which must be joined.

‡ Egyptian Thebes.

247 Such was the sort of things the traveller said to himself, looking keenly at Harmonia out of the corner of his eye.

249 So Cadmos finished his voyage to Hellas, with the inspired voice in his mind stinging like a gadfly; and the inspired word of Zeus ever ran unerring in his ears and drove him on. There he was to present newer gifts to All Hellenes, and to make them forget the lifebringing art of Danaos[a] the master-mischiefmaker, Danaos the waterbringer: for what good did he do for the Achaians, if once he had dug the ground with his brazen pickaxes, and pecking at the flooded hollow of the gaping earth quenched the thirst of Argos? if he made wet the steppings of their feet for his dusty people, and brought up a streamlet from the deep caves—the stranger's gift of water? But Cadmos brought gifts of voice and thought for all Hellas; he fashioned tools to echo the sounds of the tongue, he mingled sonant and consonant[b] in one order of connected harmony. So he moulded off a graven model of speaking silence; for he had learnt the secrets of his country's sublime art, an outside intruder into the wisdom of Egypt, while Agenor dwelt nine years in Memphis and founded hundred-gated Thebes.[c] There he pressed out the milk of the holy books ineffable, scratched their scratches across with backfaring hand[d] and traced their rounded circles. And he showed forth the Evian secrets of Osiris the wanderer, the Egyptian Dionysos.[e] He learned the nightly celebration of

[a] The earliest Greek writing, like the Phoenician, went from right to left.

[b] Osiris is very commonly identified with Dionysos, especially in Hellenistic times.

καὶ κρυφίῃ μάγον ὕμνον ἀνέκλαγε θυιάδι φωνῇ
λεπτὸν ἔχων ὀλόλυγμα· λιθοξόου δὲ νηοῦ
γλυπτὰ βαθυνομένῳ κεχαραγμένα δαίδαλα τοίχῳ
κουρίζων δεδάηκε· πολυφρόντῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
μετρήσας φλογόεσσαν ἀντρίθμιον ἵτυν ἄστρων
καὶ δρόμον Ἠελίοιο μαθὼν καὶ μέτρον ἀρούρης,
χειρὸς ἐυστροφάλιγγος ὁμόπλοκα δάκτυλα κάμψας,
ἄστατα κύκλα νόησε παλιντύκτοιο Σελήνης,
πῶς τρισσαῖς ἑλίκεσσι μετάτροπον εἶδος ἀμείβει,
ἀρτιφαὴς, διχόμηνις, ὅλῳ στιλβουσα προσώπῳ,
πῶς δὲ συναπτομένη καὶ ἀπόρρυτος ἄρσενι πυρσῷ
Ἠελίου γενετῆρος ἀμήτορι τίκτεται αὐγῇ,
πατρὸς ὑποκλέπτουσα παλιμφυὲς αὐτόγονον πῦρ.

Τοῖος ἔην· καὶ κραιπνὸς Ἀχαιὸς ἄστεα βαίνων
ναυτιλίην μεθέηκε· σὺν Ἁρμονίῃ δὲ κομίζων
ἐσμὸν ἀλιπλανέων ἑτάρων χερσαίῳ ὀίστευ
ἅρμασιν ἱππείοισι καὶ ἀχθοφόροισιν ἁμάξαις
μαντώοις ἀδύτοισιν ἐπέστιχεν· ἔνθα κιχήσας
Δελφὸν ἀσιγήτοιο μεσόμφαλον ἄξονα Πυθοῦς
μαντοσύνην ἐρέεινε, καὶ ἔμφρονα Πύθιος ἄξων
κυκλόθεν αὐτοβόητος ἐθέσπισε κοιλίδι φωνῇ·

"Κάδμε, μάτην, περίφοιτε,
πολυπλανὲς ἴχνος ἑλίσσεις·
μαστεύεις τινὰ ταῦρον, ὃν οὐ βοέη τέκε γαστήρ,
μαστεύεις τινὰ ταῦρον, ὃν οὐ βροτὸς οἶδε κιχήσαι·
Ἀσσυρίην ἀπόειπε, τεῆς δ' ἡγήτορα πομπῆς
ἄμφεπε βοῦν χθονίην, μὴ δίζεο ταῦρον Ὀλύμπου·

---

* He made the numbers with his fingers as he reckoned them: the ancients had an elaborate system of finger-signs, something like our deaf-and-dumb alphabets, but used for numerals only.

their mystic art, and declaimed the magic hymn in the wild secret language, intoning a shrill alleluia. While a boy in the temple full of stone images, he had come to know the inscriptions carved by artists deep into the wall. With much-pondering thought he had measured the flaming arch of the innumerable stars, and learnt the sun's course and the measure of the earth, turning the intertwined fingers of his flexible hand.[a] He understood the changing circuits of the moon as she comes back and back again—how she changes her returning shape in three circles, new-shining, half-moon, and gleaming with full face; how her splendour now touching, now shrinking back, at the male furnace of father Helios is brought to birth without a mother, as she fishes the father's self-begotten fire ever lighted again.

[280] Such was Cadmos. Quickly he set out for the Achaian cities, and left his seafaring. With Harmonia, he conveyed a swarm of sea-wandering companions turned travellers by land, in horse-carriages and laden wagons, on the way to the oracular sanctuaries. Then he reached Delphi, and asked an oracle from the midnipple axle[b] of never-silent Pytho; and the Pythian axle speaking of himself uttered oracles of sense,[c] resounding about in hollow tone:

[290] "Cadmos, in vain you travel round and round with wandering steps. You seek a bull which no cow ever calved; you seek a bull which no mortal knows how to find. Renounce Assyria, and take an earthly cow to guide your mission; search not for a bull of

[a] Supposed to be the central point of the earth.

[b] Usually the priestess spoke unintelligible sounds, which the priest interpreted.

νυμφίον Εὐρώπης οὐ βουκόλος οἶδεν ἐλαύνειν·
οὐ νομόν, οὐ λειμῶνα μετέρχεται, οὔ τινι κέντρῳ
πείθεται, οὐ μάστιγι κελεύεται· οἶδεν ἀείρειν
Κύπριδος ἁβρὰ λέπαδνα
καὶ οὐ ζυγόδεσμον ἀρότρων,
αὐχένα μοῦνον Ἔρωτι καὶ οὐ Δήμητρι τιταίνει.
ἀλλὰ πόθον Τυρίοιο τεοῦ γενετῆρος ἐάσας
μίμνε παρ' ἀλλοδαποῖσι, καὶ Αἰγυπτίης σέο Θήβης
πατρίδος ἄστυ πόλισσον ἐπώνυμον, ἧχι πεσοῦσα
εὐνήσει βαρύγουνον ἐὸν πόδα δαιμονίη βοῦς."
Ὣς φάμενος τριπόδων ἐπεκοίμισε θυιάδα φωνήν,
καὶ ῥία Παρνησσοῖο τινάσσετο Φοιβάδος ἠχοῦς
γείτονος εἰσαΐοντα, καὶ ὀμφήεντι ῥεέθρῳ
Κασταλίης πάφλαζε νοήμονος ἔνθεον ὕδωρ.
εἶπε θεός· καὶ Κάδμος ἐχάζετο καὶ παρὰ νηῷ
βοῦν ἴδε, νισσομένῃ δὲ συνέστιχεν· ἐσπόμενοι δὲ
ἀνέρες ἀπλάγκτοιο βοὸς βραδυπειθέι χηλῇ
φειδομένην ἰσόμετρον ἐποιήσαντο πορείην
ὀτρηροὶ θεράποντες· ὅθεν τότε Κάδμος ὀδεύων
ἱερὸν ἔδρακε χῶρον ἐπόψιον, ἧχι ναήσας
Πύθιος ἐννεάκυκλον ὀρειάδος ὁλκὸν ἀκάνθης
εὔνασε Κιρραίης θανατηφόρον ἰὸν ἐχίδνης.
Παρνησσοῦ δὲ κάρηνα λιπὼν μετανάστιος ἀνὴρ
Δαυλίδος ἔστιχεν οὖδας ὁμούριον, ἔνθεν ἀκούω
σιγαλέης λάλον εἷμα δυσηλακάτου Φιλομήλης,
Τηρεὺς ἣν ἐμίαινεν, ὅτε ζυγίη φύγεν Ἥρη
συζυγίην ἀχόρευτον ὀρεσσαύλων ὑμεναίων,
κούρη δ' ἀστορέεσσιν ἐπεστενάχιζε χαμεύναις
εἰνοδίου θαλάμοιο, λιπογλώσσοιο δὲ κούρης
μυρομένης Θρήισσαν ἀναγκαίην Ἀφροδίτην
δάκρυσι μιμηλοῖσι λιπόθροος ἔστενεν Ἠχώ,

Olympus. Europa's bridegroom no drover knows how to drive; he frequents no pasture, no meadow, obeys no goad, is ordered by no whip. He knows how to bear the dainty harness of Cypris, not the plow's yokeband; he strains his neck for Love alone, and not for Demeter. No, let pass your regret for your Tyrian father, and abide among foreigners; found a city with the name of Egyptian Thebes your home, in the place where the cow of fortune shall sink and rest her heavy knee foot."

307 So speaking he lulled the tripods' wild voice: the ridges of Parnassus quaked, when they heard the voice of their neighbour Phoebus; Castalia marked it, and her inspired water bubbled in oracular rills.

311 The god spake; and Cadmus gave place. Near the temple he saw a cow, and went beside her as she walked. His men followed, and made sparing pace, equal to the slow-obeying hoof of the unerring cow, sedulous servants. On the way, Cadmus espied from the road a sacred place conspicuous: the place where the Pythian had noticed on a hill the nine-circling coil of the dragon's back, and put to sleep the deadly poison of the Cirrhaian* serpent. Then the wanderer left the heads of Parnassus and trod the neighbouring soil of Daulis, whence comes the tale I bear of the dumb woof-spinner Philomela and her talking dress, whom Tereus defiled, when Hera, queen of wedlock, turned her back on the wedding among the mountains with no wedding dances; how the girl mourned over the undecked pallet of a bridebed on the common road; how the girl tongue-shorn bewailed this Thracian rape; and how voiceless Echo

* Loosely for "Delphic," Cirrha being the harbour-town below Delphi.

παρθενικὴν φυγόδεμνον ὀδυρομένη Φιλομήλην,
ὁππότε φοινήεντι μεμιγμένον αἵματος ὁλκῷ
γλώσσης ἀρτιτόμοιο συνέβλυεν αἷμα κορείης·
καὶ Τιτυοῦ πόλιν εἶδεν, ὅπῃ θρασὺς υἱὸς Ἀρούρης
ἄλσεα καλλιπέτηλα διαστείχων Πανοπῆος
ἁγνὰ βιαζομένης ἀνεσείρασε φάρεα Λητοῦς
καὶ ποδὸς ἴχνος ἔθηκε Ταναγραίῳ κενεῶνι,
ἐκ δὲ Κορωνείης Ἁλιάρτιον οὖδας ἀμείβων
Θεσπιέων τε πόληα βαθυκνήμους τε Πλαταιὰς
Ἀονίης σχεδὸν ἦλθε πέδον Βοιωτὸν ὀδεύων,
ἧχί ποτ' Ὠρίωνα, δυσίμερον υἱέα γαίης,
Σκορπίος, ἀστόργοιο βοηθόος ἰσχεαίρης,
τηλίκον ἐπρήνιξεν, ἀνυμφεύτοιο θεαίνης
ἀκροτάτην ἔτι πέζαν ἀναστείλαντα χιτῶνος,
ὁ βραδὺς ἑρπύζων, χθόνιον τέρας, ἀντιβίου δὲ
ταρσὰ χαλαζήεντι τυχὼν ἐχαράξατο κέντρῳ.
καὶ γαίης ἐπέβη Χαιρωνίδος, ἔνθα κονίην
ἀργυφέην τέμνουσα βοὸς λευκαίνετο χηλή,
καὶ κραναῆς μεθέπων πολυκαμπέα κύκλα πορείης
λευκὰ κονιομένων ἀπεσείσατο λύματα ταρσῶν.
καὶ βοὸς ὀμφήεσσα χαμευνάδος ὤκλασε χηλὴ

* Pandion, king of Athens, had two daughters, Procne and Philomela. Tereus, king of the Thracians, who then occupied Daulis, married Procne, and after a while sent a message to Athens to say she was dead and to invite Philomela to come to him. On her arrival he raped her, and then cut out her tongue and imprisoned her, to prevent her complaining to her sister. But she managed to send Procne a woven cloth with the whole story embroidered on it. Procne fetched her; the two sisters killed Tereus's and Procne's son Itys, and served him up to his father at dinner. On discovering this, Tereus pursued both women to kill them; the gods intervened and

copied her tears and groaned too, bewailing the bed-shy maiden Philomela, as the blood of her maiden-hood ran mingling with the red stream from her new-severed tongue.[a]

[331] He saw too the city of Tityos, where that bold son of Earth marching through the fair-leafy woods of Panopeus lifted the sacred robe of Leto and attempted violence.[b] He set a footstep on Tanagra bottom; and passing from Coronoia to the soil of Haliartos, he came near to the city of Thespiai, and Plataiai in its deep ravines, and Aonia on the Boiotian ground. This is the place where Orion[c] the lovesick son of Earth was brought low, great as he was, by the Scorpion, who came to help the hard-hearted Archeress: he was in the act of lifting the lowest edge of the tunic of the unmated goddess, when crawling slow came that earthy horror, hit his adversary's heel and pierced it with freezing sting.

[344] He traversed the land of Chaironeia, where the cow's hoof was whitened in cutting the silvery dust, and following the many winding circuits of the rocky path it shook off the white dirt from its dusty feet.

[349] Then the oracular hoof of the cow gave way,

he was changed into a hoopoe, Procne into a nightingale, Philomela into a swallow (Latin authors generally reverse these two metamorphoses), and Itys, in some late accounts, into a bird of some kind, perhaps a wood-pigeon.

[b] Tityos attacked Leto soon after the birth of Apollo and Artemis. Apollo came to her rescue and killed him with his arrows.

[c] Orion is connected with Boeotia in sundry stories. He offended Artemis either in the way here described or by boasting of his prowess in hunting: Earth sent a huge scorpion which killed him with its sting. Finally he became the constellation which bears his name.

ἄστεος ἐσσομένοιο προάγγελος. ἀλλ' ὅτε Κάδμῳ
Πύθιον οὐδαίης ἐτελείετο θέσφατον ἠχούς,
βοῦν ἱερὴν θυόεντι διαστήσας παρὰ βωμῷ
δίζετο πηγαίων ὑδάτων χύσιν, ὄφρα καθήρῃ
μαντιπόλους ἔο χεῖρας, ἐπισπείσῃ δὲ θυηλαῖς
ἁγνὸν ὕδωρ· οὔ πω γὰρ ἐν οἰνοφύτοισιν ἀλωαῖς
ἁβρὸς ἀεξομένης ἀνεφαίνετο καρπὸς ὀπώρης.
Καὶ πόδας ἐστήριξε δρακοντοβότῳ παρὰ Δίρκῃ·
στῆ δὲ ταφών, ὅθι λοξὰ φανεὶς ὀφιώδεϊ δεσμῷ
Ἄρεος αἰολόνωτος ὄφις μιτρώσατο πηγήν,
καὶ στρατὸν ἐπτοίησεν, ὅσος πολὺς ἔσπετο Κάδμῳ·
τὸν μὲν ὑπὸ στέρνοισι δακὼν χαροποῖσι γενείοις,
τὸν δὲ δαφοινήεντι τυχὼν ἐχάραξεν ὀδόντι,
ἄλλου μαρναμένοιο βιοσσόον ἧπαρ ἀμύξας
θῆκε νέκυν· ψαφαρὴ δὲ κατ' αὐχένος ἔρρεε χαίτη
αὐτομάτη, πλαδαροῖο διειλυσθεῖσα καρήνου
ἄλλον ἀνεπτοίησε θορὼν ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα κόρσης
ἀνδρομέης, ἑτέρου δὲ διέτρεχεν ἀνθερεῶνος
ἄσχετος, ἰοβόλῳ δὲ βαλὼν ὀφθαλμὸν ἐέρσῃ
μαρμαρέην ἤχλυσε μεμυκότος ὄμματος αἴγλην·
ἄλλου ταρσὸν ἔμαρψε, χαρασσόμενον δὲ γενείῳ
εἶχε δακών, καὶ χλωρὸν ἀνήρυγεν ἀφρὸν ὀδόντων
εἰς δέμας ἠιθέοιο, πελιδναίῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἰσοφυὴς χλοάοντι διεψύχθη δέμας ἰῷ·
ἄλλου φυσιόωντος ὑπὸ πληγῇσι γενείων
ἀσταθέες μήνιγγες ἐκυμαίνοντο καρήνου
δήγματι φαρμακόεντι, δι' ἐγκεφάλου δὲ χυθέντος
μυδαλέῳ μυκτῆρι κατάσσυτος ἔρρεεν ἰχώρ·
καὶ ταχὺς ἀμφιέλικτος ἐπὶ κνήμῃσιν ἀνέρπων
Κάδμον ἀπειλητῆρι δράκων ἐζώσατο δεσμῷ,

and she sank to the ground foretelling the city to be. Now that the divine utterance out of the Pythian cave was fulfilled, Cadmos brought the sacred cow beside an altar smoking with incense, and sought for a rill of spring water, that he might cleanse his ministering hands and pour the pure water over the sacrifice; for as yet there were no wine-planted gardens to show the delicate fruit of their ripening crop.

[365] He stayed his feet beside dragon-breeding Dirce *: and stood amazed when he saw the speckle-back serpent, Ares' child, appear from one side and girdle the spring with snaky coil. The serpent scared away the great company who followed Cadmos, biting one under the chest with his flashing jaws, rending another with a stroke of bloody tooth, tearing another's life-saving liver when he showed fight and laying him dead: a rough mane slipping out of the dark head ran down disorderly over his neck. Another he scared leaping above the man's temples, ran up another's chin irresistible to strike his eye with poison-shooting dew, and darkened the sparkling gleam of the oozing orb. One he caught by the foot and held it in his jaws, tearing it with his bite—spat out green foam from his teeth upon the lad's body, and the greenish poison froze the body livid like steel. Another panted under the strokes of the jaws, and the membranes of the brain billowed throbbing out of the head at the poisonous bite, while a stream of matter ran down through the drenched nostrils out of the melting brain.

[365] Then quickly the dragon curled round Cadmos, creeping up his legs, and bound him in dangerous

* A stream near Thebes.

καὶ δέμας ὀρθώσας μελέων ἐπιβήσατο παλμῷ
ταυρείης περίκυκλον ἐς ὀμφαλὸν ἄλτο βοείης
καὶ σκολιαῖς ἑλίκεσσι πόδας μετρούμενος ἀνὴρ
ὁλκαίῃ βαρίδεσμος ἐχιδναίῃ κάμε σειρῇ,
φόρτον ἔχων δασπλῆτα, βαρυνομένου δὲ φορῆα
ὄρθιον ἑστηῶτα κατέσπασεν εἰς πέδον ἕλκων,
καὶ στόμα πικρὸν ἕλυσε, δυσηλεγέος δὲ χαλάστου
φοίνιος ὠμοβόρου πυλεὼν εἰράνετο λαιμοῦ,
καὶ κεφαλὴν δόχμωσε, τινισσομένου δὲ καρήνου
ὑφιτενὴς ἐλέλικτο μέσος κυρτούμενος αἰχήν.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε Κάδμος ἔκαμνε,
τότε σχεδὸν ἦλθεν Ἀθήνη
ἐσσομένης δαΐοισα τροπάγγελον αἰγίδα νίκης
Γοργείῳ κομόωσαν ἐχιδνήεντι καρήνῳ,
καί οἱ ἀτυζομένῳ λασσοῦσο ἴαχε δαίμων·
" Κάδμε, Γιγαντοφόνοιο Διὸς συνέθλε κυδοιμοῦ,
δειμαίνεις ἕνα μοῦνον ἰδὼν ὄφιν; ἐν δὲ συδοιμοῖς
σοὶ πίσυνος Τυφῶνι κατεπρήνιξε Κρονίων
τοσσατίους κομόωντα δρακοντείοισι καρήνοις.
παῦε θηρείων τρομέων συριγμὸν ὀδόντων·
Παλλὰς ἐποτρύνει σε, καὶ οὐ φονίη παρὰ Δίρκῃ
ῥύσεται ἑρπηστῆρα φυλάκτορι χάλκεος Ἄρης.
ἀλλά, καταφθιμένοιο λαβὼν δασπλῆτας ὀδόντας
θηρός, ἐχιδνήεντι περισπείρας χθόνα καρπῷ
κεῖρε Γιγαντείης ὀφιώδεα λήμα χάρμης.
Γηγενέων δὲ φάλαγγας ἐνὶ ξύνασσον ἀλήθρῳ
πέντε λιπὼν ζώοντας· ἐπεσσομένῃσι δὲ Θήβαις
σπαρτῶν ἀγλαόκαρπος ἀνασταχύοιτο γενέθλη."
Ὡς φαμένη θάρσυνε τεθηπότα Κάδμον Ἀθήνη,
καὶ βαθὺν ἠεμόεντι κατέγραφεν ἥρα ταρσῷ,

---

[a] The Theban aristocracy were called Spartoi from this legend.

hands; then raising his body high above him with a mounting lurch of his limbs, darted at the round midnipple of the oxhide shield. The man with his legs enclosed by those slanting rings was exhausted by the heavy weight of the long trailing snake—a horrible burden! but the wearied bearer still stood upright, until the serpent dragged him to the ground and opened his cruel mouth—the monster gaped, and the bloody portal of his raw-ravening throat yawned wide: he turned his head sideways, and with shaking hood curved his neck backwards stretched high over the middle of his coils.

[380] But when Cadmos was nearly exhausted, Athena came near, shaking the aegis-cape with the Gorgon's head and snaky hair, the forerunner of coming victory; and the nation-mustering deity cried aloud to the dumbfounded man—

[385] "Cadmos, helpmate and ally of Zeus Giant-slayer in the battle! Are you afraid when you see only one snake? In those battles Cronion trusted in you, and brought low Typhon with all that shock of heads, and every one a snake! Tremble no more at the hiss from the creature's teeth. Pallas bids you on! Brazen Ares shall not save his reptile guardian beside murderous Dirce. But when he is killed, take the creature's horrible teeth, sow the ground all about with the snaky corn, reap the viperous harvest of warrior giants, join the battalions of the Earthborn in one common destruction, and leave only five living: let the crop of the Sown* sprout up to glorious fruitage for Thebes that shall be."

[400] With these words Athena encouraged the discomfited Cadmos, and then she cleft the airy deeps with windswift foot, until she entered the house of

δυσαμένη Διὸς οἶκον. ὁ δὲ τραφερῇ παρὰ βώλῳ
μάρμαρον εὐρυάλωσος ἐΰτροχον οὖρον ἀροῦρης
ἵστατο κουφίζων κραναὸν βέλος, ἰθυπόρῳ δὲ
ἄκρα δρακοντείοιο καρήατος ἔθλασε πέτρῳ·
θηγαλέην δὲ μάχαιραν ἐρυσσάμενος παρὰ μηροῦ
αὐχένα θηρὸς ἔτεμνεν· ἀπαμπίσασα δὲ κόρση
σώματος ἐκτὸς ἔμιμνε, κυλινδομένη δὲ κονίῃ
ἠθάδα κύκλον ἕλισσε παλίλλυντον ἄστατος οὐρή,
καὶ δαπέδῳ τετάνυστο δράκων νέκυς.
ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ
θοῦρος Ἄρης βαρύμηνις ἀνέκραγε· χωομένου δὲ
Κάδμος ἀμειβομένων μελέων ἐλικώδεϊ μορφῇ
ἀλλοφυὴς ἤμελλε παρ' Ἰλλυρίδος σφυρὰ γαίης
ξεῖνον ἔχειν ἴνδαλμα δρακοντείοιο προσώπου.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν πέπρωτο μετὰ χρόνον. αὐτάρ ὁ μάσσῃ
χαλκείῃ κυνέῃ συνελέξατο καρπὸν ἀλέθρου,
θηρείων γενύων βλοσυρὸν θέρος· ἐνδατέηις δὲ
Παλλάδος ὑβὸν ἄροτρον ἀπ' ὀργάδος
εἰς χθόνα σίρων
καὶ χαροπῆς ἀρόσας πολεμητόκον αὐλακα γαίης
ἰοβόλων ἔσπειρε πολύστιχον ὄγμον ὀδόντων·
καὶ στάχυς αὐτολόχευτος ἀνηέξητο Γιγάντων,
ὧν ὁ μὲν ὑψικάρηνος ἀνέδραμεν ἄκρα τιταίνων
στήθεος εὐθώρηκος, ὁ δὲ προθορόντι καρήνῳ
φρικτὸν ἀνοιγομένης ὑπεράσχεθεν ὤμων ἀροῦρης·
ἄλλος ἄνω προύκυψεν ἐς ὀμφαλόν, ὃς δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
ἡμιτελὴς ἀνέτελλε πεδοτρεφὲς ὅπλον ἀείρων·
ἄλλος ὑπερκύπτοντα λόφον προβλῆτα τιταίνων
οὔ πω στέρνον ἔφαινε, καὶ εἰσέτι μητρὸς ἀνέρπων
ἐκ λαγόνων κατὰ βαιὸν ἀταρβέι μάρνατο Κάδμῳ
τεύχεσιν αὐτοφύτοις κεκορυθμένος· ἃ μέγα θαῦμα,

Zeus. But Cadmos where he stood on the dry earth lifted a well-rounded boundary-stone of the broad farm-land, a rocky missile; and with a straight cast of the stone smashed the top of the dragon's head; then drawing a whetted knife from his thigh he cut through the monster's neck. The hood severed from the body lay apart, but the tail still moved, rolling in the dust until it had uncoiled again its familiar rings. There lay the dragon stretched on the ground, dead, and over the corpse furious Ares shouted in heavy anger. By his wrath Cadmos was destined to change his limbs for a curling shape, and to have a strange aspect of dragon's countenance at the ends of the Illyrian country.*

But that was ordained for long after. Now he gathered the fruit of death inside a helmet of bronze, the grim harvest of the creature's jaws. Then he drew upon the land the humped plow of Pallas from her holy place in those parts, and plowed a battle-breeding furrow in the bright earth, and sowed long lines of the poison-casting teeth. There grew out the self-delivered crop of giants: one shot up with head high, shaking the top of a mail-coated breast; one with jutting head stretched a horrid shoulder over the opening earth; another bent forward above ground as far as the midnipple, one again rose on the ground half-finished and lifted a soil-grown shield; another shook a nodding plume before him and showed not yet his chest; while still creeping up slowly from his mother's flanks he showed fight against fearless Cadmos, clad in the armour he was

* After a long life he and Harmonia went to Illyria and were changed to serpents (*i.e.*, live for ever as powers of the underworld).

ὥπλισεν Εἰλείθυια, τὸν οὐ μαιώσατο μήτηρ·
καί τις ἀνηκόντιζεν ὁμόγνιον ἔγχος ἀφάσσων
ἡμιφανής, ὁ δὲ κυφὸς ὢλων δέμας εἰς φάος ἕλκων
ἄκρα ποδῶν ἀτέλεστα πεπηγότα λεῖπεν ἀρούρῃ.

Οὐ μὲν ἐφημοσύνης ἐπελήσατο Κάδμος Ἀθήνης,
ἀλλὰ παλιμφυέων καλάμην ἤμησε Γιγάντων
τὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο βαλὼν ἀνεμώδεϊ λήγχῃ,
τὸν δὲ κατὰ κληῖδα παρὰ πλατὺν αἰχένα τύψας
ὀστέα λαχνήεντος ἀνύσχισεν ἀνθερεῶνος·
ἄλλων ἀκοντιστῆρι βαλὼν ἐχαράξατο πέτρῳ
γαστέρος ἄχρι φανέντα· καὶ αἵματος αἰνογιγάντων
ἐκχυμένου ποταμηδὸν Ἄρης ὠλίσθανε λίθρῳ
φοινίξας ἑὰ γυῖα, παρισταμένης δὲ κιδναιρῷ
πορφυρέῃ ῥαθάμιγγι χιτὼν ἐρυθαίνετο Νίκης.
ἄλλου μαρναμένοιο παρ' ἰσχίον ὦρε τύψας
συμφυέος διέκειρε σὺν ἰξύϊ νῶτα βοείης.
καὶ φόνος ἄσπετος ἔσκε· δαϊζομένων δὲ Γιγάντων
λοίγιος αἱμαλέης ἀνεκήκιεν αὐλὸς ἐέρσης
ἄορι θευομένων. ὁ δὲ Παλλάδος ἐμφρονι βουλῇ
Γηγενέων τινὰ πέτρον ἐπηώρησε καρήνων·
οἱ δὲ δαφοινήεντι πόθῳ μεθύοντες Ἐνυοῦς
Ἄρεϊ βακχεύθησαν, ὁμογνήτῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἀλλήλων ὀλετῆρες ἐτυμβεύοντο κονίῃ.
ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος ἔριζεν· ἐρευθιόωντι δὲ λίθρῳ
στικτὰ διαιομένης ἐμελαίνετο νῶτα βοείης
Γηγενέος κταμένοιο· κατουδαίῃς δὲ μαχαίρης
γνωτοφόνῳ γλωχῖνι δαΐζετο καρπὸς ἀρούρης.

---

* Because he and the spear were born together.
* Like cognate shield and brother spear.

born in. O what a great miracle! Eileithyia armed him whom the mother had not yet spawned! And there was one who cast his brother-spear,[a] fumbling and half visible; one who lightly drew the whole body into the light, but left his toes unfinished sticking in the ground.

[441] Cadmos for all that did not neglect Athena's injunction. He reaped the stubble of giants springing up ever anew. One he struck with windswift spear over the breast, hit one on the broad neck by the collarbone shearing the bones of the hairy throat: another he tore with hurtling stone while he showed as far as the belly. The blood of the dreadful giants flowed in rivers; Ares slipt in the gore staining his limbs with crimson, and Victory's robe was reddened with purple drops while she stood beside the battle. Another showed fight, and Cadmos ran his sword through his cognate shield of oxhide, into the hip-joint and out at the small of his back. The slaughter stayed not: as the giants were cut and smitten with the sword, a deadly spout of bloody dew bubbled up.

[455] Then by the wise counsel of Pallas he lifted a stone high above the giants' heads; and they drunken with gory lust for Enyo, went wild with warlike fury and destroyed each other with the steel their cousin,[b] and found burial in the dust. One fought with another: with ruddy gore the surface of the shield was drenched and spotted and darkened, as a giant died: the crop of that field was shorn by the brother-murdering blade of an earthgrown knife.[c]

[a] For the model of this passage, see Apoll. Rhod. iii. 1354 ff.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΕΜΠΤΟΝ

Πέμπτον ἔτι σκοπίαζε καὶ Ἀκταίωνα νοήσεις,
τὸν κεμὰς οὐκ ὤδαντ, κυνοσπάδα ναβρὸν ἀλήτην.

Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολέμων ὀφιώδεα λήμα κεἰρων
Κάδμος ὀδοντοφύτων καλάμην ἤμησε Γιγάντων,
σπένδων λύθρον Ἄρηι θαλύσια δηιοτῆτος,
φαιδρύνας ἑὰ γυῖα δρακοντοβότῳ παρὰ Δίρκῃ
Δελφίδα βοῦν ἱέρευσε θεοδμήτων ἐπὶ βωμῶν,
Παλλάδι καλὸν ἄγαλμα. κατηρχομένῳ δὲ θυηλὰς
δίζυγες ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περιρραίνοντο κεραίαι
οὐλοχύταις· ὁ δὲ γυμνὸν ἑλὼν παρὰ γείτονι μηρὸν
φάσγανον Ἀσσυρίοιο παρήορον ἐκ τελαμῶνος
ἀκροτάτην τρίχα τάμνε ταυηρρύτου[1] καρήνου
ἄορι κωπήεντι· Θεοκλύμενος δὲ κεραίης
δραξάμενος μόσχοιο παλίντονον εἵρυσε δειρήν,
αὐχενίους δὲ τένοντας ἀπηλοίησε Θυώστης
ἀμφιτόμῳ βουπλῆγι, καὶ αἱμαλέῳ βοὸς ὠλκῷ
λάινος Ὀγκαίης ἐρυθαίνετο βωμὸς Ἀθήνης,
καὶ βοέου κεροέντος ἀρασσομένοιο μετώπου
πρηνὴς μόσχος ἔπιπτε· δαιζομένης δὲ σιδήρῳ
πλευρὰ διατμήξαντες ἐμιστύλλαντο μαχαίρῃ,
καὶ βοέην τρηχεῖαν ἐγυμνώσαντο καλύπτρην

[1] The mss. read ταυηρρύτου, edd. variously ταυηρρύτου, ταλαιρύτου, ταυκραίρου. The stem ταυ- suggests that the poet meant horns.

BOOK V

Look into the fifth next, and you will see Actaion
also, whom no pricket brought forth, torn
by dogs as a fleeing fawn.

As soon as Cadmos had reaped the snaky crop of toothplanted battles, and shorn the stubble of the giants, pouring the bloodlibation to Ares as the firstling feast of harvestslaughter, he cleansed his body in dragonbreeding Dirce, and sacrificed the Delphian cow on the godbuilt altar as a fair offering for Pallas. As the first rite in the sacrifice, he sprinkled the two horns on both sides with barley-grains; he drew out and bared the falchion knife which hung at his thigh alongside by an Assyrian strap, and cut the top hairs of the long-horned head with the hilted blade. Theoclymenus grasped the heifer's horn and drew back the throat, Thyestes cut through the sinews of the neck with a double-edged axe; the stone altar of Athena Onca * was reddened with the smear of the creature's blood. Then the cow's horned front was struck, and prone the creature fell. They brittled her with the steel, they cut through the sides and carved her up with the knife, they stript the hard covering of hide and stretched it out.

* A local title of Athena (meaning unknown), given later to one of the Gates of Thebes. Nonnos explains it below.

ἐκταδίην· ὁ δὲ φαιδρὸν ἐπὶ χθονὶ φᾶρος ἑλίξας
αὐτὸς ἄναξ πεπόνητο, καὶ εὐφυέων κρέα μηρῶν
ὠμὰ διατμήξας ἐκαλύψατο δίζυγι δημῷ
μιστύλλων κατὰ βαιόν, ἐπ' ἀνθρακιῇ δὲ τανύσσας
σπλάγχνα σιδηρείοισι πεπαρμένα μακρὰ κορύμβοις
εἴρυσεν, ὀπτήσας ἁπαλῷ πυρί· μεσσοπαγῆ δὲ
ἀκροπόρῳ στοιχηδὸν ἄγων τετορημένα χαλκῷ
ἀνθοκόμου κατέθηκε χαμαιζήλοιο τραπέζης
δαιτρός, ἐπασσυτέρους ὀβελοὺς ζείοντας ἀείρας.
καὶ θυόεις ἐλέλικτο δι' ἠέρος ἀτμὸς ἀλήτης
Ἀσσυρίης λιβάνοιο. τελειομένης δὲ θυηλῆς
δεῖπνον ἔην, καὶ Κάδμος ἑλὼν ἐπένειμεν ἑκάστῳ
κεκριμένης ὀρέγων ἰσοελκέα μοῖραν ἐδωδῆς.
δαιτυμόνων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπ' εὐκύκλοιο τραπέζης
εἰλαπίνης ἀπέθεντο πόθον κεκορηότι θυμῷ.
Οὐδὲ δρακοντοφόνῳ καμάτων
τέλος ἔπλετο Κάδμῳ,
ἀλλὰ μεθ' ἑρπηστῆρα, μετ' ἄγρια φῦλα Γιγάντων,
Ἐκτήνων προμάχοισι καὶ Ἄονι μάρνατο λαῷ
βάρβαρον ἀμώων στάχυν Ἄρεος, ἀγχιπόροις δὲ
ἔχραε Τεμμίκεσσι· καλεσσαμένῳ δὲ μαχητὰς
ποικίλος ἑσμὸς ἵκανε περικτιόνων ἐπικούρων.
καὶ διδύμαις στρατιῇσιν Ἔρις ξύνωσεν Ἐνυῷ
φύλοπιν ὠδίνουσα· συνερχομένων δὲ κυδοιμῷ
τόξον ἐκυκλώθη, δόρυ πάλλετο, σείετο πήληξ,
καὶ βέλος ἐρροίζησεν, ἐπ' ὀμφαλόεντι δὲ κύκλῳ
βαλλομένη μυλόεντι λίθῳ σμαράγησε βοείη.
καὶ κταμένων ῥέεν αἷμα· πολὺς δ' ἐπὶ φορβάδι γαίῃ
ἡμιθανὴς προκάρηνος ἀνὴρ κεκύλιστο κονίῃ.
καὶ στρατὸς ἀντιβίων ἱκέτης ἐκλίνετο Κάδμῳ

[20] The prince himself was busy, after folding his bright mantle and laying it on the ground. He cut out raw slices of the sturdy thighs, chopt them small and set them between two layers of fat; he pierced the long tripes with iron spits and stretched them over the embers, grilling them with gentle heat; then he brought them, pierced on the pointed bronze, and lifting the glowing spits one by one, laid them in a row on the grass amid the flowers —steward of a lowly table! The fragrant smoke of Assyrian incense scattered curling through the air. The sacrifice ended, there was a feast: and Cadmos took and held out and served to each an equal portion of choice food. The rows of banqueters at the round table soon had enough and wanted no more.[a]

[35] The dragon's death was not the end of the labours of Cadmos; but after the Serpent, and after the savage tribes of giants, he fought the champions of the Ectenes and the Aonian people, reaping a barbarian harvest of Ares, and fell on the neighbouring Temmicans[b]: when he called for soldiers, a motley swarm of neighbours came to his help. To both armies alike Strife joined Enyo and brought forth Tumult: when they met in battle bows were bent, spears hurtled, helmets shook, shots whizzed, oxhides rattled struck on the buxsy round with chunks like millstones. The blood of the fallen ran in streams: many a man fell headlong half-dead on the fruitful earth, and rolled in the dust. Then the army of his adversaries bowed suppliant before Cadmos, and

[a] All this is a paraphrase of the sacrificial banquets in Homer, *e.g.*, *Il.* i. 458 *ff.*

[b] Earlier inhabitants of Boeotia: see Lycophron 644, Pausanias ix. 5. 1.

λῦτο δ' ἀγών.
φονίην δὲ μετὰ στροφάλιγγα κυδοιμοῦ
Κάδμος ἀπυργώτοιο θεμείλια πήγνυε Θήβης.
Πολλαὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα μεριζομένων κενεώνων
αὔλακες ἐτμήγοντο, πολυσχιδέων δὲ κελεύθων
ἕδρανα καρχαρόδοντι βοῶν κεχάρακτο σιδήρῳ·
πολλαὶ δ' ἀντιπόρων ἀνέμων τετράζυγι κόσμῳ
ἔμμοροι ἐν χόρτοισιν ἐμετρήθησαν ἀγυιαί.
καὶ πόλις Ἀονίη Τυρίης ποικίλλετο τέχνης
κάλλεϊ λαϊνέῳ· καὶ ἐποίπνυεν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
γειοτόμῳ γλωχῖνι ταμὼν ἐτερόχροα πέτρην
ἐργατίνης Βοιωτὸν ὑπὸ κλέτας, ἣν παρὰ λόχμῃ
Τευμησσοῦ δρυόεντος ἐμαιώσαντο κολῶναι,
ἣν Ἑλικὼν βλάστησε καὶ ἣν ὤδινε Κιθαιρών.
καὶ νηοὺς ἐτέλεσσε θεῶν καὶ δώματα φωτῶν
τορνώσας κανόνεσσιν· ἐπ' ἀρρήκτοις δὲ δομαίοις
ἑπταπόρῳ πυλεῶνι περίδρομον ἄστυ χαράξας
οὐρανὸν ἑπτάζωνον ἑῇ μιμήσατο τέχνῃ,
ἐσσόμενον ναέταις Ἀμφίονι τεῖχος ἐάσας
πυργοδόμῳ κιθάρῃ πεφυλαγμένον. οὐρανίοις δὲ
ἑπτὰ πύλας ἀνέθηκεν ἰσηρίθμοισιν ἀλήταις
ἰσοτύπους· πρῶτον μὲν ἐς ἑσπέριον κλίμα πήξας
Ὀγκαίην ἐπένειμε πύλην γλαυκώπιδι Μήνῃ
ἐκ βοὸς ὀγκηθμοῖο φερώνυμον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
ταυροφυὴς κερόεσσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη
τριπλόον εἶδος ἔχουσα πέλει Τριτωνὶς Ἀθήνη·
δεύτερον Ἑρμάωνι διαυγέι γείτονι Μήνης
δῶκε γέρας πυλεῶνα· διαγράψας δὲ τετάρτην
Ἠλέκτρην Φαέθοντος ἐπώνυμον, ὅττι φανέντος

[a] A mountain in Boeotia.
[b] Used loosely for the spheres of the planets.
[c] A rare explanation of Tritonis, found also in Tzetzes'

the conflict ceased. After the bloody whirl of battle Cadmus laid the foundation of Thebes yet unfortified.

[55] He divided the spaces, and many furrows were cut this way and that, the beds of many branching roads were cut by the sharp-toothed iron of the ox-plow; many streets were measured at right angles to the four opposing winds to take their share of the grasslands. Then the Aonian city was embellished with the stony beauty of Tyrian art: all were busy, one workman with another, cutting under the Boiotian slopes with earth-cleaving pick the variegated rock, which the hills near the thick forest of tree-clad Temessos[a] brought forth, which Helicon grew and Cithairon brought to birth. He completed temples for the gods and houses for the people, planning with his builder's rules. He scored the shape of a city surrounded by walls upon impregnable foundation-stones, with seven entries, imitating in his art heaven with its seven zones,[b] but he left the walls for Amphion to build for the future inhabitants, and to protect, with tower-building harp.

[62] He dedicated the seven gates, equal in number to the seven planets. First towards the western clime he allotted the Oceanian Gate to Mene Bright-eyes, taking the name from the honk of cattle, because the Moon herself, bull-shaped, horned, driver of cattle, being triform is Tritonis Athene.[c] The second gate he gave in honour to Hermaon,[d] the shining neighbour of Mene. The fourth he traced out and named for Electra Phaëthon's[e] daughter, because

commentary on Lycophron 519. It is purely fanciful. Τρίτωνις as if from Τρίτων.

[b] The planet Mercury. [c] The sun.

σύγχροος Ἠλέκτρης ἁμαρύσσεται ὄρθριος αἴγλη,
Ἠελίῳ πυρόεντι πύλην ἀντώπιον Ἠοῦς
μεσσατίην ἀνέθηκεν, ἐπεὶ μέσος ἐστὶ πλανήτων·
πέμπτην δ' Ἄρεϊ δῶκε, πόρε τριτάτην Ἀφροδίτῃ,
ἀμφοτέρων ἑκάτερθεν ὅπως Φαέθων μέσος εἴη,
γείτονα θοῦρον Ἄρηα διατμήγων Ἀφροδίτης·
ἕκτην Ζηνὸς ἄγαλμα φαεινοτέρῳ κάμε κόσμῳ
ὑψιφανῆ· πυμάτην δὲ Κρόνου λάχεν ἕβδομος ἀστήρ.
τοίων ἕδος ποίησε· καὶ ἱερὸν ἄστυ πολίσσας
Αἰγυπτίης ἐκάλεσσεν ὁμώνυμον ἄστεϊ Θήβης,
ποικίλον ἀσκήσας χθόνιων τύπον, ἶσον Ὀλύμπῳ.

Ἀονίων δὲ θύγατρες ἀνερρύσαντο χορείας
Ἁρμονίης ὑμέναιον· ἐπ' εὐθαλάμῳ δὲ μελάθρῳ
Θρηικίης φθέγξαντο χορεύσιμον οὔνομα νύμφης.
καὶ Παφίη νεότευκτον ἐκόσμεε παστάδα Κάδμῳ
παιδὸς ἑῆς μέλπουσα θεοκλύτους ὑμεναίους
μήτηρ ἱμερόεσσα· πατὴρ δ' ὑπὸ χάρματι κούρης
γυμνὸς ἄτερ σακέων ὠρχήσατο μειλίχος Ἄρης
δεξιτερὴν ἀσίδηρον ἐπικλίνων Ἀφροδίτῃ,
καὶ γαμίῃ σάλπιγγι μελίζετο θυμὸν Ἐρώτων
ἀντίτυπον σύριγγι, σιδηρόφορον δὲ κορύνην
ἠθάδας εὐπολέμοιο λόχους ἀπενείσατο χαίτης,
μιτρώσας πλοκαμῖδας ἀνιμάκτοισι κορύμβοις,
πλέξας κῶμον Ἔρωτι· σὺν ἀθανάτοις δὲ χορείαις
εἰς γάμον Ἁρμονίης Ἰσμήνιος ἦλθεν Ἀπόλλων
ἑπτατόνῳ κιθάρῃ φιλοτήσιον ὕμνον ἀράσσων·

[1] So mss.: edd. θεσμῶν, μεθμῶν, μέθυ.

* *i.e.*, fourth, "mid-most" in the enumeration.

when he appears, Electra's morning gleam sparkles with like colour; and the midmost gate[4] opposite the Dawn he dedicated to fiery Helios, since he is in the middle of the planets. The fifth he gave to Ares, the third to Aphrodite, in order that Phaëthon might be between them both on either side, and cut off his neighbour the furious Ares from Aphrodite. The sixth he made an image of Zeus, shining high with more glorious craftsmanship. The last fell to the lot of Cronus[5] the seventh planet.

80 Such he made this seat; and having founded the sacred city, he called it by the name of Thebes in Egypt, decking out an earthly image like to Olympos with all its adornments.

90 The daughters of the Aonians struck up Harmonia's marriage-hymn with dances: the dancing girls sang the name of the Thracian bride, in that palace and its fine bridal chamber. The Paphian also, her lovely mother, decorated her daughter's new-built bower for Cadmos, while she sang of the god-ordained marriage; her father danced with joy for his girl, bare and stript of his armour, a tame Ares! and laid his right arm unweaponed about Aphrodite, while he sounded the spirit of the Loves on his wedding-trumpet answering the panpipes: he had shaken off from his helmet head the plumes of horsehair so familiar in the battlefield, and wreathed blossoms garlands about his hair, weaving a merry song for Love. Dancing with the immortals came Ismenian[6] Apollo to Harmonia's wedding, while he twangled a

[4] The planet Saturn. There seems to have been no authoritative list of the gates of Thebes; hardly any two authors agree, though most name the gates of Onca and Electra.

[5] Properly Ismenian, a local title, from one of the two rivers of Thebes.

καὶ μέλος ἐκρούσαντο βιοσσόον ἐντέα Μοῦσαι,
καὶ παλάμας ἐλέλιζε Πολύμνια, μοῦσα χορείης,
μιμηλὴν δ' ἐχάραξεν ἀναιδέος εἰκόνα φωνῆς,
φθεγγομένη παλάμῃσι σοφὸν τύπον ἔμφρονι σιγῇ.
ὄμματα δινεύουσα· πολυστρέπτῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ,
Ζηνὶ χαριζομένη, θαλαμηπόλος ἵστατο Νίκη.
Κάδμον ἀνενάιζουσα, Διὸς σρόμον, ἀμφὶ δὲ παντῷ
παρθενίοις στομάτεσσι γαμηλίων ἔπλεκε μολπήν,
καὶ ποδὸς ἴχνος ἔλισσεν, ἐπ' εὐκύκλῳ δὲ χορείῃ
αἰδομένη πτερὰ πᾶλλε παρὰ στερίγγεσσιν Ἐρώτων·
ἐκ δὲ πολυσπερέων δαΐδων ὁμοφεγγέος αἴγλης
ἑσπερίης ἀνέτελλε φάος φενδόμενος Ἠοῦς·
καὶ λιγυροῖς στομάτεσσι φιλοσκάρθμῳ παρὰ παντῷ
πάννυχος ἔπλετο κῶμος ἀνομήτοιο χορείης
μελπομένων·

σπειῦδων γὰρ ἐς ἀγρύπνους ὑμεναίους . . .[1]
ἠθάδα ῥάβδον ἔλειπεν, ἐπεὶ ταμίη πέλεν ὕπνου·
καὶ Θήβη χορὸς ἦεν Ὀλύμπιος· ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
Κάδμον ὁμοῦ καὶ Ζῆνα μιῇ φαίνοντα τραπέζῃ.
Καὶ γαμίοις θαλάμοισι φέρων νυμφοστόλον ὥρην
Ἀρκτῴης ἀνέτελλε Δράκων ὁμόφωνος Ἁμάξῃ,
ἄγγελος ἐσσομένων, ὅτι σύννομος ἤλυκι νύμφῃ
ἐκ βροτέης ἤμελλεν ἔχειν ὀφιώδεα μορφὴν
νυμφίος Ἁρμονίης.

μακάρων δέ τις ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
εἰς θαλάμους σπειῦδοντι γάρας δωρήσατο Κάδμῳ·
Ζεὺς μὲν πάντα τέλεια· κασιγνήτην δὲ γεραίρων
Ἥρην πασιμέλουσαν, ἐπεὶ πέλεν Ἀρεῖ μήτηρ,
ἵππιος ὦπασε δῶρα θαλίσσια κινυχείτης·

[1] A line seems to have been omitted.

hymn of love on his sevenstring harp. The nine Muses too struck up a lifestirring melody: Polymnia nursingmother of the dance waved her arms, and sketched in the air an image of a soundless voice, speaking with hands and moving eyes in a graphic picture of silence full of meaning. Victory turned a trippling foot for the pleasure of Zeus, and stood by as bridesmaid crying triumph for Cadmos the god's champion; about the bridebed she wove the wedding song with her virgin voice, and moved her gliding steps in the pretty circles of the dance, while she fluttered her wings, shamefast beside the wings of the Loves.

[110] A light arose, like a misnamed dawn in the evening, from the splendour no less brilliant of those gleaming torches scattered everywhere. All night long, the merry rout of untiring dancers were singing with clear voices beside the bridal chamber in happy romps; since (Hermes) anxious for a sleepless wedding night had left his familiar wand behind, because that was the rationer of sleep. So Thebes was the Olympian dancing-place: and one might see Cadmos and Zeus touching the same table!

[121] And now rose the Serpent,* companion of the northern Waggon, bringing the bride-adorning season to the marriage halls, a messenger with news of things to come: for Harmonia's bridegroom along with his agemate bride was destined to change his human shape for a serpent's. The Blessed, one after another, brought their gifts of honour to Cadmos as he hastened to his chamber. Zeus gave success in all things. Horsemaster Seablueshair proffered the gifts of the sea, in honour to his sister Hera the renowned,

* The constellation Draco.

Ἑρμῆς σκῆπτρον ἔδωκεν,
Ἄρης δόρυ, τόξον Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ στέφανον κομόωντα λίθων ἑτερόχροι κόσμῳ
Ἁρμονίης Ἥφαιστος ἐπῃώρησε καρήνῳ,
χρυσείην κροτάφοισιν ἐπικρεμάσας ἀναδέσμην·
καὶ θρόνον εὐλαίγγα πόρε χρυσόθρονος Ἥρη·
Ἄρεα κυδαίνουσα πολυφράδμων Ἀφροδίτη
χρύσεον ὁρμὸν ἔχοντα λίθων πολυδαίδαλον αἴγλην
λευκὸν ἐρευθιόωντι συνήρμοσεν αὐχένι κούρης,
Ἡφαίστου σοφὸν ἔργον, ὅ περ κάμε Κυπρογενείῃ,
τοξευτῆρος Ἔρωτος ὅπως ὀπτήριον εἴη·
ἕλπετο γὰρ Κυθέρειαν ἀεὶ βαρύγουνος ἀκοίτης
υἷα τεκεῖν σκάζοντα, ποδῶν μίμημα τοκῆος·
ἀλλὰ μάτην ἐδόκησε, καὶ ἀρτίπον υἷα νοήσας
λαμπόμενον πτερύγεσσιν ὁμοίιον υἱέι Μαίης
ποικίλον ὁρμὸν ἔτευξεν, ὃς ἀστεροφεγγέι νώτῳ
ὡς ὄφις ἦν ἑλικῶδες ἔχων δέμας· οἷα γὰρ αὐτὴ
δίστομος ἀμφίσβαινα μέσῳ μηρύεται ὁλκῷ
ἰὸν ἀποπτύουσα δι' ἀμφοτέροιο καρήνου,
ἀμφελελιζομένη μελέων ἑτερόζυγι παλμῷ,
εἰς κεφαλὴν δὲ κάρηνον ἐφερπύζουσα συνάπτει,
λοξῇ καμπύλα νῶτα περισκαίρουσα πορείῃ·
ὣς ὅ γε ποικίλος ὁρμὸς ἐαγότα νῶτα τιταίνων
κάμπτετο, κυρτωθεῖσαν ἔχων διδυμάονα δειρήν,
ἀμφιλαφὴς φολίδεσσιν ἐς ὀμφαλὸν ἄχρις ἱκάνων
πλεκτὸς ὄφις δικάρηνος· ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγι δὲ τέχνης

---

[a] The word is used of a bridegroom's gift for the first sight of the bride without the veil: Pollux ii. 59, iii. 36.

[b] The necklace is an elaborately wrought two-headed snake, and the eagle is a clasp-guard which lies across the heads, ἑκάτερθεν, extending beyond them both; its wings are spread to cover the fastenings which do the real clasping

for she was Ares' mother. Hermes gave a sceptre, Ares a spear, Apollo a bow. Hephaistos lifted upon Harmonia's head a crown plumed with precious stones of many colours, a golden circlet hung over her temples. Goldenthrone Hera provided a jewel-set throne. Aphrodite wishing to delight Ares in the deep shrewdness of her mind, clasped a golden necklace showing pale about the girl's blushing neck, a clever work of Hephaistos set with sparkling gems in masterly refinement. This he had made for his Cyprian bride, a gift for his first glimpse of Archer Eros.[a] For the heavyknee bridegroom always expected that Cythereia would bear him a hobbling son, having the image of his father in his feet. But his thought was mistaken; and when he beheld a whole-footed son brilliant with wings like Maia's son Hermes, he made this magnificent necklace.[b]

144 It was like a serpent with starspangled back and coiling shape. For as the twoheaded amphisbaina[c] in very sooth winds the coils between and spits her poison from either mouth, rolling along and along with double-gliding motion, and head crawling joins with head while she jumps about with twirling waves of her back sideways: so that magnificent necklace twisted shaking its crooked back, with its pair of curving necks, which came to meet at the midnipple, a flexible twoheaded serpent thick with scales; and by the curving joints of the work the

and form part of the heads, 171 ff. Its wings are outspread, also its legs, thus making four limbs, loosely called στέρυγες, 161, attached to the necklace with little hollow nozzles or bars, κημοί, presumably of gold. To hide these, the jaws of the snakes' heads are wide open and seem to be biting at the eagle.

[c] A serpent reputed to have a head at each end.

χρύσεος ὁλκαίης ἐλελίζετο κύκλος ἀκάνθης,
καί οἱ ἑλισσομένη κεφαλὴ πολυδίνει παλμῷ
ψευδαλέον σύριγμα διήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος.
καὶ στομάτων ἑκάτερθεν ὄπῃ τέλος ἐστὶ καὶ ἀρχή,
αἰετὸς ἦν χρύσειος, ἅτε πλατὺν ἠέρα τέμνων,
ὀρθὸς ἐχιδναίων διδύμων μεσσηγὺ καρήνων,
ὑψιφανὴς πτερύγων πισύρων τετράζυγι κημῷ·
τῇ μὲν ξανθὸς ἴασπις ἐπέτρεχε, τῇ δὲ Σελήνης
εἶχε λίθον πάνλευκον, ὃς εὐκεράοιο θεαίνης
λειπομένης μινύθει καὶ ἀέξεται, ὁππότε Μήνη
ἀρτιφαὴς σέλας ὑγρὸν ἀποστίλβουσα κεραίης
Ἠελίου γενετῆρος ἀμέλγεται αὐτόγονον πῦρ·
ἄλλη μάργαρον[1] εἶχε φαεσφόρον, οὐ χάριν αἴγλης
γλαυκὸν Ἐρυθραίης ἁμαρύσσεται οἶδμα θαλάσσης
λαμπομένης· ἑτέρης δὲ μεσόμφαλος αἴθοπι κόσμῳ
λεπτοφαὴς σέλας ὑγρὸν ἀπέπτυεν Ἰνδὸς ἀχάτης.
ἀλλήλαις δ' ἑκάτερθε συναπτομένων κεφαλάων
χάσματα δισσὰ δράκοντος ἀνευρύνοντο καρήνων,
αἰετὸν ἀμφοτέροισι περικλείοντα γενείοις
σύμπλοκον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα· δι' εὐφαέος δὲ προσώπου
λυχνίδες ἠκόντιζον ἐν ὄμμασι σύμφυτον αἴγλην
ὀξὺ σέλας πέμπουσαν, ὁμοίιον αἴθοπι λύχνῳ
ἁπτομένῳ· κομόων δὲ λίθων πολυειδέι μορφῇ
πόντος ἔην, γλαυκὴς δὲ λίθος χλοάουσα μαράγδου
δεξαμένη κρύσταλλον ὁμόζυγον εἴκελον ἀφρῷ
εἶχε φαληριόωντα μελαινομένης τύπον ἅλμης·
τῷ ἔνι δαίδαλα πάντα τετεύχατο, τῷ ἔνι πάντα
χρυσοφαῆ μάρμαιρεν ἁλίτροφα πώεα λίμνης,

[1] Marcellus would read μάρμαρον, understanding the topaz: not a wise reading, because the topaz, really chrysolite, was dug out of Zeboiget Island, not from the sea itself (*Enc. Brit.* s.v. Peridot).

golden circle of the moving spine bent round, until the head slid about with undulating movement and belched a mimic hissing through the jaws.[a]

[155] With the two mouths on each side, where is the beginning and the end, was a golden eagle that seemed to be cutting the open air, upright between the serpent's heads, high-shining with fourfold nozzle of the four wings.[b] One wing was covered with yellow jasper, one had the all-white stone of Selene,[c] which fades as the horned goddess wanes, and waxes when Mene new-kindled distils her horn's liquid light and milks out the self-gotten fire of Father Helios. A third had the gleaming pearl, which by its gleam makes the gray swell of the Erythraian Sea sparkle shining. Right in the middle of the other, the Indian agate spat out its liquid light, gently shining in bright beauty.

[171] Where the two heads of the serpent came together from both sides, the mouths gaped wide and enclosed the eagle with both their jaws, enfolding it from this side and that. Over the shining front, rubies in the eyes shot their native brilliancy, which sent forth a sharp gleam, like a fiery lamp being kindled. Proud with the manifold shapes of stones was a sea, and an emerald stone grass-green welcomed the crystal adjoining like the foam, and showed the image of the white-crested brine becoming dark; here all clever work was fashioned, here all the brine-bred herds of the deep sparkled in

[a] *i.e.*, was shown open-mouthed, as if the snake were hissing.

[b] The wings and legs outspread join with four nozzles.

[c] Moonstone (selenite, foliated calcium sulphate), fancied to wax and wane with the moon.

οἷα περισκαίροντα· πολὺς δέ τις ὑγρὸς ὁδίτης
μεσσοφανὴς ἐχόρευεν ἐπιξύων ἅλα δελφίς—
ψευδαλέην δ' ἐλέλιζεν ἐὴν αὐτόσσυτον οὐρήν—
καὶ χορὸς ὀρνίθων ἑτερόχροος, ὧν τάχα φαίης
ἱπταμένων πτερύγων ἀνεμώδεα δοῦπον ἀκούειν,
ὁρμὸν ἐπεὶ Κυθέρεια γέρας δωρήσατο κούρῃ
χρύσεον, εὐλάιγγα, παρήορον αὐχένι νύμφης.
Καὶ γαμίων ζευχθεῖσα πόθων ἰθύντορι κεστῷ
Ἁρμονίη πολύπαιδα γονὴν μαιώσατο κόλπῳ
τικτομένην κατὰ βαιόν· ἀμοιβαίῃ δὲ λοχείῃ
ἔγκυον ὄγκον ἔλυσε θυγατρογόνου τοκετοῖο,
τετράκις ἐννέα κύκλα διαπλήσασα Σελήνης.
πρώτη δ' Αὐτονόη γονίμων ἀνεπήλατο κόλπων
μητέρος ἐννεάμηνον ἀναπτύξασα λοχείην
πρωτοτόκοις ὠδῖσιν· ὁμογνήτῳ δὲ γενέθλῃ
καλλιφυὴς Ἀθάμαντος ἀέξετο σύγγαμος Ἰνώ,
μήτηρ δισσοτόκος· τριτάτη δ' ἀνέτελλεν Ἀγαύη,
ἥ ποτε νυμφευθεῖσα Γιγαντείοις ὑμεναίοις
εἴκελον υἷα λόχευσεν ὀδοντοφύτῳ παρακοίτῃ·
καὶ Χαρίτων ἴνδαλμα ποθοβλήτοιο προσώπου
Ζηνὶ φυλασσομένη Σεμέλη βλάστησε τετάρτη
θυγατέρων, μούνῃ δὲ καὶ ὁπλοτέρῃ περ ἐούσῃ
δῶκεν ἀνικήτοιο φύσις πρεσβήια μορφῆς.
ἄρσενα δ' ὀψιτέλεστον ὁμόζυγα θήλεϊ φύτλῃ
Ἁρμονίη νέον υἷα γεγηθότι γείνατο Κάδμῳ,
Ἀονίης Πολύδωρον ἑωσφόρον ἀστέρα πάτρης,
ὁπλότερον Σεμέλης ῥοδοειδέος, ὃν παρὰ Θήβαις
σκῆπτρα λαβὼν ἀθέμιστος ἄναξ
ἀπενόσφισε Πενθεύς.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὣς ἤμελλε γέρων χρόνος ὀψὲ τελέσσαι.

shining gold as though leaping about, and many a supple traveller danced halfseen, the dolphin skimming the brine which waggled its mimic tail self-moved; flocks of many-coloured birds—you might almost think you heard the windy beat of their flapping wings, when Cytherea gave the glorious necklace to her girl, golden, bejewelled, to hang by the bride's neck.[a]

[180] Soon Harmonia yoked by the cestus-girdle that guides wedded desire, carried in her womb the seed of many children whom she brought forth soon one by one: turn by turn she was delivered of her teeming burden by the birth of daughters, after four times nine circuits of the Moon had been fulfilled. First Autonoë leapt from her mother's fruitful womb, her first birthpangs after nine months' course with child. Then came Ino to be her sister, the beautiful consort of Athamas who bore him two children. Third appeared Agavē, who afterwards married with the giant stock and bore a son like to her fangborn husband.[b] Then Semele fourth of the daughters grew up, the image of the Graces in her lovestriking looks, preserved for Zeus; although youngest of the sisters, she alone was given by nature the prerogative of unconquerable beauty. Last of all Harmonia added a little son to the brood of sisters, and made Cadmus happy—Polydorus, the morning star of the Aonian nation, younger than rosycheek Semele; but Pentheus a lawless prince pushed him aside, and took the sceptre in Thebes. All this old Time was to bring to pass by and by.

[a] This is the famous "necklace of Harmonia," which, passing from her, brought ruin to one possessor after another.

[b] Echion, one of the five surviving Spartoi, "born of the teeth."

Κεκριμένας δὲ θύγατρας ἐπεκλήμισεν ἀκοίτας
Κάδμος ἀμοιβαίοιο γάμου τετράζυγι πωτῷ,
καὶ λέχος ἄλλο μετ' ἄλλο συνήρμοσεν· δωροφόρος γὰρ
πρῶτος Ἀριστᾶος, Νόμιος καὶ ἐπώνυμος Ἀγρεύς,
αἷμα σοφοῦ Φοίβοιο καὶ εὐπαλάμοιο Κυρήνης.
Λύτονόην ζυγίων ἀρότων νυμφίσσατο θεσμῷ·
οὐ μὲν Ἀγηνορίδης πολυφερβέος ἴδμονα τέχνης
γαμβρὸν ἔχειν ἀπέειπε, βοοσσόον υἷα Φοίβου,
ἀλλὰ Διπετέων ἀνέμων ζωαρκέσιν αὔραις
λοίγιον εὐήσαντι πυρώεσσαν ἀστέρα Μαίρης
παῖδα συνεκλήμισσε περισσονόῳ παρακοίτῃ·
καὶ γάμος ἦν πολύολβος, ἐπεὶ γέρας ἄζυγι κούρῃ
δῶκε βόας, πόρεν αἶγας, ὀρίτροφον ὦπασε ποίμνην·
καὶ πολὺς ἀχθοφόρῳ βεβαρημένος ὄγμος ἀνάγκῃ
φόρτον ἐλαιήεντος ἐκούφισεν ἀμφιφορῆος,
ἕδνα γάμων, πολλὴν δὲ σοφῆς ἐκόμισσε μελίσσης
δαιδαλέην ὠδῖνα πολυτρήτοιο λοχείης.

Κεῖνος ἀνὴρ πρώτιστος ἀρίδρομος ἅλματι παρσῶν
εὗρε φιλοσκοπέλοιο πόνων κεμαδοσσόων ἄγρης,
πῶς νοερῷ μυκτῆρι παρὰ σφυρὰ φορβάδος ἴλης
θηρὸς ἰσημάντοιο κύων μαντεύεται ὄδμήν,
ὅρθια λοξοκέλευθον ἐπὶ δρόμον οὐτατα τείνων,
καὶ δολίης δεδάηκε πολύπλοκα δίκτυα τέχνης
καὶ σταλίκων τύπον ὀρθόν,
ὑπὲρ φαμάθοιο δὲ θηρῶν
πρώιον ἀτρίπτῳ κεχαραγμένον ἴχνος ἀρούρῃ . . .[1]
καὶ ποσὶν ἐνδρομίδας θηρήτορα φῶτα διδάξας

[1] A verse or more seems to have fallen out.

212 Cadmus now chose husbands for his daughters, and gave them over in four successive bridals, settling their weddings one by one. First Aristaios laden with gifts, he of the herds and he of the wilds, as he was named, the blood of allwise Apollo and Cyrene so ready with her hands,[a] wedded Autonoë according to the rules of lawful marriage. Agenorides did not refuse his daughter to a goodson well acquainted with the art of feeding many; nay, he gave her to a very clever husband, a lifesaving son of Apollo, after he had calmed the pestilential star of fiery Maira[b] by the lifepreserving breezes of heaven-sent winds. The wedding-feast also was very rich, since he gave the unyoked maid oxen for her treasure, he gave goats, he gave mountain-bred flocks; many a line of burden-bearers was forced to lift the load of great jars full of olive-oil, his marriage gifts, much travail of the clever honeybee he brought, in the riddled comb her masterpiece.

229 That man ranging the mountains on his springing feet, first found out the business of hunting the prickets among the rocks they love; how the dog divines the scent of the unseen prey with intelligent nostril on the ankles of the hills, pricking up his ears on the crookpath course; he learnt the many-twining meshes of his cunning art, and the shape of the standing stakenet, and the morning track of animals over the sand and the spoor impressed in the untrodden earth. He taught also the huntsman

[a] From her deeds as a huntress without weapons, see Pindar, *Pyth.* ix. 28.

[b] The dog-star. Aristaios, besides being a minor deity or culture-hero of country life, was reputed to know potent formulae for ending excessive heat.

ἄσχετον ἀίσσοντα κυνοσσόον εἰς δρόμον ἄγρης
πέπλα φαεινομένης ἐπιγουνίδος ἄχρι φορῆσαι,
μή ποτε θηρητῆρος ἐπειγομένου ποδὸς ὁρμὴ
ἂψ ἀνασειράζοιτο καθιεμένοιο χιτῶνος.
κεῖνος ἀνὴρ ἐνόησε πολυτρήτων στίχα σίμβλων,
πλαζομένης δ' ἔστησεν ἐρημάδος ἔργα μελίσσης,
ἥ τις ἔσω λειμῶνος ἀπ' ἄνθεος ἄνθος ἀμείβει
εἰς φυτὸν ἀγλαόκαρπον, ἐφιπταμένη δὲ κορύμβοις
χείλεσιν ἀκροτάτοισιν ἀμέλγεται ἄκρον ἐέρσης·
καὶ λινέαις ἀψῖσι πολυπλέκτοιο χιτῶνος
γυῖα περισφίγξας ὀνύχων ἄπο μέχρι κομάων
φρικτὰ κορυσσομένης ἐφυλάσσετο κέντρα μελίσσης,
καὶ δολίῳ πνιγόεντι πυρὸς τεχνήμονι καπνῷ
σινομένην πρήυνεν, ὑπηνέμιον δὲ τινάσσων
πυρσὸν ἀπειλητῆρα φιλοσμήνοιο μελίσσης
δίζυγα χαλκὸν ἄειρεν, ὑπωροφίῃ δὲ λοχείῃ
βομβηδὸν κλονέοντος ἀσιγήτοιο κυδοιμοῦ
χειρὶ πολυκροτάλῳ διδυμάονα δοῦπον ἀράσσων
καὶ προταμὼν κηροῖο πολυγλώχινα καλύπτρην
ἔβλισεν αἰόλα δῶρα μελισταγέος τοκετοῖο.
πρῶτος ἐυρραθάμιγγος ἀλείφατος εὗρεν ἐέρσην,
καρπὸν ὅτε βρίθοντι ταμὼν μυλοειδεῖ πέτρῳ
πίονας ὑγροτόκοιο γονὰς ἔθλιψεν ἐλαίης.
καὶ σκιερῆς πολύδενδρον ὑπὸ κλέτας εὔβοτον ὕλης
εἰς ἕλος, εἰς λειμῶνα φέρων ἐδίδαξε βοτῆρας
ἠελίου φαίνοντος ἐς ἕσπερον ἄχρι νομεύειν.
πλαζομένων δ' ἀκίχητον ἀπειθέα φοιτάδι χηλῇ
ἑσπομένων βραδὺν οἶμον ὀπισθοπόρων στίχα μήλων
εἰς νομὸν ἀνθεμόεντα μιῇ ξύνωσε κελεύθῳ
αἶγα λαβὼν προκέλευθον ὁμοζήλοιο πορείης.
καὶ νομίην ἐνόησεν ὀρειάδα Πανὸς ἀοιδήν.

those high boots for his feet, when he speeds on, steadily pressing the hounds in chase of their prey, and made him wear a short shirt with the thigh showing, lest the tunic hanging low should hinder the speed of the hunter's hurrying foot.

[243] That man invented the riddled hive with its rows of cells, and made a settled place for the labours of the wandering bees, which flit from flower to flower over the meadows and flutter on clusters of fine-fruiting plants, sucking dew from the top with the tips of their lips. He covered every limb from toenails to hair with a closewoven wrap of linen, to defend him from the formidable stings of the battling bees, and with the cunning trick of smothering smoke he tamed their malice. He shook in the air a torch to threaten the hive-loving bee, and lifting a pair of metal plates, he clapt the two together with rattling hands over the brood in the skep, while they buzzed and humblebumbled in ceaseless din; then cutting off the covering of wax with its manypointed cells, he emptied from the comb its gleaming treasure of honeydripping increase.

[259] He first found out the dew of slicktrickling oil, when he cut into the fruit of the juicy olive with the press's heavy stone and scrouged out the rich feason. From the wellwooded pasture of the shady forest-slopes he brought the herdsmen to meadows and calings, and taught them to feed their flocks from sunrise to eventide. When the sheep strayed in strings with wandering hoof, lagging behind on ways they could not find or trust, to the flowery pasture, he joined them on one path sending a goat ahead to lead the concerted march. He invented Pan's pastoral tune on the mountains. He lulled asleep

καὶ πυρὶ σειριάοντα κατεύνασεν ἀστέρι Μοίρης,
καὶ Διὸς Ἰκμαίοιο θυώδεα βωμὸν ἀνάψας
αἵματι ταυραίῳ γλυκερὴν ἐπιχεύατο λοιβὴν
ποικίλα φοιταλέης ἐπιβώμια δῶρα μελίσσης,
πλήσας ἁβρὰ κύπελλα μελικρήτου νυκτιφῶτος·
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ ἤκουσε καὶ υἱέος υἷα γεραίρων
πέμψεν ἀλεξικάκων ἀνέμων ἀντίπνοον αὔρην,
Σείριον αἰθαλόεντος ἀναστέλλων πυρετοῖο.
εἰσέτι νῦν κήρυκες Ἀριστταίοιο θυηλῆς
γαῖαν ἀναψύχουσιν Ἐτησίαι ἐκ Διὸς αὖραι,
ὁππότε ποικιλόβοτρυς ἀέξεται οἰνὶς ἀπώρῃ.

Τὸν μὲν Ἔρως πόμπευεν ἐς Ἀονίους ὑμεναίους,
Φοίβου Κήιον υἷα· βοωτίκτου δὲ θυηλῆς
πᾶσα πόλις στεφθεῖσα, καὶ ἰθυντῆρες ἀγυιαὶ
ὀρχηθμῷ μεμέλητο, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ ποιμὴν
εἰλιπόδην ὑμέναιον ἐπερρώσαντο πολῖται,
καὶ μέλος ἱμερόφωνον ἀνεκρούσαντο γυναῖκες,
καὶ γαμίῃ σύριγγι συνέκλαγον Ἄονες αὐλοί.

Ἔνθεν Ἀριστταίοιο καὶ Αὐτονόης ἀπὸ λέκτρων
Ἀκταίων ἀνέτελλε· φιλοσκοπέλῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
Ἀγρέος αἷμα φέρων ἀπεμίξατο πάτρων ἄγρῃ,
Ἀρτέμιδος θεράπων ὀρεσιδρομος— οὐ νέμεσις δὲ
δύσμορον Ἀκταίωνα μαθεῖν μελεδήματα θήρης
υἱωνὸν γεγαῶτα λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης—
οὔ ποτέ μιν φύγεν ἄρκτος ὀρεστιάς, οὐδέ μιν αὐτῆς
λοίγιον ἐπτοίησε λεχωΐδος ὄμμα λεαίνης·
πολλάκι δ' ὑψιπότητον ἐπιθρῴσκοντα δοκεύων

the scorching dogstar of Maira.[a] He kindled the fragrant altar of Zeus Icmaios; he poured the bull's blood over the sweet libation, and the curious gifts of the gadabout bee which lay on the altar, filling his dainty cups with a posset mixt with honey. Father Zeus heard him; and honouring his son's son, he sent a counterblast of pestaverting winds to restrain Seirios with his fiery fevers. Still to this day the etesian winds from Zeus herald the sacrifice of Aristaios, and cool the land when the ripening vine grows in mottled clusters.

[289] This was he, the Ceian[b] son of Phoibos, whom Eos escorted to the Aonian wedding. All the city wreathed in garlands was busy about the cattle-sacrifice, and the straightcut streets were all busy dancing. Before the gates of the bridal chamber the people twirled their reeling legs for the wedding: the women struck up a lovely-sounding noise of melody, the Aonian boleys tootled with the bridal pipes.

[297] Afterwards from the bed of Aristaios and Autonoë, arose Actaion. His passion was for the rocks; and having in him the blood of the Hunter,[c] he took the mould of his huntsman father, and became a mountain-ranging servant of Artemis—no wonder that ill-fated Actaion learnt the practice of the chase, when he was born grandson to lion-slaying Cyrene! Never a bear escaped him on the hills; not even the baneful eye of the lioness with young could make his heart flutter. Many a time he lay in wait for the

[a] See 230. Zeus Icmaios is Zeus in his capacity of sender of dew.

[b] An important seat of the cult of Aristaios, see Virgil, *Georg.* i. 14, with Servius's note.

[c] A title of Apollo.

πόρδαλιν ἐπρήνιξεν· ἀεὶ δὲ μιν ὑφόθι λώχμης
ὄμμασι θαμβαλέοισιν ἐδέρκετο μηλονόμος Πάν
ὠκείης ἐλάφοιο παραΐσσουντα πορείην.
ἀλλά οἱ οὐ χραίσμησε ποδῶν δρόμος, οὐδὲ φαρέτρη
ἤρκεσεν, οὐ βελέων σκοπὸς ὄρθιος, οὐ δόλος ἀγρης·
ἀλλά μιν ὦλεσε Μοῖρα, κινοσπόδα ναβρὸν ἀλήτην,
Ἰνδῴην μετὰ δῆριν ἔτι σπείροντα κυδοιμοῦ,
εὖτε τανυπρέμνοιο καθήμενος ὑφόθι φηγοῦ
λουομένης ἐνόησεν ὅλον δέμας ἰοχαίρης,
θηρητὴρ δ' ἀκόρητος ἀθηήτοιο θεαίνης
ἀγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτοιο δέμας διεμέτρεε κούρης
ἀγχιφανής· καὶ τὸν μὲν ἀνειμόνος εἶδος ἀνάσσης
ὄμματι λαθριδίῳ δεδοκημένον ὄμματι λοξῷ
Νηὰς ἀκριδέμνος ἀπόπροθεν ὦρτο Νύμφη,
ταρβαλέη δ' ἀλάλυξεν, ἑῇ δ' ἤγγειλεν ἀνάσσῃ
ἀνδρὸς ἐρωμανέος θρασὺν ἄγριον· ἠμφαγύης δὲ
Ἄρτεμις ἁρπάξασα σὺν εἵματι κυκλάδα μίτρην
παρθενίῳ ζωστῆρι σαόφρονες ἔσκεπε μαζούς,
καὶ διεροῖς μελέεσσιν ἑσῳ δύνουσα ῥεέθρων
αἰδομένη κατὰ βαιὸν ὅλον δέμας ἔκρυφε κούρη.

Ἀκταίων βαρύπουτμε, σὲ μὲν λίπεν αὐτίκα μορφὴ
ἀνδρομέη, πισύρων δὲ ποδῶν ἐδιχάζετο χηλή,
καὶ ταναὶ γναθμοῖσιν ἐμηκύνοντο παρειαί,
κνῆμαι ἐλεπτύνοντο, καὶ ἀγκύλα δουὶ μετώπῳ
φύετο μακρὰ κόρυμβα τανυπτόρθοιο κεραίης,
καὶ στικτοῖς μελέεσσι νόθη ποικίλλετο μορφή,
καὶ λάσιον δέμας εἶχεν· ἀελλήεντι δὲ ναβρῷ
εἰσέτι μοῦνος ἔην νόος ἔμπεδος· ὠκυπόρῳ δὲ
ἔτρεχεν ἀξείνοιο δι' οὔρεος ἅλματι χηλῆς,
θηρητὴρ τρομέων θηρήτορας. ἀλλοφυὴ δὲ
οὐκέτι τὸν πρὶν ἄνακτα κύνες μάθον· ἀχνυμένης γὰρ
νεύμασιν ἀτρέπτοισι βαρύφρονος ἰοχαίρης

panther, and laid her low as she leapt on him high in air. Shepherd Pan would ever gaze at him over the bushes with wondering eyes, while he outstripped the running of the swift stag. But his running feet availed him nothing, his quiver helped him not, nor the straight shot, the cunning of the chase; but the Portioner destroyed him, a scampering fawn worried by dogs, while still breathing battle after the Indian war. For as he sat up in a tall oak tree amid the spreading boughs, he had seen the whole body of the Archeress bathing; and gazing greedily on the goddess that none may see, he surveyed inch by inch the holy body of the unwedded virgin close at hand. A Naiad nymph unveiled espied him from afar with a sidelong look, as he stared with stolen glances on the unclothed shape of her queen, and shrieked in horror, telling her queen the wild daring of a lovesick man. Artemis half revealed caught up her dress and encircling shawl, and covered her modest breasts with the maiden zone in shame, and sank with gliding limbs into the water, until by little and little all her form was hidden.

[ms] Actaion heavy-fated! At once your manly shape was gone—four feet had cloven hooves—long cheeks drew out on your jawbones—your legs became thinner—two long bunches of widebranching antlers curved over your forehead—a borrowed shape, its body all covered with hair, dappled every limb with motley spots—a windswift fawn had nothing of you left but the mind! With quickfaring leap of the hoof he ran through the unfriendly forest, a hunter in terror of hunters. But in this new shape his dogs no longer knew their former master. The angry Archeress in resentment maddened them with a nod—there was

φοιτάδος οἰστρήεντι μεμηνότες ἄσθματι λύσσης
νεβροφόνων ἐχάραξαν ὁμόζυγον ὄγμον ὀδόντων,
ψευδομένῃ δ' ἐλάφοιο παριπλαγχθέντες ὀπωπῇ
στικτὸν ἐθωυμάναντο νόθον δάμας ἄφρονι λύσσῃ.
καὶ θεὸς ἄλλο νόησε, κύνας βραδέεσσι γενείοις
ἔμπνοον Ἀκταίωνα κεκασμένον ἐμφρονι θυμῷ
δαρδάπτειν κατὰ βαιόν, ἵνα φρένα μᾶλλον ἀμιχθῇ
ὀξυτέραις ὀδύνῃσιν· ὑπὸ βροτέῃ δὲ μενοινῇ
πότμον ἑὸν στενάχων κυνεῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ·

"Ὄλβιε Τειρεσίη, σὺ γὰρ ἔδρακες ἐκτὸς ἀλήθρου
γυμνὸν ἀναινομένης οἰστήρμονος εἶδος Ἀθήνης·
οὐ θάνες, οὐκ ἐλάφοιο δάμας λάχες, οὐδὲ μετώπῳ
ὑμετέρῳ προβλῆτες ἐπηώρηντο κεραῖαι·
ζώεις σῶν βλεφάρων ὀλέσας φάος· ὑμετέρων δὲ
ὀφθαλμῶν ἀμάρυγμα νόῳ μετέθηκεν Ἀθήνη·
χώεται ἰοχέαιρα κακώτερα Τριτογενείης.
αἴθέ μοι ἄλγος ὄπασσεν ὁμοίιον, αἴθε καὶ αὐτὴ
ὄμμασιν ἡμετέροισιν ἐπέχρανεν ὥς περ Ἀθήνη,
αἴθε νόον μετάμειψεν, ἃ περ δάμας· ἀλλοφανὴς γὰρ
μορφὴ θηρὸς ἔχει με, καὶ ἀνέρος ἦθος ἄεξω.
σφωιτέρῳ πότε θῆρες ἐπιστενάχουσιν ὀλέθρῳ;
ἀφραδέες ζώουσι καὶ οὐ νοέουσι τελευτήν.
μοῦνος ἐγὼ μεθέπω πιυτὸν νόον· ἀλλύμενος δὲ
ὀφρύσι θηρείῃσιν ἐχέφρονα δάκρυα λείβω.
ἄγριοι ἄρτι γένεσθε κύνες πλέον· οὔ ποτε τώσσων
ἅλματι λυσσήεντι κατεσσεύεσθε λεόντων.
αἴλινον Ἀκταίωνι, φίλαι, φθέγξασθε, κολῶναι,
ναί, λίτομαι, καὶ θῆρες ὁμοίιον εἰπέ, Κιθαιρών,
Αὐτονόῃ, τά περ εἶδες, Ἀρισταίῳ δὲ τοκῆι

no escape; panting infuriated with wild frenzy, they sharpened the double row of their fawnkilling teeth, and deceived by the false appearance of a stag they devoured the dappled changeling body in senseless fury. But that was not all the goddess meant: the dogs were to tear Actaion slowly to pieces with their jaws little by little, while breathing still and in his right mind, that she might torment his mind even more with sharper pains. So he with a man's feeling groaned for his own fate, while he cried aloud in a lamentable voice:

337 "Happy Teiresias!* You saw without destruction the naked body of Athena, reluctant but pitiful. You did not die! you did not get the shape of a stag, no poking horns raised themselves on your brow. You lost the light of your eyes, but you live! and the brilliancy of the eyes Athena transplanted to your mind. Archeress is more deadly in anger than Tritogeneia. O that she had given me a pain like that! O that she also had attacked the eyes, as Athena did! O that she had transformed my mind with my form—for I have the alien shape of a beast, yet a man's feeling is in me! Do beasts ever lament their own death? They live without thought, and know not their end. I alone keep a sensible mind perishing: I drop intelligent tears, under the brows of a beast! Now for the first time, my hounds, you are really wild: when before have you hunted a lion with frenzied leap like this!

354 "Sing a dirge for Actaion, my beloved hills! Yes I beseech you, and the beasts do the like! Cithairon, tell Autonoë what you know: with story

* He was blinded for seeing Athena as she bathed: *cf.* Callimachus, *Hymns* v. 57 ff.

δάκρυσι πετραίοισιν ἐμὴν ἀγόρευε τελευτὴν
καὶ κύνας οἰστρηθέντας ἀφειδέας. ὤμοι ἀνάγκης,
αὐτὸς ἐμαῖς παλάμῃσιν ἐμοὺς ἔθρεψα φονῆας·
αἴθε λέων με δάμασσεν ὀρίδρομος, αἴθέ με σύρων
πόρδαλις αἰολόνωτος ἀνέσχισεν, αἴθέ με πικροῖς
ἀμφιπαγεῖς ὀνύχεσσιν ἀφειδέσι λυσσάδες ἄρκτοι
νεβροφανῆ χαροποῖσιν ἐδαιτρεύσαντο γενείοις,
μηδὲ κύνες με δάμασσαν ὁμήθεες· οὐκέτι μορφήν,
οὐκέτι γινώσκουσιν ἐμὴν ἑτερόθροον ἠχώ."
Ἡμιθανὴς τάδ' ἔλεξε, καὶ οὐκ ἀίοντα λιτάων
θηρείῃ κύνα μάργον ἑλίσσετο πενθάδι φωνῇ·
μύθους μὲν προέηκεν ἐχέφρονας, ἀντὶ δὲ φωνῆς
ἀνδρομέης κελάδησεν ἀσημάντου θρόος ἠχοῦς.
Ἤδη δ' αὐτοτέλεστος ὀρεστιὰς ἵπτατο Φήμη
Αὐτονόῃ βοόωσα κυνοσπάδα παιδὸς ἀνάγκην,
οὐ μὲν ὅπως ἐλάφοιο δασύτριχα δύσατο μορφήν,
ἀλλ' ὅτι μοῦνον ὄλωλε. φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
νήλιπος ἀκρήδεμνος ἱμάσσετο πένθεϊ μήτηρ·
καὶ πλοκάμους ἐδάιξεν, ὅλον δ' ἔρρηξε χιτῶνα,
πενθαλέοις δ' ὀνύχεσσιν ἑὰς ἐχάραξε παρειὰς
αἵματι φοινίξασα, κατὰ στέρνοιο δὲ γυμνοῦ
παιδοκόμων ἐρύθηνε φερέσβιον ἄντυγα μαζῶν
μνησαμένη τοκετοῖο· φιλοθρήνου δὲ προσώπου
δάκρυσιν ἀενάοισιν ἐλούσατο φάρεα νύμφη.
καὶ κύνες Ἀκταίωνος ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο μολόντες
μῦθον ἐπιστώσαντο δυσάγγελον· ἠιθέου γὰρ
δάκρυσι σιγαλέοισιν ἐμαντεύοντο τελευτήν.
μυρομένους δ' ὁρόωσα πολὺ πλέον ἔστενε μήτηρ·
καὶ πολιὴν πλοκαμῖδα γέρων ἀπεκείρατο Κάδμος,
Ἁρμονίη δ' ἰάχησε· φιλοκλαύτων δὲ γυναικῶν
συμφερτὴ βαρύδουπος ὅλον δόμον ἔβρεμεν ἠχώ.

tears describe to Aristaios my father, my end and the maddened hounds unmerciful. O dreadful fate! With my own hands I fed my murderers! If only a hill-ranging lion had brought me low, if only a dapple-back panther had dragged me and torn me, if only furious bears had pierced me about with sharp merciless claws, and feasted on the seeming fawn with flashing jaws, not my own familiar hounds had brought me down: no longer they know my shape, no longer the voice with a sound so strange!"

360 Half dead he spoke, and as he prayed, the cruel hound did not understand the prayers poured out in sorrow with the voice of a beast; the stories he told had meaning, but instead of a human voice, only a noise of unmeaning sound rang out.

370 Already Rumour self born had flown from the hills to Autonoë, proclaiming her son's fate torn to pieces by his dogs; not indeed that he had donned the thick-haired shape of a stag, only that he was dead. His mother in her passionate love, unshod, unveiled, was scourged by grief. She tore her hair, she rent all her smock, she scored her cheeks with her nails in sorrow till they were red with blood; baring her bosom, she reddened the life-giving round of the breasts which had nursed her children, in memory of her son; over her sorrowing face the tears ran in a ceaseless flood and drenched her robes. Actaion's hounds returning from the mountain confirmed the tidings of woe, for they revealed the young man's end by their silent tears. When the mother saw their mourning she wailed louder still. Old Cadmos shore off his hoary hair, Harmonia cried aloud: the whole house resounded heavy-booming with the noise of women wailing in concert.

Αὐτονόη δ' ὁμόφοιτος Ἀριστωὶῳ παρακοίτῃ
ἦιε μαστεύουσα πολύπλανα λείψανα νεκροῦ·
εἶδε καὶ οὐ γίνωσκεν ἑὸν γόνον, ἔδρισε μορφὴν
δαιδαλέης ἐλάφοιο καὶ οὐκ ἴδεν ἀνδρὸς ὀπωπήν,
πολλάκι δ' ἀγνώστοιο παρέστιχεν ὀστέα νεβροῦ
ἐν χθονὶ κεκλιμένοιο καὶ οὐ μάθεν· ἀλλιμένου γὰρ
παιδὸς ἑοῦ δοκέεσκεν ἰδεῖν βροτοειδέα μορφήν.
δύσμορον Αὐτονόην οὐ μέμφομαι· ἀλλοφανὴς γὰρ
λείψανα παιδὸς ὄπωπεν, ἀτειρεμίρτου δὲ προσώπου
γαμφηλὰς ἐνόησε καὶ οὐκ ἴδε κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,
καὶ κεράων ἔψαυσε καὶ νιέος οὐ μάθε κόρσην·
λεπταλέους πόδας εὗρε καὶ οὐκ ἐφράσσατο ταρσούς,
λεπταλέους πόδας εἶδε καὶ οὐκ ἴδε κύκλα ποδίλων.
δύσμορον Αὐτονόην οὐ μέμφομαι· οὐχυμένου γὰρ
ὀφθαλμοὺς βροτέους οὐκ ἔδρακεν, οὐκ ἴδε μορφὴς
ἀνδρομέης ἴνδαλμα, καὶ οὐκ ἐνόησεν ἰούλων
ἄνθεϊ πορφυρέῳ κεχαραγμένον ἀνθερεῶνα·
φοιταλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι διερχομένη ῥάχιν ὕλης
τρηχαλέης ἐπάτησε δυσεμβάτα νῶτα κολώνης·
λυσιχίτων ἀπέδυλος· ὀριπλανέων δ' ἀπὸ μόχθων
νόστιμος εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν· ἐπ' ἀπρήκτῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
ἀχνυμένη μόγις εὗδε σὺν αἰνοτόκῳ παρακοίτῃ.
ἄμφω δὲ σκιεροῖσιν ἐφωμίλησαν ὀνείροις,
ὄμμασιν ἁρπάξαντες ἀηδονίου πτερὸν Ὕπνου.

Ψυχὴ δ' ἠιθέοιο κατηφέι πατρὶ παρέστη
στικτὸν ἔχων ἐλάφου σκιόεν δέμας, ἐκ βλεφάρων δὲ
ἔμφρονα δάκρυα χεῦε, καὶ ἀνδρομέῃ φάτο φωνῇ·
"Ὦ πάτερ, ὑπνώεις, καὶ ἐμὴν οὐκ οἶδας ἀνάγκην·
ἔγρεο καὶ γίνωσκε νόθην ἄγνωστον ὀπωπήν,
ἔγρεο καὶ πήχυνε φίλης ἐλάφοιο κεραίην,

388 Autonoë along with Aristaios her husband went in search of the scattered remains of the dead. She saw her son, but knew him not; she beheld the shape of a dappled deer and saw no aspect of a man. Often she passed the bones of a fawn unrecognized, lying on the ground, and did not understand; for her boy was dead, and she looked to find a human shape. I blame not unhappy Autonoë. The relics of her son which met her eyes were of alien shape; she noticed the jaws of a face unrecognized and did not see the circle of his countenance, touched horns and did not know a son's temples, found slim legs and did not trace his feet, saw slim legs and saw not the rounded boots. I blame not unhappy Autonoë; she saw not the human eyes of him that was gone, she saw no image of a manly shape, she saw not the well-known chin marked with the dark flower of bloom. Passing over the forest ridges with wandering feet, she trod the rough back of the rugged hill, unshod, with loosened robe, and returned home from the mountainranging task; grieving for her unsuccessful cares she fell asleep at last beside her husband, unhappy father! Both were haunted by shadowy dreams, their eyes glimpsing the wing of a nightingale sleep.[a]

412 The young man's ghost stood by his disconsolate father, wearing the shadowy form of a dappled stag: but from his eyelids he poured tears of understanding and spoke with a human voice:

413 "You sleep, my father, and you know not my fate. Wake, and recognize my unknown changeling looks; wake, and embrace the horn of a stag you

[a] The wakeful sleep of the nightingale mourning for her son is proverbial.

καὶ κύσον ἔμφρονα θῆρα, τὸν Αὐτονόης τέκε γαστήρ.
αὐτὸν ὀπιπεύεις με, τὸν ἔτρεφες· ἀμφότερον γὰρ
δέρκεαι Ἀκταίωνα καὶ Ἀκταίωνος ἀκούεις.
εἰ παλάμην ποθέεις καὶ δάκτυλα παιδὸς ἀφάσσειν,
προσθιδίους σκοπίαζε πόδας, καὶ χεῖρα νοήσεις·
εἰ κεφαλὴν ποθέεις, κεφαλὴν ἐλάφοιο δοκεύοις·
εἰ βροτέους κροτάφους, δολιχὰς σκοπίαζε κεραίας·
εἰ πόδας Ἀκταίωνος, ὀπισθιδίην ἴδε χηλήν·
εἰ μελέων τρίχας εἶδες, ἐμοὶ γεγάασι χιτῶνες.
υἷα, πάτερ, γίνωσκε, τὸν οὐκ ἐσάωσεν Ἀπόλλων·
υἷα, πάτερ, στενάχιζε, τὸν οὐκ ἐφύλαξε Κιθαιρών.
ἀλλοφυῆ σέο παῖδα κατηφέι κεῦθε κονίῃ·
μή σε παραπλάγξειε νόθη καὶ ἄπιστος ὀπωπή·
μὴ τεὸν ἀκτερέιστον ὀλωλότα νεβρὸν ἐάσῃς.
αἴθε, πάτερ, με φύλαξας ἀήθεα θηροσυνάων
οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ πόθον εἶχον ἐρημάδος ἰοχεαίρης,
οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ δέμας εἶδον Ὀλύμπιον. αἴθε δὲ κούρης
θνητῆς εἶχον ἔρωτα· χαμαιγενέας δὲ γυναῖκας
καλλείψας ἑτέροισι καὶ ὠκυμόρους ὑμεναίους
ἀθανάτην ἐπόθησα· χολωομένης δὲ θεαίνης
δεῖπνον ἐμῶν σκυλάκων γενόμην, πάτερ·
εἰσὶ κολῶναι
μάρτυρες· εἰ σκοπέλοις οὐ πείθεαι, εἴρεο Νύμφας
Νηιάδας· δεδάασι δ' ἐμαὶ δρύες· ἰσοτύπους δὲ
θῆρας ἐμοὺς ἐρέεινε, καὶ οὓς ἐκάλεσσα νομῆας.
ἀλλά, πάτερ, πυμάτην πόρε μοι χάριν, ἀφραδέας δὲ
πένθος ἔχων φιλότεκνον ἐμοὺς μὴ κτεῖνε φονῆας,
παιδοφόνους οἴκτειρον ἀμεμφέας· ἡμετέραις γὰρ
θηρείαις ἀέκοντες ἀπεπλάγχθησαν ὀπωπαῖς.
τίς δὲ κύων ἐλάφου ποτὲ φείδεται; ἠὲ τίς ἀνὴρ
νεβροφόνοις σκυλάκεσσι χολώεται; ἆ πόσα δειλοὶ
κυκλάδας ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περιτροχόωσι κολῶνας,

love, kiss a wild beast with understanding, one born of Autonoë's womb! I whom you behold am that very one you brought up; you both see Actaion and hear Actaion's voice. If you desire to clasp your boy's hand and fingers, look at my forefeet and you shall know my hands. If you want my head, behold the head of a stag; if human temples, look at the long horns; if Actaion's feet, see the hindhoof. If you have seen my hairy coat, it was my clothing. Know your son, my father, whom Apollo did not save! Mourn your son, my father, whom Cithairon did not protect! Cover in the sad dust your boy in disguise, and be not misled by this changeling incredible aspect, that you may not leave your dead fawn unburied and unhonoured.

433 "Father, if you had only kept me unversed in hunting! I should never have desired the Archeress of the wilds, I should never have seen the Olympian shape. If only I had loved a mortal girl! But I left earthborn women and quickfated wedlock to others, and I desired an immortal: the goddess was angry, and I became a dinner for my dogs, father—the hills are my witnesses, or if you do not believe rocks, ask the Naiad nymphs—my trees know all, ask my wild beasts (with forms like mine) and the shepherds whom I summoned.

443 "I do beg, my father, for one last grace: they knew not what they did, so do not kill my slayers, in your love and sorrow for your child; pity those who slew your son, for they are not to blame—they did not mean it, they were misled by my beastlike looks to take me for a beast. What hound ever spares a stag? What man is angry with dogs for killing a fawn? How the poor creatures scamper

καὶ νέκυν ἐχνεύουσι, τὸν ἔκτανον· ἐκ βλεφάρων δὲ
δάκρυα μὲν προχέουσιν ἐχέφρονι, καὶ ποσὶν ἄρμης
δίκτυα πηχύνουσι φιλοστόργῳ τινὶ δεσμῷ[1]·
ἀνδράσιν ἀχνυμένοισιν ἐοικότες, ἡμετέρῃ δὲ
πενθαλέαις ὑλακῇσιν ἐπικλαίουσι χαμεύνῃ.
ναί, λίτομαι, μὴ κτεῖνε γονήμονας· ἡμετέρου γὰρ
δέρματα λαχνήεντος ἐθηήσαντο προσώπου,
οὐδὲ λιταῖς πείθοντο, καὶ οὐκ ἀνέκοφαν ὀδόντας
ἀλλοίης αἴοντες ἐμῆς μενήματα φωνῆς,
καὶ κυνοῖς στομάτεσσιν ἐμὴν ἐρέουσιν ἐρίπνην·
' σήμερον Ἀκταιωνί τις ἤρπασεν, εἶπατε, πέτραι,
πῇ ὀρόμων ἀμφιέπει κεμαδοσσόον, εἶπατε, Νύμφαι.'
τοῖα κύνες φθέγξαντο· καὶ ἀντιάχησε κολώνη
' τίς κεμὰς οὐρεσίφοιτος ἔχει κεμαδοσσίων ἄγχην;
οὐκ ἔλαφον πυθόμην ἐλαφηβόλον· ἀλλοφυὴς δὲ
Ἀκταίων μετάμειπτο καὶ ἔπλετο νεβρὸς ἐχέφρων,
ὅς ποτε θῆρας ἔπεφνεν· ὑπ' ἀνδροφόνῳ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
Ἀγρέος αἷμα φέρων ἀγρεύεται ὠγχαλίῃ.'
τοῖα μὲν ἀχνυμένων σκυλάκων ἐβόησαν ἐρίπναι.
πολλάκι δ' Ἄρτεμις εἶπεν ἐμῷ μαστῆρι φονῆι·
' λῆγε, κύων βαρύμοχθε, πολυπλανὲς ἴχνος ἐλάσσων·
δίζεαι Ἀκταίωνα, τὸν ἔνδοθι γαστρὸς ἀείρας,
δίζεαι Ἀκταίωνα, τὸν ἔκτανες· ἦν ἐθελήσῃς,
ὄψεαι ὀστέα μοῦνα τεῆς ἔτι λείψανα φορβῆς.'
ἀλλά, πάτερ, κατὰ κόσμον ἐμὸν μόρον εἰς σὲ βοήσω.
θάμνος ἔην τανύφυλλος, ὁ μὲν φυλίης, ὁ δ' ἐλαίης·
δειλὸς ἐγώ· Φυλίης γὰρ ἐπώνυμον ἔρνος ἐάσας
πρέμνον ἐς ἀγχικέλευθον ἀνέδραμον ἀγνὸν ἐλαίης
Ἀρτέμιδος χρόα γυμνὸν ἀθηήτοιο δοκεύων.
ἀασάμην· διδύμην γὰρ ἀτάσθαλον ὕβριν ἀέξων

[1] So mss.: some conjecture θεσμῷ.

[a] The last six words are from Hom. *Od.* v. 477.

about the hills all round, this way and that way, searching for the thing they have killed! They drop understanding tears from their eyes, and throw their forepaws round the nets with what might be an affectionate embrace, like sorrowing men, and weep over the place where I lie with mournful bellings. Yes, I pray you, do not kill the mourners! It was my face, but they saw only a hairy skin; they did not obey my prayers, they did not stay their teeth, because they heard only the bellow of my changeling voice, and in whimpering tones questioned my cliff—'To-day someone has stolen Actaion; tell us, Rocks, whither he plies his pricketchasing course? Tell us, Nymphs!' So the dogs; and the hill made answer, 'What hillranging pricket hunts the pricket himself? I never heard of a stag turned stagshooter! but Actaion has changed into another shape and become a fawn with a mind, he who once killed the wild beasts—he who has the blood of the Hunter in him is hunted by a manslayer himself, by Archeress!' So shouted the cliffs to the sorrowful hounds. Often Artemis said to my hunting murderer, 'Down, heavylabouring hound! trace no more the wandering slot. Do you seek Actaion whom you carry in your belly? Do you seek Actaion whom you have killed? If you like, you shall see the orts of your meal, nothing but bones.'

478 "But I will tell you my fate, father, in due order. There was a longleafy thicket, part of wild-olive, part of orchard olive.[a] Like a fool I left Phylia's namesfellow growth[b] and scrambled up a handy branch of the pure olive, to spy out the naked skin of Artemis—forbidden sight! I was mad—

[a] Presumably a nymph.

Παλλάδος εἰς φυτὸν ἦλθον, ἰδεῖν δέμας ἰοχεαίρης
τολμηροῖς βλεφάροισιν, ὅθεν βαρύμηνις ἀπειλὴ
ἔχραεν Ἀκταίωνι καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος καὶ Ἀθήνης.
ἄρτι γὰρ ἱδρώουσα πυραυγέι καύματος ἀτμῷ
Ἄρτεμις εὐκαμάτοιο μετὰ δρόμον ἠθάδος ἄγρης
λούετο μὲν καθαροῖσιν ἐν ὕδασι, λουομένης δὲ
ὀφθαλμοὺς ἀμάρυσσεν ἐμοὺς ἀντώπιος αἴγλη
χιονέας ἀκτῖνας ἀκοντίζουσα ῥεέθροις·
φαίης δ', ὡς παρὰ χεῦμα παλίμπορον Ὠκεανοῖο
ἑσπερίη σελάγιζε δι' ὕδατος ὄμπνια Μήνη.
Νηιάδες δ' ὀλόλυξαν ὁμήλυδες· ἴαχε Λοξὼ
σύνθροον Οὔπιν ἔχουσα, γαληναίῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
νηχομένην ἀνέκοψε κασιγνήτην Ἑκαέργην.
καὶ ζόφος ἠερόφοιτος ἐμὰς ἐκάλυψεν ὀπωπάς·
ἐκ δὲ φυτοῦ προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησα κονίῃ,
καὶ λάχον ἐξαπίνης δέμας αἰόλον, ἀντὶ δὲ μορφῆς
ἀνδρομέης ἄγνωστον ἐμὸν δέμας ἔσκεπε λάχνη,
καὶ κύνες ἀγρευτῆρες ὁμῶς ἐχάραξαν ὀδόντας.
σιγήσω τάδε πάντα· τί δεύτερον ἄλγος ἐνίψω,
μή σε καὶ ὑπνώοντα πάλιν στοναχῇσι πελάσσω.
πολλάκι δένδρον ἐκεῖνο παρέστιχες, ὁππόθι κεῖται
λείψανον Ἀκταίωνος, ὑπὲρ δαπέδου δὲ λυθέντα
πολλάκι δαιδαλέοιο παρήλυθες ὀστέα νεβροῦ
οἰκτρὰ πολυβρώτων μελέων, μεμερισμένα γαίῃ,
ἀλλήλων ἀπάνευθεν. ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἄλλο βοήσω
πιστὸν ἐμοῦ θανάτου σημήιον· ἀρχεκάκου γὰρ
ὄψεαι ἰοδόκην καὶ ἐμὸν βέλος ἐγγύθι δένδρου,
εἰ μὴ καὶ πτερόεντες ἐμορφώθησαν ὀιστοί,
εἰ μὴ χωομένη πάλιν Ἄρτεμις εἰς φυτὸν ὕλης
τόξον ἐμὸν μετάμειψεν, ἐμὴν δ' ἤλλαξε φαρέτρην.
ὄλβιος Ὦτος ἔην, ὅτι μὴ πέλε νεβρὸς ἀλήτης·

I committed two outrageous sins, when I climbed Pallas's tree to look on the Archeress's body with bold eyes; from which the danger of heavy resentment attacked Actaion, both from Artemis and from Athena. For Artemis newly sweating in the vapour of the oppressive fiery heat, after coursing her familiar game, was bathing in the pure water; and as she bathed, her brilliance shooting snowy gleams on the waters against my eyes dazzled me. You might have said the full moon of evening was flashing through the water near the refluent stream of Oceanus. The Naiads all shrieked together; Loxo cried aloud with Upis in concert, and checked her sister Hecaerge who was swimming in the calm stream. Darkness pervaded the air and covered my eyes; I slipt down from the tree headlong into the dust, and suddenly got me a dappled shape. Instead of a human form I had a shape unknown, covered all over with hair, and the hunting-dogs all at once drove their fangs into me.

"But I will not speak of all that—why should I inflict a second pain? or I may cause you to groan again even in sleep. Often you passed that tree where lies what is left of Actaion; often you went by those pitiable bones of a dappled fawn, disjointed, scattered on the ground far apart, torn from the flesh by many eaters. But I will tell you another sign of my death which you will believe. You will see my quiver and bow near the tree where the trouble began, unless the winged arrows have been transformed also, unless Artemis in her anger has changed my bow back to its native wood and transformed the quiver. Otos* was happy, that

* Brother of Ephialtes and killed with him (usually by Artemis, but the story varies) for trying to rape her.

οὐ κύνες Ὠρίωνα κυνοσσόον . . . αἶθε καὶ αὐτὸν
σκορπίος Ἀκταίωνα κατέκτανεν ὀξέι κέντρῳ.
δειλὸς ἐγώ· κενεὴ γὰρ ἐμὸν νόον ἤπαφε φήμη·
εἰσαΐων δ', ὅτι Φοῖβος, ἀδελφεὸς ἰσχεαίρης,
Κυρήνῃ παρίαυεν, ἐμὸν δ' ἔσπειρε τοκήα,
Ἄρτεμιν ὠισάμην ἐμφύλιον εἰς γάμον ἕλκειν.
καὶ πάλιν εἰσαΐων, ὅτι νυμφίον ἀργέτις Ἠὼς
ἥρπασεν Ὠρίωνα καὶ Ἐνδυμίωνα Σελήνη,
καὶ βροτὸν Ἰασίωνα πόσιν προσπτύξατο Δηώ,
ὠισάμην, ὅτι τοῖος ἔην νόος ἰσχεαίρης.
ἀλλά, πάτερ, κτερέιζε νόθην κεραελκέα μορφήν,
μηδὲ λίπῃς ἑτέροισι κυσὶν μέλπηθρα γενέσθαι.
ἢν δὲ κατακρύψῃς ἐμὰ λείψανα κοιλάδι γαίῃ,
δῶρον ἐμοὶ καὶ τοῦτο χαρίζεο, τόξα καὶ ἰοὺς
πῆξον ἐμὸν παρὰ τύμβον,
ὅ περ γέρας ἐστὶ θανόντων.
ἀλλὰ βέλος καὶ τόξον ἔα, πάτερ, ὅττι βελέμνοις
τέρπεται ἰοχέαιρα καὶ ἀγκύλα τόξα τιταίνει.
ζωότυπον δ' ἱκέτευε πολύτροπον, ὄφρα χαράξῃ
στικτὸν ἐμὸν νόθον εἶδος
ἀπ' αὐχένος εἰς πόδας ἄκρους·
μοῦνον ἐμοῦ βροτέοιο τύπον τεύξειε προσώπου,
πάντες ἵνα γνώωσιν ἐμὴν ψευδήμονα μορφήν.
μὴ δέ, πάτερ, γράψειας ἐμὸν μόρον· οὐ δύναται γὰρ
δακρυχέειν ἐμὸν εἶδος ὁμοῦ καὶ πότμον ὀδίτης.
Εἶπεν ὀνειρείη νοερὴ κεμάς, ἀπροϊδὴς δὲ
ᾤχετο πωτήεσσα· καὶ Αὐτονόης παρακοίτης
ἄνθορεν ὀμφήεντος ἀπορρίψας πτερὸν Ὕπνου.
ἐκ λεχέων δὲ δάμαρτα πολυπτοίητον ἐγείρας
πέφραδε θηρείην κεραελκέα παιδὸς ὀπωπήν,
καὶ μύθους ἀγόρευεν, ὅσους φάτο νεβρὸς ἐχέφρων.

he became no wandering fawn. The dogs did not rend Orion[a] the dogmaster. Would that a scorpion had killed Actaion also with a sharp sting! I was a fool—empty rumour deceived my mind. I heard that Phoibos, the Archeress's brother, slept with Cyrene and begat my father, and I thought to draw Artemis to marriage in the family. I heard again that shining Dawn carried off Orion for a bridegroom, and Selene Endymion, and Deo embraced a mortal husband Iasion,[b] and I thought the Archeress's mind the same.

"I beg you, father, give burial to the changeling strong-horned shape, let it not be a toy for other dogs! And if you cover what is left of me in the hollowed earth, grant me this boon also: fix my bow and arrows beside my tomb, which is the honour due to the dead. But no, father, never mind bow and arrows, because Archeress delights in shafts and bends a curving bow. And ask a skilful artist to carve my changeling dappled shape from neck to feet, but let him make only my face of human form, that all may recognize my shape as false. But do not inscribe my fate, father; for the wayfarer cannot shed a tear for fate and shape together."

So spoke in the dream the intelligent pricket, and without warning it was flown and gone. Autonoë's husband leapt up, and threw off the wing of this revealing sleep. He aroused his wife much disturbed, and described her boy's strong-horned animal form, and recounted the story which the intelligent

[a] See note on iv. 338.

[b] Orion was among the many lovers of Eos, Hom. *Od.* v. 121; for Selene and Endymion, see iv. 223; Demeter lay with Iasion in a ploughed field (no doubt a reflection of some old rite of fertility), Hom. *Od.* v. 125.

καὶ γόος ἔπλετο μᾶλλον· Ἀρισταίοιο δὲ νύμφη
ἦιε μαστεύουσα τὸ δεύτερον, ἀχνυμένη δὲ
πυκνὰ ταυπρέμνοιο διέστιχεν ἔνδια λόχμης·
καὶ κραναῶν στείβουσα δυσέμβατα κύκλα κελεύθων
κεῖνο μόγις φυτὸν εὗρε μιαιφόνον, εὗρε καὶ αὐτὴν
ἰοδόκην καὶ τόξον ἐρημαίῳ παρὰ δένδρῳ.
ὀστέα δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα χυτῇ[1] μεμερισμένα γαίῃ,
λείψανα πεπτηῶτα, μόγις συνελέξατο μήτηρ,
καὶ φιλίῃ παλάμῃ γλυκερὴν πήχυνε κεραίην,
καὶ κύσεν αἰνομόροιο δασύτριχα χείλεα νεβροῦ.
ὀξὺ δὲ κωκύουσα νέκυν τυμβεύσατο μήτηρ,
πάντα δέ οἱ παρὰ τύμβον ἐπέγραφεν, ὅσσα τοκῆι
ἔννυχος Ἀκταίωνος ὀνειρείη φάτο φωνή.
Ὄφρα μὲν ἔβρεμε πένθος Ἀρισταίοιο μελάθρῳ,
τόφρα δὲ καλλίστερνος Ἐχίονι τίκτεν Ἀγαύη
Γηγενέος θρασὺν υἱὸν Θεημάχην· ἀρτιφύτου δὲ
πένθεος ἱσταμένοιο φαρώνιμος ἔπλετο Πενθεύς.
Καὶ Νεφέλης μετὰ λέκτρα,
μετὰ πρωτέρους ὑμεναίους
εἰς θαλάμους Ἀθάμαντος ἑκὼμασε παρθένος Ἰνὼ·
αἰνοπαθὴ δὲ Λέαρχον ἐγείνατο καὶ Μελικέρτην
ποντιὰς ἐσσομένη μετανάστιος, οἷα τιθήνη
παιδοκόμος Βρομίοιο φερέσβιος· ἀμφοτέροις γὰρ
μαζὸν ἑνα ξύνωσε Παλαίμονι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
καὶ Σεμέλη πεφύλακτο φαεινοτέροις ὑμεναίοις·

[1] χυτῇ has no clear meaning here. H. J. Rose suggests to transpose χυτῇ . . . πεπτηῶτα and place them between κωκύουσα and νέκυν in 549.

---

[a] See bks. xliv.-xlvi.

fawn had told. Then there was more lamentation. The bride of Aristaios went on the search again, and passed often through the heart of the long-branching bush; sadly treading the difficult circuits of the rocky ways, she found with pains that fatal growth, she found even the quiver and bow beside a lonely trunk. With much trouble the mother gathered the fallen relics, bones scattered here and there over the strewn earth. She clasped the sweet horn with loving hand, and kissed the hairy lips of the bloodstained fawn. Wailing loudly the mother entombed the dead, and carved along the tomb all that the voice in a dream of the night had told Actaion's father.

[550] At the time when mourning resounded in the hall of Aristaios, fair-bosomed Agauê brought forth to Echion the Earthborn a bold god-assaulting son*: he was named Pentheus, the man of sorrows, from the sorrow arising for the newly slain.

[556] After the bridals of Nephele of the earlier marriages,* maiden Ino went with revels to the bridal chamber of Athamas. She bore Learchos destined to woe, and Melicertes. She was afterwards to find a home in the sea, as cherishing nurse for the childhood of Bromios; to both she gave one common breast, Palaimon and Dionysos. Semele was kept

* Nonnos here follows that variant of the complicated tradition of Athamas's marriages which gives him two wives: (1) Nephele, who left him for some reason, after bearing Phrixos and Helle; (2) Ino. Because she nursed Dionysos, Hera was angry with her and drove Athamas (and in some forms of the story Ino herself) mad. Athamas then killed his son Learchos; Ino ran away with Melicertes in her arms and jumped off a cliff into the sea. There she was changed into a sea-goddess and henceforth called Leucothea, while her child, also becoming immortal, was known as Palaimon.

ἤδη γὰρ μενέαινε νέον Διόνυσον ἀέξειν,
ταυροφυὲς μίμημα παλαιγενέος Διονύσου,
αἰνομόρου Ζαγρῆος ἔχων πόθον ὑφιμέδοντι Ζηνί,
ὃν τέκε Περσεφόνεια δρακοντείῃ Διὸς εὐνῇ
σύγγαμος οὐδαίοιο μελαγχλαίνου βασιλῆος.
Ζεὺς ὅτε πουλυέλικτος, ἔχων φειδέμονα μορφήν,
μείλιχος ἱμερόεντι δράκων κυκλούμενος ἅλκῳ
Περσεφόνης σύλησεν ἀνυμφεύτοιο κορείην
κευθομένης, ὅτε πάντες, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
παιδὶ μιῇ θέλγοντο καὶ ἀγχιγάμου περὶ κούρης
Κυπριδίην ἔριν εἶχον ἀσιλήτων ὑμεναίων
δωροφόροι· μή πω δὲ μολὼν ἐπὶ δέμνια Πειθοῦς
ῥάβδον ἐὴν ἐτίταινε γέρας θαλαμηπόλον Ἑρμῆς,
ὦρεγε δ' ἕδνα γάμοιο λύρην εὐύμνον Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ δόρυ καὶ θώρηκα γαμήλιον ὦπασεν Ἄρης
ἀσπίδα δῶρον ἄγων νυμφήιον, εὐκελάδου δὲ
Λήμνιος ἀρτιτέλεστον ἔτι πνείοντα καμίνου
ποικίλον ὁρμὸν ἔτευνε πολύχρυσον ἀμφιγυήεις·
ἤδη γὰρ προτέρην ἀέκων ἠρήσατο νύμφην
Ἄρεϊ βακχευθεῖσιν ὀπιπεύων Ἀφροδίτην·
δείκνυε καὶ μακάρεσσι
γαμοκλόπον ἅρπαγα λέκτρων.
ἀγγελίῃ Φαέθοντος ἀραχναίῳ τινὶ δεσμῷ
γυμνῇ γυμνὸν Ἄρηα περισφίγξας Ἀφροδίτῃ.

---

[a] Zagreus, a deity of unknown origin (the name pretty certainly is not Greek, possibly Phrygian), appears first in connexion with Orphism, a cult which arose probably in the sixth century B.C. The son of Zeus and Persephone, he was murdered as described by Nonnos in bk. vi. No early

for a more brilliant union, for already Zeus ruling on high intended to make a new Dionysos grow up, a bull-shaped copy of the older Dionysos; since he thought with regret of the ill-fated Zagreus.[2] This was a son born to Zeus in dragon-bed by Persephoneia, the consort of the black-robed king of the underworld; when Zeus put on a deceiving shape of many coils, as a gentle dragon twining around her in lovely curves, and ravished the maidenhood of unwedded Persephoneia; though she was hidden when all that dwelt in Olympos were bewitched by this one girl, rivals in love for the marriageable maid, and offered their dowers for an unmarched bridal. Hermes had not yet gone to the bed of Peitho,[3] and he offered his rod as a gift to adorn her chamber. Apollo produced his melodious harp as a marriage-gift. Ares brought spear and cuirass for the wedding, and shield as a bride-gift. Lemnian Hephaistos held out a curious necklace of many colours, newmade and breathing still of the furnace, poor hobbler! for he had already, though unwilling, rejected his former bride Aphrodite, when he spied her rioting with Ares; he displayed her to the Blessed and the womanthief who had robbed his bed, when by information from Phaëthon he had entangled them in a spider's net, naked Ares with naked Aphrodite.[4]

account of this survives, but Pindar manifestly alludes to it, see Rose in *Greek Poetry and Life*, pp. 79-96. At this early period he had probably had nothing whatever to do with Dionysos, but later the idea grew up that the two were somehow identical, and Nonnos makes this identification the basis of his poem.

[3] Hermes has no consort; to say that he married the goddess of Persuasion is mere allegory (he is the celestial patron of oratory).

[4] Hom. *Od.* viii. 266.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐθέλγετο Περσεφονείῃ·
καὶ Διὶ παπταίνοντι φυὴς εὐπάρθενον ἦδην
ὀφθαλμὸς προκέλευθος ἐγίνετο πομπὸς Ἐρώτων,
Περσεφόνης ἀκόρητος· ὑπὸ κραδίην δέ οἱ αἰεὶ
λαίλαπες ἐρροίζησαν ἀκοιμήτοιο μερίμνης·
καὶ Παφίης κατὰ βαιὸν ἀνήπτετο μείζονι πυρσῷ
ἐξ ὀλίγου σπινθῆρος· ἐπ' εὐκόλπῳ δὲ θεαύτῃ
Ζηνὸς ἐρωμανέοντος ἐδουλώθησαν ὀπωπαί.
καί ποτε χαλκὸν ἔχουσα διαυγέα τέρπετο κούρη
κάλλεος ἀντιτύποιο δικασπόλον, αὐτομάτῳ δὲ
σιγαλέῳ κήρυκι τύπων πιστώσατο μορφὴς
ψευδαλέον σκιόεντι δίμας κρύψουσα κατόπτρῳ,
μιμηλὴν δ' ἐγέλασσεν ἐς εἰκόνα· Περσεφόνη δὲ
αὐτοχάρακτον ἄγαλμα διοπτεύουσα προσώπου
ψευδομένης νόθον εἶδος ἐδέρκετο Περσεφονείης·
καί ποτε διψαλέοιο πυραυγέι καύματος ἀτμῷ
καρφαλέης φεύγουσα μεσημβρινὸν ἴχνιον Ὥρης
κερκίδος ἱστοπόνων καμάτων ἀμπαύετο κούρη,
καὶ διεροὺς ἱδρῶτας ἀπουμήξασα προσώπου,
σφιγγομένην στέρνοισι σαόφρονα λύσατο μίτρην,
καὶ χρόα λυσιπόνοισι καθικμαίνουσα λοετροῖς
πηγαίῳ πεφόρητο καταψύχοντι ῥεέθρῳ,
νήματα καλλείψασα πεπαρμένα Παλλάδος ἱστῷ.
οὐδὲ Διὸς λάθεν ὄμμα πανόψιον· ἀσκεπέος δὲ
λουομένης ὅλον εἶδος ἐδέρκετο Περσεφονείης·
οὐ τόσον ἱμείρων ἐπεμήνατο Κυπρογενείῃ,
ἣν ποθέων ἀκίχητα γονὴν ἔσπειρεν ἀρούρῃ
θερμὸν ἀκοντίζων αὐτόσσυτον ἄφρὸν Ἐρώτων,
ἔνθεν ἀεξιτόκοιο κεραστῖδος ἔνδοθι Κύπρου
Φηρῶν εὐκεράων διδυμόχροος ἤνθεε φύτλη.

586 And Father Zeus was much more bewitched by Persephoneia. When Zeus spied the virgin beauty of her shape, his eye ran ahead of him to guide all the Loves, and could not have enough of Persephone; in his heart storms of unsleeping passion raged without ceasing, and gradually a greater furnace of the Paphian was kindled from a small spark; the gaze of lovemaddened Zeus was enslaved by the lovely breast of the goddess. Once she was amusing herself with a resplendent bronze plate, which reflected her face like a judge of beauty; and she confirmed the image of her shape by this free voiceless herald, testing the unreal form in the shadow of the mirror, and smiling at the mimic likeness. Thus Persephone gazed in the selfgraved portrait of her face, and beheld the selfimpressed aspect of a false Persephoneia. Once in the scorching steam of thirsty heat, the girl would cease the loomtoiling labours of her shuttle at midday to shun the tread of the parching season, and wipe the running sweat from her face; she loosed the modest bodice which held her breast so tight, and moistened her skin with a refreshing bath, floating in the cool running stream, and left behind her threads fixt on the loom of Pallas.* But she could not escape the allseeing eye of Zeus. He gazed at the whole body of Persephoneia, uncovered in her bath. Not so wild his desire had been for the Cyprian, when craving but not attaining he scattered his seed on the ground, and shot out the hot foam of love self-sown, where in the fruitful land of horned Cyprus flourished the two-coloured generation of wild

* Pallas Athena was patron of the arts of women.

καὶ μεδέων κόσμοιο καὶ οὐρανὸν ἡνιοχεύων
εἰς πόθον αὐχένα κάμψεν ὁ τηλίκος· οὐδὲ κεραυνοί,
οὐ στεροπὴ χραίσμησε κορυσσομένης Ἀφροδίτης·
Ἥρης δ' οἶκον ἔλειπε, λέχος δ' ἀπέειπε Διώνης,
Δηοῦς ῥῖψεν ἔρωτα, Θέμιν φύγε, κάλλιπε Δητώ, 62
μούνης δ' εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐθέλγετο Περσεφονείης.

---

[a] Only Nonnos has preserved this legend of the Centaurs (Pheres; the name is as old as Homer and said to mean simply "wild beasts" in Aiolic), but he mentions it several times (*cf.* xiv. 193; xxxii. 71). The Centaurs are not the children of Ixion and the cloud, but of Zeus and the

creatures with horns.[a] He—so mighty! the ruler of the universe, the charioteer of heaven, bowed his neck to desire—for all his greatness no thunderbolts, no lightnings helped him against Aphrodite in arms: he left the house of Hera, he refused the bed of Dione, he threw away the love of Deo, he fled from Themis, he deserted Leto—no charm was left for him but only in union with Persephoneia.

[a] earth, fertilized by his seed; and they are horned, not a blend of horse and man. That some real Cypriote legend is involved seems indicated by the discovery in Cyprus of archaic figures more or less Centaur-like but having horns. Why the island itself is called "horned" is not clear.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΚΤΟΝ

Δίζεο θέσκελον ἔκτον, ὅτῳ Ζαγρῆα γεραίρων
γαίης ἔδραια πάντα κατέκλιναν ἑκάτιος Ζεύς.

Οὐδέ πατὴρ τότε μοῦνος ἔχεν σθένος·
ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ
ἓν βέλος ἶσον ἔχοντες, ὅσοι πατέρες Ὀλύμπου,
Δηΐῃς ὑμέναιον ἐεδνώσαντο θεαίνης.
ἔνθα σέλας ῥοδέοιο διαλλάξασα προσώπου
ἄλγεσι κυμαίνοντα νόον μαστίζετο Δηώ
καὶ κεφαλῆς γονόεσσαν ἀπεσφήκωσε καλύστρην,
αὐχενίης λύσασα καθειμένα βόστρυχα χαίτης,
παιδὶ περιφρίσσουσα· βαρυνομένης δὲ θεαίνης
δάκρυσιν αὐτοχύτοισι καθικμαίνοντο παρειαί,
ὅττι τόσους μνηστῆρας ἑνὶ φλογόεντι βελέμνῳ
εἰς ἔριν οἰστρηθέντας ὁμοζήλων ὑμεναίων
ξυνὸς Ἔρως βάκχευεν, ἀμιλλητῆρας Ἐρώτων·
πάντας μὲν τρομέεσκε, τὸ δὲ πλέον ὄμπνια μήτηρ
παιδὸς ἔχειν Ἥφαιστον ἐδειδιε χωλὸν ἀκοίτην,
καὶ δόμον Ἀστραίοιο μετέστιχεν εὔποδι ταρσῷ,
δαίμονος ὀμφήεντος· ὀπισθοπόρων δὲ κομάων
ἄπλοκον ἀσταθέεσσιν ἐσείετο βόστρυχον αὔραις.
τὴν μὲν ἰδὼν ἤγγειλεν Ἑωσφόρος· εἰσαΐων δὲ
ὦρτο γέρων Ἀστραῖος· ὁ μὲν γραμμῇσι χαράσσων

BOOK VI

Look for marvels in the sixth, where in honouring Zagreus, all the settlements on the earth were drowned by Rainy Zeus.

Nor the Father alone felt desire; but all that dwelt in Olympus had the same, struck by one bolt, and wooed for a union with Deo's divine daughter. Then Deo lost the brightness of her rosy face, her swelling heart was lashed by sorrows. She untied the fruitful frontlet [a] from her head, and shook loose the long locks of hair over her neck, trembling for her girl; the cheeks of the goddess were moistened with self-running tears, in her sorrow that so many wooers had been stung with one fiery shot for a struggle of rival wooing, by maddening Eros, all contending together for their loves. From all the bounteous mother shrank, but specially she feared Hephaistos to be her daughter's lame bedfellow.

[15] She hastened with quick foot to the house of Astraios the god of prophecy; her hair flowed behind her unbraided and the clusters were shaking in the fitful winds. Eosphoros [b] saw her and brought the news. Old Astraios heard it and arose; he had

[a] A wreath of corn-ears.

[b] Lucifer, the Morning Star, the same as the Evening Star, the planet Venus.

κυανέην ἐνέπασσε κόνιν περὶ νῶτα τραπέζης,
καὶ τυπόων ἑλικηδὸν ὑπ' ἀγκυλόδοντι σιδήρῳ
πυθμένα τετράπλευρον ἐπέγραφεν αἴθοπι τέφρῃ,
καὶ τύπον ἄλλον ἔτευξεν ἰσογλώχινι τριγώνῳ.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν μεθέηκε καὶ ἤλυθεν ἄγχι θυράων
ἀντιόων Δήμητρι· διεσσυμένων δὲ μελάθρου
Ἕσπερος ἡγεμόνευε, καὶ εἰς θρόνον ἵδρυε Δηὼ
πατρὸς ἑοῦ παρὰ θῶκον· ὁμοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
νεκταρέου κεράσαντες ἀπὸ κρητῆρος Ἀῆται
δαίμονα λυσιπόνοισιν ἐδεικανόωντο κυπέλλοις
υἱέες Ἀστραίοιο· πιεῖν δ' ἠρνήσατο Δηὼ
Περσεφόνης μεθύουσα μεληδόνι· μουνοτόκοι γὰρ
τηλυγέτους διὰ παῖδας ἀεὶ τρομέουσι τοκῆες·
ἀλλὰ μόγις παρέπεισεν ἀναινομένην ἔτι Δηὼ
ἡδυεπὴς Ἀστραῖος ἔχων θελξίφρονα Πειθώ.
ἔνθα γέρων μέγα δεῖπνον ἐπήρτυεν, ὄφρα μερίμνας
θυμοδακεῖς Δήμητρος ἀποσκεδάσειε τραπέζῃ.
καὶ πίσυρες λαγόνεσσι καθαψάμενοι τελαμῶνας
πατρὸς ὑποδρηστῆρες ἐμιτρώθησαν Ἀῆται·
νεκταρέῳ δὲ κύπελλα παρὰ κρητῆρι τιταίνων
Εὖρος ἐῳνοχόει, προχόῳ δ' ἐπιδόρπιον ὕδωρ
εἶχε Νότος, Βορέης δὲ φέρων ἐπέθηκε τραπέζῃ
ἀμβροσίην, Ζέφυρος δὲ περιθλίβων θρόον αὐλοῦ
εἰαρινοῖς δονάκεσσι μελίζετο θῆλυς Ἀήτης·
καὶ στεφάνους ἔπλεξεν Ἑωσφόρος ἄνθεα δήσας
ὀρθρινοῖς κομόωντα δροσιζομένοισι κορύμβοις·
καὶ νυχίου λαμπτῆρος ἐθήμονα πυρσὸν ἀείρας
Ἕσπερος ὀρχηστῆρι ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο ταρσῷ
πάλλων καμπύλον ἴχνος, ἐπεὶ πέλε πομπὸς Ἐρώτων,
καὶ σκαρθμῷ μεμέλητο χοροπλεκέων ὑμεναίων.

---

* The ancient mathematician's equivalent of a blackboard.

covered the surface of a table with dark dust,[a] where he was describing in traced lines a circle with the tooth of his rounding tool, within which he inscribed a square in the dark ashes, and another figure with three equal sides and angles. He left all this, and rose and came towards the door to meet Demeter. As they hastened through the hall, Hesperos led Deo to a chair beside his father's seat[b]; with equal affection the Winds, the sons of Astraios, welcomed the goddess with refreshing cups of nectar which was ready mixt in the bowl. But Deo refused to drink, being tipsy with Persephone's trouble: parents of an only child ever tremble for their beloved children.

[25] But Astraios was one of sweet words, who possessed mind-bewitching Persuasion, and with great pains he persuaded Deo to consent while still denying. Then the ancient prepared a great spread, that he might dispel Demeter's heart-piercing cares by his tables. The four Winds fitted aprons round their waists as their father's waiters. Euros held out the cups by the mixing-bowl and poured in the nectar, Notos had the water ready in his jug for the meal,[c] Boreas brought the ambrosia and set it on the table, Zephyros fingering the notes of the hoboy made a tune on his reeds of spring-time—a womanish Wind this! Eosphoros plaited garlands of flowers in posies yet proud with the morning dew; Hesperos held aloft the torch which is wont to give light in the night, and spun about with dancing leg while he tossed high his curving foot—for he is the escort of the Loves, well practised in the skipping tracery of the bridal dance.

[a] He was the son of Astraios.
[b] To wash the hands.

Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ μετὰ δαῖτα θεὰ κεκόρητο χυρείης
σεισαμένη βαρὺ κέντρον ἀμερσινόοιο μερίμνης,
μαντοσύνην ἐρέεινε, φιλοστόργου δὲ γεραιοῦ
λαιῇ μὲν παλάμῃ γονάτων θίγε, λισσομένη δὲ
δεξιτερῇ φαίνασκε βαθυσμήριγγος ὑπήνης·
καὶ πολέας μνηστῆρας ἑῆς μυθήσατο κούρης
θέσφατα μαστεύουσα παρήγορα· μαντοσύναι γὰρ
ἐλπίσιν ἐσσομένῃσιν ὑποκλέπτουσιν ἀνίας.

Οὐδὲ γέρων Ἀστραῖος ἀναύετο· μυηστάων δὲ
κούρης ἀρτιλόχευτα γενέθλια μέτρα νοήσας
καὶ χρόνον οὐ πταίοντα καὶ ἀπλανέος δρόμων Ὥρης
ἀρχεγόνου, κάμψας δὲ μετάτροπα δάκτυλα χειρῶν
ἀμφὶ παλιντύστοιο μετήλυδα κύκλον ἀριθμοῦ
ἐκ παλάμης παλάμῃ διεμέτρεε δίζυγι παλμῷ·
καὶ οἱ κεκλομένῳ θεράπων εὐκυκλον ἀείρας
σφαῖραν ἑλισσομένην, τύπον αἰθέρος, εἰκόνι κόσμου,
Ἀστερίων παρέθηκε λαβὼν ἐπὶ πώματι χηλοῦ.
ἔνθα γέρων πεπόνητο, καὶ ἄξονος ἄκρον ἑλίσσων
Ζωδιακὸν περὶ κύκλον ἐὴν ἑτέτυκτο ὁπωπὴν
λεύσσων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα καὶ ἀπλανέας καὶ ἀλήτας·
καὶ πόλον ἀμφελέλιζε· πολυστροφάλυγγι δὲ μικῇ
εἰς δρόμον ἀστήρικτον ἀτέρμονι κάμπτετο νύσσῃ
ἄστρασι ποιητοῖσι νόθος κυκλούμενος αἰθήρ,
ἄξονι μεσσατίῳ τετορημένος· εὗρε δὲ δαίμων
σφαῖραν ἰδὼν στεφανηδόν, ὅτι πλήθοντι προσώπῳ
ἀγκύλα συνδέσμοιο διέτρεχε νῶτα Σελήνης,
καὶ Φαέθων ἰσόμοιρος ἔην ἀντώπιδι Μήνῃ
κέντρῳ ὑποχθονίῳ πεφορημένος, ἀχλυόεις δὲ
κῶνος ἀερσιπότητος ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὄξυς ἀνάρπων
ἀντίτυπον Φαέθοντος ὅλην ἐκάλυφε Σελήνην·

[50] After the banquet, as soon as the goddess had had enough of the dance, she threw off the heavy goad of mind-maddening care and inquired of the seer's art. She laid her left hand on the knees of the kindly ancient, and with her right touched his deep-flowing beard in supplication. She recounted all her daughter's wooers and craved a comfortable oracle; for divinations can steal away anxieties by means of hopes to come.

[50] Nor did old Astraios refuse. He learnt the details of the day when her only child was new born, and the exact time and veritable course of the season which gave her birth; then he bent the turning fingers of his hands and measured the moving circle of the ever-recurring number counting from hand to hand in double exchange.* He called to a servant, and Asterion lifted a round revolving sphere, the shape of the sky, the image of the universe, and laid it upon the lid of a chest. Here the ancient got to work. He turned it upon its pivot, and directed his gaze round the circle of the Zodiac, scanning in this place and that planets and fixt stars. He rolled the pole about with a push, and the counterfeit sky went rapidly round and round in mobile course with a perpetual movement, carrying the artificial stars about the axle set through the middle. Observing the sphere with a glance all round, the deity found that the Moon at the full was crossing the curved line of her conjunction, and the Sun was half through his course opposite the Moon moving at his central point under the earth; a pointed cone of darkness creeping from the earth into the air opposite to the Sun hid

* He reckoned the number of days in the years of her life on his fingers.

καὶ γαμίης φιλότητος ἀμιλλητῆρας ἀκοίτου
Ἄρεα δίζετο μᾶλλον, ὑπὲρ δυτικοῦ δὲ μελάθρων
φῶρα γάμων ἐνόησε σὺν ἀστέρι Κυπρογενείης
ἑσπερίῳ· καὶ κλῆρον ἐπώνυμον εὗρε τοκήων
παρθενικῆς ἀστραίων ὑπὸ στάχυν ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ
ὀμβροτόκου Κρονίδαο Φαεσφόρος ἔτρεχεν ἀστήρ.

Ἀλλ' ὅτε πάντα νόησεν ἀριθμήσας ἴχνια ἄστρων,
σφαῖραν ἀειδίνητον ἀνέκυφε κουλίδι κίστῃ,
σφαῖραν ποικιλόωντος ἀειρομένῃ δὲ θεαίνῃ
τριπλόον ὀμφαίης ἀνερεύγετο θέσφατον ἠχώ·

"Δημήτερ φιλότεκνος, ὑπὸ σπιδέι κώνῳ
κλεπτομένης ἀκτῖνος ἀφαυστίστοιο Σελήνης
νυμφίον ἁρπακτῆρα φυλάσσεο Περσεφονείης,
κρυπτὸν ἀσυλήτοιο τεῆς λησίστορα κούρης,
εἰ λίνα Μοιρίων ἐπιπείθεται· ἀπροϊδὴ δὲ
ἀθρήσεις πρὸ γάμοιο νόθον λαθραῖον ἀκοίτην
θηρομιγῆ δολόμητιν, ἐπεὶ δυτικῷ παρὰ κέντρῳ
σὺν Παφίῃ στείχοντα γαμοκλόπον Ἄρεα λεύσσω,
ἀμφοτέροις δὲ Δρίκοντα παρυντέλλοντα δοκεύω.
ὀλβίστην ἐνέπω σε· σὺ γὰρ τετράζυγι κώμῳ
ἔσσεαι ἀγλαόκαρπος, ὅτι χθονὶ καρπὸν ἀπάσσεις
ἀτρυγέτῳ· κούρης γὰρ ὑπὲρ κλήρου τοκήων
παρθένος Ἀστραίη στιχόωσα χείρα τιταίνει."

Ὡς φάμενος μαιτῆρον ὑπὸ στόμα κοίμισεν ὀμφήν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε Δημήτηρ δρεπανηφόρος ἐλπίδα καρπῶν
ἐσσομένων ἤκουσε καὶ αὐτοκέλευστον ἀκοίτην
τηλυγέτης ἀδμῆτος ἀνέγγυον ἅρπαγα κούρης,
ἔστενε μειδιόωσα· δι' ὑφαπόρου δὲ κελεύθου

[a] The planets Mars and Venus.

[b] The brightest star in the constellation Virgo is Spica, the ear of corn. The κλῆρος τοκέων is that part of the heavens which concerns the subject's parents. Its position varies with the starting-point of the scheme.

the whole Moon. Then when he heard the rivals for wedded love, he looked especially for Ares, and espied the wife-robber over the sunset house along with the evening star of the Cyprian.[a] He found the portion called the Portion of the Parents under the Virgin's starry corn-ear[b]; and round the Ear ran the light-bearing star of Cronides, father of rain.[a]

[86] When he had noticed everything and reckoned the circuit of the stars, he put away the ever-revolving sphere in its roomy box, the sphere with its curious surface; and in answer to the goddess he mouthed out a triple oracle of prophetic sound:

[89] "Fond mother Demeter, when the rays of the Moon are stolen under a shady cone and her light is gone, guard against a robber-bridegroom for Persephoneia, a secret ravisher of your unsmirched girl, if the threads of the Fates can be persuaded. You will see before marriage a false and secret bedfellow come unforeseen, a half-monster cunning-minded: since I perceive by the western point Ares the wife-stealer walking with the Paphian, and I notice the Dragon rising beside them both. But I proclaim you most happy: for you will be known for glorious fruits in the four quarters of the universe, because you shall bestow fruit on the barren soil; since the Virgin Astraia holds out her hand full of corn for the destined lot of your girl's parents."

[103] Thus said, he let the oracular voice sleep in his mouth. But when Demeter Sicklebearer heard the hope of coming fruits, and how one uninsited and unbetrothed was to ravish her beloved maiden girl, she groaned and smiled at once, and hastening by the

[a] The planet Jupiter.

οἶκον ἐὸν σπείδουσα κατηφέι δύσατο ταρσῷ.
καὶ ζιγὸν εὐδίνητον ἐγειναίῃ παρὰ φίτνῃ
ἀμφιταλαντεύσασα λόφῳ διδυμάονι θερῶν
ἅζυγας ἑρπηστῆρας ἐπεσφήκωσε λεπάδνῳ·
καὶ γένυν ἀγκυλόδοντι περισφίγγουσα χαλινῷ
ξανθοφυὴς βλοσυρῷο δ' ἅρματος ἦγαγε Δηὼ
παῖδα καλυπτομένην ντφέλῃς κυανώπιδι μήτρῃ,
καὶ κτύπον ἀντικέλευθον ἐπιβρομέοντος ἀπήνῃ
θηρονόμῳ μάστιγι κατερροίζησε Βορῆος,
ἠερίης ἱππηδὸν ἐπεσσυμένων δρόμων αὔρης
ἀσταθέων πτερὰ κοῦφα περιστέλλουσα ὀρεπόντων
ἀμφὶ κέρας Λιβυκοῖο παλίσσυντον Ὠκεανοῖο.
Δικταίης δ' ἀίουσα μέλος κορυθαιόλον ἠχοῦς
Κρῆτα χορὸν παράμειβε βαρυσμαράγοιο βοείης
νῶτα περισκαίροντα κυβιστητῆρι σιδήρῳ.
καὶ τινα λάινον οἶκον ἐποπτεύουσα θεαίνη
Σικελίης τριλόφοιο Πελωρίδα δύσατο πέτρην
Ἀδριάδας παρὰ θῖνας, ὅθι χύσις ἄστατος ἅλμης
εἰς δύσιν ἑλκομένη περιαμπέτεται εἴσελος ἁρπῇ,
εἰς Λίβα πομπεύουσα Βορειόθεν ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ·
καί, Κυανῆν ὅθι πυκνὰ ῥόος χιτλώσατο καύρην
κρηναίῳ στροφάλιγγι χέων ὑπτήριον ὕδωρ,
γείτονα κόλπον ὄπωπεν ἰσουσταθέοντα μελάθρῳ,
λαϊνέης ὀρόφοιο περιστεφθέντα καλύπτρῃ,
ὃν φύσις ἐθρίγκωσε χαραδραίῳ πυλεῶνι
λάινον ἱστὸν ἔχοντα μεμηλότα γείτοσι Νύμφαις.
καὶ θεὸς ὀρφναίοιο διερπύζουσα μελάθρου
παῖδα πολυσφρήγιστον ἐνέκρυφε φωλάδι πέτρῃ·

---

[a] Mountain and cave in Crete, where Zeus was hidden as a baby: the Curetes drowned his cries by clashing their spears on their shields.

[b] Along the coast by Drepana or Drepane, the sickle-town.

paths of high heaven she entered her own house with despondent step. Then beside the dragon-manger she balanced the curved yoke over the two necks of the monsters, and fastened the untamed crawlers with the yokestrap, pressing their jaws about the crooktooth bit. So goldenbrown Deo in that grim car conveyed her girl hidden in a black veil of cloud. Boreas roared like thunder against the passage of the wagon, but she whistled him down with her monster-driving whip, guiding the light wings of the quick dragons as they sped horselike along the course of the wind, through the sky and round the back-reaching cape of the Libyan Ocean. She heard the music of the helmeted Cretan troop resounding in Diete,[a] as they danced about with the tumbling steel thundering heavy upon their oxhide shields. The goddess passed them by, looking for a stony harbourage; and she alighted among the Pelorian cliffs of Threepeak Sicily near the Adriatic shores, where the restless briny flood is driven towards the west and bends round like a sickle, bringing the current in a curve to southwest from the north.[b] And in the place where that River had often bathed the maiden Cyane, pouring his water in fountain-showers as a bride-gift,[a] she saw a neighbouring grotto like a lofty hall crowned and concealed by a roof of stone, which nature had completed with a rocky gateway and a loom of stone tended by the neighbouring Nymphs.[c]

134 The goddess passed through the dark hall, and concealed her daughter well-secured in this hollow

[a] The river is the Anapos. Cyane is the nymph of the spring of that name at Syracuse, regarded as his wife because the water of the spring flows into the river.

[c] The stalactites of such caves are often compared to the beams of a standing-loom.

λυσαμένη δὲ δράκοντας ἐυπτερύγων ἀπὸ δίφρων
τὸν μὲν δεξιτεροῖο παρὰ πρηῶνα θυρέτρου,
τὸν δὲ λιθογλώχινα πύλης παρὰ λαιὸν ὀχῆα
στῆσεν ἀθηήτοιο φυλάκτορα Περσεφονείης·
κεῖθι δὲ Καλλιγένειαν, ἐὴν εὔπαιδα τιθήνην,
κάλλιπε σὺν ταλάροισι, καὶ ὁππόσα θήλεϊ φύτλῃ
Παλλάδος εὐπαλάμοιο νέμει ταλασήιος ἱδρώς·
καὶ ποσὶν ἠέρα τέμνεν, ἐρημονόμοις δὲ φυλάξαι
καμπύλα πετραίῃσιν ἐπέτρεπεν ἅρματα Νύμφαις.
Ἀμφὶ δὲ καρχαρόδοντα γένυν πεπόνητο σιδήρου
εἰροκόμῳ ξαίνουσα περὶ κτενὶ λήνεα κούρη,
ἠλακάτῃ δ' ἐνέλισσε· πολυστροφάδεσσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
εἰλυφόων ἄτρακτος ἕλιξ βητάρμονι παλμῷ
νηθομένων ἐχόρευε μίτων κυκλούμενος ὁλκῷ·
καὶ ποσὶ φοιταλέοισι παλίνδρομος ἄκρον ἀπ' ἄκρου
πρωτοπαγῆ ποίησε διάσματα, φάρεος ἀρχήν,
ἱστῷ δ' ἀμφὶς ἕλισσεν· ὕφαινε δὲ κερκίδι κούρη
πηνίον ἐξέλκουσα παρὲκ μίτον, ἀμφὶ δὲ πέπλῳ
γνωτὴν ἱστοτέλειαν ἐὴν ἐλίγαινεν Ἀθήνην.
Παρθένε Περσεφόνεια,
σὺ δ' οὐ γάμον εὗρες ἀλύξαι,
ἀλλὰ δρακοντείοισιν ἐνυμφεύθης ὑμεναίοις,
Ζεὺς ὅτε πουλυέλικτος ἀμειβομένοιο προσώπου
νυμφίος ἱμερόεντι δράκων κυκλούμενος ὁλκῷ
εἰς μυχὸν ὀρφναίοιο διέστιχε παρθενεῶνος,
σείων δαυλὰ γένεια· παρισταμένων δὲ θυρέτρῳ
εὔνασεν ἰσοτύπων πεφορημένος
ὄμμα δρακόντων . . .
καὶ γαμίαις γενύεσσι δέμας λιχμάζετο κούρης
μείλιχος. αἰθερίων δὲ δρακοντείων ὑμεναίων
Περσεφόνης γονόεντι τόκῳ κυμαίνετο γαστήρ,
Ζαγρέα γειναμένη, κερόεν βρέφος, ὃς Διὸς ἕδρης

rock. Then she loosed the dragons from the winged car; one she placed by the jutting rock on the right of the door, one on the left beside the stone-pointed barrier of the entry, to protect Persephoneia unseen. There also she left Calligeneia, her own fond nurse, with her baskets, and all that cleverhand Pallas gives to make womankind sweat over their wool-spinning. Then she left her rounded chariot for the Nymphs to watch, in their lonely home among the rocks, and cut the air with her feet.

[145] The girl busied herself in carding fleeces of wool under the sharp teeth of the iron comb. She packed the wool on the distaff, and the twirling spindle with many a twist and jerk ran round and round in dancing step, as the threads were spun and drawn through the fingers. She fixed the first threads of the warp which begins the cloth, and gave them a turn round the beam, moving from end to end to and fro with unresting feet. She wove away, plying the rod and pulling the bobbin along through the threads, while she sang over the cloth to her cousin Athena the clever webster.

[155] Ah, maiden Persephoneia! You could not find how to escape your mating! No, a dragon was your mate, when Zeus changed his face and came, rolling in many a loving coil through the dark to the corner of the maiden's chamber, and shaking his hairy chaps: he lulled to sleep as he crept the eyes of those creatures of his own shape who guarded the door. He licked the girl's form gently with wooing lips. By this marriage with the heavenly dragon, the womb of Persephone swelled with living fruit, and she bore Zagreus the horned baby, who by himself climbed

μοῦνος ἐπουρανίης ἐπεβήσατο, χειρὶ δὲ βαιῇ
ἀστεροπὴν ἐλέλιζε· νεηγενέος δὲ φορῆος
νηπιάχοις παλάμῃσιν ἐλαφρίζοντο κεραυνοί.
Οὐδὲ Διὸς θρόνον εἶχεν ἐπὶ χρόνον· ἀλλά ἑ γύψῳ
κερδαλέῃ χρισθέντες ἐπίκλοπα κύκλα προσώπου
δαίμονος ἀστόργοιο χόλῳ βαρυμήνιος Ἥρης
Ταρταρίῃ Τιτῆνες ἐδηλήσαντο μαχαίρῃ
ἀντιτύπῳ νόθον εἶδος ὀπιπεύοντα κατόπτρῳ.
ἔνθα διχαζομένων μελέων Τιτῆνι σιδήρῳ
τέρμα βίου Διόνυσος ἔχων παλινάγρετον ἀρχὴν
ἀλλοφυὴς μορφοῦτο πολυσπερὲς εἶδος ἀμείβων,
πῇ μὲν ἄτε Κρονίδης δόλιος νέος αἰγίδα σείων,
πῇ δὲ γέρων βαρύγουνος ἄτε Κρόνος ὄμβρον ἰάλλων·
ἄλλοτε ποικιλόμορφον ἔην βρέφος, ἄλλοτε κούρῳ
εἴκελος οἰστρηθέντι, νέον δέ οἱ ἄνθος ἰούλων
ἀκροκελαινιόωντα κατέγραφε κύκλα προσώπου·
πῇ δὲ χόλῳ δασπλῆτι λέων μιμηλὸς ἰάλλων
φρικαλέον βρύχημα σεσηρότι μαίνετο λαιμῷ,
ὀρθώσας πυκινῇσι κατάσκιον αὐχένα χαίταις,
ἀμφελελιζομένης λασιότριχος ὑψόθι νώτου
αὐτομάτῃ μάστιγι περιστίζων δέμας οὐρῆς·
ἔνθα λεοντείοιο λιπὼν ἴνδαλμα προσώπου
ὑψιλόφῳ χρεμετισμὸν ὁμοίιον ἔβρεμεν ἵππῳ
ἄζυγι, γαῦρον ὀδόντα μετοχμάζοντι χαλινοῦ,
καὶ πολιῷ λεύκαινε περιτρίβων γένυν ἀφρῷ·
ἄλλοτε ῥοιζήεντα χέων συριγμὸν ὑπήνης
ἀμφιλαφὴς φολίδεσσι δράκων ἐλέλικτο κεράστης,
γλῶσσαν ἔχων προβλῆτα κεχηνότος ἀνθερεῶνος,
καὶ βλοσυρῷ Τιτῆνος ἐπεσκίρτησε καρήνῳ

---

[a] Zagreus is horned because Dionysos often is. Zeus meant him to be king of the universe.

upon the heavenly throne of Zeus and brandished lightning in his little hand, and newly born, lifted and carried thunderbolts in his tender fingers.[a]

[169] But he did not hold the throne of Zeus for long. By the fierce resentment of implacable Hera, the Titans cunningly smeared their round faces with disguising chalk, and while he contemplated his changeling countenance reflected in a mirror they destroyed him with an infernal knife.[b] There where his limbs had been cut piecemeal by the Titan steel, the end of his life was the beginning of a new life as Dionysus. He appeared in another shape, and changed into many forms: now young like crafty Cronides shaking the aegis-cape, now as ancient Cronos heavy-kneed, pouring rain. Sometimes he was a curiously formed baby, sometimes like a mad youth with the flower of the first down marking his rounded chin with black. Again, a mimic lion he uttered a horrible roar in furious rage from a wild snarling throat, as he lifted a neck shadowed by a thick mane, marking his body on both sides with the self-striking whip of a tail which flickered about over his hairy back. Next, he left the shape of a lion's looks and let out a ringing neigh, now like an unbroken horse that lifts his neck on high to shake out the imperious tooth of the bit, and rubbing, whitened his cheek with hoary foam. Sometimes he poured out a whistling hiss from his mouth, a curling horned serpent covered with scales, darting out his tongue from his gaping throat, and leaping upon the grim head of some

[a] Harpocration *s.v.* ἀναμάττων, p. 29, 10 Bekker: οἱ Τιτᾶνες τὸν Διόνυσον ἀναμάττοντα γύψῳ κατεσκεύασαν ἐπὶ τῷ μὴ γνῶναι αὐτὸν γενέθλιον. Compare Herodotus viii. 27 for a similar stratagem of the Phocians, and Lobeck, *Aglaophamus*, p. 655.

ὁρμὸν ἐχιδνήεντα περίπλοκον αὐχένι δήσας·
καὶ δέμας ἑρπηστῆρος ἀειδύητον ἐάσας
τίγρις ἔην, στίξας δέμας αἰόλον· ἄλλοτε ταύρῳ
ἰσοφυής, στομάτων δὲ νόθον μυκηθμὸν ἰάλλων
θηγαλέῃ Τιτῆνας ἀνεστυφέλιξε κεραίῃ.
καὶ ψυχῆς προμάχιζεν, ἕως ζηλήμονι λαιμῷ
τρηχαλέον μύκημα δι' ἠέρος ἔβρεμεν Ἥρῃ,
μητρυιῇ βαρύμηνις, ἰσοφθόγγῳ δὲ θεαίνῃ
αἰθέριον κελάδημα πύλαι κανάχιζον Ὀλύμπου,
καὶ θρασὺς ὤκλασε ταῦρος· ἀμοιβαίῃ δὲ φωνῇ
ταυροφυῆ Διόνυσον ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ, προτέροιο δαιζομένου Διονύσου
γινώσκων σκιόεντα τύπον δολίοιο κατόπτρου,
μητέρα Τιτήνων ἐλάσας ποινήτορι πυρσῷ
Ζαγρέος εὐκεραίοιο κατεκλήισσε φονῆας
Ταρταρίῳ πυλεῶνι· καὶ αἱθομένων ἀπὸ δένδρων
θερμὰ βαρυνομένης ἐμαραίνετο βόστρυχα γαίης.
ἀντολίην δ' ἔφλεξε, καὶ αἰθαλόεντι θελέμνῳ
αἴθετο Βάκτριον οὖδας ἑῶιον, ἀγχιπόροις δὲ
κύμασιν Ἀσσυρίοισιν ἐδαίετο Κάσπιον ὕδωρ,
Ἰνδῶοί τε τένοντες· Ἐρυθραίοιο δὲ κόλπου
ἔμπυρα κυμαίνοντος Ἀραψὶ θερμαίνετο Νηρεύς.
καὶ δύσιν ἀντικέλευθον ἐῷ πρηνίξε κεραυνῷ
Ζεὺς πυρόεις φιλότεκνος· ὑπὸ Ζεφύροιο δὲ ταρσῷ
ἡμιδαὴς σέλας ὑγρὸν ἀπέπτυεν ἑσπερὶς ἅλμη,
Ἄρκτῳοί τε τένοντες· ὁμοφλεγέος δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
πηγνυμένης πάφλαζε Βορήια νῶτα θαλάσσης·
καὶ Νοτίου νιφόεσσαν ὑπὸ κλίσιν Αἰγοκερήρης
θερμοτέρῳ σπινθῆρι μεσημβρινὸς ἔζεεν ἀγκών.

Καὶ διεροῖς βλεφάροις ποταμήια δάκρυα λείβων
Ὠκεανὸς λιτάνευε χέων ἱκετήσιον ὕδωρ·

Titan encircled his neck in snaky spiral coils. Then he left the shape of the restless crawler and became a tiger with gay stripes on his body; or again like a bull emitting a counterfeit roar from his mouth he butted the Titans with sharp horn.[a] So he fought for his life, until Hera with jealous throat bellowed harshly through the air—that heavy-resentful stepmother!—and the gates of Olympos rattled in echo to her jealous throat from high heaven. Then the bold bull collapsed: the murderers each eager for his turn with the knife chopt piecemeal the bull-shaped Dionysos.

[205] After the first Dionysos had been slaughtered, Father Zeus learnt the trick of the mirror with its reflected image. He attacked the mother of the Titans[b] with avenging brand, and shut up the murderers of horned Dionysos within the gate of Tartaros: the trees blazed, the hair of suffering Earth was scorched with heat. He kindled the East: the dawnlands of Bactria blazed under blazing bolts, the Assyrian waves set afire the neighbouring Caspian Sea and the Indian mountains, the Red Sea rolled billows of flame and warmed Arabian Nereus. The opposite West also fiery Zeus blasted with his thunderbolt in love for his child; and under the foot of Zephyros the western brine half-burnt spat out a shining stream; the Northern ridges—even the surface of the frozen Northern Sea bubbled and burned; under the clime of snowy Aigoceros[c] the Southern corner boiled with hotter sparks.

[224] Now Oceanos poured rivers of tears from his watery eyes, a libation of supphiant prayer. Then

[a] Like Dionysos he can take all manner of shapes.
[b] Earth. [c] Capricorn.

Ζεὺς δὲ χόλον πρήυνε, μαραινομένην δὲ κεραυνῷ
γαῖαν ἰδὼν ἐλέαιρε, καὶ ἤθελεν ὕδατι νίψαι
λύματα τεφρήεντα καὶ ἔμπυρον ἕλκος ἀρούρης.
Καὶ τότε γαῖαν ἅπασαν ἐπέκλυσεν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς
πυκνώσας νεφέεσσιν ὅλον πόλον, οὐρανίῃ δὲ
βρονταίοις πατάγοισι Διὸς μυκήσατο σάλπιγξ,
ἀστέρες ὁππότε πάντες ἐνὶ σφετέροισι μελάθροις
κεκριμένοι δρόμον εἶχον, ἐπεὶ τετράζυγι δίφρῳ
Ἥλιος σελάγιζε λευκτείων ἐπὶ νώτων
ἱππεύων ἑὸν οἶκον· ἐπιτροχόωσα δὲ δίφρῳ
Καρκίνον ὀκταπόδην τριφυὴς κυκλοῦτο Σελήνη,
καὶ δροσερὴν ὑπὸ πέζαν ἰσημερίῳ παρὰ κύκλῳ
Κύπρις ἀπὸ Κριοῖο μεταστήσασα κεραίης
εἰαρινὸν δόμον εἶχεν, ἀχείμονα Ταῦρον Ὀλύμπου,
γείτων δ' Ἡλίοιο προάγγελον Ἱστοβοῆος
Σκορπίον εἶχεν Ἄρης, μιτρούμενον αἵθοπι Ταύρῳ,
δόχμιος ἀντικέλευθον ὀπιπεύων Ἀφροδίτην,
καὶ τελέων λυκάβαντα δυωδεκάμηνος ἀϊδίτης
Ἰχθύας ἀστερόεντας ἐπέτριχεν ἀκρόνυχος Ζεύς,
δεξιτερὴν τρίπλευρον ἔχων ἑλικώδεα Μίνην,
καὶ Κρόνος ὄμβρια νῶτα διέστιχεν Αἰγοκερῆος
φέγγεϊ παχνήεντι διάβροχος, ἀμφὶ δὲ φαιδρῇ
Παρθενικῇ πτερύγεσσιν ἑὴν ὑφοίμενος Ἑρμῆς,
ὅττι Δίκην δόμον εἶχε δικασπόλος. ἐπταπόρου δὲ
αἰθέρος ὑδατόεντες ἀνοίχθησαν ὀχῆες
Ζηνὸς ἐπομβρήσαντος· ἐριφλοίσβοιο δὲ κόλπου
κρουνοῖς πλειοτέροισιν ἐμυκήσαντο χαράδραι,
ὑδρηλαὶ δὲ θύγατρες ἀποσπάδες Ὠκεανοῖο
λίμναι ἐκουφίζοντο, καὶ ἠέρι νέρτερον ὕδωρ
κρουνοὶ ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀνέβλυον Ὠκεανοῖο,
καὶ σκοπιαὶ ῥαθάμιζον, ὀρεσσιχύτῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ

Zeus calmed his wrath at the sight of the scorched earth; he pitied her, and wished to wash with water the ashes of ruin and the fiery wounds of the land.

230 Then Rainy Zeus covered the whole sky with clouds and flooded all the earth. Zeus's heavenly trumpet bellowed with its thunderclaps, while all the stars moved in their appointed houses: when the Sun in his four-horse chariot drove shining over the Lion's back, his own house; the Moon of threefold form rolled in her onrunning car over the eightfoot Crab; Cypris[a] in her equinoctial course under the dewy region had left the Ram's horn behind, and held her spring-time house in the heavenly Bull which knows no winter; the Sun's neighbour Ares[b] possessed the Scorpion, harbinger of the Plow, encircled by the blazing Bull, and ogled Aphrodite opposite with a sidelong glance; Zeus[c] of nightfall, the twelvemonth traveller who completes the beh'gang,[d] was treading on the starry Fishes, having on his right the round-faced Moon in trine; Cronos[e] passed through the showery back of Aigoceros[f] drenched in the frosty light; round the bright Maiden[g] Hermes was poised on his pinions, because as a dispenser of justice he had Justice for his house.

250 Now the barriers of the sevenmouthed watery sky were opened, when Zeus poured down his showers. The mountain-torrents roared with fuller fountains of the loudsplashing gulf. The lakes, liquid daughters cut off from Oceanos, raised their surface. The fountains shot spouts of the lower waters of Oceanos into the air. The cliffs were besprinkled, the dry thirsty hills were drenched as with rivers streaming

[a] The planet Venus. [b] Mars. [c] Jupiter.
[d] See note on xl. 486. [e] Saturn. [f] Capricorn. [g] Virgo.

διψαλέαι ποταμηδὸν ἐμορμύροντο κολῶναι·
ὑψώθη δὲ θάλασσα, καὶ εἰς ὄρος ὑψόθι λόχμης
Νηρεΐδες γεγάασιν Ὀρειάδες. ἆ μέγα δειλή,
χερσὶν ἀπειρήτοισιν ἐνήχετο παρθένος Ἠχώ
ἀρχαίης φόβον ἄλλον ἀμειβομένη περὶ μίτρης,
μή ποτε Πᾶνα φιγοῦσα Ποσειδάωνι μιγείη.
ποντοπόροι δὲ λέοντες ἀήθεος ἔνδοθι πέτρης
χερσαίων ἐχόρευον ἐνὶ σπήλυγγι λεόντων
μυδαλέοις μελέεσσι· χαραδραίῳ δ' ἐνὶ κόλπῳ
εἰναλίῳ δελφῖνι συνήντετο κάπρος ἀλήτης
καὶ ξυνοῖς ῥοθίοισιν ὀρεσσιχύτου νιφετοῖο
θῆρες ἐναντίλλοντο σὺν ἰχθύσιν· εἰλικόεις δὲ
πούλυπος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐπεσκίρτησε λαγωῷ.
καὶ διεροὶ Τρίτωνες ὑπὸ σφυρὶ φωλάδος ὕλης
ἔγχλοον αἰθύσσοντες ἐπ' ἰξύι δίπτυχον οἰκίην
Πανὸς ὀρεσσαύλοισιν ἐνεκρύπτοντο μελάθροις,
σύμπλοον ἠερίοισιν ἐπιτρέφαντες ἀήταις
στικτὴν ἠθάδα κύχλον· ἐν εὐύδρῳ δὲ κολώνῃ
Πανὶ φιλοσκοπέλῳ μετανίστιος ἥατο Νηρεύς,
καὶ ναέτης πετραῖος ὄρος μετὰ πόντον ἀμείβων
μυδαλέην σύριγγα διαπλώουσαν ἐάσσας·
ἰκμαλέον σπέος εἶχεν ὑπωροφίης δόμον Ἠχοῦς.
καὶ διερῷ τότε φῶτες ἀνοιδαίνοντες ἀλέθρῳ
ὕδασι τυμβεύοντο, πολὺς δέ τις ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
πλώετο κυματόεντι νέκυς πεφορημένος ὀλκῷ·
καὶ νιφετῷ κελάδοντι κεχηνότος ἀνθερεῶνος
χανδὸν ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο πιὼν ὀρεσίδρομον ὕδωρ
πῖπτε λέων, πέσε κάπρος. ὁμοζεύκτῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
λίμναι ὁμοῦ ποταμοῖσι, Διὸς ῥόος, ὕδατα πόντου
ἀλλήλοις κεκέραστο, καὶ εἰν ἑνὶ τέσσαρες αἶραι
συμμιγέων ἀνέμων ἐπεμάστιον ἄκριτον ὕδωρ.

over the heights: the sea rose until Nereids became Oreads on the hills over the woodland. O poor thing! Maid Echo had to swim with unpractised hands, and felt a new fear for that old maiden zone—Pan she had escaped, but she might be caught by Poseidon! Sea-lions now leaped with dripping limbs in the land-lions' cave among rocks they knew not, and in the depths of a mountain-torrent a stray boar met with a dolphin of the sea. Wild beasts and fishes navigated in common stormy floods that poured from the mountains. The many-footed squid dragged his many coils into the hills, and pounced on the hare. The dripping Tritons at the edge of a secret wood wagged their green forked tails against their flanks, and hid in the mountain vaults where Pan had his habitation, leaving their familiar speckled conchs to sail about with the winds. Nereus on his travels met rock-loving Pan on a submerged hill, the rock-dweller left his sea and changed it for the hill, leaving the waterlogged pan's-pipes that floated; while he took to the watery cave where Echo once had sheltered.

[279] Then the bodies of poor fellows swollen in their watery death were buried in the waters. Heaps of corpses were floating one upon another carried along by the rolling currents; there fell the lion, there fell the boar into the roaring torrent, with open throat gulping draughts of the cascades that poured from rocks and mountains. With mingling streams, lakes and rivers, torrents of rain, waters of the sea were all combined together, and the four winds united their blasts in one, to flog the universal inundation.

[1] 276 placed after 277 by Marcellus. ἐάσσας mss. and edd., ἐλάσσας Ludwich.

καὶ διερὴν χθόνα πᾶσαν ἰδὼν ὑπὸ μείζονι παλμῷ
μοῦνον ἀπειλητῆρι τινασσομένην Διὸς ὄμβρῳ
πόντιος ἐννοσίγαιος ἑὴν ἔρριψεν ἀκωκὴν
ἀσχαλόων, τίνα γαῖαν ἀνοχλίσσειε τριαίνῃ.
Νηρεΐδων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέπλεον ἄβροχον[1] ὕδωρ·
καὶ χλοερῆς Θέτιν εἶχεν ἐπ' ἰξύος ὑγρὸς ὁδίτης,
Τρίτων εὐρυγένειος, ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντι δὲ νώτῳ
πομπίλον ἡνιόχευεν ἐν ἠέρι φοιτὰς Ἀγαύη,
καὶ λόφον ὑδατόεντι φέρων κυκλούμενον ὁλκῷ,
Δωρίδα κουφίζων, μετανάστιος ἔτρεχε δελφίς,
καὶ βυθίη φάλλαινα περισκαίρουσα κολώναις
πλάζετο, μαστεύουσα χαμευνάδος ἄντρα λεαίνης.
Καὶ τότε κυματόεσσαν ἰδὼν ὑπὸ γείτονα πέτρην
νηχομένην Γαλάτειαν ἀνίαχε μυδαλέος Πάν·
Ἢ ῥά σοι ἴσον ἔχει διερὸν δρόμον; ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτὴ
ἑζομένη δελφῖνι θαλασσαίης Ἀφροδίτης,
ὡς Θέτις ἀκρήδεμνος, ἐμὴ ναυτίλλεται Ἠχώ;
δείδια, μή μιν ὄρινε δυσάντεα κύματα πόντου·
δείδια, μή μιν ἔκευθε μέγας ῥόος· ὣς ἄρα δειλὴ
ἄστατος ἐν πελάγεσσι μετ' οὔρεα κύματα βαίνει·
ἤ ποτε πετρήεσσα φανήσεται ὑδριὰς Ἠχώ.
ἀλλὰ τεὸν Πολύφημον ἔα βραδύν· ἢν ἐθελήσῃς,
αὐτὸς ἐμοῖς ὤμοισιν ἀερτάζων σε σαώσω·

[1] Ludwich later restored ἄβροχον from LΩ.

---

[a] A Nereid.
[b] The Cyclops Polyphemos loved Galateia the sea-nymph

[288] Earthshaker saw from the deep the earth all flooded, while Zeus alone with stronger push made it quake under his threatening torrents: he threw away his prongs, wondering in his anger what earth now he could heave with a trident! Nereids in battalions swam over the flooding waves; Thetis travelled over the water riding on the green hip of a Triton with broad beard; Agaué* on a fish's back drove her pikefish in the open air, and an exile dolphin with the water swirling round his neck lifted Doris* and carried her along. A whale of the deep sea leaped about the hills and sought the cave of the earthbedded lioness.

[300] Then Pan well soaked saw Galateia swimming under a neighbouring wavebeaten rock, and sang out:

[302] "Where are you going, Galateia? Have you given up sea for hills? Perhaps you are looking for the love-song of Cyclops?[1] I pray you by the Paphian, and by your Polyphemos—you know the weight of desire, do not hide from me if you have noticed my mountainranging Echo swimming by the rocks! Does she course through the wet like you? Does she also sit on a dolphin of Aphrodite the sea-goddess, my own Echo navigating like Thetis unveiled? I fear the dangerous waves of the deep may have startled her! I fear the great flood may have covered her! How cruel for her, poor thing! She has left the hills and moves restless over the waves. Echo once the maid of the rocks will show herself as the maid of the waters. Come, leave your Polyphemos, the laggard! If you like, I will lift you upon my own back and save you. The roaring

[1] and wooed her with such love-songs as he could contrive: see Theocritus, *Id.* xi.

οὔ με κατακλύζει κελάδων ῥόος· ἦν ἐθελήσω,
ἴχνεσιν αἰγείοισιν ἐλεύσομαι εἰς πόλον ἄστρων."
Ὣς φαμένῳ Γαλάτεια τόσην ἀντίαχε φωνήν·
"Ἢν φίλε, σὴν ἀνάειρε δι' οὔδατος ἄπλοον Ἰχώ-
μή με μάτην ἐρέεινε, τί σήμερον ἐνθάδε βαίνω·
ἄλλον ἐμοὶ πλόον εὗρεν ὑπέρτερον ὑέτιος Ζεύς,
καὶ γλυκερὴν περ ἐοῦσαν ἐὰ Κύκλωπος ἀοιδήν.
οὐκέτι μαστεύω Σικελὴν ἅλα· τοσσατίον γὰρ
τάρβος ἔχω νιφετοῖο καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγω Πολυφήμου."
Εἶπε, καὶ ὑγροπόροιο παρήλυθε Πανὸς ἀυλούς.
πυκνὰ δὲ κυμαίνοντος ἀμαιμακέτου νιφετοῖο
πᾶσα πόλις, πᾶς δῆμος ἦην ῥόος· οὐδέ τις ἀγκὼν
ἄβροχος ἦν, οὐ γυμνὸς ἔην λόφος, οὐ ῥέον Ὄσσης,
οὐ τότε Πήλιον ἄκρον· ὑπὸ τριλόφῳ δὲ καλιῇ
Τυρσηνὸς κελάδησεν· ἰμασσομένου δὲ πόντου
Ἀδριάδες Σικελοῖσιν ἐρύχθεον ὕδασι πέτραι
ὀμβρηροῖς ῥοθίοισιν. ἐν ἠερίῃ δὲ κελεύθῳ
μαρμαρυγαὶ Φαέθοντος ἐθηλύνοντο ῥαέθρας·
ζώνῃ δ' ἑβδομάτῃ χθαμαλὴς ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα πέζης
κύμασιν ἠλιβάτοισι σέλας φύξασα Σελήνη
μυδαλέων ἀνέκοφε λελουμένον αὐχένα ταύρων·
ἀστραίῃ δὲ φάλαγγι μεμιγμένον ὄμβριον ὕδωρ
λευκοτέρην ποίησε Γαλαξαίην ἴτυν οὐρῷ.
Καὶ ῥοθίῳ γονόεντι χέων ἑπτάστομον ὕδωρ
Ἀλφειῷ δυσέρωτι συνήντετο Νεῖλος ἀλήτης,
ὧν ὁ μὲν εὐκάρποιο δι' αὔλακος ἤθελεν ἕρπειν
τέρπων ἰκμαλέοισι φυλήμασι δυφάδα νύμφην,
ὃς δὲ παραΐξας προτέρην ὁδὸν ἠθάδος ἄγρης

[a] The three peaks are those of Sicily. The waters of the Tyrrhenian, Sicilian, and Adriatic seas were commingled.
[b] Hers is the lowest sphere and therefore the seventh.

flood does not overwhelm me; if I like I can mount to the starry sky on my goatish feet!"

[319] He spoke, and Galateia said in reply:

"My dear Pan, carry your own Echo through the waves—she knows nothing of the sea. Don't waste your time in asking me why I am going here this day. I have another and higher voyage which Rainy Zeus has found me. Let be the song of Cyclops, though it is sweet. I seek no more the Sicilian sea; I am terrified at this tremendous flood, and I care nothing for Polyphemos."

[325] With these words, she passed away from the lair of waterfaring Pan.

[326] As the irresistible torrent swelled on and on, every city, every nation was a flood; not one corner was undrenched, not one hill was then bare—not the peak of Ossa, not the top of Pelion. Under the three peaks roared the Tyrrhenian Sea; the Adriatic rocks rebounded with Sicilian waters in showers of foam from the flogging sea.[a] The sparkling rays of Phaëthon in his airy course became soft and womanish in the torrents. Selene in her seventh zone[b] over the low rim of the earth cooled her light in the mounting waves, and checked her cattle with drenched and soaking necks. The rainwater mixed with the starry battalions, and made the Milky Way whiter with foam.

[339] The Nile, pouring his lifegiving stream through his seven mouths, went astray and met love-sick Alpheios. His wish was to creep through the fruitful soil, and delight his thirsty bride with watery kisses; but the other had lost the familiar road of his old-

counting from above downwards. The waters had risen to the limit of the earth's atmosphere.

ἀχνύμενος πεφόρητο· συνερπύζοντα δὲ λεύσσων
Πύραμον ἱμερόεντα τόσην ἀνενείκατο φωνήν·
"Νεῖλε, τί κεν ῥέξαιμι
καλυπτομένης Ἀρεθούσης;
Πύραμε, τί σπεύδεις; τίνι κάλλιπες ἠθάδα Θίσβην,
ὄλβιος Εὐφρήτης, ὅτι μὴ λάχε κέντρον Ἐρώτων,
ζήλον ἔχω καὶ δεῖμα μεμιγμένον· ὑδατόεις γὰρ
ἱμερτῇ παρίαυε τάχα Κρονίδης Ἀρεθούσῃ·
δείδια, μὴ προχοῇσι τεὴν νυμφεύσατο Θίσβην.
Πύραμος, Ἀλφειοῖο παραίφασις, ἡμέας ἄμφω
οὐ Διὸς ὄμβρος ὄρινεν, ὅσον βέλος ἀφρογενείης.
ἕσπεό μοι φιλέοντι,[1] Συρηκοσίης δ' Ἀρεθούσης
ἴχνια μαστεύσω, σὺ δέ, Πύραμε, δίζεο Θίσβην.
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις, ὅτι γαῖα τινάσσεται, ὅττι χαλέπτει
οὐρανός, ὅττι θάλασσα βιάζεται, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
ἅπλοος ἀφριόωντι ῥόῳ κυμαίνεται αἰθήρ·
οὐκ ἀλέγω νιφετοῖο μεμηνότος. ἃ μέγα θαῦμα·
αἰθομένην Διὸς ὄμβρος
ὅλην χθόνα καὶ φλόγα πόντου
καὶ ποταμοὺς ἐκάθηρεν, ἀπ' Ἀλφειοῖο δὲ μούνου
οὐτιδανὸν Παφίης οὐκ ἔσβεσεν ἀπτόμενον πῦρ.
ἔμπης, εἰ κλονέει με τόσος ῥόος, εἰ πυρὶ κάμνω,
βαιὸν ἐμῆς ὀδύνης πέλε φάρμακον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
πλάζεται ἁβρὸς Ἄδωνις ἀνιάζων Ἀφροδίτην."
Οὔ πω μύθος ἔληγε, φόβος δ' ἐβιήσατο φωνήν.
καὶ τότε Δευκαλίων περόων ὑψούμενον ὕδωρ

[1] Φαέθοντι mss., χατέοντι Ludwich, others φιλέοντι, φλεγέθοντι, etc.

[2] Poseidon. [3] Aphrodite.

[4] The Nile's bride is apparently Egypt. Alpheios loved the fountain-nymph Arethusa, and followed her underground from the Peloponnesos to Sicily. Pyramos and Thisbe,

time hunt, and rolled along in sorrow, until seeing Pyramus the lover moving by his side he cried out and said—

[350] "Nile, what am I to do? Arethusa is hidden! Pyramus, why this haste? You have left your companion Thisbe—to whom? Happy Euphrates! He has not felt the sting of love. Jealousy and fear possess me together. Perhaps Cronus's watery son[a] has slept with lovely Arethusa! I fear he may have wooed your Thisbe in his flowings! Pyramus is a consolation for Alpheus. The rain of Zeus has not stirred us so much as the arrow of the Feasttorn.[b] Follow me the lover, I will seek the tracks of Syracusan Arethusa, and do you, Pyramus, hunt for Thisbe."

[360] "But you will say—the earth quakes, the sky attacks us, the sea compels us, the unnavigable upper air itself swells in a foaming flood! I care not for the wild deluge. See what a great miracle! The blazing earth, the flaming sea, the rivers—all have been swept clean by the downpour of Zeus, only one trifle it has not quenched, the Paphian fire of Alpheus! However, if the great flood confounds me, if I suffer from fire, there is one small medicine for my pain, that tender Adonis is wandering too and vexing Aphrodite."

[368] His tale was not yet ended, when fear conquered his voice. Then also Deucalion[a] passed over the

although both names of rivers, are much more familiar in Ovid's version of their story, in which they are a young man and woman.

[a] The common flood is now fitted into the framework of conventional mythology by introducing Deucalion, and the Thessalian story that the gorge of the Peneius was made by Poseidon to drain their country (Herod. vii. 129. 4).

ναυτίλος ἦν ἀκίχητος, ἔχων πλόον ὑγρομεδοίτης,
καὶ στόλος αὐτοκέλευθος ἄτερ ποδός,
ἔμπορος ὅρμων
λάρνακος αὐτοπόροιο κατέγραφε δίστροφον ὕδωρ.
Καί νύ κε κόσμος ἄκοσμος ἐγίνετο,
καί νύ κεν ἀνδρῶν
ἄσπορον ἁρμονίην ἀνελύσατο πάντροφος Αἰών·
ἀλλὰ Διὸς ζαθέοις ὑπὸ νεύμασι κυανοχαίτης
Θεσσαλικοῦ σκοπέλοιο μεσόμφαλον ἄκρον ἀράξας
γαιοτόμῳ τριόδοντι διέσχισε, καὶ διὰ μέσσου
ῥηγνυμένου πρηῶνος ἐχάζετο μάρμαρον ὕδωρ·
καὶ χύσιν ὑψικέλευθον ἀπωσαμένη νιφετοῖο
γαῖα φάνη παλίνορσος· ἐλαυνομένων δὲ ῥεέθρων
εἰς βυθίους κευθμῶνας ἐγυμνώθησαν ἐρίπναι.
καὶ χθονὸς ὑγρὰ μέτωπα χέων πολυδίψιον αἴγλην
Ἠέλιος ξήραινε· παχυνομένων δὲ ῥεόντων
θερμοτέραις ἀκτῖσιν ἐχερσώθη πάλιν ἰλὺς
οἷα πάρος. βροτέῃ δὲ τετυγμένα μείζονι τέχνῃ
ἄστεα λαϊνέοισιν ἐνεστήρικτο θεμείλοις,
δωμήθη δὲ μέλαθρα, νεοκτίστων δὲ πολήων
ἀρτιγόνοις μερόπεσσιν ἐρημώθησαν ἀγυιαί.
καὶ φύσις ἂψ ἐγέλασσε· συνεπταμένων δὲ θυέλλαις
ὀρνίθων πτερύγεσσιν ἐρετμώθη πάλιν ἀήρ.

ADDITIONAL NOTES TO BOOK VI

15. The name and relationships of Astraios are from Hesiod, *Theog.* 375-382, where he is son of Krios and Eurybie the Titans, and father of the winds and stars [illegible]. Nonnos makes him into a divine astrologer, and to understand his activities it is necessary to have some smattering of his pseudo-science; Nonnos himself had little more.

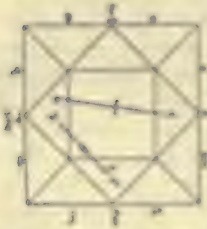
Like ancient astronomy, astrology depended upon the

mounting flood, to navigate far out of reach on a sky-traversing voyage; and the course of his ark selfguided selfmoving, without sheet and without harbour, scored the stormy waters.

[27] Then the whole frame of the universe would have been unframed, then all-breeding Time would have dissolved the whole structure of the unsown generations of mankind: but by the divine ordination of Zeus, Poseidon Seablanhair with earthsplitting trident split the midmost peak of the Thessalian mountain, and dug a cleft through it by which the water ran sparkling down. Earth shook off the stormy flood which travelled so high, and showed herself risen again; the streams were driven into the deep hollows and the cliffs were laid bare. The sun poured his thirsty rays on the wet face of earth, and dried it; the water grew thick under the hotter beams, and the mud was dried again as before. Cities were fashioned by men with better skill and established upon stone foundations, palaces were built, and the streets of the new-founded cities were made strong for later generations of men. Nature laughed once more; the air once more was paddled by the wings of birds that flew in the winds.

theory that the earth is the centre of the solar system. It further postulated that the "planets" (Sun, Moon, and the five real planets visible to the naked eye, viz., Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury), the twelve signs of the Zodiac and to a less extent those other constellations which rise at the same time as the various signs (*ἀρμοκρήδεσσα*) influence the earth and its inhabitants in various ways, according partly to their own supposed nature, partly to their relative position to each other in the heavens. When Demeter enters, Astraios is making a diagram consisting of a circle (representing the Zodiac) with a square and an equilateral triangle inscribed in

it; this indicates that he is studying the positions of certain stars which are in trine with each other (*i.e.* 120 deg. apart, and so on the points of the triangle) or quadratic aspect (90 deg. apart and so on the four angles of a square). These are two of the most important aspects, or relative positions, of the stars. When she consults him, he sends for his ornery *ex* planetoscope, a model, presumably in metal, and with movable parts, of the solar system as envisaged by the science of the time. On adjusting this, he finds (74) that the Moon is right opposite the Sun with the Earth in a straight line between them, *i.e.*, that she is totally eclipsed at the zenith, the Sun being at the nadir. Further (81-83), Mars is in conjunction with Venus (*i.e.*, both in the same sign of the Zodiac) in the seventh house (the West), which governs marriage, Jupiter with the Sun in the south, which is the house of parents. The signs of the Zodiac at these positions are respectively Sagittarius and Virgo. The former has for its representative the constellation Draco (98). The astrological significance of all this is as follows. The eclipsed Moon (the mother's planet) indicates grave trouble for Demeter herself. The conjunction of Mars and Venus in the house of marriage indicates adultery, while Draco hints at the snake-form assumed by Zeus to accomplish his desires. On the other hand, Jupiter is shedding good influence from the house of parents; he is also in quadratic aspect with Mars, thus again indicating honour and glory; that Venus is in the same aspect with the Moon (Demeter) is also good. So on the whole the scheme, so far as Nonnos gives it, is favourable, though it bodes irregularities and trouble before the glorious end is reached.



Reproduced from V. Stegemann, *Astrologie und Universalgeschichte*, p. 96, published G. B. Teubner, Leipzig, by kind permission of the author and publisher.

242. Here Nonnos sets out to give us the astrological scheme of the Deluge. If he were an orthodox astrologer of Stoic sympathies, he would have either a deluge only or a conflagration only, since it was their theory that at long intervals one or another of these disasters (καταϰλυσμός,

consonus) destroyed the universe, which then began again, repeating exactly everything that had happened since the last destruction (*ἐκπύρωσις*). But Nonnus is an indifferent astrologer and a learned mythologist; he is also, despite the wretched times in which he lived, an incurable optimist. His universe undergoes no *ἐκπύρωσις* but a change for the better (300), at least so far as men are concerned, and his flood comes to heal the ravages of the fire (287), instead of being separated from it by a whole cosmic period. He therefore must construct a scheme which will show the stars in a position appropriate to a deluge, while at the same time hinting at a conflagration and at a renewed and better world.

According to Dorotheus the astrologer-poet, every planet has a favourite house, or sign of the Zodiac; all but the Sun and Moon have two, but each mostly prefers that one which is of its own sex (the signs are alternately male and female). The ideal arrangement is: Saturn in Aquarius (male in male); Jupiter in Sagittarius (male in male); Mars in Scorpius (male in male); Venus in Taurus (female in female; Taurus is the forepart only of a bull, and hence is accounted restless and so female); Mercury in Virgo. The Sun's house is Leo, the Moon's Cancer. The result is the nativity of the Universe, according to this system; there are others. Nonnus, however, departs somewhat from this plan, and puts the Sun in Leo, the Moon in Cancer, Venus in Taurus, Mars in Scorpius, Jupiter in Pisces, Saturn in Capricorn and Mercury in Virgo. He thus gets traces of a conflagration-scheme, for the Sun in Leo brings heat, and is supported by Mars in Scorpius, and therefore in quadratile aspect with him. Mars is also square of the triangle Cancer-Scorpius-Pisces. But the opposite triangle, Taurus-Virgo-Capricorn, is of a cold and earthy nature, and is the stronger because Venus and Saturn are respectively moist and cold, while Saturn is further strengthened by being in diametrical opposition to the Moon, which is moist. Thus the deluge is provided for. Virgo, where Mercury stands, is identified with Justice, which is to rule in the new period; and the arrangement of the planets in alternate signs (sextile aspect) is favourable. See Stegemann, pp. 88-94.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΒΔΟΜΟΝ

Ἕβδομον ἱκεσίην πολέων Αἰῶνος ἀείδει
καὶ Σεμέλην καὶ ἔρωτα Διὸς καὶ φαίδιμον εὐνήν.

Ἤδη δ' ἀενάοιο βίου πολυκαμπέι ταρσῷ
ἄρσενα θηλυτέρῃ γόνιμον σπόρον αὔλακι μίξας
ἄσπορον ἤρυγε κόσμον Ἔρως, φιλότητος ἀρωγός·
καὶ φύσις ἐρρίζωτο, τιθηνήτειρα γενέθλης,
καὶ χθονὶ πῦρ κεράσασα καὶ ἠέρι σύμπλοκον ὕδωρ[a]
ἀνδρομέην μόρφωσε γονὴν τετράζυγι δεσμῷ.
Ἀλλὰ βίον μερόπων ἑτερότροπον εἶχεν ἀνίη
ἀρχόμενον καμάτοιο καὶ οὐ λήγοντα μεριμνῆς.
καὶ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι δυσπαθέων γένος ἀνδρῶν
ἄμμορον εὐφροσύνης ἐπεδείκνυε σύντροφος Αἰών·
οὔ πω γὰρ τοκετοῖο λεχώια νήματα λύσας
Βάκχον ἀνηκόντιζε πατὴρ ἐγκύμονι μηρῷ,
ἀνδρομέης ἄμπαυμα μελεδώνης· οὐ τότε λοιβή
ἠερίους ἐμέθυσσε πόρους εὐώδεϊ καπνῷ
οἰνοβαφής, στεφάνους δὲ θεῶν λειμωνίδι ποίῃ
θυγατέρες Λυκάβαντος ἀτερπέες ἔπλεκον Ὧραι·
οἴνου γὰρ χρέος ἦεν· ἀβακχεύτου δὲ χορείης
ἡμιτελὴς ἀνόνητος ἔην χάρις· ἀγρομένων γὰρ

---

[a] The four elements.
[b] The threads which sewed up the infant in his father's thigh.
[c] See note on xi. 486, cf. ix. 284.

BOOK VII

The seventh sings of the hoary supplications of Time, and Semele, and the love of Zeus, and the furtive bed.

Already Eros, love's plowman, had plowed the seedless world, and mixt the man's seed of generation in the woman's furrow, with the fruit of overflowing life again renewed. Nature the nurse of the offspring took root again; earth mingling with fire and water interwoven with air shaped the human race with its fourfold bonds.*

† But sorrow in many forms possessed the life of men, which begins with labour and never sees the end of care: and Time his everlasting companion showed to Zeus Almighty mankind, afflicted with suffering and having no portion in happiness of heart. For the Father had not yet cut the threads of childbirth* and shot forth Bacchos from his pregnant thigh, to give mankind rest from their tribulations; not yet did the libation of wine soak the pathways of the air and make them drunken with sweet-smelling exhalations. The Seasons, those daughters of the lightgang,* still joyless, plaited garlands for the gods only of meadow-grass. For Wine was lacking. Without Bacchos to inspire the dance, its grace was only half complete and quite without profit; it

ὄμματα μοῦνον ἔθελγεν, ὅτε στροφάδεσσιν ἐρωαῖς
ὀρχηστὴρ πολύκυκλος ἑλίσσετο λαίλαπι ταρσῶν,
νεύματα μῦθον ἔχων, παλάμην στόμα,
δάκτυλα φωνήν.

Ἀλλὰ Διὸς πετάσας ἐπὶ γούνασι λευκάδα χαίτην
Λίων ποικιλόμορφος, ἔχων κληῖδα γενέθλης,
ἱκεσίης ὀρέγων κεχαλασμένον ὠλκὸν ὑπήνης,
εἶχε λιτάς· δαπέδῳ δὲ καθελκομένοιο καρήνου
ἐκταδίην ἔθλιψε ῥάχιν κυρτούμενος αὐχήν·
καὶ ποδὸς ὀκλάζοντος ἀτέρμονα χείρα τιταίνων
ἀενάου βιότοιο γέρων ἐφθέγξατο ποιμήν·

"Ζεῦ ἄνα, καὶ σὺ δόκευε κατηφέος ἄλγεα κόσμου·
οὐχ ὁράᾳς, ὅτι γαῖαν ὅλην οἴστρησεν Ἐνυὼ
ὥριον ἀμώουσα ταχυφθιμένης στάχυν ἥβης;
οὔ πω λείψανα κεῖνα παρήλυθεν, ἐξ ὅτε φωτῶν
ἔκλυσας ἔθνεα πάντα, καὶ ἠερίου ῥόος ὄμβρου
ἠέρα κυμαίνων ἐπεπάφλασε γείτονι Μήνῃ.
χαιρέτω ὠκυμόρων μερόπων βίος, ὧν ἐπὶ πότμῳ
οὐρανίους οἴηκας ἀναίνομαι, οὐκέτι κόσμου
πεῖσμα κυβερνήσω· μακάρων δέ τις ἄλλος ἀρείων
πηδάλιον βιότοιο παλιννόστοιο δεχέσθω·
ἄλλος ἐμῶν ἐτέων ἐχέτω δρόμον· αἰνοπαθὲς γὰρ
οἰκτείρων ἐμόγησα πολυτλήτων γένος ἀνδρῶν.
ἄρκιον οὐ πέλε γῆρας, ὅ περ νεότητα μαραίνει
καὶ βραδὺν ἄνδρα τίθησι κάτω νεύοντι καρήνῳ,
κυφὸς ὅτε τρομερῇσι περισσοπόδεσσι πορείαις
γηροκόμῳ βαρύγουνος ἐρείδεται ἠθάδι βάκτρῳ·
ἄρκιος οὐ πέλε πότμος, ὃς ἔκρυφε πολλάκι Λήθῃ

charmed only the eyes of the company, when the circling dancer moved in twists and turns with a tumult of footsteps, having only nods for words, hand for mouth, fingers for voice.

[20] But Time the manifoorm, holding the key of generation, spread his white shock of hair over the knees of Zeus, let fall the flowing mass of his beard in supplication, and made his prayer, bowing his head to the ground, bending his neck, straining the whole length of his back; and as he knelt, the austerest of days, the shepherd of life ever-flowing, reached out his infinite hand and spoke:

[21] "Lord Zeus! behold yourself the sorrows of a despairing world! Do you not see that Enyo[a] has made the whole earth mad, mowing season by season her harvest of quick-perishing youth? We can yet see traces of that deluge which you brought upon all nations, when the streams of airy floods billowed in the air and boiled against the neighbouring Moon. I farewell to the life of men, since they perish so soon! I renounce the divine helm at their fate, I will no longer handle the world's cable. Let some other of the Blessed, one better than I am, receive the rudder of life ever renewed; let another have the course of my years—for I am weary of pitying the luckless race of suffering mankind. Is not old age enough, which blights youth, and makes a man go slow with bowed head, when bent and trembling he goes on his way with a foot too many,[b] heavy of knee and leaning upon a staff, the faithful servant of age? Is not fate enough, who often hides in Lethe the

[a] The goddess of War.

[b] The staff is the third foot. It was proverbial: see Hesiod, *Works and Days* 531.

νυμφίον ἀρτιγόρευτον ὁμόστολον ἤλασε νύμφη,
συζυγίης ἀλύτοιο φερέσβια πείσματα λύσας.
οἶδα μέν, ὡς ἐρόεις τελέθει γάμος, ἦχι λιγαίνει
Πανιάδος σύριγγος ὁμόθροος αὐλὸν Ἀθήνης·
ἔμπης, ποῖον ὄνειαρ, ὅτε ζυγίῳ παρὰ παστῷ
ἑπτατόνου φόρμιγγος ἀράσσεται ὄρθιος ἠχώ;
πηκτίδες οὐ λύουσι μελῃδόνας· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν
νυμφιδίην ἀγόρευτος Ἔρως ἀπεσείσατο πεύκην
τερπωλῆς χατέοντας ὀπιπεύων ὑμεναίους.
ἀλλὰ πολυκαμάτων μερόπων ἐπιλήθεον ἀνίης
φάρμακον ἐρρίζωτο βιοσσόον· οὐρανίων γὰρ
οὐκ ὄφελεν ποτε κεῖνο πίθον κρυφίδεσμον ἀνοῖξαι
ἀνδράσι Πανδώρη γλυκερὸν κακόν. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
ἀνδρομέης κακότητος ἐπαίτιός ἐστι Προμηθεύς,
ὃς μογερῶν μερόπων ἐπικήδεται· ἀρχεγόνοις γὰρ
ἀντὶ πυρὸς γλυκὺ νέκταρ,
ὅ περ μακάρων φρένα τέρπει,
κλέψαι μᾶλλον ὄφελλε καὶ ἀνδράσι δῶρον ὀπάσσαι,
ὄφρα τεῷ σκεδάσειε ποτῷ μελεδήματα κόσμου.
ἀλλὰ λιπὼν βιότοιο πολυφλοίσβοιο μερίμνας
σὰς τελετὰς σκοτίαζε κατηφέας· ἦ ῥά σε θέλγει
ἀσπόνδων θυέων ἀνεμώλιος ἀτμὸς ἀλήτης;"

Ὣς φαμένοιο γέροντος ἐπὶ χρόνον ἔμφρονι σιγῇ
μῆτιν ἑὴν ἐλέλιζεν ἀτέρμονα μητίετα Ζεύς
καὶ φρενὸς ἡνία λῦσεν· ἐπασσυτέρῃσι δὲ βουλαῖς
ἐγκεφάλου γονόεντος ἐδινεύοντο μενοιναί.

young bridegroom, companion of an agemate bride lately wed, and breaks the life-bringing cables of a union that cannot be broken! I know how delightful a marriage is when Athena's bobuy sounds along with the panpipes: nevertheless, what boots it, when the loud sound of the seven-chord harp is heard twanging near the bridal chamber? Lutes cannot comfort a heavy heart: but Eros himself stops the dance and throws away the bridal torch, if he sees a wedding without joy.

68 "But (some may say) a medicine[a] has been planted to make long-suffering mortals forget their troubles, to save their lives. Would that Pandora had never opened the heavenly cover of that jar—she the sweet bane of mankind! Nay, Prometheus himself is the cause of man's misery—Prometheus who cares for poor mortals! Instead of fire[b] which is the beginning of all evil he might rather to have stolen sweet nectar, which rejoices the heart of the gods, and given that to men, that he might have scattered the sorrows of the world with your own drink. But never mind the cares of tempest-tossed life, just consider your own ceremonials brought to sadness. Are you pleased at the empty vapour of the burnt-offering that strays without libation?"

69 When the ancient had ended, Zeus All-wise for a time turned over his infinite wisdom in thoughtful silence, and gave rein to his mind; one after another the meditations of that creative brain revolved before

[a] Hope. Pandora, the first woman, brought with her a jar containing all manner of evils: when it was opened these flew out to afflict mankind, but hope remained in the jar. See Hesiod, *Works and Days* 90 ff.

[b] For his theft of fire see Hesiod, *Theog.* 561, *Works and Days* 50 ff.

καὶ Κρονίδης Αἰῶνι θεηγόρον ἴαχε φωνὴν
ἄξονος ὀμφήεντος ὑπέρτερα θέσφατα φαίνων·
"Ὦ πάτερ, ἀενάων ἐτέων αὐτόσπορε ποιμήν,
μὴ νεμέσα· βροτέη γὰρ ἀώριος οὔ ποτε λήγει
πληθομένη μινύθουσα φύσις, μόρμηρα σελήνης.
νέκταρ ἔα μακάρεσσι, καὶ ἀνδράσιν ἄλκαρ ἀνίης·
αὐτοχύτῳ γλυκὺν οἶνον ἐοικότα νέκταρι δώσω·
ἄλλο ποτὸν μερόπεσσιν ἐφάρμενον· ἀρχέγονος δὲ
ἄχνυται εἰσέτι κόσμος, ἕως ἕνα παῖδα λοχεύσω.
τίκτω ἐγὼ γενέτης, καὶ τλήσομαι ἄρσενι μηρῷ
θηλυτέρας ὠδῖνας, ὅπως ὠδῖνα σαώσω.
χθιζὰ μὲν εὐρυάλωος ἐμῆς ὑπὸ νεύματι Δηοῦς
γαῖα χαρασσομένη σταχύων μνηστῆρι σιδήρῳ
ξηρὸν ἀμαλλοτόκοιο λοχεύσατο καρπὸν ἀρούρης.
ἤδη δ' ἀγλαόδωρος ἐμὸς πάις ἐν χθονὶ πήξει
ὑγρὸν ἀκεσσιπόνοιο θυώδεα καρπὸν ὀπώρης,
νηπενθὴς Διόνυσος, ἀπενθέα βότρυν ἀέξων,
ἀντίπαλος Δήμητρι· καὶ αἰνήσεις με δοκεύων
ἄμπελον οἰνοτόκοισιν ἐρευθιόωσαν ἐέρσαις
εὐφροσύνης κήρυκα, καὶ ἀγρονόμους παρὰ ληνῷ
ποσσὶ βαρυνομένοισιν ἐπιθλίβοντας ὀπώρην,
Βασσαρίδων τε φάλαγγα φιλεύων ὑφόθεν ὤμων
ἄπλοκον αἰθύσσουσαν ἐς ἠέρα λυσσάδα χαίτην·
καὶ φρένα βακχεύσαντες ἀμοιβαίοισι κυπέλλοις
πάντες ἀνευάξουσιν ἐπ' εὐκελάδοιο τραπέζης
ἀνδρομέης Διόνυσον ἀλεξητῆρα γενέθλης·
τοῦτον ἀεθλεύσαντα μετὰ χθόνα σύνδρομον ἄστρων,
Γηγενέων μετὰ δῆριν, ὁμοῦ μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
Ζηνὶ συναστράπτοντα δεδέξεται αἰόλος αἰθήρ.

---

* This alludes to the Delphic oracle, at the centre, or, as Nonnos here calls it, the axle of the earth. Being Apollo's

him; and at last Cronides addressed his divine voice to Time, and revealed oracles higher than the prophetic centre[8]:

"'O Father self-begotten, shepherd of the ever-flowing years! be not angry; the human race waxes and wanes like the moon, and never fails or forgets its season. Leave nectar to the Blessed; and I will give mankind to heal their sorrows delicious wine, another drink like nectar self-distilled, and one suited to mortals. The primeval world will sorrow still, until I be delivered of one child. I am father and mother both; I shall suffer the woman's pangs in my man's thigh, that I may save the fruit of my pangs. Yesterday at the nod of my Dew, lady of wide-threshing-floors, the earth dug by the iron weapon of oxen[9] was delivered of the dry fruit of the sheaf-bearing soil. Now also my son, bringer of a glorious gift, shall plant in the earth the moist fragrant fruit of vintage the All-heal—my son Dionysos All-joy will cherish the no-sorrow grape, and rival Demeter. Then you will commend me when you watch the vine reddening with wine-teeming dew, herald of the merry heart; and the countrymen at the winepress treading the fruit with heavy feet; and the revelling company of Bassarids shaking their mad hair unkempt into the wind over their shoulders. Then all in wild jubilation will cry Euoi over the echoing table with mutual toasts, in honour of Dionysos the protector of the human race. This my son after struggles on earth, after the battle with the giants, after the Indian War, will be received by the bright upper air to shine beside Zeus and to share the courses of the

[8] gave Zeus's wisdom at second hand; this prophecy is from Zeus direct. [9] The plow-share.

καὶ θεὸς ἡμερίδων ἐπικείμενον ἄνθεμα κισσοῦ
ὡς στέφος ἑρπηστῆρα περὶ πλοκάμοισιν ἑλίξας
σῆμα νέης θεότητος ἔχων δυοκαίδεκα μέτρων
καὶ μακάρων ὁμότιμος ἐπώνυμος ἀνθρώποις ἔσσεται
ἀμπελόεις Διόνυσος, ἅτε χρυσόρραπις Ἑρμῆς,
χάλκεος ὥς περ Ἄρης,
ἑκηβόλος ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων."[a]

Εἶπε πατήρ· Μοῖραι δὲ συνῄνεον· ἀμφὶ δὲ μύθῳ
ἐσσομένων κήρυκες ἐπέστιχον εὔποδες Ὧραι.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὡς εἰπόντε διέτμαγεν, ὃς μὲν ἱκάνων
οἶκον ἐς Ἁρμονίης, ὁ δὲ ποικίλον εἰς δόμον Ἥρης.

Καὶ σοφὸς αὐτοδίδακτος Ἔρως ἀλλόκοτα νοήσας
πρωτογόνου Χάεος ζοφερῆς πυλεῶνας ἀνοίξας
ἰοδόκην ἐκόμισσε θεήλατον, ἣ ἔνι μούνῃ
εἰς πόθον ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἐπιχθονίων ὑμεναίων
Ζηνὶ συγγραφέες πεφυλαγμένοι ἦσαν ὀιστοὶ
δώδεκα, καὶ χρύσειον ἔπος μετρηδὸν ἑκάστῳ
ἔγραφεν εἰς μέσα νῶτα πολυγλώχινος φαρέτρης·
"πρῶτος ἄγει Κρονίωνα βοώπιδος εἰς λέχος Ἰοῦς"·
"δεύτερος Εὐρώπην μνηστεύεται ἅρπαγι ταύρῳ"·
"Πλουτοῦς εἰς ὑμέναιον ἄγει τρίτος
ἀρχὸν Ὀλύμπου"·
"τέτρατος εἰς Δανάην καλέει χρύσειον ἀκοίτην"·
"πέμπτος ἐπεντύνει Σεμέλῃ φλογεροὺς ὑμεναίους"·
"αἰετὸν Αἰγίνῃ πρόμον αἰθέρος ἕκτος ὀπάζει"·
"ἕβδομος Ἀντιόπην Σατύρῳ δολόεντι συνάπτει"·
"ὄγδοος ἔμφρονα κύκνον ἄγει γυμνόχροϊ Λήδῃ"·

[a] A good omen, signifying that the words just spoken should come true. See Hom. Od. xvii. 541.

stars. So the god shall wind a tendril of garden vines laid upon the bright ivy round his locks for his garland . . . having a serpent-coronet as a sign of new godhead. He shall have equal honour with the gods, and among men he shall be named Dionysos of the Vine, as Hermes is called Goldenrod, Ares Brazen, Apollo Farshooter."

[108] The Father spoke, the Portioners applauded; at his words the lightfoot Seasons sneezed,[a] as a presage of things to come. Their parley done they separated, Time to Harmonia's house, the other to the fine-wrought chamber of Hera.

[109] Now Eros the wise, the self-taught, the manager of the ages, knocked at the gloomy gates of primeval Chaos. He took out the divine quiver, in which were kept apart twelve firefed arrows for Zeus, when his desire turned towards one or another of mortal women for a bride. Right on the back of his quiver of lovebolts he had engraved with letters of gold a sentence in verse for each:

"The first takes Cronion to the bed of heifer-fronted Io."
"The second shall Europa woo for the bold bull abducting."
"The third to Pluto's bridal brings the lord of high Olympos."
"The fourth shall call to Danaë a golden bed-companion."
"The fifth shall offer Semele a burning fiery wedding."
"The sixth shall bring the King of heaven an eagle to Aigina."
"The seventh joins Antiope to a pretended Satyr."
"The eighth, a swan endowed with mind shall bring to naked Leda."

"εἴνατος ἵππια λέκτρα φέρει Περραιβίδι Δίῃ";
"θέλγεται Ἀλκμήνης δεκάτῳ τρισέληνος ἀκοίτης";
"ἑνδέκατος μεθέπει νυμφεύματα Λαοδαμείης";
"δωδέκατος τριέλικτον Ὀλυμπιάδος πόσιν ἕλκει."

ἀλλ' ὅτε πάντας ὄπωπεν Ἔρως στοιχηδὸν ἀφάσσων,
ἄλλους μὲν μεθέηκε περιγλώχινας ὀιστούς,
χειρὶ δὲ πέμπτον ἄειρε καὶ ἥρμοσεν αἰθέρι νευρῇ
κισσὸν ἐπὶ γλωχῖνι βαλὼν πτερόεντος ὀιστοῦ,
δαίμονος ἀμπελόεντος ἵνα στέφος ἄρμενον εἴη,
νεκταρέου κρητῆρος ὅλον βέλος ἰκμάδι βάψας,
νεκταρέῃ ἵνα Βάκχος ἀεξήσειεν ὀπώρην.

Ὄφρα μὲν εἰς Διὸς οἶκον Ἔρως κουφίζετο ταρσῷ,
τόφρα δὲ καὶ Σεμέλη ῥοδοειδέι σύνδρομος ὄρθρῳ
ἀργυρέῃ ἐτίταινε δι' ἄστεος ἅρμα ἱμάσθλῃ
ἡμιόνους ἐλάουσα, καὶ ὄρθιος ἄκρα καπήνης
λεπτὸς ἀναστείχων ἐπέγραφεν ἄλοκας ἀπήνης·
ὄμμασι γὰρ Λιβάδων ἀμαρυσσομένη στεροπὴν Ἵππου
ἀντιτύπῳ πύματον ἀλήμονα θηρὸς ἀγαύρου
θέσφατα ποικίλλοντι, καὶ ἀργυφέοισι κορύμβοις
ἔλπετο καλλιπέτηλον ἰδεῖν φυτὸν ἔνδοθι κήπου
ἔγχλοον, αἰθαλέῳ βεβαρημένον ὄμφακι καρπῷ,
νιφόμενον Κρονίωνος ἀεξιφύτοισιν ἐέρσαις·
ἐξαπίνης δὲ πεσοῦσα δι' αἰθέρος οὐρανίη φλὸξ

---

[a] *Io*, daughter of the Argive river Inachus and mother by Zeus of Epaphus; she was turned into a heifer in an attempt to hide her from Hera. *Europa*, see bk. i. 45 ff.; *Pluto*, a nymph, mother by Zeus of Tantalus; *Danaë*, daughter of Acrisius of Argos, mother of Perseus; Zeus visited her in the form of a shower of gold. *Semele*, see *inf.* 121 ff.; *Aegina*, daughter of the river Asopus, mother by Zeus of Aeacus; *Antiope*, daughter of Nycteus of Boeotia, mother of Amphion and Zethus; that Zeus approached her as a satyr is a detail rarely found; *Leda*, daughter of Tyndarus

"The ninth a noble stallion gives unto Perrhaebid Dia."
"The tenth three fullmoon nights of bliss gives to Alcmena's bedmate."
"The eleventh goes to carry out Laodameia's bridal."
"The twelfth draws to Olympias her thrice-encircling husband." [a]

130 When Eros had seen and handled each in turn, he put back the other fire-barbed shafts, and taking the fifth he fitted it to the shining bowstring; but first he put a sprig of ivy on the barb of the winged arrow, to be a fitting chaplet for the god of the vine, and dipt the whole shaft in a bowl of nectar, that therefrom might grow a nectareal vintage.

138 While Eros was fluttering along to the house of Zeus, Semele also was out with the rosy morning, shaking the cracks of her silver whip while she drove her mules through the city; and the light straight track of her cartwheels only scratched the very top of the dust. She had brushed away from her eyes the oblivious wing of sleep,[b] and sent her mind wandering after the image of a dream with riddling oracles. She thought she saw in a garden a tree with fair green leaves, laden with newgrown clusters of swelling fruit yet unripe, and drenched in the fostering dews of Zeus. Suddenly a flame fell through the

of Sparta, visited by Zeus in the form of a swan; mother of Castor and Polydeuces, Helen and Clytaemnestra; *Dia*, daughter of Deïoneus, mother of Peirithoüs; the allusion to Zeus' horse is unexplained. *Alcmena*, mother of Heracles, the night of whose begetting by Zeus was of thrice normal length. *Laodameia*, daughter of Bellerophon, mother by Zeus of Sarpedon, *Il.* vi. 197–199. *Olympias*, mother of Alexander the Great. The legend was that she dreamt she lay with a serpent.

[b] Compare v. 411.

δένδρον ὅλον πρήνιξεν, ἐοῦ δ' οὐχ ἥπτετο καρποῦ·
ἀλλά μιν ἁρπάξας ταννσίπτερος ὄρνις ἀλήτης
ἡμιτελῆ χατέοντα τελεσσιγόνοιο λοχείης
ὤρεγε μὲν Κρονίωνι· πατὴρ δέ μιν ἡδέι κόλπῳ
δέκτο λαβών, μηρῷ δὲ συνέρραφεν· ἀντὶ δὲ καρποῦ
ταυροφυὴς κερόεντι τύπῳ μορφούμενος ἀνὴρ
αὐτοτελὴς βλάστησεν ὑπὲρ βουβῶνα τοκῆος·
καὶ Σεμέλη φυτὸν ἦεν. ὑπερφρίσσουσα δὲ κούρη
ἐκ λεχέων ἀνέπαλτο καὶ ἐπτοίησε τοκῆα
εὐπετάλων ἐνέπουσα σελασφόρον ἀτμὸν ὀνείρων·
καὶ Σεμέλης δεδόνητο φυτὸν πυρίκαυτον ἀκούων
Κάδμος ἄναξ· καλέσας δὲ θεηγόρον υἷα Χαρικλοῦς
πρώιος αἰθαλόεντας ἐπέφραδε παιδὸς ὀνείρους.
καὶ τότε Τειρεσίαο δεδεγμένος ἔνθεον ὀρφὴν
παῖδα πατὴρ προέηκεν ἐς ἠθάδα νηὸν Ἀθήνης
Ζηνὶ θυηπολέουσαν ἀκοντιστῆρι κεραυνοῦ
ταῦρον ὁμοκραίροιο φυῆς ἴνδαλμα Λυαίου,
καὶ τράγον ἐσσομένης
σταφυλητόμον ἐχθρὸν ὀπώρης.
Ἔνθεν ἔβη πρὸ πόληος, ὅπως Διὶ βωμὸν ἀνάψῃ,
ἀστεροπῆς μεδέοντι· παρισταμένη δὲ θυηλαῖς
αἵματι κόλπον ἔδευσε, φόνῳ δ' ἐρραίνετο κούρη·
καὶ πλοκάμους ἐδίηναν ἀφειδέες αἵματος ὁλκοί,
καὶ βοέαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐπορφύροντο χιτῶνες·
καὶ δρόμον ἰθύνουσα βαθυσχοίνῳ παρὰ ποίῃ
γείτονος Ἀσωποῖο μετέστιχε πάτριον ὕδωρ
παρθένος αἰολόπεπλος, ἵνα σμήξειε ῥεέθροις
στικτὰ πολυρραθάμιγγι δεδευμένα φάρεα λύθρῳ.
Καὶ Σεμέλην ὁρόωσα παρ' Ἀσωποῖο ῥεέθροις
λουομένην ἐγέλασσεν ἐν ἠέρι φοιτὰς Ἐρινὺς

air from heaven, and laid the whole tree flat, but did not touch its fruit; then a bird flying with out-spread wings caught up the fruit half-grown, and carried it yet lacking full maturity to Crotaion. The Father received it in his kindly bosom, and sewed it up in his thigh; then instead of the fruit, a bull-shaped horned figure of a man came forth complete over his loins. Semele was the tree!

[168] The girl leapt from her couch trembling, and told her father the terrifying tale of leafy dreams and fiery blast. King Cadmos was shaken when he heard of Semele's fire-burnt tree, and that same morning he summoned the divine seer Teiresias son of Chariclo, and told him his daughter's fiery dreams. As soon as he heard the seer's inspired interpretation, the father sent his daughter to their familiar temple of Athena, and bade her sacrifice to thunderbolting Zeus a bull, the image of lightning-horned Lysios, and a boar, vine-ravaging enemy of the vintage to come.

[180] Now the maiden went forth from the city to kindle the altar of Zeus Lord of Lightning. She stood by the victims and sprinkled her bosom with the blood; her body was drenched with blood, plentiful streams of blood soaked her hair, her clothes were crimsoned with drops from the bull. Then with robes discoloured she made her way along the meadow deep in rushes, beside Asopos the river of her birthplace, and plunged in his waters to wash clean the garments which had been drenched and marked by the showers of blood.

[188] Erinys the Avenger flying by in the air saw Semele bathing in the waters of Asopos, and laughed

μνησαμένη Κρονίωνος, ὅτι ξυνήονι πότμῳ
ἀμφοτέρους ἤμελλε βαλεῖν φλογόεντι κεραυνῷ.
καὶ δέμας φαίδρυνε, σὺν ἀμφιπόλοισι δὲ γυμνὴ
χεῖρας ἐρετμώσασα δι' ὕδατος ἔτρεχε κούρη
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἀδίαντον ἐκούφισεν ὕδασι τέχνῃ
ὕψι τιταινομένην ὑπὲρ οἴδματος, ἄχρι κορύμβου
ὑγροβαφής, καὶ στέρνον ἐπιστορέσασα ῥεέθρῳ
ποσσὶν ἀμοιβαίοισιν ὀπίστερον ὤθεεν ὕδωρ.
καὶ φάρον[1] ἄλλον ἐδέξατο, καὶ ὑψόθι γείτονος ὄχθης
ἡμένη παρὰ πέζαν ἀλεξικάκου Διονύσου
εἰς ῥόον, εἰς ἀνέμους ἀπεσείσατο τάρβος ὀνείρου.
οὐκ ἀθεεὶ δὲ ῥέεθρα μετήλυθεν, ἀλλά ἑ κεῖνον
εἰς προχοὰς ποταμοῖο προμάντιες ἤγαγον Ὧραι.[2]
Οὐδὲ Διὸς λάθεν ὄμμα πανόψιον· ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρῃ
ὑψιφανὴς ἐλέλιζεν ἀνέγρετον κύκλον ὀπωπῆς.
καὶ βιοτῆς ἐπίκουρον ἐν ἠέρι τόξον ἀνέλκων
πατρὸς ὀπιπευτῆρος Ἔρως ἀντώπιος ἔστη,
τοξευτὴρ ἀκίχητος· ἐπ' ἀνθοκόμῳ δὲ βελέμνῳ
νευρὴ μὲν πελέμιζεν, ὀπισθοτόνοιο δὲ τόξου
ἑλκομένου ῥοίζησε κυφὸν βέλος [illegible].
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ σκοπὸς ἦεν ὁ τηλίκος· οὐτιδανῷ δὲ
αὐχένα κάμψεν Ἔρωτι καὶ εἴκελος ἀστέρος ἀλκῇ
συριγμῷ γαμίῳ δεδονημένος ἰὸς Ἐρώτων
εἰς κραδίην Διὸς ἦλθε παρέτροπος ἔμφρονι παλμῷ,
ἀκροτάταις γλυφίδεσσιν ἐπιγράψας στίχα [illegible],
ἐσσομένου τοκετοῖο προάγγελος. ἔνθα Κρονίων

[1] φᾶρον mss., φάρον Marcellus in the sense of φάρμα.
[2] 175-179 are placed after 190, with Marcellus.

[a] Aigina was a daughter of Asopos, and he suffered that fate. Graefe suggests that a line has fallen out which mentioned Semele and her son; but the son was not destroyed.

as she thought how Zeus was to strike both with his fiery thunderbolt in one common fate.[a]

[190] There the maiden cleansed her body, and naked with her attendants moved through the water with paddling hands; she kept her head stretched well above the stream unwetted, by the art she knew so well, under water to the hair and no farther, breasting the current and treading the water back with alternate feet.

[195] There she received a new dress, and mounting upon the neighbouring river-bank, by the eastern strand which belonged to Dionysos the Guardian Spirit,[b] she shook off into the winds and waters all the terror of her dreams. Not without God she plunged into the water, but she was led to that river's flow by the prophetic Seasons.

[200] Nor did the all-seeing eye of Zeus fail to see her; from the heights he turned the infinite circle of his vision upon the girl. At this moment Eros stood before the father, who watched her, and the inexorable archer drew in the air that bow which fosters life. The bowstring sparkled over the flower-decked shaft, and as the bow was drawn stretched back the poet-missile sounded the Bacchic strain. Zeus was the butt—for all his greatness he bowed his neck to Eros the nobody! And like a shooting star the shaft of love flew spanning into the heart of Zeus, with a bridal whistle, but swerving with a calculated twist it had just scratched his rounded thigh with its grooves[b]—a foretaste of the birth to come. Then

[a] No one has explained this line, and it is thought to be out of place here.

[b] The grooves in which the feathers were set, not the notch at the end of the shaft for the bowstring. The babe is to be sewn into his thigh under the skin.

ἄστατον ὄμμα φέρων γαμίης ὀχετηγὸν ἀνάγκης
παρθενικῆς ἐς ἔρωτα πόθον μαστίζετο κεστῷ·
καὶ Σεμέλην ὁρόων ἀνεπάλλετο, μὴ σχεδὸν ἔλθῃ
Εὐρώπην ἐνόησε τὸ δεύτερον· ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
κάμνε πάλιν Φοίνικα φέρων πόθον· ἀγλαΐην γὰρ
τὴν αὐτὴν τύπον εἶχεν, ἐπεὶ δέ οἱ ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
πατροκασιγνήτης ἀμαρύσσετο σύγγονος αἴγλη.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ δολόεσσαν ἑὴν ἠλλάξατο μορφήν,
καὶ Σεμέλης δι᾽ ἔρωτα προκύψας αἰετὸς ἔπτη
ὑψόθεν Ἀσωποῖο, θυγατρογόνου ποταμοῖο,
Αἰγίνης ἅτε μάρτυς ἐνυπτερύγων ὑμεναίων
ὀξυφαὲς μίμημα φέρων ὀρνίθων ὀπωπῆς·
αἰθέρα δὲ προλέλοιπε καὶ ἀγχιπόρων σχεδὸν ὄχθης
γυμνὸν ἀπολουσαμένης δέμας διεμέτρεε κούρης·
οὐ γὰρ ἰδεῖν μενέαινεν ἀπόστροφον, ἀλλὰ δοκεύειν
ἀγχιφανὴς παπταίνων ὅλον δέμας ἤθελε νύμφης,
ὄττι τόσον καὶ τοῖον ἀτέρμονα πάντοθι πέμπων
ὀφθαλμὸν περίμετρον, ὅλου θηήτορα κόσμου,
ἄρκιον οὐ δυνάσασκεν ἰδεῖν μίαν ἄζυγα κούρην.
Καὶ ῥοδέοις μελέεσσιν ἐφοινίχθη μέλαν ὕδωρ,
καὶ ῥόος ἱμερόεις ποταμήιος ἔπλετο λειμὼν
ἀστράπτων Χαρίτεσσιν· ἀπιπεύουσα δὲ νύμφην
Νηιὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀνήρυγε θαύματι φωνήν·
"Μὴ προτέρην μετὰ Κύπριν
ἀμειρογάμῳ Κρόνος ἅρπῃ
μήδεα πατρὸς ἔτεμνεν, ἕως πάλιν ἀφρὸς ἐχέφρων

[a] The cestus is described as a magical strap or bit of leather full of charms, which Aphrodite carried under her bosom: ἔνθ᾽ ἔνι μὲν φιλότης, ἐν δ᾽ ἵμερος, ἐν δ᾽ ὀαριστύς, Hom. *Il.* xiv. 216: τεῷ ἐγκάτθεο κόλπῳ, she says. Here it is a magical charm.

[b] Hera. Some of Hera's precious ointment had been given to Europa: but in Semele the white skin is natural.

Cronion quickly turned the eye which was the channel of desire, and the love-charm flogged him into passion for the girl.[a] At the sight of Semele, he leapt up, in wonder if it were Europa whom he saw on that bank a second time, his heart was troubled as if he felt again his Phoenician passion; for she had the same radiant shape, and on her face gleamed as born in her the brightness of her father's sister.[b]

205 Father Zeus now deceitfully changed his form, and in his love, before the due season, he flew above River Asopus, the father of a daughter, as an eagle with eye sharp-shining like the bird, as he were now ravaging the winged bridal of Aigina.[c] He left the sky, and approaching the bank of the near-flowing river he scanned the naked body of the girl with her lovely hair. For he was not content to see from afar; he wished to come near and examine all the pure white body of the maiden, though he could send that eye so great—such an eye! ranging to infinity all round about, surveying all the universe, yet he thought it not enough to look at one unwedded girl.

215 Her rosy limbs made the dark water glow red; the stream became a lovely meadow gleaming with such graces. An unveiled naiad espying the nymph in wonder, cried out these words:

220 "Can it be that Cronos, after the first Cypris,[d] again cut his father's loins with unmanning sickle, until the foam got a mind and made the water shape

[a] He approached *her* (*cf.* note on 117 ff.) in the form of an eagle.

[b] Aphrodite, called Cypris because of her important shrine at Cyprus, was born of the sea, fertilized by Cronos flinging into it the cut-off genitals of his father Uranos; see Hesiod, *Theog.* 188 ff.

εἰς τόκον αὐτοτέλεστον ἄγων μορφούμενον ὕδωρ
ὁπλοτέρην ὤδινε θαλασσαίην Ἀφροδίτην;
μὴ ποταμὸς μετὰ πόντον ὁμοζήλοισι λοχείαις
κύματος αὐτογόνοιο λεχώιον ὁλκὸν ἑλίσσων
ἄλλην Κύπριν ἔτικτε, καὶ οὐχ ὑπόειξε θαλάσσῃ;
μὴ μία Μουσάων τις ἐμὸν πατρώιον ὕδωρ
γείτονος ἐξ Ἑλικῶνος ἐδύσατο, καί τινι πηγῆς
Πηγασίδος προλέλοιπε μελισταγὲς ἵππιον ὕδωρ
ἢ ῥόον Ὀλμειοῖο; τιταινομένην δὲ ῥεέθροις
παρθένον ἀργυρόπεζαν ἔσω ποταμοῖο δοκεύω
πείθομαι, ὡς ἐθέλουσα μολεῖν ἐπὶ Λάτμιον εὐνὴν
εἰς λέχος Ἐνδυμίωνος, ἀκοιμήτοιο νομῆος,
λούεται Ἀονίῃσιν ἐνὶ προχοῇσι Σελήνη
εἰ δὲ δέμας φαίδρυνε χάριν γλυκεροῖο νομῆος,
τί χρέος Ἀσωποῖο μετὰ ῥόον Ὠκεανοῖο;
εἰ δὲ καὶ αἰθερίην μεθέπει χιονώδεα μορφήν,
Μήνης ποῖον ἔχει σημήιον; ἀστομίων γὰρ
οὐρήων ζυγόδεσμα καὶ ἀργυρόκυκλος ἀπήνη
αἰγιαλῷ παρέασιν, ὑποζεύξαι δὲ λεπάδνῳ
ἡμιόνους οὐκ οἶδε βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη.
εἰ δέ τις οὐρανίη θεὸς ἤλυθε—παρθενικῆς γὰρ
γλαυκὰ γαληναίων βλεφάρων
ἀμαρύγματα λεύσσω—,
καὶ τάχα Τειρεσίαο παλαιοτέρην μετὰ νείκην
λούσατο δέρμα βαλοῦσα πάλιν γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.
κούρη μὲν ῥοδόπηχυς ἔχει θεοειδέα μορφήν
εἰ δέ μιν ἀγλαόφορτος ἐπιχθονίη τέκε γαστήρ,
αἰθερίων Κρονίωνος ἐπάξιος ἔπλετο λέκτρων.[a]
Τοῖα μὲν ἐν ῥοθίοισιν ὑποβρυχίη φάτο φωνή.
Ζεὺς δὲ πυριγλώχινι πόθου δεδονημένος οἴστρῳ

[a] This runs from Helicon into Lake Copais. The fountain Hippocrene was struck out by the hoof of Pegasus.

itself into a self-perfected birth, delivered of a younger Aphrodite from the sea? Can it be that the river has rivalled the deep with a childbirth, and rolled a torrent of self-pregnant waves to bring forth another Cypris, not to be outdone by the sea? Can it be that one of the Muses has dived from neighbouring Helicon into my native water, and left another to take the honeydripping water of Pegasus the horse, or the stream of Olmeius?[a] I spy a silverfooted maiden stretched under the streams of my river! I believe Selene bathes in the Asian waves on her way to Endymion's bed on Latmus, the bed of a sleepless[b] shepherd; but if she has primked herself out for her sweet shepherd, what's the use of Asopus after the Ocean stream? And if she has a body white as the snows of heaven, what mark of the Moon has she? A team of mules unbridled and a mule-cart with silver wheels are there on the beach, but Selene knows not how to put mules to her yokestrap—she drives a team of bulls! Or if it is a goddess come down from heaven—I see a maiden's bright eyes sparkling under the quiet eyelids, and it must be Athena Brighteyes bathing, when she threw the skin back at him after the old victory over Teiresias.[c] This girl looks like a divine being with her rosy arms; but if she was the glorious burden of a mortal womb, she is worthy of the heavenly bed of Cronion."

255 So spoke the voice from under the swirling waters. But Zeus shaken by the firebarbed sting of

[a] An odd variant: usually Endymion never wakes, see note on iv. 196.

[b] Teiresias saw Athena bathing, and she blinded him by sprinkling water in his face. The "skin" would be the aegis-cape.

νηχομένης πάπταινε ῥοδόχροα δάκτυλα κούρης·
ἀσταθέος δ' ἐλέλιζεν ἀλήμονα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,
πῇ μὲν ὀπιπεύων ῥοδέου σπινθῆρα προσώπου,
πῇ δὲ βοογλήνων βλεφάρων σέλας, ἄλλοτε χαίτην
πλαζομένην ἀνέμοισι, παρελκομένων δὲ κομάων
ἀσκεπέος σκοπίαζεν ἐλεύθερον αὐχένα κούρης·
στέρνα δὲ μᾶλλον ὄπωπε, κατὰ Κρονίδαο δὲ γυμνοὶ
μαζοὶ ἐθωρήχθησαν ἀκοντιστῆρες Ἐρώτων·
καὶ χρόα πάντα δόκευεν· ἀθηήτοιο δὲ μούνου
ὄμμασιν αἰδομένοισι παρήλυθεν ὄργια κάλπου.
καὶ Διὸς αἰθερίοιο νόος μετανάστιος ἔρπων
νηχομένῃ Σεμέλῃ συνενήχετο· θελγομένῳ δὲ
ἠδυμανῆ σπινθῆρα δεδεγμένος ἠθάδι θυμῷ
παιδὶ πατὴρ ὑπόεσξεν· ἀκιδνοτάτῳ δὲ βελέμνῳ
βαιὸς Ἔρως ἔφλεξεν ὀιστευτῆρα κεραυνοῦ·
οὐδὲ χύσις νιφετοῖο, καὶ οὐ φλογόεντι φορῆι
ἀστεροπὴ χραίσμησεν, ἐνικήθη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
ἀπτολέμου Παφίης ὀλίγῳ πυρὶ τοσσατίη φλὸξ
οὐρανίη· καὶ βαιὸς Ἔρως λασιότριχι ῥινῷ,
αἰγίδι κεστὸς ἔριζεν, ἐρωτοτόκῳ δὲ φαρέτρῃ
βρονταίης βαρύδουπος ἐδουλώθη κτύπος ἠχοῦς.
καὶ Σεμέλης δεδόνητο πόθου φρενοθελγέι κέντρῳ
θάμβος ἔχων· φιλίῳ γὰρ ἔρως πέλε θαύματι γείτων.
Καὶ μόγις εἰς πόλον ἦλθε
δολοπλόκος ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
ἔνθεον ἀμφιέπων παλινάγρετον εἶδος ὀπωπῆς.
καὶ νυχίης ἐθέλων Σεμέλης ἐπιβήμεναι εὐνῆς
εἰς δύσιν ὄμμα τίταινε, πότε γλυκὺς Ἕσπερος ἔλθῃ·
καὶ δολιχὴν Φαέθοντος ἐμέμφετο δείελον ὥρην,
καὶ φιλίοις στομάτεσσι δυσίμερον ἴαχε φωνήν·
"Ἔννεπε, Νὺξ χρονίη,
φθονερὴ πότε δύεται Ἠώς;

desire watched the rosy fingers of the swimming girl. Unresting'ly he moved his wandering glance, now gazing at the sparkling rosy face, now bright eyes as full as a cow's under the eyelids, now the hair floating on the breeze, and as the hair blew away he scanned the free neck of the unclad maid; but the bosom most of all and the naked breasts seemed to be armed against Cronides, rallying shafts of love. All her flesh he surveyed, only passed by the secrets of her lap unseen by his maidest eyes. The mind of Zeus left the skies and crept down to swim beside swimming Semele. Enchanted he received the sweet maddening spark in a heart which knew it well. All-Father was wounded by a child: little Zeus with his feeble shot set afire this Archer of Thunderbolts. Not the deluge of the flood, not the fiery lightning could help its possessor: that huge heavenly flame itself was vanquished by the small fire of unwarlike Paphia: little Zeus faced the shaggy skin, his magical girdle faced the aegis: the heavy-booming din of the thunderclap was the slave of his love-breeding quiver. The god was shaken by the heart-bewitching sting of desire for Semele, in amazement: for love is near neighbour to admiration.

Zeus could hardly get back to his imperial heaven, thinking over his plans, having now resumed his divine shape once more. He resolved to mount Semele's nightly couch, and turned his eye to the west, to see when sweet Hesperos would come. He blamed Phaethon that he should make the afternoon season so long, and uttered an impatient appeal with passionate lips:

"Tell me, laggard Night, when is envious Eos

ἀλλὰ σὺ δαλὸν ἄειρε Διὸς προσέλευθον Ἐρώτων,
λαμπάδα νυκτιπόλοιο πρηθυστίζουσα Λυαίου.
ζηλήμων Φαέθων με βαΐζεται· ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτὸς
ἁρπάξει Σεμέλης καὶ ἐμοὶ συθήσεται μεγαίρει;
Ἥλιε, κλονέεις με, καὶ εἰ μάθες οἵστρον Ἐρώτων
φευδομένῃ μάστιγι τύθεν βραδὺν ἵππον ἰμάσσας;
οἶδα καὶ ἀζυτάτην ἑτέρην δύσιν ἣν ἐθελήσω,
καὶ σὲ καὶ ἠμιγένειαν ἐμοῖς νεφέεσσι καλύψω,
καὶ σέο κευθομένοιο φανήσεται ἠματίη Νὺξ
Ζηνὸς ἐπιγνυμένοιο γαμοστόλος, ὄφρα φαείνῃ
ἄστρα μεσημβρίζοντα, καὶ ἕβδομα πομπὸν Ἐρώτων
Ἕσπερον ἀντέλλοντα καὶ οὐ δύνοντα τελέσσω.
ἀλλὰ τεὸν προσέλευθον Ἑωσφόρον εἰς δύσιν ἕλκων
σοὶ καὶ ἐμοὶ συθέοντι χαρίζεο, σαυνίχιος δὲ
σῆς Κλυμένης ἀπόναιο, καὶ εἰς Σεμέλην ταχὺς ἔλθοι.
ζεῖξον ἐμοὶ τὸν ἅρμα, φαεσφόρε καὶ σὺ Σελήνη,
μαρμαρυγὴν πέμπουσα φοιταλέων, ὅττι γενέθλην
θεσπίζει γάμος αὖτις ἀεξιφόρου Διονύσου,
καὶ Σεμέλης ἐρατοῖσιν ἐναντέλλουσα μελάθροις
λάμφον ἐμοὶ συθέοντι σὺν ἀστέρι Κυπρογενείῃ,
καὶ γλυκερὴν μήνυσον Διὸς θαλαμηπόλον ὄρφνην."

Τοῖα πατὴρ ἀγόρευε, τά περ πόθος οἶδε κελεύσαι.
ἀλλ' ὅτε οἱ σπεύδοντι χαμαιγενὲς ἅλμα τιταίνων
ἀκροτενὴς περίμετρος ἀνέδραμε κῶνος ἰμίχλης,
δυομένης ζόφον ὑγρὸν ἄγων ἀντίσαιον Ἠοῦς,

---

[a] "Deliverer," a title of Dionysos.
[b] The Homeric epithet of Eos, Dawn.
[c] Whatever planet was there, morning star would by

to set! It is time now for you to lift your torch and lead Zeus to his love—come now, foreshow the illumination of night-ranging Lyaios![a] Phaëthon is jealous, he constrains me! Is he in love with Semele himself and grudges my desire? Helios, you plague me, though you know the madness of love. Why do you spare the whip when you touch up your slow team? I know another nightfall that came very quickly! If I like, I will hide you and the daughter of the mists[b] together in my clouds, and when you are covered Night will appear in the daytime, to speed the marriage of Zeus in haste; the stars will shine at midday, and I will make rising Hesperos, instead of setting Hesperos, the regular usher of the loves. Come now, draw your own forerunner Phosphoros to his setting,[c] and do grace to your desire and mine; enjoy your Clymene[d] all night long, and let me go quick to Semele. Yoke your own car, I pray, bright Moon, send forth your rays which make the trees and plants to grow,[e] because this marriage foretells the birth of plant-cherishing Dionysos; rise over the lovely roof of Semele, give light to my desire with the star of the Cyprian, make long the sweet darkness for the wooing of Zeus!"

[illegible] Such was the speech of Zeus, even such commands as desire knows. But when in answer to his eagerness, a huge cone of darkness sprang up from the earth and ran stretching into the heights, bringing a shadow of darkness opposite to setting

evening be in the west, a little behind the sun, and would therefore set, as evening star, shortly after him.

[a] Loved by the Sun-god, to whom she bore Phaëthon.

[b] The idea that growing things on earth are affected by the waxing and waning of the moon is ancient and widespread.

ἀστερόεν τότε δῶμα παρέστιχεν ἠέριος Ζεὺς
εἰς Σεμέλης ὑμέναιον, ἀτεκμάρτῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
ἅλμα θορὼν πρώτιστον ὅλην παρεμέτρεε ταρσῷ
ἀτραπὸν ἠερίην· τὸ δὲ δεύτερον ἵκετο Θήβην
ὡς πτερὸν ἠὲ νύημα· διεσσυμένῳ δὲ μελάθρου
αὐτόματοι πυλεῶνος ἀνωίχθησαν ὀχῆες.
Καὶ Σεμέλην φιλίῳ παλάμης ἠγκάσσατο δεσμῷ,
πῇ μὲν ὑπὲρ λεχέων βοέην μυκώμενος ἠχώ,
ἀνδρομέοις μελέεσσιν ἔχων κερόεσσαν ὀπωπήν,
ἰσοφυὲς μίμημα βοοκραίρου Διονύσου,
πῇ δὲ λεοντείην πυκινότριχα δύσατο μορφήν,
ἄλλοτε πόρδαλις ἦεν, ἅτε θρασὺν υἷα φυτεύων,
πορδαλίων ἐλατῆρα καὶ ἡνιοχῆα λεόντων·
ἄλλοτε μιτρωθείσαν ὑπὸ σπείρῃσι δρακόντων
νυμφίος ἀμπελόεντι κόμην ἐσφίγγετο δεσμῷ,
οἴνοπα δινεύων ἑλικώδεα κισσὸν ἐθείρης,
Βάκχου πλεκτὸν ἄγαλμα·
δράκων δέ τις ἀγκύλος ἕρπων
ταρβαλέης λιχμᾶτο ῥοδόχροον αὐχένα νύμφης
χείλεσι μειλιχίοισι, κατὰ στέρνοιο δὲ βαίνων
ἀκλινέων τροχόεσσαν ἴτυν μιτρώσατο μαζών,
συρίζων ὑμέναιον, ἐυσμήνοιο μελίσσης
ἡδὺ μέλι προχέων, οὐ λούγιον ἰὸν ἐχίδνης.
Ζεὺς δὲ γάμῳ δήθυνε, καὶ ὡς παρὰ γείτονι λῃνῷ
Εὔιον ἐσμαράγησε, φιλεύιον υἷα φυτεύων·
καὶ στόματι στόμα πῆξεν ἐρωμανές, ἱμερόεν δὲ
νέκταρ ἀναβλύζων Σεμέλην ἐμέθυσσεν ἀκοίτης,
νεκταρέης ἵνα παῖδα τέκῃ σκηπτοῦχον ὀπώρης,
ἄγγελον ἐσσομένων λαθικηδέα βότρυν ἀείρων,
πυρσοφόρῳ νάρθηκι καταχθέα πῆχυν ἐρείσας·

Eos,[a] Zeus passed along the starry dome of the sky to Semele's bridal. Without leaving a trace of his footsteps, he traversed at his first bound the whole path of the air. With a second, like a wing or a thought,[b] he reached Thebes; the bars of the palace door opened of themselves to let him through, and Semele was held fast in the loving bond of his arms.

[320] Now he leaned over the bed, with a horned head on human limbs, lowing with the voice of a bull, the very likeness of bull-horned Dionysus. Again, he put on a shaggy lion's form; or he was a panther, as one who begets a bold son, driver of panthers and charioteer of lions. Again, as a young bridegroom he bound his hair with coiling snakes and vine-leaves intertwined, and twisted purple ivy about his locks, the plaited ornament of Bacchus. A writhing serpent crawled over the trembling bride and licked her rosy neck with gentle lips, then slipping into her bosom girdled the utensil of her firm breasts, hissing a wedding tune, and sprinkled her with sweet honey of the swarming bees instead of the viper's deadly poison. Zeus made long wooing, and shouted "Euoi!"[b] as if the winepress were near, as he begat his son who would love the cry. He pressed love-mad mouth to mouth, and brimmed up delicious nectar, an intoxicating bedfellow for Semele, that she might bring forth a son to hold the sceptre of nectareal vintage. As a presage of things to come, he lifted the care-forgetting grapes resting his laden arm on

[a] i.e., when the emerald shadow of earth darkened the skies and dawn rose (set, from the point of view of the Northern hemisphere) in what we call the West (East to those living beyond our western horizon).

[b] From Hom. *Od.* vii. 36.

ἄλλοτε θύρσον ἄειρε πολύπλοκον οἴνοπι κισσῷ,
δέρμα φέρων ἐλάφοιο· γυναιμανέος δὲ φορῆος
λαιῷ ποικιλόνωτος ἐσείετο νεβρὶς ἀγοστῷ.
γαῖα δὲ πᾶσα γέλασσε, καὶ αὐτοφύτοισι πετήλοις
ὄρχατος ἀμπελόεις Σεμέλης περιδέδρομεν εὐνήν,
καὶ δροσεροῦ λειμῶνος ἀνέβρυον ἄνθεα τοῖχοι·
ἀμφὶ γονῇ Βρομίοιο, καὶ ἀννεφέλων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἐπέκτυσεν ἐνδόμυχος Ζεὺς
τύμπανα νυκτελίοιο προθεσπίζων Διονύσου.
καὶ Σεμέλην μετὰ λέκτρα φίλῳ προσπτύξατο μύθῳ
ἐλπίσιν ἐσσομένῃσι παρηγορέων ἔο νύμφην·
"Εἰμί, γύναι, Κρονίδης σέο νυμφίος· αἰθερίῳ μὲν
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε συναπτομένη παρακοίτῃ,
μείζονα δὲ βροτέης μὴ δίζεο μέτρα γενέθλης.
οὔ σοι ἐριδμαίνει Δανάης γάμος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῆς
πατροκασιγνήτης βοέων ὑμέναιον Ἐρώτων
ἔκρυφες· Εὐρώπη γὰρ ἀγαλλομένη Διὸς εὐνῇ
ἤλυθεν εἰς Κρήτην, Σεμέλη δ' ἐς Ὄλυμπον ἱκάνει.
τί πλέον ἤθελες ἄλλο μετ' αἰθέρα καὶ πόλον ἄστρων;
καί ποτέ τις λέξειεν, ὅτι Κρονίδης πόρε τιμὴν
νερτερίῳ Μίνωι καὶ οὐρανίῳ Διονύσῳ.
ἀλλὰ μετ' Αὐτονόης βροτὸν υἱέα καὶ τόκον Ἰνοῦς,
τὸν μὲν ἑοῖς σκυλάκεσσι δεδουπότα, τὸν δὲ τοκῆος
παιδοφόνου μέλλοντα θανεῖν πτερόεντι βελέμνῳ,
καὶ μετὰ λυσσαλέης μινυώριον υἱὸν Ἀγαύης
ἄφθιτον υἷα λόχευε, καὶ ἀθανάτην σε καλέσσω·
ὀλβίη, ὅττι θεοῖσι καὶ ἀνδράσι χάρμα λοχεύσεις
υἱέα κυσαμένη βροτέης ἐπίληθον ἀνίης."

---

[4] The fennel, in which Prometheus brought fire for men.

the fire-bringing fennel*; or again, he lifted a thyrsus twined about with purple ivy, wearing a deerskin on his back—the lovesick wearer shook the dappled fawnskin with his left arm.

344 All the earth laughed: a vine growth with self-sprouting leaves ran round Semele's bed; the walls budded with flowers like a dewy meadow, at the begetting of Bromios; Zeus lurking inside rattled his thunderclaps over the unclouded bed, foretelling the drums of Dionysos in the night. And after the bed, he saluted Semele with loving words, consoling his bride with hopes of things to come:

352 "My wife, I your bridegroom am Cronides. Lift up your neck in pride at this union with a heavenly bedfellow; and look not among mankind for any child higher than yours. Danaë's wedding does not rival you. You have thrown into the shade even the union of your father's sister with her Bull; for Europa glorified by Zeus's bed went to Crete, Semele goes to Olympos. What more do you want after heaven and the starry sky? People will say in the future, Zeus gave honour to Minos in the underworld, and to Dionysos in the heavens! Then after Autonoë's mortal son and Ino's child—one drowned by his dogs, one to be killed by a sonslaying father's winged arrow[1]—after the shortlived son of mad Agaué, you bring forth a son who shall not die, and you I will call immortal. Happy woman! you have conceived a son who will make mortals forget their troubles, you shall bring forth joy for gods and men."

and which also was used in the rites of Dionysos as the shaft of the thyrsus.

[1] Actaion (see v. 301 ff.) and Learchos (see v. 52 ff.).

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΟΓΔΟΟΝ

Ὄγδοον αἰολόμυθον ἔχει φθόνον ἄγριον Ἥρης
καὶ Σεμέλης πυρόεντα γάμον καὶ Ζῆνα φονῆα.

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐς Ὄλυμπον ἔβη θεός· ἐν δὲ μελάθρῳ
ὑψορόφῳ νόον εἶχεν ἀλώμενον ἐγγύθι νύμφης,
Θήβης οἶστρον ἔχων πλέον αἰθέρος· ἱμερόεις γὰρ
οὐρανὸς ἦν Κρονίδῃ Σεμέλης δόμος, ἀμφὶ δὲ παστῷ
ἀμφίπολοι Κάδμοιο Διὸς πέλον εὔπυδες Ὧραι.
Καὶ γαμίῃ ῥαθάμιγγι Διιπετέων ὑμεναίων
ὄγκῳ θλιβομένη Σεμέλης κυμαίνετο γαστήρ·
μαρτυρίῃ δὲ τόκοιο φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου
στέμματι θυμὸν ἔτερπεν, ἐπ' ἀνθοκόμῳ δὲ καρήνῳ
θυιάδος αὐτοέλικτον ἀνέπλεκε κισσὸν ἐθείρης
Βασσαρίδων ἅτε μάντις, ἐπεσσομένῃσι δὲ νύμφαις
ὄφιμον ἀγχιτόκοισιν ἐπωνυμίην πόρε κισσοῦ.
καὶ βαρὺν ὄγκον ἔχουσα θεηγενέος τοκετοῖο,
εἴ ποτέ τις σύριγγι γέρων ἐμελίζετο ποιμήν,
γείτονος εἰσαΐουσα φιλαγραύλου μέλος Ἠχοῦς,
οἰοχίτων θαλάμοιο διέστιχε θυιάδι ῥιπῇ·
εἰ κτύπος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀκούετο δίζυγος αὐλοῦ,
ὑψορόφων ἀπέδιλος ἀναθρώσκουσα μελάθρων
εἰς ῥάχιν αὐτοκέλευστος ἐρημάδος ἔστιχεν ὕλης·
κύμβαλον εἰ πλατάγησε, ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο παλμῷ,

* Dionysos was called Cisseus.

BOOK VIII

The eighth has a changeful tale, the fierce jealousy of Hera, and Semele's fiery nuptials, and Zeus the slayer.

With these words Zeus returned to Olympos; but in the highroofed hall his mind still wandered near his bride, empassioned for Thebes more than for heaven. For to Cronides Semele's house was lovely heaven, and the quickfoot Seasons of Zeus became the attendants in the palace of Cadmos.

* By the espousal drop of the divine union Semele's body swelled laden with a heavy burden. In witness of the birth of garlandloving Dionysos she took delight in wreaths. She plaited into her flower-decked hair the natural tendrils of the maddening ivy like a prophetess of the Bassarids, and provided for the nymphs who were soon to be born, the later title of the ivy.* As she carried the heavy burden of the divinely conceived child, if some old shepherd made melody with his panspipes, and she heard the tune repeated by countryloving Echo near, clad in tunic alone she went rushing wildly out of the house. If the mountainranging tones of the double pipe was to be heard, she leapt up, and out of the lofty halls went shoeless, uncalled, to the lonely woods on the hills. If there was clashing of cymbals,

λοξῷ καμπύλον ἴχνος ὑποσκαίρουσα πεδίλῳ·
εἰ δὲ τανυκραίροιο μεμυκότος ἔκλυε ταύρου,
ἀντίτυπον μίμημα βοὸς μυκήσατο λαιμῷ·
πολλάκι ποιμενίην ὑπὸ δειράδα θυιάδι φωνῇ
Πανὶ μέλος συνάειδε καὶ ἔπλετο σύνθροος Ἠχώ,
καὶ νόμιον κερόεντος ἀμειβομένη κτύπον αὐλοῦ
εἰς χορὸν ἴχνος ἔκαμφε· πάις δ' ἀλόχευτος ἐχέφρων
ἅλμασιν ἐνδομύχοισι συνεσκίρτησε τεκούσῃ
αὐλομανὲς μίμημα, καὶ αὐτοδίδακτον ἀοιδὴν
ἡμιτελὴς κελάδησε χέων ὑποκόλπιον ἠχώ.
ὡς ὁ μὲν ἀρσενόπαιδος ἀέξετο γαστέρος ὄγκῳ
ἄγγελος εὐφροσύνης, νοερὸν βρέφος· ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρῳ
ἀμφίπολοι Κρονίωνος ἐπέστεφον οὐρανὸν Ὧραι.
Καὶ Φθόνος ὑψιμέδοντος ὀπιπεύων Διὸς εὐνὴν
καὶ Σεμέλης ὠδῖνα θεηγενέος τοκετοῖο
Βάκχου ζήλον ἔδεκτο καὶ ἔνδοθι γαστρὸς ἐόντος,
αὐτοπαθὴς ἄστοργος ἑῷ βεβολημένος ἰῷ.
καὶ φρενὶ κερδαλέῃ σκολιὴν ἐφράσσατο βουλὴν
Ἄρεος ἀντιτύποιο φέρων ψευδήμονα μορφὴν
ἔντεσι μιμηλοῖσι, καὶ οἷά περ αἵματος ὀλκῷ
ἄνθεϊ φαρμακόεντι κατέγραφε νῶτα βοείης
ποιητῇ ῥαθάμιγγι, καὶ ὡς κταμένων ἀπὸ φωτῶν
βάψας ἰσοτύπῳ δεδολωμένα δάκτυλα μίλτῳ
χεῖρας ἐρευθιόωντι νόθῳ φοινίσσετο λύθρῳ·
καὶ κτύπον ἐννεάχιλον ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος
σμερδαλέοις στομάτεσσι χέων ῥηξήνορα φωνὴν
κλεψινόοις δ' ὀάροισιν ἀνεπτοίησεν Ἀθήνην,
καὶ φθονερὴν οἴστρησεν ἔτι πλέον εἰς χόλον Ἥρην·
ἀμφοτέρας δ' ἐρέθιζε· τόσῳ δ' ἠνίπαπε μύθῳ·
"Δίζεό σοι νέον ἄλλον ἐν αἰθέρι νυμφίον, Ἥρη,

---

[a] Hom. *Il.* xiv. 148.

she tripped with dancing feet and shuffled a sidelong shoe in winding paces. If she heard the bellow of a broadhorned bull, her throat bellowed mimicry of the creature in reply. Oft on some hillside pasture she sang with Pan in maddened voice, and played harmonious Echo to him; she answered the tunes of the herdsman's pipe of horn by bending her steps to the dance, and the fruit of her womb (sensible, though yet unborn!) joined in his mother's dance as if he also were maddened by the pipes, and although only half-made sounded a self-taught echo of tune from within her. So in the burden of the manchilding womb grew the messenger of merry-hearted cheer, that understanding baby; and round about the boy, Cronion's attendants the Seasons went their rounds about the sky.

[50] Now Envy, surveying the bed of lofty Zeus and Semele's labour in the divine birth, was jealous of Bacchus while yet in the womb, Envy self-tormenting, loveless, stung with his own poison. In that crafty heart he conceived a crooked plan. He put on the false image of a counterfeit Ares, with armour like his; he smeared the front of the shield with a liquid of his own made from a poisonous flower, to imitate smears of blood. He dipt his deceitful fingers in vermilion dye, staining his hands with red stuff which pretended to be gore (which it resembled) from his slain enemies. He belched out from his throat through his horrible mouth a nine-thousand power roar,[a] a man-breaking voice indeed! He provoked Athena with seductive whispers, and goaded jealous Hera yet more to wrath, and irritated them both; and these are the words he said:

[60] "Find another bridegroom in the sky, Hera,

ἄλλον, ἐπεὶ Σεμέλῃ τεὸν ἥρπασεν, ἧς χάριν εὐνῆς
Θήβης ἑπταπύλοιο γαμήλιον οὐδὰς ἀμείβων
οὐρανὸν ἑπτάζωνον ἀναίνεται· ἀντὶ σέθεν δὲ
τέρπεται ἀγκὰς ἔχων χθονίην ἐγκύμονα νύμφην.
πῇ μοι ζῆλος ἔβη μητρώιος; ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτῆς
εἰς Σεμέλης ὑμέναιον ἐθηλόνθη χόλος Ἥρης;
πῇ σέο κέντρα μύωπος ἀφειδέος; οὐκέτι πόντῳ
πόρτις ἀλιπτοίητος ἐλαύνεται; οὐκέτι βούτης
Ἄργος ἀκοιμήτοισι πολυσπερέεσσιν ὀπωπαῖς
κλεφιγάμου Κρονίδαο νεώτερα λέκτρα φυλάσσει;
ἀλλὰ τί μοι δόμος οὗτος Ὀλύμπιος;
εἰς χθόνα βαίνων
αἰθέρα καλλείφω πατρώιον, ἡμετέρην δὲ
Θρῄκην ναιετάων οὐ μητέρος ἄλγεα λεύσσω
ἀχνυμένης, οὐ Ζῆνα γαμοκλόπον· εἰ δέ ποτ' ἔλθῃ
γαῖαν ἐς ἡμετέρην ποθέων Βιστωνίδα κούρην,
γνώσεται, οἷος Ἄρης, ὅτε χώεται· ἡμετέρην γὰρ
Τιτήνων ὀλέτειραν ἔχων θανατηφόρον αἰχμὴν
ἐκ Θρῄκης Κρονίωνα γυναιμανέοντα διώξω·
καὶ πρόφασιν μεθέπων,
ὅτι παρθένον εἰς λέχος ἕλκει,
ἔσσομαι αὐτοκέλευστος ἐμῆς τιμήορος εὐνῆς,
ὅττι χαμαιγενέεσσιν ὁμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις
αἰθέρα ποικιλόνωτον ἐῶν ἔπλησεν ἐρώτων.
οὐρανὸς ἰλήκοι, μερόπων δόμος· ἄξονα βαίνω;
Καλλιστὼ κατ' Ὄλυμπον ἑλίσσεται, ἧχι φαείνει
κύκλος ἀερσιλόφοιο φερώνυμος Ἀρκάδος Ἄρκτου.
Πλειάδος ἑπταπόρου στυγέω δρόμον·
ἐν γὰρ Ὀλύμπῳ
Ἠλέκτρη κλονέει με συναστράπτουσα Σελήνῃ.

---

* Hera sent a gadfly to torment Io in her heifer-shape (see

yes another! for Semele has stolen yours! For her sake he remasters the sevenmouthed sky and treads the bridal floor of sevengated Thebes! In your place he holds in his arms an earthly bride with child, and is happy! What has become of my mother's jealousy? Has even Hera's wrath become unmanned for this marriage with Semele? Where are the stings of your merciless gadfly? No heifer is now driven in despair over the deep—no herdsman Argos with a thick crop of eyes watches the latest bed of lecher Cronides?[1]

"But what is this palace of Olympos to me? I will go down to earth, I will leave my father's heaven and live in my own Thrace,[2] I will no longer look on at my unhappy mother's wrongs and Zeus the wife-spoiler! If he ever comes to my country because he wants a Bistonian girl, he shall know what Ares is like when he is angry. I will take my Titan-destroying deathdealing spear and chase womanmad Cronion out of Thrace! I will use the excuse that he drags this maiden to his bed, I will be avenger self-appointed of the bed where I was born, because he has frequented earthborn brides and filled the bespangled heavens with his loves!

"Goodbye Heaven—where mortals are at home! Shall I climb the pole? But Callisto[3] circles about Olympos, and there shines the ring named after the highcrested Arcadian Bear. I hate the seven Pleiads in their courses—for in Olympos it irks me that Electra shows her light with Selene. Now why are

note on vii. 117 ff.), and set Argos, who had eyes all over him, to watch her.

[2] Ares was regarded, perhaps rightly, as a Thracian god.

[3] The Great Bear. She was one of Zeus's loves, Electra the Pleiad another. Arcas was Callisto's son.

νῦν πόθεν ἠρεμέεις; ἰσοπάλαιον υἷα Λητοῦς
ἤκαχες Ἀπόλλωνα, καὶ οὐ Διόνυσον ὀρίνεις;
τικτομένης, Ἥφαιστε, μογοστόκε Τριτογενείης,
υἷα νόθης ἀλόχοιο λοχεύεται αὐτοτόκος Ζεὺς
ὠδίνων τόκον ἄλλον ὑπέρτερον ἄρσενι μηρῷ,
οὐδὲ τεοῦ βουπλῆγος ἔτι χρέος. εἶξον, Ἀθήνη,
λῆγε Διὸς βοόωσα λεχώιον ἄντυγα κόρσης.
ὅττι σοφὴν ὠδῖνα τελεσσιγόνοιο καρήνου
αἰσχύνει Διόνυσος, ὅτι χθονίης ἀπὸ φύτλης
ἔσσεται αὐταλόχευτος Ὀλύμπιος, ὥς περ Ἀθήνη,
κρύπτων Παλλάδος εὖχος ἀμήτορος.
ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
αἰδέομαι πολὺ μᾶλλον, ὅταν μερόπων τις ἐνίψῃ
'Ζεὺς πόρε δῆριν Ἄρηι καὶ εὐφροσύνην Διονύσῳ.'
ἀλλὰ πάλιν Κρονίδαο νόθους τεκέεσσιν ἐάσας
ἵξομαι οὐρανόθεν μετανάστιος· ὑγροπαγὴς δὲ
Ἴστρος ἐὸν σκηπτοῦχον ἀλητεύουσαν δεχέσθω,
πρὶν Διὸς οἰνοχόον Γανυμήδεα δεῦρο νοήσω,
βουκόλον εὐχαίτην,
μετὰ Πέργαμον ἀστὸν Ὀλύμπου,
οὐρανίης ἄψαυστον ἀμειβόμενον δέπας Ἥβης,
πρὶν Σεμέλην καὶ Βάκχον ἴδω ναετῆρας Ὀλύμπου,
καὶ στέφος ἀστεροφοίτον ἐπιχθονίης Ἀριάδνης
σύνδρομον Ἠελίοιο, συνέμπορον ἠριγενείης.
κεῖθι μένω, μὴ Κῆτος ἴδω, μὴ Περσέος ἅρπην,
μὴ τύπον Ἀνδρομέδης,
μὴ Γοργόνος ὄμμα Μεδούσης
οὓς Κρονίδης μετόπισθεν ἐνιστήσειεν Ὀλύμπῳ."
Εἶπε, καὶ αὐτογόνοιο νόον συνέχευεν Ἀθήνης.

---

[a] See Callim. *Hymns* iv. 55 ff.
[b] Hephaestus cleft the head of Zeus and Athena leaped from the place.

you quiet? You persecuted Apollo in the womb of his mother Leto,[a] and you leave Dionysos in peace? Hephaistos, you helped in the painful birth of Tritogeneia,[b] and Zeus shall be his own midwife for the bastard son of a drab, more mighty still than Athena, and he shall produce him from his manly thigh—no need now for the pole-axe! Give place, Athena! Cease to cry up that rounded forehead as your birthland! Dionysos puts into the shade the clever delivery of that teeming head! Sprung from a mortal stock, he shall be an Olympian like Athena, but self-delivered, and eclipsing the boast of Pallas the motherless.

"But I am ashamed myself far more, when some mortal man shall say: 'Zeus granted battles to Ares, and merry-hearted cheer to Dionysos.' Well, I will leave the sky to the bastard brats of Cronides, and quit the heavens a banished god. Let Ixion with his frozen flood receive its homeless monarch, before I see Ganymedes come here to pour the wine, that long-haired cowdriver, first in Pergamos then domiciled in Olympos, usurping the untouched cup of heavenly Hebe; before I can see Semele and Bacchos denizens of Olympos, and Ariadne's crown translated to the stars to run its course with Helios, to travel with misty Dawn. There I will stay, that I may never behold the sea-monster, the sickle of Perseus, the figure of Andromeda, the glare of Gorgon Medusa,[c] whom Cronides will establish in Olympos by and by."

[80] He spoke, and disquieted the mind of selfborn

[a] Constellations. The Northern Crown was the wedding garland of Ariadne when Dionysos married her, see xlvii. 271. Perseus (with the Gorgon's head in his hand), Andromeda and Cetus together commemorate his rescue of her.

καὶ πλέον ἠέξησε βαρυζήλου χόλον Ἥρης.
καὶ Φθόνος ὀξὺς ὄρουσε,
καὶ ἀγκύλα γούνατα πάλλων
ἥιε λοξὰ κέλευθα δι' ἠέρος· ἀνδρομέοις δὲ
ὄμμασι καὶ πραπίδεσσιν ὁμοίως ἔσσυτο καπνῷ,
εἰς δόλον, εἰς κακότητα νόον τελχῖνα κορύσσων.
Οὐδὲ Διὸς βαρύμηνις ἐλώφεεν εὐνέτις Ἥρη·
ἀλλὰ θυελλήεντι παραΐξασα πεδίλῳ
ποικίλον εὐφαέεσσι κεκασμένον οὐρανὸν ἄστροις
ἄσπετα φοιτητῆρι διέδραμεν ἄστεα ταρσῷ,
κερδαλέην Ἀπάτην διζημένη, εἴ που ἐφεύροι.
ἀλλ' ὅτε Δικταίης Κορυβαντίδος ὑψόθι πέτρης
γείτονος Ἀμνισοῖο λεχώιον ἔδρακεν ὕδωρ,
ἐνθά οἱ ἀλλοπρόσαλλος ὀρεστιὰς ἤντετο δαίμων·
καὶ γὰρ ἀεὶ παρέμιμνε Διὸς ψευδήμονι τύμβῳ
τερπομένη Κρήτεσσιν, ἐπεὶ πέλον ἠπεροπῆες.
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ λαγόνεσσι Κυδωνιὰς ἔρρεε μίτρη,
τῇ ἔνι δαίδαλα πάντα βροτῶν θελκτήρια κεῖται·
ἐν μὲν ἐπικλοπίη πολυμήχανος, ἐν δ' ὀαριστὺς
πάρφασις, ἐν δὲ δόλοι πολυειδέες, ἐν δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
σύνδρομος ἠερίοις ἀπατήλιος ὅρκος ἀήταις.
Καὶ δολίην Ἀπάτην δολίῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ
Ἥρη ποικιλόμητις, ἀμυνομένη παρακοίτην·
"Χαῖρε, θεὰ δολόμητι δολοπλανές·
οὔ σε καὶ αὐτὸς
κλεψινόοις ὀάροισι παρέρχεται αἱμύλος Ἑρμῆς·

---

[a] The Telchines, a sort of gnomes or dwarfs, were credited with skill in metal-working and envious, spiteful dispositions.

[b] Deceit is a goddess in Hesiod, *Theog.* 224.

[c] A mountain in Crete. For the Corybantes see note on ii. 695.

[d] Eileithyia, the goddess of childbirth, was said to have

Athena, and the more increased the wrath of jealous Hera. Swift leapt up Envy, and wagging his crooked knees passed on his sidelong roads through the lower air: he moved like smoke to human eyes and thoughts, arming his boggart's[a] mind for deceit and mischief.

[120] Nor did the consort of Zeus abate her heavy anger. She stormed with flying shoe through the heaven bespangled with its pattern of shining stars, she coursed through innumerable cities with travelling foot, seeking if anywhere she could find Deceit the crafty one.[b] But when high above Corybantian Dicte[c] she beheld the childbed water of neighbouring Amnises,[d] the fickle deity met her there on the hills; for she was fond of the Cretans because they are always liars, and she used to stay by the false tomb of Zeus.[e] About her hips was a Cydonian[f] cincture, which contains all the cunning bewitchments of mankind: trickery with its many shifts, cajoling seduction, all the shapes of guile, perjury itself which flies on the winds of heaven.[g]

[134] Then subtle-minded Hera began to coax wily Deceit with wily words, hoping to have revenge on her husband:

[136] "Good greeting, lady of wily mind and wily snares! Not Hermes Hoaxthewits himself can outdo

been born in this place, and she had a sacred cave there: *Od.* xix. 188.

[a] Ἐχθρὸς δὲ θεόσσας, quoted by Callim. *Hymn to Zeus* 8, and St. Paul, *Titus* i. 12. It was attributed to Epimenides. The tomb of Zeus was shown in Crete.

[b] Cretan, from the city Cydonia.

[c] Closely imitated from the description of Aphrodite's ἀνατὸς in Hom. *Il.* xiv. 214 ff., and the whole scene is founded on that one.

δὸς καὶ ἐμοὶ ζωστῆρα πολυαίολον, ὅν ποτε Ῥείη
δῆσεν ἑαῖς λαγόνεσσιν, ἕως ἀπάφησεν ἀκοίτην,
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ Κρονίωνι φέρω πετρώδεα μορφήν,
οὐδὲ λίθῳ δολόεντι παραπλάζω παρακοίτην,
ἀλλὰ γυνὴ χθονίη με βιάζεται, ἧς χάριν εὐνῆς
θοῦρος Ἄρης βαρύμηνις ἀναίνεται αἰθέρα ναίειν.
τί πλέον, εἰ γενόμην θεὸς ἄμβροτος; οὐτιδανὴ γὰρ
θνητὴ ἐμὸν πόσιν ἔσχε, τὸν οὐ θεὸς ἥρπασε Λητώ·
οὐ Δανάης παρίαυε τὸ δεύτερον ἔστιον Ζεύς,
ἀλλὰ σιδηροφόροιο μετὰ σφρηγῖδα μελάθρου
μεμφομένη χρυσέοισι γάμοις ναυτίλλετο νύμφη,
καὶ λέχος εἶδεν Ἔρωτος ὕδωρ ἁλός· ἐν δὲ θαλάσσῃ
σύμπλοος ἀσταθέεσσιν ἐνήχετο χηλὸς ἀέθλοις.
οὐδὲ μετὰ Κρήτην πάλιν ἔπλεε ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου,
οὐκ ἴδεν Εὐρώπην μετὰ δέμνιον· ὑγροβαφὴς δὲ
οἰστρηθεῖσα μύωπι κερασφόρος ἔπλεεν Ἰώ.
οὐδὲ θεὰ γάμον εἶχεν ἐλεύθερον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
γαστέρι φόρτον ἔχουσα πολύστροφον ἔτρεχε Λητώ,
ἄστατα παπταίνουσα πολυπλανέων σφυρὰ νήσων
καὶ ῥόον οὐ μίμνοντα κακοξείνοιο θαλάσσης,
καὶ λοχίης μόγις εἶδεν ἐλεύθερον ἔρνος ἐλαίης.
Λητὼ τόσσα μόγησε, καὶ οὐ χραισμήσεν ἀκοίτης·
θνητῆς δ᾽ ὠκυμόροιο μιῆς διὰ δέμνια νύμφης
οὐρανίης ἀπέειπε κασιγνήτης λέχος Ἥρης.
δείδια, μὴ Κρονίδης με πόσις καὶ γνωτὸς ἀκοίτων
αἰθέρος ἐξελάσειε γυναικείης χάριν εὐνῆς,
μὴ Σεμέλην τελέσειεν ἑοῦ βασίλειαν Ὀλύμπου.

* When she gave Cronos the stone wrapt in swaddling-bands instead of the baby Zeus. The business of the girdle seems to be Nonnos's own invention.

you with his plausible prittle-prattle! Lend me also that girdle of many colours, which Rheia once bound about her flanks when she deceived her husband![a] I bring no petrified shape for my Cronion. I do not trick my husband with a wily stone. No! a woman of the earth compels me—whose bed makes furious Ares declare that he will house in heaven no more! What do I profit by being a goddess immortal? A worthless mortal woman has taken my husband, whom Leto a goddess could not steal. Zeus and his rain did not sleep a second time with Danaë; after the seals of the ironbound prison the bride went a-sailing and had to blame her golden wedding for her bowgift of the brine—her hutch sailing with her on the sea floated where the shifting winds did blow![b] After Crete the Olympian bull did not swim again, he did not see Europa after the bed; but Io was soaked in the wet, and swam with horns on her head plagued by the gadfly!

[154] "Even the goddess did not have a smooth course for her wedding: she also, Leto herself, carried the unborn babe by many a turn and twist, while she gazed at the shifting slopes of many a floating island, and the flood of the inhospitable sea that never stood still. Hardly at last she espied the wild olive-tree which harboured her childbed. All that Leto suffered, and her mate could not help her; but for the bed of one shortlived mortal woman he has renounced the couch of Hera his heavenly sister.

[180] "I am afraid Cronides, who is called my husband and brother, will banish me from heaven for a woman's bed, afraid he may make Semele queen

[a] Danaë's father set her and the baby Perseus adrift in a chest.

εἰ δὲ Διὶ Κρονίωνι χαρίζεαι, ἠέ περ Ἥρῃ,
μηδὲ τεὴν ὀπάσειας ἐμοὶ πανθελγέα μίτρην,
ὄφρα μόλῃ πρὸς Ὄλυμπον ἐμὸς πάλιν υἱὸς ἀλήτης,
ὑστατίην ἐπὶ πέζαν ἐλεύσομαι Ὠκεανοῖο
αἰθέρα καλλείψασα χάριν βροτέων ὑμεναίων
Τηθύος ἀρχεγόνοιο συνέστιος· ἔνθεν ἱκάνω
εἰς δόμον Ἁρμονίης, καὶ Ὀφίονος ἐγγύθι μίμνω.
ἀλλὰ σύ, κυδαίνουσα Διὸς παμμήτορα νύμφην,
δός μοι ἔχειν ζωστῆρα βοηθόον, ὄφρα φυγόντα
θέλξω θοῦρον Ἄρηα τὸ δεύτερον αἰθέρα ναίειν."
Ὣς φαμένης ἀπάμειπτο θεὰ πειθήμονι μύθῳ·
"Μήτερ Ἐνυαλίοιο, Διὸς πρωτόθρονε νύμφη,
δώσω ἐμὸν ζωστῆρα, καὶ εἰ πλέον ἄλλο κελεύεις
πείθομαι, ὅττι θεοῖσι μετὰ Κρονίωνος ἀνάσσεις.
δέχνυσο τοῦτον ἱμάντα· περισφίγξασα δὲ κόλπῳ
Ἄρεα μὲν κομίσειας ἐς οὐρανόν· ἢν δ' ἐθελήσῃς,
θέλγε νόον Κρονίδαο καί, εἰ χρέος, Ὠκεανοῖο
χωομένου· χθονίων δὲ λιπὼν ὑμέναιον Ἐρώτων
ἵξεται αὐτοκέλευστος ἐς οὐρανὸν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
ἡμετέρῳ δολόεντι περιγνάμψας φρένα κεστῷ·
οὗτος ἐμῆς Παφίης φρενοθελγέα κεστὸν ἐλέγχει."
Ὣς φαμένη δολόμητις ὑπηνέμιος φύγε δαίμων
ἠέρα πωτήεντι διαστείχουσα πεδίλῳ.
Δικταίης δὲ λιποῦσα σακέσπαλον ἄντρον ἐρίπνης
καὶ λοχίην σπήλυγγα τελεσσιγόνοιο θεαίνης
εἰς θάλαμον Σεμέλης ἀπατήλιος ἤλυθεν Ἥρη,
ζήλῳ φυσιόωσα· μελιγλώσσῳ δὲ γεραιῇ
ἰσοφανὴς φιλόπαιδι δέμας μορφοῦτο τιθήνῃ

---

[a] *Cf.* Hom. *Il.* xiv. 201.

[b] Almost certainly a mistake for Eurynome, wife of Ophion, *cf.* ii. 573.

of his Olympus! If you favour Zeus Cronion more than Hera, if you will not give me your all-bewitching girdle to bring back again to Olympus my wandering son, I will leave heaven because of their earthly marriage, I will go to the uttermost bounds of Oceanus and share the hearth of primeval Tethys[a]; thence I will pass to the house of Harmonia[b] and abide with Ophion. Come then, honour the mother of all,[c] the bride of Zeus, and lend me the help of your girdle, that I may disarm my runaway son furious Ares, to make heaven once more his home."

[152] When she had finished, the goddess replied with cleverest words:

[153] "Mother of Enyalios, bride first enthroned of Zeus! I will give my girdle and anything else you ask me; I obey, since you reign over the gods with Cronion. Receive this sash; bind it about your bosom, and you may bring back Ares to heaven. If you like, charm the mind of Zeus, and if it is necessary, charm Oceanus also from his anger. Zeus sovereign in the heights will leave his earthly loves and return self-bidden to heaven—he will change his mind by my guileful girdle. This one puts to shame the heartbewitching girdle of my Paphian!"

[178] This said, the wily-minded deity was off under the wind, cleaving the air with flying shoe.

[179] Now Hera left the shield-brewing-god cave of the Dictaean rock[d] and the cavern where the goddess of childbirth was born, and came full of guile to Semele's chamber, pining with jealousy. She made herself like a honey-voiced old dame, like the loving nurse

[a] Hera was the patron of marriage, Zygia, Teleia, and so forth, and the mother of the Eileithyiai.

[b] Where the Corybants danced with swinging shields and lances.

παιδοκόμον, τὴν αὐτὸς ἀνεζήτησεν Ἀγήνωρ,
καί οἱ κλῆρον ἔδωκε, καὶ ὤπασεν ἀνδρὶ γυναῖκα
οἷα πατήρ· κομιδῆς δὲ γέρας τίουσα καὶ αὐτή
νήπιον εἰσέτι Κάδμον ἑῷ μαιώσατο μαζῷ
καὶ βρέφος Εὐρώπην φίλῳ σφήκωσεν ἀγοστῷ.
τῇ δέμας ἶσον ἔχουσα διέστιχεν εἰς δόμον Ἥρη
χωομένη Σεμέλῃ καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ
μή πω φέγγος ἰδόντι, καὶ ἀρτιγόνῳ παρὰ παστῷ
τοῖχον ἐς ἀντικέλευθον ἑὴν ἐκάλυψεν ὀπωπὴν
ὄμμα παρατρέψασα, Διὸς μὴ λέκτρα νοήσῃ.
τὴν μὲν Πεισιάνασσα καθίζανεν ὑψόθι δίφρου
ἀμφίπολος Σεμέλης, Τυρίης βλάστημα γενέθλης,
θελξινόη δὲ τάπητας ἐνήρμοσεν ἔνδοθι δίφρου·
ἔνθα θεὰ σχεδὸν ἧστο δολοπλόκος· εὗρε δὲ κούρην
βριθομένην ὠδῖνι πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο
καὶ τόκον, οὐ φαίνοντα τελεσσιγόνοιο Σελήνης.
γαστρὸς ἀπημάντου χλοερὴ ἔγραψε παρειή
καὶ χλόος οἰνώπων μελέων πάρος· ἑζομένης δὲ
Ἥρης ψευδομένης δολόεν δέμας ἔτρεμε παλμῷ
ἀντιτύπῳ, καὶ νέρθεν ἐπὶ χθόνα κάμπτετο νεύων
ὤμοις θλιβομένοισι γέρων κυρτούμενος αὐχήν,
καὶ πρόφασιν μόγις εὗρεν· ἐπεστενάχιζε δὲ μύθῳ
δάκρυον εὐποίητον ἀπομόρξασα προσώπου,
καὶ δολόεν κατέλεξεν ἔπος φρενοθελγέι φωνῇ·
"Εἰπέ, πόθεν, βασίλεια, τεαὶ χλοάουσι παρειαί;
πῇ σέο κάλλος ἐκεῖνο; τίς εἴδεϊ σεῖο μεγαίρων
πορφυρέους σπινθῆρας ἀπημάλδυνε προσώπου;
καὶ ῥόδα τίς μετάμειψεν ἐς ὠχριόωσας ἀνεμώνας;
καὶ σὺ κατηφιόωσα τί τήκεαι; ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτή
ἔκλυες αἴσχεα κεῖνα, τά περ βαύκισι λαλεῖται;
ἐρρέτω ἀρχεκάκων ὀλοὸν στόμα θηλυτεράων.
εἰπὲ δέ μοι, μὴ κρύπτε τεῆς συνίστορα μίτρης

whom Agenor * himself had chosen to care for his children, and made much of her—gave her a holding, found her a husband as if she had been his daughter; and she paid him back for his care, nursed Cadmus at her own breast and dandled baby Europa in her loving arms. This was what Hera looked like when she passed into the house, hating Semele and Cypris, and Dionysus who had not yet seen the light; and as she came to the chamber of the recent bridal, she turned face and eyes away to the opposite wall, that she might not see the bed of Zeus. She was led and seated on a chair by Semele's attendant Pristinassa, a maid of Tyrian race, and Thelxinoë spread the rugs over the gleaming seat. There sat the goddess close beside her, weaving her plot. She noticed how the girl carried a burden of ripening fruit; a birth which touched not yet the moon of delivery, but a pale cheek and the pallor of limbs once rosy told of a womb no longer sealed. As treacherous Hera sat, a simulated palsy passed over her false body, and the old neck bowed downwards, nodding over the bent shoulders. Scarce finding an excuse, she groaned aloud and wiped the well-feigned tear from her face, as she spoke her false words in heart-enchanting tone:

"Tell me, my queen, why are your cheeks so pale? where is your beauty? Who has grudged that loveliness and dimmed the red sparkling colours of your face, changed the roses to quickfading anemones? Why are you downcast and languishing? Have you heard yourself those insults which the people are shouting? Curse the tongue of women, from which all troubles come! Tell me who laid rough hands

* Father of Cadmus, and so grandfather of Semele.

τίς σε θεῶν ἐμίηνε; τίς ἤρπασε σεῖο κορείην;
εἰ μὲν Ἄρης λαθραῖος ἐμὴν νυμφεύσατο κούρην
καὶ Σεμέλῃ παρίαυεν ἀφειδήσας Ἀφροδίτης,
ἐλθέτω εἰς σέο λέκτρα γαμήλιον ἔγχος ἀφάσσων·
γινώσκει μενέχαρμον ἐὸν γενέτην σέο μήτηρ.
εἰ δέ σοι ὠκυπέδιλος ἐκώμασε νυμφίος Ἑρμῆς
καὶ Σεμέλης διὰ κάλλος ἐὴν ἠρνήσατο Πειθώ,
ῥάβδον ἐὴν ὀπάσειε τεῆς αὐτάγγελον εὐνῆς,
ἠέ σε κοσμήσειεν ἑοῖς χρυσέοισι πεδίλοις
δῶρον ἄγων λεχέων σέθεν ἄξιον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴ
εἴης χρυσοπέδιλος, ἅ περ Διὸς εὐνέτις Ἥρη.
εἰ δέ σοι οὐρανόθεν πόσις ἤλυθε καλὸς Ἀπάλλων
καὶ Σεμέλης ὑπ' ἔρωτι λελασμένος ἔπλετο Δάφνης,
νόσφι δόλου κρυφίοιο δι' ἠέρος εἰς σὲ χορεύσῃ
ἁβρὸς ἀσιγήτων ἐποχημένος ἅρματι κύκνων,
ἕδνα τεῆς φιλότητος ἐὴν φόρμιγγα κομίζων,
πιστὸν ἐὼν θαλάμων σημήιον· εἰσορόων γὰρ
Κάδμος ἐπουρανίην κιθάρην Φοίβοιο νοήσει,
ἣν ἴδεν αἰολόφωνον ἑῆς παρὰ δεῖπνα τραπέζης
Ἁρμονίης μέλπουσαν ἐπιχθονίους ἱμεναίους.
εἰ δὲ γυναιμανέων σε βιήσατο κυανοχαίτης,
καί σε σοφῆς προβέβουλεν ἀειδομένης Μελανίππης,
ἀμφαδὰ κωμάσσειε, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ Κάδμου
νυμφιδίης πήξειεν ἑῆς γλωχῖνα τριαίνης,
ξυνώσας γέρας ἶσον ἐχιδνοκόμῳ παρὰ Δίρκῃ.

---

[a] *Cf.* v. 574. It is to be remembered that ages pass between bks. v. and viii., giving plenty of time for Hermes to marry.

[b] A stock poetical epithet of Hera.

[c] Poseidon.

on your girdle—hide it not! Which of the gods has besmirched you, which has ravished your maidenhood?

"If Ares has wedded my girl in secret, if he has slept with Semele and neglected Aphrodite, let him come to your bed grasping his spear as a marriage-gift—your mother knows her begetter, the terrible warrior! If quicksilver Hermes has made merry bridal with you, if he has forgotten his own Peitho[a] for Semele's beauty, let him bring you his rod to herald your wedding, or let him fit you with his own golden shoes as a gift worthy of your bed, that you too may be goldshod[b] like Hera the bedfellow of Zeus! If handsome Apollo has come from heaven to be your husband, if he has forgotten Daphne because of his love for Semele, let him away with furtive guile, and come to you through the air drawn in his car by singing swans, and dancing delicately let him offer his harp as a gift for your favours, to show a trusty proof of the wedding! Cadmos will know that heavenly harp at sight, for he saw it, and heard the melodious tones, when it made music at his festal board for the wedding of Harmonia with a mortal.

"If Seablue-hair[c] went womanmad and forced you, preferring you to Melanippe the sage, sung by the poet,[d] let him make merry in full view, and plant the prongs of his trident as a bridal gift before the gates of Cadmos; so let him bestow the same honour beside snake-cherishing Dirce, as he gave to

[a] A purely literary allusion. Of Euripides' two plays on Melanippe (loved by Poseidon, to whom she bore Aiolos and Boiotos) one was called *Melanippe ἡ σοφή*, because of a long philosophical argument put into the heroine's mouth. The title is of course anachronistic here.

οἷα παρ' Ἀργείοισι λεοντοβότῳ παρὰ Λέρνῃ,
σῆμα γάμων ἔστησεν Ἀμυμώνης, ὅθι νύμφης
Λερναίης ἔτι χῶρος ἐπώνυμός ἐστι τριαίνης.
ἀλλὰ τί κικλήσκω σε παρευνέτιν ἐννοσιγαίου;
ποῖα Ποσειδάωνος ἔχεις σημήια λέκτρων;
ὑδρηλαῖς παλάμῃσι χυθεὶς ἠγκάσσατο Τυρὼ
παφλάζων δολόεντι ῥόῳ μιμηλὸς Ἐννπεύς.
εἰ δὲ καί, ὡς ἐνέπεις, σέο νυμφίος ἐστὶ Κρονίων,
ἐλθέτω εἰς σέο λέκτρα σὺν ἱμερόεντι κεραυνῷ,
ἀστεροπῇ γαμίῃ κεκορυθμένος, ὄφρά τις εἴπῃ
"Ἥρης καὶ Σεμέλης νυμφοστόλοι εἰσὶ κεραυνοί."
ζηλήμων περ ἐοῦσα Διὸς δάμαρ οὔ σε χαλέφει·
οὐ γὰρ ἐπιτρέφειε τεὸς μητρώιος Ἄρης.
ὀλβίη Εὐρώπη Σεμέλης πλέον, ἣν ὑπὲρ ὤμων
Ζεὺς κερόεις ἀνάειρε· ποθοβλήτοιο δὲ ταύρου
ἄβροχος ἀκροτάτοιο δι' ὕδατος ἔτρεχε χηλή,
καὶ σκάφος ἦεν Ἔρωτος ὁ τηλίκος. ἆ μέγα θαῦμα,
παρθένος ἡνιόχευε τὸν αἰθέρος ἡνιοχῆα.
ὀλβίζω Δανάην Σεμέλης πλέον, ἧς διὰ κόλπου
χρύσεος ἐξ ὀρόφοιο κατέρρεεν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς
ἀφνειῇ ῥαθάμιγγι γυναιμανέος νιφετοῖο·
οὐ μὲν χρύσεα δῶρα μακαρτάτη ᾔτεε νύμφη·
εἶχε γὰρ ἔδνον Ἔρωτος ὅλον πόσιν. ἀλλά τις εἴη
σιγὴ ἐφ' ἡμείων, γενέτης μὴ Κάδμος ἀκούσῃ."
Ὣς φαμένη λίπε δῶμα καὶ ἀχνυμένην ἔτι νύμφην,
Ἥρης ζῆλον ἔχουσαν ἀμιμήτων ὑμεναίων,
μεμφομένην Κρονίωνι· παλιννόστῳ δὲ κελεύθῳ
αἰθέρος ἔνδον ἵκανε, καὶ οὐρανίῳ παρὰ θώκῳ

---

* Amymone was one of the daughters of Danaos. Poseidon, who had rescued her from a satyr, took her himself. His trident, which he threw at the satyr, struck a rock from which sprung a fountain named after Amymone. The place

Inobtrusive Lerna in the Argive country as a mark of his marriage with Amymone, where the place of the Lernaian nymph still bears the trident's name.[a] But why do I call you the bed-fellow of Earthshaker? What tokens have you of Poseidon's bed? Tyro was embraced in a flood by watery hands, when counterfeit Enipeus came with his deceitful bubbling stream.[b]

247 "Or if as you say, Cronion is your bridegroom, let him come to your bed with amorous thunders, armed with bridal lightning, that people may say—'Hera and Semele both have thunders in waiting for the bedchamber!' The consort of Zeus may be jealous, but she will not hurt you, for Ares your mother's father will not allow it. Europa is more happy than Semele, for a horned Zeus carried her on his back; the *hoof of* the love-stricken bull ran unwetted on the *top of* the water, and one so mighty was Love's boat. O what a great miracle! A maiden held the *reins of* him who holds the *reins of* heaven! I call Danaë happier than Semele, for into her bosom Zeus poured a shower of gold from the *roof*, torrents of mad love in abundant showers! But that most blessed bride asked no gifts of gold; her love-gift was her whole husband. But let us be quiet, or your father Cadmos will hear." [c]

268 With these words Hera left the house, and the girl still in her grief, jealous of the inimitable state of Hera's marriage and unsatisfied with Cronion. Hera returned to heaven and went indoors. There

was Lerna, which Nonnos apparently confuses with Nemea, home of the Nemean lion. *See* Hyginus, *Fab.* 169, 169a.

[a] See Hom. *Od.* xi. 235.

[b] An echo of Hom. *Il.* xiv. 90.

κείμενα δερκομένη Διὸς ἔντεα νόσφι φορήος,
οἷά περ εἰσαΐοντα, φίλῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·
"Βροντή, καὶ σὲ λέλοιπεν
ἐμὸς νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς;
τίς πάλιν ἁρπάξας σε τεὸν γύμνωσε φορῆα,
βροντή, ἐσυλήθης—οὐκ αἴτιός ἐστι Τυφωεύς—
Ἥρης ξυνὰ παθοῦσα παρήγορε· νυμφοκόμος γὰρ
ἡμέας ἀμφοτέρους ἀπαναίνεται ὑέτιος Ζεύς.
οὐ νιφετοῖς ἔτι γαῖα παλύνεται, ὑγροχύτου δὲ
ὄμβρου λειπομένου περιβόσκεται αὐχμὸς ἀρούρης
αὔλακα, καρπὸν ἔχων ἀχρήιον· ἀγρονόμοις δὲ
ἀντὶ κελαινεφέος κικλήσκεται ἀννέφελος Ζεύς.
ἀστεροπαί, Κρονίωνι πυρώδεα ῥήξατε φωνήν,
Ζηνὶ γυναιμανέοντι, φίλοι, φθέγξασθε, κεραυνοί.
ἀλλὰ βαρυζήλων ἀχέων ποινήτορες Ἥρης
εἰς Σεμέλην ἔρχεσθε γαμοστόλοι, ἔδνα δὲ μίτρης
λισσομένη φλογόεντας ἐοὺς δέξαιτο φονήας."
Τοῖα μὲν ἀφθόγγοις Διὸς ἔντεσιν ἴαχεν Ἥρη
ἀχνυμένη, φθονερῷ δὲ χόλῳ κυμαίνετο δαίμων.
Καὶ Σεμέλη βαρύδεσμος ἑῷ νεοπενθεὶ θυμῷ
ἀστεροπὴν ποθέουσα, πυραυγέα πομπὸν Ἐρώτων,
μεμφομένοις στομάτεσσιν ἑὸν λιτάνευεν ἀκοίτην,
Ἡραίης ἐθέλουσα πυριστεφέος τύπον εὐνῆς·
"Πρὸς Δανάης λίτομαί σε ῥυηφενέων ὑμεναίων,
δὸς χάριν, Εὐρώπης κερόεις πόσις· αἰδέομαι γὰρ
κικλήσκειν Σεμέλης σε, τὸν ὡς ὄναρ εἶδον, ἀκοίτην,
Ἀκρίσιος Κάδμοιο μακάρτερος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
ἤθελον, εἰ χρύσειον ἴδον γάμον, ὑέτιε Ζεῦ,
εἰ μὴ τοῦτο γέρας σέο Περσέος ἥρπασε μήτηρ·

* As Typhoeus did in bk. i. † Father of Danaë.

beside the heavenly throne she saw the weapons of Zeus lying without their owner; and as if they could hear, she addressed them in friendly cajoling words:

270 "Dear Thunder, has Zeus my cloudgatherer deserted you too then? Who has stolen you again and left your owner naked? Thunder, you have been plundered! But Typhoeus has nothing to do with it. The same has happened to Hera, my comforter: Rainy Zeus has a bride to look after and neglects us both. The earth is no more sprinkled with showers: the downfall of rain has ceased, drought feeds on the plowland furrows and makes the crops worthless, the countryman speaks no more of Cloudy Zeus but Zeus Cloudless. My dear Lightnings, utter your fiery appeal to Cronion, call upon womanmad Zeus, my thunderbolts! Avenge the jealous pain of Hera, attend upon Semele's wedding! Let her pray for a wedding-gift and receive her own fiery destroyers!"

284 Such was the appeal of sorrowing Hera to the voiceless weapons, while the goddess was boiling with jealousy and fury.

288 But Semele heavily fettered with this new distress for her temper, longed for the lightning to be the fiery escort of their loves; and she complained to Zeus, as she prayed for a show of fires about her bed like Hera:

290 "By Danaë's opulent wooing I pray, grant me this grace, horned husband of Europa! for I dare not call you Semele's husband, when I have seen you only like a dream! Acrisios[9] was more blessed than Cadmos; but I too should have been glad to see a wedding of gold, Zeus of the Rain, if the mother of Perseus had not first stolen that honour from thee.

ἤθελον, εἴ με κόμισσας ἐν ὕδασι ταύρος ἀδίτης
ὤμοις ὑμετέροισιν, ἵνα πλάζοιτο καὶ αὐτὸς
γνωτὸς ἐμὸς Πολύδωρος, ἀλήμονος ἅρπαγα νύμφης
μαστεύων, ἅτε Κάδμος, ἐμὸν Κρονίωνα φορῆα.
ἀλλὰ τί μοι βοέοιο γάμου τύπος ἢ νιφετοῖο;
οὐκ ἐθέλω γέρας ἴσον, ὅ περ χθονίη λάχε νύμφη.
Εὐρώπῃ λίπε ταῦρον, ἔα Δανάῃ χύσιν ὄμβρου·
Ἥρης μοῦνος ἔχει με γάμων φθόνος.
εἴ με γεραίρεις,
παστὸν ἐμὸν κόσμησον ἐπουρανίῳ σέο πυρσῷ
αἰθύσσων νεφέων ἐρόεν σέλας, ἀστεροπὴν δὲ
ἕδνον ἐμῆς φιλότητος ἀπειθέι δεῖξον Ἀγαύῃ·
Αὐτονόη φρίξειεν ἐμῷ παρὰ γείτονι παστῷ
νυμφοκόμων ἀίουσα μέλος βρονταῖον Ἐρώτων,
σύμβολον αὐτοβόητον ἀκηρύκτων σέο λέκτρων.
δὸς δέ, περιπτύξαιμι φίλην φλόγα καὶ φρένα τέρψω
ἀστεροπῆς ψαύουσα καὶ ἀμφαφόωσα κεραυνούς,
δός μοι σῶν θαλάμων ζυγίην φλόγα· πᾶσα δὲ νύμφη
πυρσὸν ἔχει πομπῆα τελεσσιγάμων ὑμεναίων.
ἦ ῥα τεῶν γαμίων οὐκ ἄξιός εἰμι κεραυνῶν
Ἄρεος αἷμα φέρουσα καὶ ὑμετέρης Ἀφροδίτης;
δειλὴ ἐγώ· Σεμέλης μὲν ἔχει γάμος ὠκύμορον πῦρ
καὶ χθονίους λαμπτῆρας, ἐφαπτομένη δὲ κεραυνοῦ
καὶ στεροπῆς ψαύουσα τεὴ νυμφεύεται Ἥρη.
νυμφίε τερπικέραυνε, σὺ μὲν πολυφεγγέι παστῷ
ἔνθεον εἶδος ἔχων ἐπὶ δέμνιον ἔρχεαι Ἥρης
ἀστεροπαῖς γαμίῃσι καταυγάζων σέο νύμφην
Ζεὺς πυρόεις, Σεμέλῃ δὲ δράκων ἢ ταῦρος ἱκάνεις·
κείνη μὲν βαρύδουπον Ὀλύμπιον ἦχον Ἐρώτων
εἰσαΐει, Σεμέλη δὲ τύπῳ σκιοειδέι μορφῆς
ταύρου ψευδαλέοιο νόθον μυκηθμὸν ἀκούει·
ἄψοφος εἰς ἐμὰ λέκτρα κατέρχεται ἀννέφελος Ζεύς,

I should have been glad if you had carried me on your shoulders to the waters as a travelling bull, and my brother Polydoros like Cadmos could have hunted the robber of the wandering bride, Cronion who carried me. But what have I to do with wedlock in shape of a bull or a shower? I want no honour equal to some earthly bride. Leave Europa her bull, leave Danaë her shower of gold: Hera's state is the only one I envy. If you hold me worthy of honour, deck out my chamber with your heavenly fire! Kindle a lovelight in the clouds, show incredulous Aganë the lightning as my lovegift. Let Automoë in her room close by hear the thunderous tune of our attendant Loves, and tremble at the selfannouncing token of our unpublished marriage.

"Give it—let me embrace the dear flame and rejoice my heart, touching the lightning and handling the thunderbolts! Give me the bridal flame of your own chamber; every bride has torches to escort her in the marriage procession. Am I not worthy of your bridal thunderbolts, when I have the blood of Ares and your Aphrodite? How wretched I am! Semele's wedding has quickfading fire and earthly torches,—your Hera is a bride who grasps the thunderbolt and touches the lightning! Thunderhurling bridegroom! You go to Hera's bed in divine shape, illuminating your bride with bridal lightnings until the chamber shines with many lights—fiery Zeus! but to Semele you come as dragon or a bull. She hears for her love the heavy Olympian rolling boom—Semele hears the sham bellow of a false bull under a vague shadowy shape. Soundless, cloudless,

καὶ νεφεληγερέτης ὑψαύχενι μίγνυται Ἥρῃ.
κούρης δ' αἰνογάμοιο πατὴρ ἐμὸς αἴσχεα φεύγων
ἐνδόμυχος σέο Κάδμος ἀλυσκάζει πάτον ἀνδρῶν,
αἰδόμενος ναέτῃσι φανήμεναι, ὅττι πολῖται
πάντες ἐφυβρίζουσι τεοῖς κρυφίοις ὑμεναίοις
μεμφόμενοι Σεμέλην, ὅτι φώριον ἔσχεν ἀκοίτην.
καλὸν ἐμοὶ πόρες ἔδνον ὀνείδεα θηλυτεράων·
καὶ χορὸς ἀμφιπόλων ἐμὲ μέμφεται, ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων
δειμαίνω στόμα λάβρον ἀσιγήτοιο τιθήνης.
μνώεο, τίς Τυφῶνι δολόφρονα πότμον ὑφαίνων
σοὶ πόρεν ἁρπαμένοιο πάλιν σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ·
δεῖξον ἐμῷ γενετῆρι, τά περ πόρε· γηραλέος γὰρ
Κάδμος ἀπαιτίζει με τεῆς σημήιον εὐνῆς.
οὔ πω ἐγὼ Κρονίωνος ἀληθέος εἶδον ὀπωπήν,
οὐ βλεφάρων ἀκτῖνα σελασφόρον, οὐδὲ προσώπου
μαρμαρυγὰς ἐνόησα καὶ ἀστράπτουσαν ὑπήνην·
οὔ πω ἴδον τεὸν εἶδος Ὀλύμπιον, ἀλλὰ δοκεύω
πόρδαλιν ἠὲ λέοντα, θεὸν δ' οὐκ εἶδον ἀκοίτην.
ὡς βροτὸν εἰσορόω σε θεὸν μέλλουσα λοχεύειν.
ἄλλον ἐγὼ πυθόμην φλογερὸν γάμον· Ἠέλιος γὰρ
σὺν πυρὶ νυμφιδίῳ Κλυμένην ἠγκάσσατο νύμφην.[a]
Ἔννεπεν αἰτίζουσα φίλον μόρον· ἴσα γὰρ Ἥρῃ
εἰς γάμον ἀθρῆσαι μινυώριος ἔλπετο νύμφη
μειλίχιον σπινθῆρα γαληναίοιο κεραυνοῦ.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ ἀίων
φθονεραῖς ἐπεμέμφετο Μοίραις,
καὶ Σεμέλην ἐλέαιρεν ἀώριον· ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχῳ
κερδαλέον γίνωσκεν ἀμειλίκτου χόλον Ἥρης.
Ἑρμείῃ δὲ κέλευεν ἀπὸ φλογεροῖο κεραυνοῦ

[a] A half-quotation of Hom. *Il.* vi. 202, πότον ἀνθρώπων ἀλεείνων.

Zeus comes to my bed: Cloudgatherer he mingles with Hera. Well may she hold up her head! My father shrinks from insults for a daughter unhappily married, hides in the corners of the house—your Cadmus! avoids the place where men tread,[a] ashamed to show himself to his people, because my row of maids all deride this secret union with you, and blame Semele for having a furtive bedmate.

[329] "A fine wedding-gift you have found me—the sneers of women! The attendants about me slander me, and far above the rest I fear the rough tongue of this garrulous nurse. Remember who wove the wily-witted fate for Typhon, and brought back to you the stolen spark of your thunder! Show it to my father, who got it back, for old Cadmus demands of me a proof of your bed. Never yet have I seen the countenance of the true Cronion, never beheld the flashing gleam from his eyelids, or the rays from his face, or the lustrous beard! Your Olympian shape I have never seen, but I expect a panther or lion—I have seen no god as a husband. I see you something mortal, and I am to bring forth a god! Yet I have heard of another fiery wedding: did not Helios embrace his bride Clymene with fiery nuptials?"

[340] Thus Semele prayed for her own fate: the short-lived bride hoped to be equal to Hera, and to see at her nuptials the spark of the thunderbolt gentle and peaceful.

[341] Father Zeus heard, and blamed the jealous Portioners, and pitied Semele so soon to die; but he understood the scheming resentment of implacable Hera against Bacchos. Then he ordered Hermes to catch up his newborn son out of the thunderfire when

[a] See note on vii. 291.

ἁρπάξαι νέον υἷα τεραζομένης Θυώνης*
καί τινα μῦθον ἔλεξε πατὴρ ὑψαύχενι κούρῃ·
"Ὦ γύναι,
ἦ σε δόλοισι φθονεροῖς νόον ἤπαφεν Ἥρη;
ἦ ῥα, γύναι, δοκέεις, ὅτι μείλιχοί εἰσι κεραυνοί;
τλῆθι μένειν χρόνον ἄλλον, ἕως ἔτι φόρτον ἀείρεις,
τλῆθι μένειν χρόνον ἄλλον, ἕως ἐμὸν υἷα λοχεύσῃς·
μὴ πρὸ τόκου πυρόεντος ἀποκτείνῃς με φονῆα·
σὲ στεροπὴν μεθέπουσαν Δανάη σκύζουσα γελάσσῃ,
σὲ βροντῆς κελάδημα, καὶ σὲ Τυρὼ σέο πότμου
Εὐρώπης ὑμέναιον ἀπαμβλύνοντα κεραυνόν,
οὐκ ἴδεν Ἰναχίη δυσμήλης σέλας· ἀλλὰ σὲ μούνην
θνητὴ ἀποκτείνει με, τί μὴ θεὸς ἔπλεο Λητώ."
Τόσσον ἔπος κατέλεξε καὶ οὐ μενέαινεν ἐρύξαι
νήματα Μοιράων· δι' αἰθερίων δὲ κελεύθων
ἀστράπτων πεφόρητο καὶ ἵκετο ἐς νυμφίον
οὐκ ἐθέλων ἐτέλεσσε πόθους στεροπηγερέτα Ζεύς.
καὶ Σεμέλην δ' ἐχόρευε κατηφέι χειρὶ τιταίνων
νυμφιδίους στεφάνους ἀμαρυσσομένου κεραυνοῦ·
καὶ θαλάμους στεροπῇσιν ἐλάμπετο, καὶ πυρὸς ἀτμῷ
Ἰσμηνὸς κελάρυζεν, ὅλη δ' ἐμαρμαίρετο Θήβη.
Καὶ Σεμέλη φλεγέθοντας ἰδοῦσ' ὀλέσαντα φονῆας
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε καὶ ὑψιτόνῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
"Πιερίδες οὐ χατέω λοχεύματος, οὐ χρέος αὐλοῦ·
βρονταὶ ἐμοὶ γαμίοισι Διὸς σύριγγες Ἐρώτων,
αὐλὸς ἐμοὶ κτύπος οὗτος Ὀλύμπιος, αἰθερίη δὲ
δαλὸς ἐμῶν θαλάμων στεροπῆς σέλας· οὐτιδανῶν δὲ
οὐκ ἀλέγω δαΐδων· δαΐδες δέ μοί εἰσι κεραυνοί.
εἰμὶ δάμαρ Κρονίωνος, Ἐχίονός ἐστιν Ἀγαυή,
Αὐτονόην καλέουσιν Ἀρισταίου γυναῖκα·

* Another name for Semele, hence Dionysus was also called Thyoneus.

it should strike Thyone.[a] He spoke thus in answer to the highhearted girl:

[367] "Wife, the jealous mind of Hera has deceived you by a trick. Do you really think, wife, that my thunders are gentle? Be patient until another time, for now you carry a child. Be patient until next time, and first bring forth my son. Do not demand from me the murderous fire before that birth. I had no lightning in my hand when I took Danaë's maidenhood; no booming thunder, no thunderbolts celebrated my union with your Europa, the Tyrian bride; the Inachian heifer saw no flames; you alone, a mortal, demand from me what a goddess Leto did not ask."

[367] So he spoke, but he had no thought of fighting against the threads of Fate. He passed from the bosom of the sky shooting fire, and Flashlightning Zeus the husband unwillingly fulfilled the prayer of his young wife. He danced into Semele's chamber, shaking in a reluctant hand the bridegift, those fires of thunder which were to destroy his bride. The chamber was lit up with the lightning, the fiery breath made Ismenos[a] to glitter and all Thebes to twinkle.

[385] When Semele saw her fiery murderers, she held up a proud neck and said with lofty arrogance:

[377] "I want no clearsounding cithern, I need no hollowy! Thunders are here for my panspipes of Zeus's love, this boom is my Olympian holloy, the firebrands of my bridal are the flashes of heavenly lightning! I care not for common torches, my torches are thunderbolts! I am the consort of Cronion, Aganë is only Echion's. Let them call Autonoë Aristaios's wife.

[a] One of the two rivers of Thebes.

Ἰνὼ ἔχει Νεφέλην, Σεμέλη λάχε σύγγαμον Ἥρην.
οὐ γενέτην Ἀθάμαντος ἐγὼ δέχομαι, ἀλεείνω δὲ
οὐ τέκος Ἀντιόπης κασιγνητίδα, σύγγαμον ἄλλην.
οὐ χατέω φόρμιγγος ἀλίζονος· οὐρανίη γὰρ
ἀστραίη κιθάρη Σεμέλης ὑμέναιον ἀείδει."
Ἔννεπε κυδιόωσα καὶ ἤθελε χερσὶν ἀφάσσειν
ἀστεροπὴν ἀλέτειραν, ἀφειδήσασα δὲ Μοίρης
τολμηρῇ παλάμῃ φονίου ἔψαυσε κεραυνοῦ·
καὶ γάμος ἦν Σεμέλης θανατηφόρος, ἧς ἐπὶ θεσμῷ
πυρκαϊὴν καὶ τύμβον ἐθήκατο παστὸν Ἐρινύς
καὶ λοχίοις ἀπυίει γαμήλιον ἄσθμα κεραυνοῦ
Ζηνὸς ἀφειδήσαντος ἔλην τεφρώσατο νύμφην·
καὶ στεροπὴ πέλε μαῖα, καὶ Εἰλείθυια κεραυνοί·
κόλπου δ' αἰθομένοιο διαθρῴσκοντι τεκούσης
Βάκχῳ ἀπειρεσίη μειλίσσετο φειδομένη φλόξ,
μητροφόνῳ σπινθῆρι μαραινομένων ὑμεναίων·
καὶ βρέφος ἠλιτόμηνον ἀδηλήτοιο τοκετοῦ
ἄσθμασι φειδομένοισιν ἐχυτλώσαντο κεραυνοί·
καὶ Σεμέλη πυρόεσσαν ἐσαθρήσασα τελευτὴν
ὤλετο τερπομένη λοχίων μόρον· ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
Ἵμερον, Εἰλείθυιαν, Ἐρινύας εἰν ἑνὶ παστῷ.
καὶ βρέφος ἡμιτέλεστον ἑῷ γενετῆρι λοχεῦσαι
οὐρανίῳ πυρὶ γυῖα λελουμένον ἤγαγεν Ἑρμῆς.
Ζεὺς δὲ βαρυζήλοιο μεταστρέψας νόον Ἥρης
ἄγριον ἐπρήυνε παλίλλυτον ὄγμον ἀπειλῆς,
καὶ φλογερὴν Σεμέλην
μετανάστιον εἰς πόλον ἄστρων
οὐρανὸν οἶκον ἔχουσαν ἀνήγαγε μητέρα Βάκχου
αἰθερίοις ναέτῃσιν ὁμέστιον, ὡς γένος Ἥρης,
ὡς τόκον Ἁρμονίης ἐξ Ἄρεος, ἐξ Ἀφροδίτης·
καὶ καθαρῷ λούσασα νέον δέμας αἴθοπι πυρσῷ . . .

Ino's rival is only Nephele—Semele's is Hera! I was not the wife of Athamas, I was not the mother of Actaion the forester, so quickly killed and torn by dogs. I want no lesser harp, for Cithara* the heavenly harp makes music for Semele's wedding!"

[389] So she spoke in her pride, and would have grasped the deadly lightning in her own hands—she touched the destroying thunderbolts with daring palm, careless of Fate. Then Semele's wedding was her death, and in its celebration the Avenging Spirit made her bower serve for pyre and tomb. Zeus had no mercy; the breath of the bridal thunder with its fires of delivery burnt her all to ashes.

[393] Lightning was the midwife, thunder our Lady of childbed; the heavenly flames had mercy, and delivered Bacchos struggling from the mother's burning lap when the married life was withered by the mother-murdering flash; the thunders tempered their breath to bathe the babe, untimely born but unhurt. Semele saw her fiery end, and perished rejoicing in a childbearing death. In one bridal chamber could be seen Love, Eileithyia, and the Avengers together. So the babe half-grown, and his limbs washed with heavenly fire, was carried by Hermes to his father for the lying-in.

[407] Zeus was able to change the mind of jealous Hera, to calm and undo the savage threatening resentment which burdened her. Semele consumed by the fire he translated into the starry vault; he gave the mother of Bacchos a home in the sky among the heavenly inhabitants, as one of Hera's family, as daughter of Harmonia sprung from both Ares and Aphrodite. So her new body bathed in the purifying

* A constellation, properly Lyra.

καὶ βίον ἄφθιτον ἔσχεν Ὀλύμπιον· ἀντὶ δὲ Κάδμου
καὶ χθονίου δαπέδοιο καὶ Αὐτονόης καὶ Ἀγαΐης 415
σύνθρονον Ἄρτεμιν εὗρε καὶ ὡμίλησεν Ἀθήνῃ
καὶ πόλον ἔδνον ἔδεκτο, μιῆς ψαύουσα τραπέζης
Ζηνὶ καὶ Ἑρμάωνι καὶ Ἄρεϊ καὶ Κυθερείῃ.

fire . . . she received the immortal life of the Olympians. Instead of Cadmus and the soil of earth, instead of Autonoë and Agauë, she found Artemis by her side, she had converse with Athena, she received the heavens as her wedding-gift, sitting at one table with Zeus and Hermaon and Ares and Cytherein.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΝΑΤΟΝ

Εἰς ἕνατον σκοπίαζε καὶ ὄφεαι υἱέα Μαίης
θυγατέρας τε Λάμου καὶ Μύστιδα
καὶ δρόμον Ἰνοῦς.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ
Σεμέλης φλογερῶν νωμήτορα κόλπων
ἡμιτελῆ λοχίοιο διαθρώσκοντα κεραυνοῦ
δεξάμενος Διόνυσον ἐπέρραφεν ἄρσενι μηρῷ,
μαρμαρυγὴν δ' ἀνέμιμνε τελεσσιγόνοιο Σελήνης·
καὶ παλάμη Κρονίδαο κυβερνήτειρα λοχείης
αὐτομάτη πέλε μαῖα πολυρραφέος τοκετοῖο,
παιδοτόκου λύσασα μογοστόκα νήματα μηροῦ,
καὶ Διὸς ὠδίνοντος ἴτυς θηλύνετο μηροῦ,
καὶ πάις ἡλιτόμηνος ἀμήτορι τίκτετο θεσμῷ
ἄρσενα θηλυτέρην μετὰ γαστέρα γαστέρα βαίνων.
τὸν μὲν ὑπερκύφαντα θεηγενέος τοκετοῖο
στέμματι κισσήεντι λεχωΐδες ἔστεφον Ὧραι
ἐσσομένων κήρυκες, ἐπ' ἀνθοκόμῳ δὲ καρήνῳ
εὐκεράων σκολιῇσιν ὑπὸ σπείρῃσι δρακόντων
ταυροφυῆ Διόνυσον ἐμιτρώσαντο κεράστην.
Καί μιν ἔσω Δρακάνοιο λεχώιον ἀμφὶ κολώνην
πήχεϊ κολπωθέντι λαβὼν Μαιήιος Ἑρμῆς
ἠερόθεν πεπότητο· λοχευομένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
πατρῴην ἐπέθηκεν ἐπωνυμίην τοκετοῖο
κικλήσκων Διόνυσον, ἐπεὶ ποδὶ φόρτον ἀείρων

BOOK IX

Look into the ninth, and you will see the son of Maia, and the daughters of Lamos, and Mystis, and the flight of Ino.

Zeus the Father received Dionysus after he had broken out of his mother's fiery lap and leapt through the delivering thunders half-formed; he sewed him in his manly thigh, while he waited upon the light of the moon which was to bring him to birth. Then the hand of Cronides guiding the birth was his own midwife to the sewn-up child, by cutting the labouring threads in his pregnant thigh. So the rounded thigh in labour became female, and the boy too soon born was brought forth, but not in a mother's way, having passed from a mother's womb to a father's. No sooner had he peeped out by this divine delivery, than the childbed Seasons crowned him with an ivy-garland in presage of things to come; they wreathed the horned head of a bull-shaped Dionysus with twining horned snakes under the flowers.

[10] Hermes Maia's son received him near the birth-place hill of Dracanum,* and holding him in the crook of his arm flew through the air. He gave the new-born Lyaios a surname to suit his birth, and called him Dionysus, or Zeus-limp, because Zeus while he

* In the island of Icarus.

ἥιε χωλαίνων Κρονίδης βεβριθότι μηρῷ,
νῦσος ὅτι γλώσσῃ Συρακοσσίδι χωλὸς ἀκούει·
καὶ θεὸν ἀρτιλόχευτον ἐφήμισαν Εἰραφιώτην,
ὅττί μιν εὐώδινι πατὴρ ἐρράφατο μηρῷ.
Καί μιν ἀχυτλώτοιο διαΐσσοντα λοχείης
πήχεϊ κοῦρον ἄδακρυν ἐκούφισε σύγγονος Ἑρμῆς,
καὶ βρέφος εὐκεράοιο φυῆς ἴνδαλμα Σελήνης
ὤπασε θυγατέρεσσι Λάμου ποταμηίσι Νύμφαις,
παῖδα Διὸς κομέειν σταφυληκόμον· αἱ δὲ λαβοῦσαι
Βάκχον ἐπηχύναντο, καὶ εἰς στόμα παιδὸς ἑκάστη
ἀθλιβέων γλαγόεσσαν ἀνέβλυεν ἱκμάδα μαζῶν.
καὶ πάις ἀντικέλευθον ἐς οὐρανὸν ὄμμα τιταίνων
ὕπτιος ἦεν ἄυπνος, ἀμοιβαίῃσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
ἠέρα λακτίζων διδυμάονι τέρπετο παλμῷ,
καὶ πόλον ἐσκοπίαζεν ἀήθεα, θαμβαλέος δὲ
πατρῴην ἐγέλασσεν ἴτυν δεδοκημένος ἄστρων.
Καὶ βρέφος ἀθρήσασα Διὸς μαστίζετο νύμφη·
θυγατέρες δὲ Λάμοιο χόλῳ βαρυμήνιος Ἥρης
δαιμονίης κακότητος ἐβακχεύθησαν ἱμάσθλῃ·
ἐν δὲ δόμῳ δμωῇσιν ἐπέχραον, ἐν τριόδοις δὲ
ξεινοφόνῳ δαίτρευον ὠδοιπόρον ἄνδρα μαχαίρῃ·
φρικαλέαι δ' ἀλάλαζον, ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγι δὲ ῥιπῇ
ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐλέλιζον ἀκοσμήτοιο προσώπου·
πάντῃ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα νοοπλανέεσσι μενοιναῖς
ἔτρεχον ἀσταθέων τροχαλῷ σκιρτήματι ταρσῶν·
καὶ πλοκάμους βάκχευον ἐς ἠέρα θυιάδες αὖραι
πλαζομένους· κροκόεις δὲ περὶ στέρνοισιν ἑκάστης
ἀφροκόμῳ ῥαθάμιγγι χιτὼν λευκαίνετο κούρης.
καί νύ κε φοιταλέης ἑτερόφρονι κύματι λύσσης
νήπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ.

* It need hardly be said that these etymologies are wrong.

carried his burden lifted his foot with a limp from the weight of his thigh, and *agnos* in the Syracusan language means limping. So he dubbed Zeus newly delivered Firaphiotes, or Father Botcher, because he had sewed up the baby in his breeding thigh.[a]

[25] Thus Hermes carried upon his arm the little brother who had passed through one birth without a bath, and lay now without a tear, a baby with a good pair of horns like the Moon. He gave him in charge of the daughters of Lamos, river nymphs—the son of Zeus, the vineplanter. They received Bacchos into their arms; and each of them dropt the milky juice of her breast without pressing into his mouth. And the boy lay on his back unsleeping, and fixt his eye on the heaven above, or kicked at the air with his two feet one after the other in delight; he stared at the unfamiliar sky, and laughed in wonder to see his father's vault of stars.

[26] The consort of Zeus beheld the babe, and suffered torments. Through the wrath of resentful Hera, the daughters of Lamos were maddened by the lash of that divine mischiefmaker. In the house they attacked the servants, in the threeways they carved up the wayfaring man with alienslaying knife; they howled horribly, with violent convulsions they rolled the eyes in their disfigured faces: they scampered about this way and that way at the mercy of their wandering wits, running and skipping with restless feet, and the mad breezes made their wandering locks dance wildly into the air: the yellow shaft round the bosom of each was whitened with drops of foam from the lips of the girls. Indeed they would have chopt up little Bacchos a baby still piecemeal in

εἰ μὴ ἀστηρίκτοιο ποδὸς λαιψηρῷ ταρσῷ
Βάκχον ὑποκλέψας πτερόεις πάλιν ἥρπασεν Ἑρμῆς,
καὶ βρέφος ἀρτικόμιστον ἔχων ζωαρκέι κόλπῳ
εἰς δόμον ἀρτιτόκοιο λεχωίδος ἤγαγεν Ἰνοῦς.
Ἡ μὲν ἀνηέρταζεν ἑῆς προθύροισι λοχείης
νήπιον εἰσέτι κοῦρον, ἐπωλένιον Μελικέρτην,
παιδοκόμοις παλάμῃσιν· ἀνοιδαίνοντο δὲ μαζοὶ
θλιβομένοιο γάλακτος ἀναβλύζοντες ἐέρσῃ,
καὶ φιλίοις στομάτεσσι θεὸς μελίζετο νύμφην
θέσκελον ὀρφνήεντι χέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνι·
"Δέξο, γύναι, νέον υἷα, τεῷ δ' ἐνικάτθεο κόλπῳ
παῖδα κασιγνήτης Σεμέλης σέθεν, ὃν παρὰ πατρὶ
οὐ στεροπῆς ἀμάθυνεν ὅλον σέλας, οὐδέ μιν αὐτοῦ
μητροφόνου σπινθῆρες ἐδηλήσαντο κεραυνοῦ.
καὶ βρέφος ἀγλαΐηντι δόμῳ πεφυλαγμένον ἔστω,
μηδέ μιν ἀθρήσειεν ἔσω γλαφυροῖο μελάθρου
ἠμάτιον Φαέθοντος ἢ ἔννυχον ὄμμα Σελήνης,
μηδέ ἑ κουρίζοντα, καὶ εἰ ταυρῶπις ἀκούει,
ζηλήμων βαρύμηνις ἴδῃ κεκαλυμμένον Ἥρη.
δέξο κασιγνήτης σέθεν υἱέα· σοὶ δὲ Κρονίων
ἄξια σῶν καμάτων ὀπάσει θρεπτήρια κούρου.
ὀλβίη ἐν πάσῃσι θυγατράσιν ἔπλεο Κάδμου·
ἤδη γὰρ Σεμέλη φλογερῷ δέδμητο βελέμνῳ,
Αὐτονόην δὲ θανόντι σὺν υἱέι γαῖα καλύψει,
ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἕνα τύμβον ἀναστήσειε Κιθαιρών,
καὶ μόρον οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐπαθρήσειεν Ἀγαυὴ
Πενθέος ὀλλυμένοιο, νόθης φαύσασα κονίης,
παιδοφόνος γεγαυῖα λιπόπτολις· ἀλλὰ σὺ μούνη

[a] See note to v. 556.

the distracted flood of their vagabond madness, had not Hermes come on the wing and stolen Bacchos again with a robber's untracked footsteps: the babe lately brought he caught up, and carried in his life-protecting bosom, until he brought him to the house where Ino had lately brought forth a son.

[55] She was nursing her boy Melicertes,[a] lately born and a baby still, and held him in her arms with caressing hands; her swelling breasts dropt the dew of the bursting milk. The god spoke to her in friendly coaxing tones, and let pass a divine message from his prophetic throat:

[61] "Madam, receive a new son; lay in your bosom the child of Semele your sister. Not the full blaze of the lightning destroyed him in her chamber; even the sparks of the thunderbolt which killed his mother did him no harm. Let the child be kept safe in a gloomy room, and let neither the Sun's eye by day nor the Moon's eye by night see him in your roofed hall. Cover him up, that jealous resentful Hera may never see him playing, though she is said to have eyes to see a bull.[b] Receive your sister's boy, and you shall have from Cronion a reward for his nurture worthy of your pains. Happy are you among all the daughters of Cadmos! for already Semele has been brought low by a fiery bolt; Autonoë shall lie under the earth with her dead son, and Cithairon[c] will set up one tomb for both; Agauë shall see the fate of Pentheus among the hills, and she shall touch his ashes all deceived.[d] A sonslayer she shall be, and

[a] Nonnos seems to play with Hera's epithet βοῶπις, "cow-eyed," making it ταυρῶπις and giving that the sense of "bull-eying," i.e. able to see the young bull god Dionysos.

[b] A mountain between Boeotia and Attica.

[d] Sense and reading are alike most uncertain here.

ἔσσεαι αὐχήεσσα, τόσης ναέτειρα θαλάσσης,
οἶκον ἀμειβομένη Ποσιδήιον, εἰναλίη δὲ
ὡς Θέτις, ὡς Γαλάτεια φατίζεαι Ἰνὼ·
οὐ χθονίῳ κενεῶνι κατακρύφει σε Κιθαιρών,
ἀλλὰ σὺ Νηρείδων μία γίνεαι· ἀντὶ δὲ Κάδμου
ἐλπίδι λωιτέρῃ καλέσῃς Νηρῆα τοκῆα
παιδὶ τεῷ ζώουσα σὺν ἀθανάτῳ Μελικέρτῃ,
Λευκοθέη, κρατέουσα χυτῆς κλῃδὰ γαλήνης,
εὐπλοΐης μεδέουσα μετ' Αἰόλον· εὐδιόων δὲ
σοὶ πίσυνος πλεύσειε φιλέμπορος εἰν ἁλὶ ναύτης
βωμὸν ἕνα στήσας ἐνοσίχθονι καὶ Μελικέρτῃ,
ῥέζων ἀμφοτέροισι· θαλασσαίοιο δὲ δίφρου
δέξεται ἡνιοχῆα Παλαίμονα κυανοχαίτης."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἀκίχητος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἔδραμεν Ἑρμῆς
ἠέρι δινεύων ἀνεμώδεα ταρσὰ πεδίλων.
Ἰνὼ δ' οὐκ ἀπίθησε, φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
παιδοκόμῳ πήχυνεν ἀμήτορα Βάκχον ἀγοστῷ,
πήχεϊ δ' ἁπλώσασα συνωρίδα δίζυγα παίδων
δίζυγα μαζὸν ὄρεξε Παλαίμονι καὶ Διονύσῳ·
καὶ βρέφος ἀμφιπόλῳ παρεθήκατο Μύστιδι νύμφῃ,
Μύστιδι καλλικόμῳ Σιδωνίδι, τὴν ἔτι κούρην
Κάδμος ἀνηέξησε πατὴρ θαλαμηπόλον Ἰνοῦς·
ἣ τότε Βάκχον ἑλοῦσα θεοτρεφέων ἀπὸ μαζῶν
ἀπροϊδὴ ζοφόεντι κατεκλήισσε βερέθρῳ.
καὶ Διὸς αὐτοβόητος ἀπαγγέλλουσα λοχείην
μαρμαρυγὴ σελάγιζε, καταυγάζουσα προσώπου·
τοῖχοι δ' ἀχλυόεντες ἐλευκαίνοντο μελάθρου,
καὶ ζόφον ἔκρυφε φέγγος ἀθηήτου Διονύσου.
καὶ Βρομίῳ παίζοντι παρέζετο πάννυχος Ἰνὼ·
πολλάκι δ' ἀστήρικτος ἀναθρώσκων Μελικέρτης
χείλεσιν ἀντιτύποισιν ἀνέσπασε γείτονα θηλὴν

a banished woman, but you alone shall be proud; you shall inhabit the mighty sea and settle in Poseidon's house; in the brine like Thetis, like Galateia, your name shall be Ino of the Waters. Cithaeron shall not hide you in the hollow earth, but you shall be one of the Nereids. Instead of Cadmos, you shall call Nereus father, with happier hopes. You shall ever live with Melicertes your immortal son as Leucothea, holding the key of calm waters, mistress of good voyaging next to Aiolos.[a] The merchant seaman trusting in you shall have a fine-weather voyage over the brine; he shall set up one altar for the Earthshaker and Melicertes, and do sacrifice to both together; Seabluehair shall accept Palaimon[b] as guide for his coach of the sea."

[80] With these words Hermes was off into the sky unapproachable, twirling in the air the wind-swift soles of his shoes. And Ino was not disobedient. With loving care she held the motherless Bacchos in her nursing arm, and laying out the pair, the two children, upon it offered her two breasts to Palaimon and Dionysos. She gave the baby in charge to Mystis her attendant maid, Mystis the fine-haired Sidonian, whom Cadmos had brought up from a girl to attend in Ino's chamber. She then took Bacchos away from those gulf-feeding breasts, and hid him from all eyes in a dark pit. But a brilliant light shone from his face, which declared of itself the off-spring of Zeus: the gloomy walls of the house grew bright, and the light of unseen Dionysos hid the darkness. All night long Ino sat beside Bromios as he played. Often Melicertes jumped up with wavering steps and pressed his lips to pull at the other

[a] God of the winds. [b] Melicertes.

Εὔια παππάζοντι παρερπύζων Διονύσῳ.
  Καὶ θεὸν ἔτρεφε Μύστις ἐῆς μετὰ μαζὸν ἀνάσσης
ὄμμασιν ἀγρύπνοισι παρεδρήσσουσα Λυαίῳ
καὶ πινυτῇ θεράπαινα φερώνυμα Μύστιδι τέχνῃ
ὄργια νυκτελίοιο διδασκομένη Διονύσου
καὶ τελετὴν ἄγρυπνον ἐπεντύνουσα Λυαίῳ
πρώτη ῥόπτρον ἔσεισεν, ἐπεπλατάγησε δὲ Βάκχῳ
κύμβαλα δινεύουσα περίδρομα δίζυγι χαλκῷ,
πρώτη νυκτιχόρευτον ἀναψαμένη φλόγα πεύκης
Εὔιον ἐσμαράγησεν ἀκοιμήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
πρώτη σαμπτιδίων ἄνθος ἀναδρέψασα κορύμβων
ἄπλοκον ἀμπελόεντι κόμην μιτρώσατο δεσμῷ,
αὐτὴ δ' ἔπλεκε θύρσον ὁμόζυγον οἴνοπι κισσῷ,
ἀκροτάτῳ δὲ σίδηρον ἐπεσφήκωσε κορύμβῳ
κευθόμενον πετάλοισιν, ὅπως μὴ Βάκχον ἀμύξῃ·
καὶ φιάλας γυμνοῖσιν ἐπὶ στέρνοισι καθάψαι
χαλκείας ἐνόησε καὶ ἐξέα δέρματα νεβρῶν
καὶ τελετῆς ζαθέης ἐγκύμονα μύστιδα κίστην
παίγνια κουρίζοντι διδασκομένη Διονύσῳ·
πρώτη ἐχιδνήεντα κατὰ χροὸς ἧψεν ἱμάντα
σύμπλοκον, εἰλικόεις δὲ δράκων περὶ δίπλακα μίτρην
ἅμματα κυκλώσας ὀφιώδεϊ κάμπτετο δεσμῷ.
  Τὸν δὲ πολυκλήιστον ὑπὸ σφρηγῖδα μελάθρου
ὄμμασιν ἀπλανέεσσιν ἴδεν πανεπίσκοπος Ἥρη
Μύστιδος ἀφράστοιο μυχῷ πεφυλαγμένον οἴκου
καὶ Στυγὸς ὑστερόποινον ἐπώμοσε νέρτερον ὕδωρ
παντοίῃ κακότητι καταπλύζειν δόμον Ἰνοῦς.
καί νύ κεν ἠμάλδυνε Διὸς γόνον· ἀλλά μιν Ἑρμῆς
ἁρπάξας ἐκόμισσε Κυβηλίδος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης·
Ἥρη δ' ὠκυπέδιλος ἐπέδραμεν εὔποδι ταρσῷ
ὑψόθεν ἀστήρικτος· ὁ δὲ δρόμον ἔφθασεν Ἥρης,
πρωτογόνου δὲ Φάνητος ἀτέρμονα δύσατο μορφήν·

breast, as he crawled close to Bacchos babbling "Euoi!"

111 Mystis also nursed the god after her mistress's breast, watching by the side of Lyaios with sleepless eyes. The clever handmaid taught him the art that bears her name, the mystic rites of Dionysos in the night. She prepared the unsleeping worship for Lyaios, she first shook the rattle, and clanged the swinging cymbals with the resounding double bronze; she first kindled the nightdancing torch to a flame, and cried Euion to sleepless Dionysos; she first plucked the curving growth of ivy-clusters, and tied her flowing hair with a wreath of vine; she alone entwined the thyrsus with purple ivy, and wedged on the top of the clusters an iron spike, covered with leaves that it might not scratch Bacchos. She thought of fitting plates of bronze over the naked breast, and fawnskins over the hips. She taught Dionysos to play with the mystical casket teeming with sacred things of worship, and to use them as his childish toys. She first fastened about her body a belt of braided vipers, where a serpent coiling round the belt on both sides with encircling bonds was twisted into a snaky knot.

122 Here behind the many keys and seals of the palace allseeing Hera spied him with her infallible eyes, guarded by Mystis in that hidden corner of the house. Then she swore by the infernal water of afteravenging Styx, that she would drown the house of Ino in a flood of innumerable woes. Indeed she would have destroyed the son of Zeus; but Hermes caught him up, and carried him to the wooded ridge where Cybele dwelt. Moving fast, Hera ran swift-shoe on quick feet from high heaven; but he was before her, and assumed the eternal shape of first-

καὶ θεὸν ἀζομένη πρωτόσπορον εἴκαθεν Ἥρη
ψευδομένοις ἀπάταις ὑποστρέψασα προσώπῳ.
οὐδὲ νόθης ἐνόησε δολοπλόκον εἰκόνα μορφῆς·
κουφοτέροις δὲ πόδεσσιν ὀρεσσιάδα πέζαν ἀμείβων,
χερσὶ περιπλεκέεσσι κερασφόρον υἷα κομίζων,
μητρὶ Διὸς γενέτῃ λεοντοβότῳ πόρε Ῥείῃ,
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἀρεσσάμενος θεαίνῃ·
"Δέξο, θεά, νέον υἷα τεοῦ Διός, ὃν μόθον Ἰνδῶν
ἠιθέοις μετὰ γαῖαν ἐλεύσεται εἰς πόλον ἄστρων,
Ἥρης χωομένης μεγάλης χάρις· οὐ γὰρ ἐῴκει,
ὃν Κρονίδης ὤδινεν, ἔχειν κουροτρόφον Ἰνώ·
μαῖα Διωνύσοιο Διὸς γενέτειρα γενέσθω,
μήτηρ Ζηνὸς ἐοῦσα καὶ υἱωνοῖο τιθήνη."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ταχύγουνος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἤλυθεν Ἑρμῆς
κυκλώσας βαλίοισιν ὑπόπτερον ταρσὸν ἀήταις·
αὐτογόνου δὲ Φάνητος ὑπέρτερον εἶδος ἀμείψας
ἀρχαίην παλίνορσος ἑὴν ἀνεδύσατο μορφὴν
μητέρα παιδοκόμῳ παλιναυξέα Βάκχου ἐάσας.
Τὸν δὲ θεὰ κομέεσκε καὶ εἰσέτι νήπιον ὄντα
ἅρματος ὠμοβόροιο ἐπεμβήτορα θῆκε λεόντων·
καὶ τροχαλοὶ Κορύβαντες ὅπως θεοδέγμονος αὐλῆς
παιδοκόμῳ Διόνυσον ἐμετρήσαντο χορείῃ,
καὶ ξίφεα κτυπέεσκον, ἀμοιβαίῃσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
ἀσπίδας ἐκρούσαντο κυβιστητῆρι σιδήρῳ
κουροσύνην κλέπτοντες ἀεξομένου Διονύσου·
καὶ πάις εἰσαΐων σακέων μυκήμονα ἠχὼ
πατρῴαις κομιδῇσιν ἀεξήθη Κορυβάντων.
καὶ νέος ἐννεάτηρος ἔχων θηροφόνον ἄγρην

a A mystic divinity in the system of the Orphics, often called by this epithet, because he was the first-born of the primeval world-egg.

born Phanes.[a] Hera in respect for the most ancient of the gods, gave him place and bowed before the radiance of the deceiving face, not knowing the borrowed shape for a fraud. So Hermes passed over the mountain tract with quicker step than hers, carrying the horned child folded in his arms, and gave it to Rhea, nurse of Ions, mother of Father Zeus, and said these few words to the goddess mother of the greatest:

140 "Receive, goddess, a new son of your Zeus! He is to fight with the Indians, and when he has done with earth he will come into the starry sky, to the great joy of resentful Hera! Indeed it is not proper that Ino should be nurse to one whom Zeus brought forth. Let the mother of Zeus be nanny to Dionysos—mother of Zeus and nurse of her grandson!"

145 This said, Hermes rose quickest to the sky, rounding his wings under the rushing breezes. There he put off the higher shape of self-born Phanes and put on his own form again, leaving Bacchos to grow a second time[b] in the Mother's nurture.

160 The goddess took care of him; and while he was yet a boy, she set him to drive a car drawn by ravening lions. Within that god-welcoming courtyard, the tripping Corybants[c] would surround Dionysos with their child-cherishing dance, and clash their swords, and strike their shields with rebounding steel in alternate movements, to conceal the growing boyhood of Dionysos; and as the boy listened to the fostering noise of the shields he grew up under the care of the Corybants like his father.

169 At nine years old the youngster went a-hunting

[a] Because he was Zagreus reborn.

[b] See note on ii. 695. The boy is hidden as Zeus was.

ποσσὶ μὲν ὠκυτέροισι παρέστιχεν ἴχνια λαγωοῦ,
χειρὶ δὲ νηπιάχῳ μεθέπων κεραελκέος ἐλάφου
ποικίλον ἡμάρπαζεν ἐπ' αὐχένι νεβρίδα δαίμων,
καὶ θρασὺν αἰολόνωτον ἔχων τετανυσμένον ὤμοις
τίγριν ἄνω κούφιζε μετάρσιον ἔκτοθι δεσμοῦ . . .
σκιρτῶντας χερσὶν ἔχων ἐπεδείκνυε μητέρι Ῥείῃ,
ἁρπάξας νέα τέκνα πολυγλαγέων ἀπὸ μαζῶν,
σμερδαλέους δὲ λέοντας ἔτι ζώοντας ἐρύσσας
μητέρι δῶρα τίταινεν, ἵνα ζεύξειεν ἀπήνῃ
δίζυγας ἀμφοτέρῃσι πόδας παλάμῃσι πιέζων.
θαμβαλέη δὲ γέλασσε γεγηθότι δέρκετο Ῥείη
ἠνορέην καὶ ἄεθλα νεηγενέος Διονύσου·
καὶ βλοσυρῶν Ἰόβακχον ἰδὼν ἐλατῆρα λεόντων
ὄμμασι τερπομένοισι πατὴρ ἐγέλασσε Κρονίων.
καὶ χνοῒ λαχνήεντας ἀνεγλαίνωσε γενείας
Εὐίου ἀρτιτέλεστον ἔχων παιδήιον ἥβην,
δαιδαλέην ἐλάφοιο φέρων ὤμοισι καλύπτρην,
αἰθερίου μιμηλὸν ἔχων τύπον αἰόλον ἄστρων·
καὶ Φρυγίης ὑπὸ πέζαν ἐς αὔλια λύγκας ἐλάσσας
στικτοὺς παρδαλίεσσιν ἑῇ ἔζευξεν ἀπήνῃ,
οἷά τε πατρῴων δαπέδων ἰνδάλματα γραφάων·
πολλάκι δ' ἀθανάτης ἐποχημένος ἅρματι Ῥείης,
βαιῇ χειρὶ φέρων ἀπαλόχροα κύκλα χαλινοῦ,
κραιπνὸν ἐπειγομένων ἀνεσείρασεν ἅρμα λεόντων·
καὶ Διὸς ὑψιμέδοντος ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θάρσος ἀέξων
δεξιτερὴν ἐτίταινεν ἐπὶ στόμα λυσσάδος ἄρκτου,
σμερδαλέαις γενύεσσιν ἀταρβέα δάκτυλα βάλλων,
δάκτυλα κουρίζοντα· καὶ ἵστατο μειλιχίη θὴρ
νηπιάχῳ στόμα δοῦλον ἐπιτρέψασα Λυαίῳ,
καὶ κύσε καρχαλέοισι φιλήμασι δάκτυλα Βάκχου.
Ὣς ὁ μὲν ηὔξητο φιλοσκοπέλῳ παρὰ Ῥείῃ
ἀρτιθαλὴς ἔτι κοῦρος ὀρίτροφος. ἀμφὶ δὲ πέτραις

his game to the kill. He passed the coursing hare with feet quicker still; following after the strong pricket's speed, he would lift with childish hand the dappled fawn and carry it over his neck; he would hold lightly aloft stretched on his shoulders a bold full-striped tiger unshackled, and brought in hand to show Rheia the cubs he had torn newborn from the dam's milky teats. He dragged horrible lions all alive, and clutching a couple of feet in each hand presented them to the Mother that she might yoke them to her car. Rheia looked on laughing with joy, and admired the manliness and doughty feats of young Dionysus; his father Cronion laughed when he saw with delighted eyes Iobacchos driving the grim lions.

[180] The time of boyhood just came, Euios draped fawny tunics upon his body, and carried to cover his shoulders the dappled skin of a stag, imitating the sky spotted with stars. He drove lynxes to his stables in the Phrygian plain, and yoked speckled panthers to his cart as if to make it like the plave where his father dwelt. Often he stood in the chariot of immortal Rheia, and held the flowing reins in his tender-skin hand, and checked the nimble team of galloping lions. The boldness of Zeus high and mighty grew in his heart, until he stretched his right hand to the snout of a mad she-bear and laid fearless fingers on the terrible jaws, playful fingers: gentle stood the beast, and left her mouth a slave of youthful Lyaios, and kissed Bassleus's fingers with rough kisses.

[190] Thus he grew up beside chiffloving Rheia, yet a boy in healthy youth, mountain-bred. Circles of

Πᾶνες ἐκυκλώσαντο χοροίτυπον υἷα Θυώνης,
ποσσὶ δασυκνήμοισι περισκαίροντες ἐρίπναις,
Βάκχον ἀνευάζοντες· ἑλισσομένων δὲ χορείῃ
αἰγείη κροτάλιζε ποδῶν σκιρτήματι χηλή.
Καὶ Σεμέλη κατ' Ὄλυμπον ἔτι πνείουσα κεραυνοῦ
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε καὶ ὑψινόῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
"Ἥρη, ἐσυλήθης· Σεμέλης τόκος ἐστὶν ἀρείων·
Ζεὺς ἐμὸν υἷα λόχευσε καὶ ἀντ' ἐμέθεν πέλε μήτηρ,
σπείρε πατὴρ καὶ ἔτικτε, τὸν ἤρωσεν, αὐτοτόκῳ δὲ
γαστρὶ νόθῃ τέκε παῖδα, φύσιν δ' ἤλλαξεν ἀνάγκῃ.
Βάκχος Ἐνυαλίου πέλε φέρτερος· ὑμέτερον γὰρ
ἤροσε μοῦνον Ἄρηα καὶ οὐ τεκνώσατο μηρῷ.
Θήβη δ' Ὀρτυγίης κλέος ἔκρυφεν· οὐρανίη γὰρ
λάθριον Ἀπόλλωνα διωκομένη τέκε Λητώ·
Λητὼ Φοῖβον ἔτικτε, καὶ οὐκ ὤδινε Κρονίων·
Ἑρμείαν τέκε Μαῖα, καὶ οὐκ ἐλόχευσεν ἀκοίτης·
ἀμφαδίην δ' ἐμὸν υἷα πατὴρ τέκεν. ἁ μέγα θαῦμα,
δέρκεο σῆς Διόνυσον ἐν ἀγκαλίδεσσι τεκούσης
πήχεϊ παιδοκόμῳ περικείμενον· ἀενάου δὲ
ἡ ταμίη κόσμοιο, θεῶν πρωτόσπορος ἀρχή,
παμμήτωρ, Βρομίου τροφὸς ἔπλετο· νηπιάχῳ γὰρ
Βάκχῳ μαζὸν ὄρεξε, τὸν ἔσπασεν ὑψιμέδων Ζεύς.
τίς Κρονίδης ὤδινε, τίς ἔτρεφεν Ἄρεα Ῥείη
παῖδα τεόν; Κυβέλη δὲ φατιζομένη σέο μήτηρ
Ζῆνα τέκεν καὶ Βάκχον ἀνέτρεφεν εἰν ἐνὶ κόλπῳ·
ἀμφοτέρους ἤειρε καὶ υἱέα καὶ γενετῆρα.
οὐδὲ τόκῳ Σεμέλης ἀπάτωρ Ἥφαιστος ἐρίζοι
ἄσπορος ἐκ γενετῆρος, ὃν αὐτόγονος τέκεν Ἥρη

* The older name of Delos.

Pans among the rocks came about the dance-beating son of Thyone, skipping around the crags on shaggy-knee legs and crying "Euoi!" to Bacchos; and the goatfoot hooves rattled in their capers, as they went round and round in the dance.

206 And Semele in Olympos, with a breath of the thunderbolts still about her, lifted a proud neck and cried with haughty voice—

209 "Hera, you are ruined! Semele's son has beaten you! Zeus brought forth my son, he was the mother to my place! The father begot, the father brought forth his begotten. He brought forth a child from a makeshift womb of his own, and forced nature to change. Bacchos was stronger than Enyalios; your Ares he only begot, and never chikled with his thigh! Thebes has eclipsed the glory of Ortygia!" For Leto the divine was chased about, and brought forth Apollo on the sly; Leto brought forth Phoibos. Cronion had no labour for him; Maia brought forth Hermes, her husband did not deliver him; but my son was brought forth openly by his father. Here's a great miracle! See Dionysos in the arms of your own mother, he lies on that cherishing arm! The Dispenser of the eternal universe, the first sown Beginning of the gods, the All-mother, became a nurse for Bromios; she offered to infant Bacchos the breast which Zeus High and Mighty has sucked! What Cronides was ever in labour, what Rheia was ever nurse for your boy? But this Cybele who is called your mother brought forth Zeus and suckled Bacchos in the same lap! She dandled them both, the son and the father. No fatherless Hephaistos could rival Semele's child, none unbegotten of a father whom Hera brought forth by her own be-

λεπταλέων σκαίροντα ποδῶν ἑτεροπλανεῖ ταρσῷ,
μητρυιὴν ἀτέλεστον ὑποκλέπτοντα λοχείην.
οὐ Σεμέλη τόδε Μαῖα πανείκελον, ἣν πάις Ἑρμῆς
ἰσοφανὴς δολόεις, κεκορυθμένος οἷά περ Ἄρης,
Ἥρην ἠπεροπεύσας, ἕως γλάγος ἔσπασε μαζῶν.
εἴξατέ μοι· Σεμέλη γὰρ ἐὸν τόκον ἔλλαχε μούνη
τὴν αὐτὴν ἀρύοντα καὶ ἀθάνατον γενέθλην.
ὀλβίστη Σεμέλη χαίρει νέῳ· ἡμετέρης γάρ
νόσφι δόλου Διόνυσος ἐλεύσεται εἰς χορὸν ἄστρων
αἰθέρα ναιετάων πατρώιον, ὅττι θεαίνης
τοσσατίης ἀπεδέξατο θεοτρεφέος γάλα θηλῆς·
ἵξεται αὐτοκέλευστος ἐς οὐρανόν, οὐδὲ χατίζει
Ἡραίοιο γάλακτος ἀρείονα μαζὸν ἀμέλξαι."

Εἶπεν ἀγαλλομένη καὶ ἐν αἰθέρι· χωομένη δὲ
Ζηνὸς ἀνεπτοίησε δάμαρ μεταναστίον Ἰνώ,
ἀπροϊδὴς Ἀθάμαντος ἐπεμβαίνουσα μελάθρῳ,
εἰσέτι κουρίζοντι χολωσαμένη Διονύσῳ.

Ἐκ θαλάμων δὲ φυγοῦσα διέδραμε δύσγαμος Ἰνώ,
τρηχαλέας ἀπέδιλος ἐπιστείβουσα κολώνας,
ἴχνος ἀκηρύκτοιο μετεσσυμένη Διονύσου·
φοιταλέη δὲ βέβηκε δι' οὔρεος οὔρεα νύμφη,
ἄχρι χαραδρήεσσαν ἐδύσατο Δελφίδα Πυθώ
καὶ μόγις ἴχνος ἔκαμψε δρακοντοβότῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ
ἄσχετα παιφάσσουσα· κατὰ στέρνοιο δὲ γυμνοῦ
πενθαλέον κήρυκα διαρρήξασα χιτῶνα
αἱμομανὴς πεφόρητο· πολυπλάγκτοιο δὲ νύμφης
οἰμωγὴν ἀΐων ἑτερόθροον ἔτρεμε ποιμήν.
πολλάκι θεσπεσίῃ τριποδηΐδι σύμπλοκον ἕδρῃ
αὐχμηραῖς τριέλικτον ὄφιν σπειρηδὸν ἐθείραις
ἥρμοσε, λεπταλέῳ δὲ περισφίγξασα καρήνῳ

ᵃ He thus became her foster-son and disabled her from showing hostility to him.

getting—and now he limps about on an ill-matched pair of feeble legs to hide his mother's bungling skill in childbirth! Maia was not quite like Semele; for her son, crafty, armed himself like Ares, and looking like him, deluded Hera until he sucked the milk of her breasts.[a] Give place to me all! for Semele alone had a husband, who got and groaned for the same child. Semele is happiest, because of her son: for my Dionysos will come without scheming into the company of the stars; he will dwell in his father's heaven, because he drew milk from the goddessing teat of that mighty goddess. He will come self-summoned into the heavens; he needs not Hera's milk, for he has milked a nobler breast."

[240] She spoke exulting even in the sky; but the angry consort of Zeus fell heavily in surprise upon the house of Athamas and scared Ino into flight. She still resented the childhood of Dionysos.

[247] Ino, unhappy wife, escaped from her chamber and fled, rushing unshod over the rough mountains and searching for a trace of Dionysos, but without tidings. The nymph wandered passing from hill to hill, until she entered the ravine of Delphian Pytho. At last after intolerable wanderings she turned her step into the dragon-breeding copse.[b] She tore the shift from her naked breast in token of mourning, and roamed madly about; the shepherd trembled to hear her distracted lamentation in a language he did not know. Often she seized the serpent which coiled thrice around the divine tripod-seat, and wreathed it in spirals on her squalid hair, fastening

[a] Where Python (or Delphyne), the dragon of Delphi, had lived till killed by Apollo.

μηκεδανὴν μίτρωσε δρακοντείῳ τρίχα δεσμῷ·
παρθενικὰς δ' ἐδίωκε θεωρίδας. οὐ τότε λοιβή,
οὐδὲ θυηπολίη μεταδήμιος, οὐ παρὰ νηῷ
Δελφὸς ἀνὴρ ἐχόρευε· τανυπλέκτοιο δὲ κισσοῦ
γυιοβόροις ἑλίκεσσιν ἐμαστίζοντο γυναῖκες.
θηρητὴρ δ' ἀλέεινεν ἰδὼν ὀρεσίδρομον Ἰνώ,
καλλείψας σταλίκων λίνεον δόλον· ὑψιλόφου δὲ
αἰπόλος ἤλασεν αἶγας ὑπὸ πτύχα φωλάδα πέτρης·
καὶ βόας ἱδρώοντας ὑπὸ ζυγόδεσμον ἐλαύνων
ἅλμασιν Ἰνῴοισι γέρων ἔφριξεν ἀροτρεύς.
καὶ χθονίης σφίγξασα βοὴς ἀλλόθροον ἠχὼ
Πυθιὰς ὀμφήεσσα δι' οὔρεος ἔτρεχε κούρη,
ἠθάδα σεισαμένη κεφαλῇ Πανοπηΐδα δάφνην·
δυσαμένη δὲ κάρηνα βαθυκνήμιδος ἐρέπνης
Δελφικὸν ἄντρον ἔναιε φόβῳ λυσσώδεος Ἰνοῦς.
ἀλλὰ διεσσυμένη πολυκαμπέος ἔνδιον ὕλης
οὐ λάθεν Ἀπόλλωνα πανόψιον· ἄγχι δὲ λέχμης
οἰκτείρων ταχὺς ἦλθε, καὶ εἰς βροτὸν εἶδος ἀμείψας
νύμφης ἐγγὺς ἵκανε, καὶ ἀκρότατον δέμας Ἰνοῦς
φειδομέναις παλάμῃσι σοφὴς ἐπλέξατο Δάφνης.
καὶ οἱ νήδυμον ὕπνον ἐπήγαγεν· ἀμβροσίῃ δὲ
ὑπναλέης ἔχρισεν ὅλον χρόα πενθάδος Ἰνοῦς
λυσιπόνῳ ῥαθάμιγγι μεμηνότα γυῖα διαίνων.
καὶ χρόνον αὐτόθι μίμνεν ἔσω Παρνησίδος ὕλης
τέτρατον εἰς λυκάβαντα, καὶ ὀμφαίῃ παρὰ πέτρῃ
εἰσέτι νηπιάχοιο χοροὺς ἱδρύσατο Βάκχου
Φοίβου μαντοσύνῃσι· σὺν ἀγρύπνοισι δὲ πεύκαις

* Nonnos follows the late theory according to which the prophetess was inspired by a gas rising from a cleft in the ground.

the long tresses about the delicate head with a snaky ribbon. She drove away the maidens of the temple service: no more libations, no more public worship, no man of Delphoi danced near the temple—the women were scourged with limbscoring tangles of longplaited ivy. The huntsmen who saw Ino running on the hills left the traps of string on their stakes and fled. The goatherd drove his goats under cover of a hole in the towering rocks; the old plowman as he drove the sweating oxen under the yoke shivered at Ino's leaps. The Pythian prophetess herself choked down the foreign sounds of the underworld voice* and ran into the mountains, with her customary Panopeian* laurel shaking upon her head: she plunged between the deepkneed peaks of the ravine, and took refuge in the Delphic cavern, in her fear of maddened Ino.

[illegible] But Apollo Allseeing did not miss the woman, as she went through the twinings and twistings of the open forest where she sojourned. He pitied her, and came quickly near the grove. Taking the shape of a man he approached Ino, and with gentle hands wreathed her head with leaves of clever* laurel, and brought sweet sleep upon her. Then he anointed with ambrosia the whole body of mourning Ino in her sleep, bathing her maddened limbs in the grief-assuaging drops. Long she remained there in the Parnassian wood, until the fourth lichtgang. Then she founded dances for Bacchos yet a young boy, hard by the rock of prophecy, by the oracle of Phoibos; with unsleeping torches the Corycian

* *i.e.* Phocian; Delphi is in Phocis, Panope is another city of the same region.

* As being the mark of poets and such.

Κωρυκίδες θύοντα μετέστιχον ὄργια Βάκχου,
καὶ ζαθέαις παλάμῃσιν ἀλεξητήρια λύσσης
φάρμακα συλλέξαντο καὶ ἰήσαντο γυναῖκα.
Κεκλομένου δ' Ἀθάμαντος ἀπείρονες ἦσαν ἀλῆται
πάντοθι μαστεύοντες· ὀρεστιάδες δὲ καὶ αὐταὶ
δρυάδες ἐστιχόωντο πολυστρέπτοισι πορείαις
διζόμεναι περίφοιτον ἀπειθέος ἴχνος ἀνάσσης
πλαζομένης ἀνέχαστα· φιλοθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν
στυγνὸς ἐρευθιόωσαν ἄναξ ἤμυσσε παρειήν,
καὶ ῥοδέους ἐκάρυσσεν ἀκαμπέα δάκτυλα μαζούς·
καὶ πολιὴν οἰμωγῇσι δι' ἄστεος ἦχον ἰάλλων
πενθαλέης ἀλάλαζε βεβαρημένος οἶκος ἀνίῃ·
καὶ πλέον αἰολόμητις ἐδέρκετο Μύστις ἀνάγκην,
εἶχε δὲ διπλόον ἄλγος ἀλωομένης ἐπὶ δειλῆς
Ἰνοῦς πλαγκτοπόνοιο καὶ ἁρπαμένου Διονύσου.
Οὐ μὲν ἄναξ Ἀθάμας στυγερὴν ἐδέξατο νύμφην,
ἀλλὰ λιπὼν ἄψαυστον ἀπειρήτου πόθον Ἰνοῦς
δισσοτόκου Νεφέλης προτέρης μετὰ δέμνια νύμφης
ἁβρὰ βαθυζώνοιο μετέστιχε λέκτρα Θεμιστοῦς.
καὶ τρίτον εἰς ὑμέναιον ἄγων Ὑψηίδα κούρην
Ἰνοῦς ῥῖψεν ἔρωτα· καὶ ὡς τροφὸς ἁβρὸν ἀθύρων,
ὑψιπόρῳ στροφάλιγγι μετάρσιον ὕψι πέμπων,
κούφισε παππάζοντα παρηγορέων Μελικέρτην
καὶ οἱ διακρυχέοντι γαλακτοφόρον περὶ θηλῇ
ἄρσενα μαζὸν ὄρεξε, πόθον δ' ἀνέκοψε τεκούσης.
Ἐκ λεχέων δ' Ἀθάμαντος ἀνηέξησε Θεμιστώ
υἱέας εὐθώρηκας, ἀλεξητῆρας Ἰνοῦς,

ᵃ The Corycian cave on Parnassus was associated with the Bacchic dances; it was named after the dancers, who took their title from Corycia in Asia Minor. All this is intended to explain why Dionysus, and not Apollo, was worshipped at Delphi for three months of the year; it is no doubt the

Bacchants[a] followed their fragrant rites, and gathered healing drugs with their divine hands, and healed the woman of her madness.

[300] Meanwhile at the call of Athamas the servants had been scattered, hunting everywhere for Ino. The women wandered over the hills like her, passing by many a winding path in search of any footstep of their missing lady, who moved leaving neither trace nor tidings. The women wept and wailed, cruel nails tore the reddened cheeks, willing fingers attacked the rosy breasts. The house plunged in mourning and sorrow cried aloud, and sent the loud sound of lamentation through the city. Most of all the inventive mind of Mystis felt the hard oppression, for she had a double grief, when unhappy Ino was still lost with all her troubles to bear, and Dionysos was stolen away.

[301] However, Athamas did not mourn his afflicted bride. He forgot his fickle passion for untraced Ino, and after the bed of his first wife Nephele had given him two children,[b] he sought the luxurious couch of deep-bosomed Themisto, and took as a third wife the daughter of Hypseus—and thus threw off Ino's love. Once as he played prettily nurse-like to comfort Melicertes calling for papa, lifting and throwing him up and up in the air with high somersaults, when the boy cried for the milky teat, he offered his man's breast and made him forget his mother.

[312] From the bed of Athamas, Themisto bred two warrior sons, a sure defence against battle, Schoineus

result of an old (seventh century ?) compromise between the two cults.

[b] Phrixos and Helle. In this account, Nephele was his first wife, then Ino, then Themisto, daughter of Hypseus, but the names and number of the rest vary.

Σχοινέα καὶ Λεύκωνα, νέην εὐήνορα φύτλην,
πρωτοτόκους ὠδῖνας· ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι δὲ μήτηρ
ξεινῆς δισσὰ γένεθλα μιῆς βλάστημα λοχείης
γείνατο Πορφυρίωνα καὶ ἔτραφε παῖδα μαζῷ
Πτώιον, ἀλεξικάκοιο θάλος πανδήμου ἥβης.
ἄμφω τηλυγέτους καὶ ὁμήλικας, οὕς ποτε μήτηρ
μητρυιῆς ἅτε παῖδας ἀπηλοίησε Θεμιστώ,
δίπτυχον ἀγλαόπαιδος ἀμειβομένη γένος Ἰνοῦς.

ᵃ The four sons of Themisto became eponymous heroes in Boeotia. Ino, disguised as a nurse, returned to the house and hearing that Themisto meant to kill her children,

and Leucon, a fine new manly breed, the fruit of her first births. After these two, the mother bore twin offspring of one common birth, and nursed at her rich breast Porphyrion and Ptoön, boyish blossoms of foe-defying youth, both beloved and of one age: these boys Themisto herself destroyed in later days, like stepmother's children, believing them to be the twin offspring of Ino the glorious mother.[a]

[a] changed them and Themisto's children into each other's clothes. Themisto was thus deceived and killed her own children, and in despair at the deed killed herself. This is apparently Euripides' version of the story: see Hyginus, *Fab.* 4.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Καὶ δεκάτῳ μανίην Ἀθαμαντίδα
καὶ δρόμον Ἰνοῦς,
πῶς φύγεν εἰς ἁλὸς οἶδμα σὺν ἀρτιτόκῳ Μελικέρτῃ.

Ὣς ἡ μὲν φονίη παιδοκτόνος ἔπλετο μήτηρ
μαινομένη· τοκέων δὲ πατὴρ ὑπὸ μάρτυρι ποινῇ,
ὅττι γονῆς ἀλέτειραν ἀνέστιον εἶχε Θεμιστώ,
οἰστρηθεὶς Ἀθάμας μανιώδεϊ Πανὸς ἱμάσθλῃ
ποίμνης εἰς μέσον ἦλθε,
καὶ ὡς θεράποντας ἱμάσσων
εἰροπόκων ἐδίωκεν ἀναίτια πώεα μήλων·
καὶ μίαν ἥρπαζεν, ἑὴν ἅτε σύζυγα νύμφην,
σὺν διδύμοις βρεφέεσσι νεογλαγέων ἐπὶ μαζῶν
αἶγα λαβών· λασίους δὲ πόδας σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ
διχθαδίῳ· λύσας δὲ παρ' ἰξύι κυκλάδα μίτρην
σφιγγομένης μάστιζε δέμας ψευδήμονος Ἰνοῦς,
μὴ νοέων νόθον εἶδος. ἀεὶ δέ οἱ ἔνδον ἀκουῆς
Πανιάδος Κρονίης ἐπεβόμβεε δοῦπος ἱμάσθλης·
πολλάκι δ' ἀστήρικτος ἐὼν ἀνεπάλλετο θώκων
οὔασι ταρβαλέοισι δεδεγμένος ἄσθμα δρακόντων.
πυκνὰ δὲ τόξα τίταινε, βέλος δ' ἐπὶ κυκλάδι νευρῇ
εἰς κενεὸν σκοπὸν εἷλκεν ἀνούτατον ἠέρα βάλλων.
Ταρταρίης δ' ὀφιώδες ἰδὼν ἴνδαλμα θεαίνης

[a] As son of Cronos, or of one of his sons; see Rose.

BOOK X

In the tenth aisa, you will see the madness of Athamas and Ino's flight, how she fled into the swell of the sea with newborn Melicertes.

So the murderous mother killed her sons in madness. Athamas their father, under the punishment which attested that he had heside his hearth Themisto the destroyer of her own offspring, was tormented by the maddening lash of Pan; he rushed among his flocks, and hurried the innocent troops of woolly bleaters while he believed himself to be flogging his servants. One he lifted, thinking her to be his wedded wife—it was a nannygoat he found, with a pair of newborn kids at her milky udder. He tied her hairy legs tight with two ropes; and undoing the belt that ran round his loins, he flogged the body of the false Ino there held fast, without noticing the changeling form, for always in his ear sounded the thuds of the lash of Cronian Pan.[a] Often he leapt from his seat restless, hearing with terrified ears the hiss of serpents. Many a time he bent his bow, and setting an arrow to the drawn string, he drew at an imaginary mark and struck the unwounded air. He would see the serpentine image of the goddess of

[a] *Handbook of Gk. Myth.*, p. 168. The episode seems modelled on the madness of Ajax, see Soph. *Ai.* 284 ff.

πάλλετο δειμαίνων ἑτερόχροα φάσματα μορφῆς,
ἀφρὸν ἀκοντίζων χιονώδεα, μάρτυρα λύσσης.
ὀφθαλμοὺς μεθέποντας ἀπειλητῆρας ἑλίσσων,
καὶ οἱ ὑποπτείοντι παλινδινέεσσιν ἐρωαῖς
ὄμματα φοινίσσοντο· διὰ κροτάφοιο δὲ λεπταί
ἀσταθέος μήνιγγες ἐδονεῖοντο καρήνου.
ὤλετο δὲ ψυχῆς τρίτατον λάχος· ἀπλανέες γάρ
ἄφρονος ἐγκεφάλοιο μετετρωπῶντο μενοιναί,
καὶ σφαλεραῖς ἑλίκεσσιν ἐβακχεύθησαν ἀκουαί
ἀνέρος οἰστρηθέντος· ἐπεπλάζοντο δὲ χαῖται
σειόμεναι περὶ νῶτον ἀκερσεκόμοιο καρήνου,
καὶ στόμα οἱ βάμβαινε, καὶ ἄκρα χείλεα λύσσης
πέμπεν ἀσημάντων ἐπέων ἑτερόθροον ἠχώ,
καὶ βροτέας βάλλοντο μελιφθόγγους ἐρωὰς αὔρας
Εὐμενίδων, καὶ γλῶσσα βαρύνετο θυιάδι φωνῇ·
παπταίνων δ' ἑλικωπὸν ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγι προσώπου
ἀλλοφυὲς νόθον εἶδος ἀθηρήτοιο Μεγαίρης
οἰστρομανὴς Ἀθάμας ἑτερόφρονι σείετο παλμῷ·
καὶ βλοσυρῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἀμαιμακέτοιο θεαίνης
ἁρπάξαι μενέαινεν ἐχιδνήεντας ἱμάσθλας·
γυμνώσας δὲ μάχαιραν Ἐρινύος ἀντία κόρσης
ἤθελε Τισιφόνης ὀφιώδεα βόστρυχα τέμνειν.
καὶ κενεοῖς ἀέρεσσιν ὁμίλεε γείτονι τοίχῳ
παπταίνων σκιόεσσαν ἐπίκλοπον εἰκόνα μορφῆς
Ἀρτέμιδος, καὶ κωφὸν ἰδὼν εἴδωλον ὀπωπῆς
φάσμασιν ἀντιτύποισιν ἐς ἵμερον ἤλυθεν ἄγρης.

Ὀψὲ δὲ ποικιλόδειρος ἔτος μετὰ τέτρατον Ἰνὼ
νόστιμος εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν· ἀπιστείοντα δὲ νύμφη
καὶ πόσιν οἰστρηθέντα καὶ ἀρσενόπαιδα Θεμιστὼ
διπλόον ἄλγος ἔδεκτο. καὶ οὐ γινώσκει ἀκοίτης

[a] i.e., one of the Erinyes.

[b] Platonic; the reason, which is seated in the brain (Plato,

Tartarus,[c] and leap up scared at the many-coloured vision of the spectre, spitting snowy foam to witness his frenzy, rolling eyes drunken and full of threats. His eyes grew bloodshot as he stared about under vagrant impulses; inside his wagging head the flimsy brains rolled about behind his brows.

[42] A third part of his soul was lost[b]; steady thoughts were gone from his crazy brain; the glances of the maddened man went wildly round with flickering movements; the hair of his untended head shook disordered over his back. His mouth moved stammering; when he opened his lips he sent out into the air meaningless words of strange outlandish sound. The blasts of the Furies had carried away the troubles of mortal life, and his tongue was laden with the cries of madness. When he moved his face about he saw as his forehead turned a false transformed shape of the unseen Megaira.[a] So the madman shook with a distracted spasm, and tried to tear the whip of snakes from the grim hand of the reason-destroying goddess; he bared his sword in the face of the Avenger, and tried to cut the viper-curls of Tisiphone.[c] And he babbled nonsense to the wall before him, for he saw a shadow-shape, a deceitful phantom of the shape of Artemis[d]; this empty form his eyes beheld and the imitated shapes made him want to go hunting.

[43] At last after the fourth year, after many tears, Ino returned to her home; but when the wife saw husband mad, and Themisto mother of men children, she received a double shock. The husband did not

Tim. 44 *c*) is lost, but the θυμός and the deliberative part remain.

[a] An Erinys. [d] Here = Hecate also.

εὐνέτιν ἀθρήσας χαροπὴν πολυκέγχρετον Ἰνώ·
ἀλλὰ πόθον ταχύγουνον ἔχων κεμαδοσσόον ἄγρης
εἰς σκοπιὰς ἤιξε θυελλήεντι πεδίλῳ,
υἱὸν ἰδὼν ἅτε θῆρα κεραοφόρον· ἐξαπίνης δὲ
τόξον ἔχων ἀδίχητος ἐπεσκίρτησε Λεάρχῳ,
ὑψίκερων ἔλαφον δοκέων ψευδήμονι μορφῇ,
θηρείοις μελέεσσιν ὁμοίιον· αὐτὰρ ὁ φεύγων
ταρβήεις πεπότητο θοώτερα γούνατα πάλλων.
χερσὶ δὲ λαιοπαλέσσιν ἐπιστρέψας βέλος ἕλκων
παιδοφόνῳ νέον υἷα πατὴρ ἐπέδησε βελέμνῳ
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἄγναμπτον ἀπηλοίησε μαχαίρῃ
φάσματι νεβρωθεῖσαν· ἀσπαίροντος δὲ τραχήλου
αἱμαλέης ἐγέλασσε γενειάδος ἄκρον ἀφάσσων,
ἀμφαφόων ἅτε θῆρα, καὶ ἔδραμεν ἅλματι λύσσης,
παιδὸς ἔτι σπαίροντος ἀτυμβεύτοιο Λεάρχου,
μητέρα μαστεύων, στροφάδας δ' ἐλέλιξεν ὀπωπάς.
οὐδέ τις ἀμφιπόλων σχεδὸν ἦεν· φοιταλέος δὲ
ἑπταμύχου θαλάμοιο διέστιχεν ὠκέι ταρσῷ
κικλήσκων ἑὸν υἷα, τὸν ἔκτανεν. ἐν δὲ μελάθρῳ
νήπιον ἀρτικόμιστον ἀναθρήσας Μελικέρτην,
στηρίξας δὲ λέβητα πυρίπνοον ἐσχαρεῶνι,
εἰς μέσον υἷα θῆκεν· ἀναπτομένοιο δὲ πυρσοῦ,
φοίνιος ὑδατόεντι λέβης ἐπεπάφλασεν ἀτμῷ.
Παππάζων δ' ἰάχησεν ἑὸς πάις, οὐδέ τις αὐτῷ
ἀμφιπόλων χραίσμησεν· ἀολλήεσσα δὲ μήτηρ
ἡμιδαῆ πυρίκαυτον ἀφαρπάξασα λεβήτων
ἅλμασι φοιταλέοισι ποδήνεμος ἔτρεχεν Ἰνὼ
καὶ Λευκοῦ πεδίοιο διατμήγουσα κονίην
Λευκοθέη πεφάτιστο φερώνυμος· ἐκ δὲ μελάθρου
αἰνομανὴς Ἀθάμας ἀνεμώδεα γούνατα πάλλων
ὠκυτέρην ἐδίωκε μάτην ὀρεσίδρομον Ἰνώ.

a Apparently near Thebes.

knew his wife when he saw Ino recovered after so long a time; but in his passion for the stag-hunting chase, he was off to the heights nimble-knee with storm-swift boot. He saw his son as if he were an antlered beast; bolding the bow ready bent he leapt unchecked on Learchos, whom he saw in the false form of a stag with lofty antlers, his limbs like a wild beast. The boy fled in fear running with quicker knees; the father with frenzied hands drew and shot through the air, and stopt his young son with a child-slaying bolt. He cut off the head with his knife and knew it not, turned stag by his fancy; laughing he felt the hair at the top of the blood-stained cheek of the face unmarked, and peered over his game, as he thought, then rushed with mad leaps and rolling eyes to find the mother, while his boy Learchos was gasping still, and still uttered. None of the servants came near him; with quick foot he went wandering through the seven chambers of his house, calling aloud for the son whom he had killed. In the hall he espied little Melicertes who had just been brought in, and setting a cauldron over the hearth, a steaming cauldron, he laid his son in it: the fire blazed up, the murderous cauldron bubbled with boiling water.

"His son called out for "papa!" but none of the servants could help. Ino his mother came in like a storm-wind, and snatched him from the cauldron par-boiled and half consumed. Then she ran out bounding with wild-roaming feet swift as the wind; she traversed the dust of the White Plain,[a] and for that reason she was named after it Leucothea, the White Goddess.

"Athamas mad was out of the hall, stirring his knees like the wind and pursuing Ino over the hills

ἀλλ' ὅτε οἱ σχεδὸν ἦλθε πολυσπερέος ἀκτῆς
ἄστατον ἴχνος ἔχων σφαλερῷ ποδί, δὴ τότε δειλὴ
ἀγχιπόρου στήσασα διωκόμενον πόδα πέτρης
παιδὶ φιλοθρήνῳ κινυρὴν ἐβρυχήσατο φωνήν,
μεμφομένη Κρονίωνα καὶ ἄγγελον υἷα Μαίης·
"Καλά μοι, Ἀργειφόντα,
τίνεις θρεπτήρια Βάκχου·
ἡμιδαῆ σκοπίαζε συνέμπορα παῖδα Λυαίου
ἣν ἔθελγε, πρήμαξεν ἀφειδέι σεῖο κεραυνῷ
μητέρα καὶ νέον υἷα, τὸν ἔτρεφον εἰν ἑνὶ κόλπῳ
σύντροφον ἡμετέροιο θεηγενέος Διονύσου.
τέκνον, Ἀναγκαίη μεγάλη θεός· εἰς τίνα φεύγεις;
ποῖον ὄρος δέχεταί σε πεφυγμένον ἐγγύθι πόντου;
τίς σκοπιὴ κενεῶνι κατακρύψει σε Κιθαιρών;
τίς βροτὸς οἰκτείρει σε, τὸν οὐ γενέτης ἐλεαίρει;
ἢ ξίφος ἤ σε θάλασσα δεδέξεται· εἴ περ ἀνάγκη,
λοιπὸν ἐν πελάγεσσι δαμήσεαι ἠὲ μαχαίρῃ.
οἶδα, πόθεν τόδε πῆμα τεῇ κεκύλιστο τεκούσῃ,
οἶδα, πόθεν· Νεφέλη γὰρ Ἐρινύας εἰς ἐμὲ πέμπει,
ὄφρα θάνω κατὰ πόντον, ὅπῃ πέσε παρθένος Ἕλλη.
ἔκλυον ἠερόθεν πεφορημένον εἰς χθόνα Κόλχων
ἅρπαγος ἀρνειοῖο μετήορον ἡνιοχῆα
Φρίξον ἔτι ζώειν μετανάστιον· αἴθε καὶ αὐτὸς
χρυσοπόκου κριοῖο μετάρσιον ὦμον ἐλαύνοι
υἱὸς ἐμὸς λιπόπατρις ἀλυσκάζων Μελικέρτης·
αἴθε δὲ καὶ μετὰ Φρίξον ἐποικτείρων σέθεν Ἰνὼ
ξεινοδόκος Γλαυκοῖο Ποσειδάων σε σαώσῃ.
δείδια, μὴ μετὰ πότμον ἀτυμβεύτοιο Λεάρχου

* See note on ix. 304. Ino plotted to kill Phrixos and Helle; she roasted the seed-corn, and when famine resulted forged an oracle which bade the Thebans sacrifice them.

in vain,—she was too quick for him. But when the raving husband with restless staggering foot caught her up, at that moment the unhappy woman had halted by the sea which washed her feet, moaning in plaintive tones over her crying child, while she upbraided Cronion and Maia's son his messenger:

"'A fine reward you have given me, Flash-thunderbolt, for the care of Bacchos! See this boy, Lyaios' agemate, half burnt to death! If it please you, strike down with your merciless bolt mother and son together, the little one I nursed in one bosom with your divine Dionysos! Child, Necessity is a great god!—where will you flee? What mountain will receive you, now you have fled to the sea? What Cithairon will hide you in a dark hollow? What mortal man will pity you, when your father has no mercy? Either sword or water shall receive you: if needs must, better to perish in the sea than by the sword.

"'I know where this disaster came from, rolling upon your mother: I know! It is Nephele[1] sends the Erinyes after me, that I may die in this sea where maiden Helle fell. I have heard that Phrixos was carried through the air to the Colchian country, guiding aloft the Ram who took him off, and he still lives in a distant land. O that my son Melikertes too might escape to another country, and travel the high path of the goldfleeced ram! O that Poseidon, the hospitable friend of Glaukos,[2] might save you, pitying your Ino as once he pitied Pleuron! I fear that after

Their mother sent them a golden-fleeced ram which took them on its back and swam (as Ovid, *Fasti* iii. 860) or flew (as here) away with them to Colchis on the Black Sea. Helle dropped off its back at the Dardanelles, which thence got the name of Helle's sea, Hellespontos.

[1] See on i. 111.

νεκρὸν ἄθαπτον ἄδακρυν ὀλωλότα καὶ σὲ νοήσω
αἱμαλέῃ γενετῆρος ἐπισπαίροντα μαχαίρῃ.
σπεῦδε φυγεῖν Ἀθάμαντα μεμηνότα, μηδὲ νοήσῃς
παιδοφόνον γενετῆρα τεῆς ὀλετῆρα τεκούσης.
δέξό με καὶ σύ, θάλασσα, μετὰ χθόνα
δέχνυσο, Νηρεῦ,
χειρὶ φιλοξείνῳ μετὰ Περσέα καὶ Μελικέρτην
δέχνυσο καὶ Δανάης μετὰ λάρνακα σύμπλοον Ἰνώ.
ἄξια δυσσεβίης καὶ ἐγὼ πάθον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴν
ἄσπορον ἡμετέρην γενεὴν ποίησε Κρονίων,
ἄσπορον ὡς ἐτέλεσσα φερέσβιον αὔλακα γαίης·
μητρυιή τις ἐοῦσα νόθην Ἀθαμαντίδα φύτλην
ἀμῆσαι προβέβουλα, καὶ εἰς ἐμὲ χώεται Ἥρη
μητρυιὴ γεγαυῖα νεοτρεφέος Διονύσου."
Ὣς φαμένη τρομεροῖσιν ὑπ' ἴχνεσιν ἤλατο πόντῳ,
κραιπνὰ κυβιστήσασα σὺν υἱέι· Λευκοθέην δὲ
πεπταμέναις παλάμῃσιν ἐδέξατο κυανοχαίτης
δαίμοσιν ὑγροπόροισιν ὀμέστιον· ἔνθεν ἀρήγει
ναύταις πλαζομένοισι, καὶ ἔπλετο ποντιὰς Ἰνὼ
Νηρεῖς ἀφλοίσβοιο κυβερνήτειρα γαλήνης.
Τὴν μὲν ἄναξ Κρονίδης ἐπεδείκνυε μητρὶ Λυαίου,
ὅττι χάριν Βρομίοιο θεὰ πέλεν· ἡ δὲ χαρεῖσα
γνωτῇ ποντοπόρῳ φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν·
"Ἰνώ, πόντον ἔχεις,
Σεμέλη λάχε κύκλον Ὀλύμπου·
εἶξον ἐμοί· Κρονίδην γὰρ ἐμῆς ἀροτῆρα γενέθλης
ἀθάνατον πόσιν ἔσχον, ἐμῆς ὠδῖνα λοχείης
ἀντ' ἐμέθεν τίκτοντα, σὺ δὲ χθονίῳ παρακοίτῃ
νυμφεύθης Ἀθάμαντι, τεῆς ὀλετῆρι γενέθλης.
σὸς πάις ἔλλαχε πόντον, ἐμὸς τόκος αἰθέρα ναίειν

the fate of unburied Learchus I may see you also dead, unburied, unwept, undone, panting under the bloody knife of your father. Make haste! escape from mad Athamas, and then you will not see the father who murdered his child, murder the mother.

131 "Receive me you too, O sea! I have done with earth. Receive Melicertes also with hospitable hand, O Nereus, as you received Perseus!* Receive Ino, as once Danaë in her floating hutch! I have been justly punished for my impiety. As I made seedless the earth's life-giving furrow, so Cronion has made my family seedless. A kind of stepmother, I planned to mow down the bastard plants of Athamas, and Hera, the real stepmother of newly nurtured Dionysos, is angry with me."

139 She spoke, and with trembling feet sprang into the sea, swiftly diving with her son. Scald-hair opened his arms to receive Leucothea, and took her into the divine company in the deep waters. She helps ever since the seamen who lose their way, and now she is Ino of the Sea, a Nereid who has charge of untoward seas calm.

148 So Cronides pointed her out to the mother of Lyaios, because she owed it to Bromios that she was a goddess. Semele in her joy addressed her seafaring sister in mockery:

149 "Ino, you have the sea, Semele has gained the round heavens! Give me place! I had an immortal husband in Cronides the plower of my field, who brought forth the fruit of my birth instead of me; but you were wedded to a mortal mate Athamas, the murderer of your family. Your son's lot is the sea, but my son will come to the house of Zeus to

* When set adrift in a chest with his mother Danaë.

ἵξεται εἰς Διὸς οἶκον ὑπέρτερον· οὐ γὰρ ἐίσκω
οὐράνιον Διόνυσον ὑποβρυχίῳ Μελικέρτῃ.[1]
Τοῖα μὲν αἰθερίη Σεμέλη μυκήσατο νύμφη
γνωτῆς κερτομέουσα θαλασσονόμου βίον Ἰνοῦς.
Τόφρα δὲ καὶ Διόνυσος ὑπὸ κλίμα Λυδὸν ἀρούρης,
Εὔια δινεύων Κυβελήϊδος ὄργανα Ῥείης,
ἤνθεε μῆκος ἔχων, ὅσον ἤθελεν· ὑψιπόρου δὲ
φεύγων Ἠελίοιο μεσημβρίζουσαν ἱμάσθλην
ἥσυχα παφλάζοντι δέμας φαίδρυνε λοετρῷ
Μηονίου ποταμοῖο, χαριζόμενος δὲ Λυαίῳ
Πακτωλὸς κελάρυζε, χέων χρυσόσπορον ὕδωρ
πορφυρέαις ψαμάθοισι, βαθυπλούτων δὲ μετάλλων
ἀφνειῷ κεκύλιστο βυθῷ χρυσούμενος ἰχθύς.
καὶ Σάτυροι παίζοντες, ἐν ἠέρι ταρσὰ μεθέντες,
εἰς ποταμὸν προχέοντο κυβιστητῆρι καρήνῳ,
ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτοφόρητος ἐνήχετο χερσὶν ἐρέσσων,
πρηνὴς δ' ἐν ῥοθίοισι καὶ οἴδμασιν ἴχνος ἐρείσας
ποσσὶν ὀπισθοτόνοισι ῥυηφενὲς ἔσχισεν ὕδωρ·
καί τις ὑποβρυχίων κατεδύσατο βένθος ἐναύλων
νειόθι μαστεύων νεπόδων ἑτερόχροον ἄγρην,
τυφλὴν νηχομένοισιν ἐπ' ἰχθύσι χεῖρα τιταίνων,
καὶ βυθὸν αὖτις ἔλειπε, καὶ ἰχθύας ὤρκγε Βάκχῳ
ἰλύι φοινίσσοντας ἐχεκτεάνου ποταμοῖο·
συμπλέγδην δὲ πόδεσσιν ἀρηρότα ταρσὰ συνάπτων
κυφὸς ἐριδμαίνων Σατύρῳ Σειληνὸς ἀλήτης
κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπεσκίρτησε ῥεέθρῳ
ὑψόθεν εἰς βαθὺ λαῖτμα, καὶ ἰλύος ἥπτετο χαίτη,
καὶ διδύμους στίλβοντι πόδας στηρίξατο πηλῷ
ὄλβον ἐυψήφιδα μεταλλεύων ποταμοῖο·
καί τις ἐνὶ προχοῇσι μετάφρενον ἠέρι φαίνων

[1] After this verse Marcellus places 164-168, so that Seilenos comes at the end.

dwell in the sky. I will not compare heavenly Dionysos with Melicertes down in the water!"

[127] That is how Semele the heavenly bride yelled out in mockery of her sister Ino's life who dwelt in the sea.

[128] Meanwhile Dionysos, in the latitude of Lydia's fields, grew into youthful bloom as tall as he wished, shaking the Euian gear of Cybeleïd Rheia. To escape the midday lash of Helios moving on high, he cleansed his body in the stream of the Meionian River bubbling gently; Pactolos glad to gratify Lyaios murmured as he poured the goldsowing water upon the purple sands, and the gilded fish went swimming in wealthy soundings where the rich ore lay deep. Playful Satyrs lifted their heels in air, and tumbled plunging headover into the river; one selfpropelled swam with paddling hands prone on the waves, and imprinted a footstep on the swell, as he pushed with backstretching legs and cut the water rolling in riches*; one dived deep down into the underwater eaves and hunted for speckled fishy prey down below, stretching a groping hand over the swimming fry—left the deeps again and offered to Bacchos the fish purpled with the slime of the opulent river. Seilenos the old vagabond, challenging a Satyr, entwined hands and feet together, and rolling himself into a ball stooped and dived head first into the stream, from the heights into the deeps, till his hair stuck in the slime; then he trod his two feet firmly into the glittering sand hunting for good nuggets of ore in the river. Another left shoulder unwetted and showed his back

* This neatly gives a literal sense to the colloquial phrase ῥοθὸν ἀφυσσεῖν "rolling in riches," Hom. Od. xv. 426.

ἄβροχον ὦμον ἔλειπε δι' ὕδατος, ἰσχία βάπτων
ἀγχιβαθὴς ἀτίνακτος· ὁ δ' οὔατα γυμνὰ τιταίνων
χεύματι μαρμαρέῳ λασίοις ἐδιαίνετο μηροῖς,
καὶ ῥόον αὐτοέλικτος ἐμάστιε σύμφερτος οὐρῇ.
καὶ θεὸς ὀρθώσας κεφαλὴν καὶ στέρνα πετάσσας,
χεῖρας ἐρετμώσας, χρυσέην ἐχάραξε γαλήνην·
καὶ ῥόθον αὐτοτέλεστον ἀκύμονες ἔστενον ὄχθαι,
καὶ κρίνον ἐβλάστησε, καὶ ἄνθεσιν ἔστεφον Ὧραι
Βάκχου λουομένοιο, καὶ ἀστράπτοντι ῥεέθρῳ
ἄπλοκα κυανέης ἐρυθαίνετο βόστρυχα χαίτης.
Καί ποτε θηρείων ὑπὸ φυλλάδα δάσκιον ὕλην
ἥλικος ἠιθέοιο ῥοδώπιδι θέλγετο μορφῇ.
ἤδη γὰρ Φρυγίης ὑπὸ δειράδα ποιμένος ἀθύρων
Ἄμπελος ἠέξητο, νεοτρεφὲς ἔρνος Ἐρώτων·
οὐδέ οἱ ἁβρὸς ἴουλος ἐρευθομένοιο γενείου
ἄχνοα χιονέης ἐχαράσσετο κύκλα παρειῆς,
ἥβης χρύσεον ἄνθος· ὀπισθοπόροιο δὲ χαίτης
βότρυες εἱλικόεντες ἐπ' ἀργυφέων θέον ὤμων
ἀπλεκέες, λιγυρῷ δὲ συναιθύσσοντες ἀήτῃ
ἄσθματι κουφίζοντο· παρελκομένων δὲ κορύμβων
ἀκροφανὴς ἀνέτελλε μέσος γυμνούμενος αὐχήν,
καὶ σέλας ἠκόντιζε λιπόσκιον, οἷά τε λάμπει
μεσσοφανὴς νέφος ὑγρὸν ἀνασχίζουσα Σελήνη·
καὶ στόματος ῥοδέοιο μελίπνοος ἔρρεε φωνή·
ἐκ μελέων δ' ὅλον εἶαρ ἐφαίνετο· νισσομένου δὲ
ἐκ ποδὸς ἀργυφέοιο ῥόδων ἐρυθαίνετο λειμών·
εἰ δὲ βοογλήνων φαέων εὐφεγγέι κύκλῳ
ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐλέλιζεν, ὅλη σελάγιζε Σελήνη.
Τὸν μὲν ἔχων Διόνυσος ὁμέστιον, ἁβρὸν ἀθύρων,

out of the water in the air as he stood in the deep stream over the hips, immovable. Another lifted the ears bare and plunged the shaggy thighs in the transparent flood, while the tail flogged the water in circles of its own.

[165] The god lifting his head and spreading his chest, paddled his hands and cut the golden calm. The banks free of waves spirted up self-growing roses, the lily sprouted, the Seasons crowned the shores while Bacchus bathed, and the flowing locks of his dark hair were reddened in the sparkling stream.

[170] Once while hunting in the shady lurking wood he was delighted by the rosy form of a young comrade. For Ampelos* was a merry boy who had grown up already on the Phrygian hills, a new sprout of the Loves. No dainty bloom was yet on a reddening chin, no down yet marked the snowy circles of his cheeks, the golden flower of youth: curling clusters of hair ran loose behind over his silvery-glistering shoulders, and floated in the whispering wind that lifted them with its breath. As the hair blew aside the neck showed above rising bare in the middle. Unshadowed light flashed from him, like the shining moon when she pierces a damp cloud and shows within it. From his rosy lips escaped a voice breathing honey. Spring itself shone from his limbs; where his silvery foot stept the meadow blushed with roses; if he turned his eyes, the gleam of the bright eyeballs as soft as a cow's eye was like the light of the full moon.

[180] Dionysos took him as playmate in his dainty

* In the succeeding narrative, Ampelos, Calamos, and Carpos, and in bk. xviii. Staphylos, Botrys, Pithos, Methe, are only personifications of things connected with vines and drinking.

εἴρετο θαμβαλέην προχέων ἐπὶ κάλλεϊ φωνὴν
ὡς βροτός, ἀθανάτην δὲ δολοπλόκος ἔγραφε μορφήν·
"Τίς σε πατὴρ ἐφύτευσε;
τίς οὐρανίη τέκε γαστήρ;
τίς Χαρίτων σε λόχευσε,
τίς ἔπλασε καλὸς Ἀπόλλων;
εἰπέ, φίλος, μὴ κρύπτε τεὸν γένος· εἰ μὲν ἱκάνεις
ἄπτερος ἄλλος Ἔρως βελέων δίχα, νόσφι φαρέτρης,
τίς μακάρων σε φύτευσε παρευνάζων Ἀφροδίτῃ;
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τρομέω σέο μητέρα Κύπριν ἐνίψαι,
μὴ γενέτην Ἥφαιστον ἢ Ἄρεα σεῖο καλέσσω.
εἰ δὲ σύ, τὸν καλέουσιν, ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἤλυθες Ἑρμῆς,
δεῖξον ἐμοὶ πτερὰ κοῦφα καὶ ἔμπνοα ταρσὰ πεδίλων.
πῶς μεθέπεις ἄτμητον ἐπήτριμον αὐχένι χαίτην;
μὴ σύ μοι αὐτὸς ἱκάνεις ἄτερ κιθάρης, δίχα τόξου,
Φοῖβος ἀκερσεκόμης κεχαλασμένα βόστρυχα σείων;
εἰ Κρονίδης με φύτευσε, σὺ δὲ χθονίης ἀπὸ φύτλης
βουκεράων Σατύρων μιξοθήρων αἷμα κομίζεις,
ἶσον ἐμοὶ βασίλευε, θεὸς βροτός· οὐ γὰρ ἐλέγξει
οὐράνιον τεὸν εἶδος Ὀλύμπιον αἷμα Λυαίου.
ἀλλὰ τί κικλήσκω σε μινυνθαδίης ἀπὸ φύτλης;
γινώσκω τεὸν αἷμα, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις·
Ἠελίῳ σε λόχευσε παρευνηθεῖσα Σελήνη
Ναρκίσσῳ χαρίεντι πανείκελον· αἰθέριον γὰρ
εἴκελον εἶδος ἔχεις, κεραῆς ἴνδαλμα Σελήνης."
Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε· νέος δ' ἠγάλλετο μύθῳ
κυδιόων, ὅτι κάλλος ὑπέρβαλεν ἥλικος ἥβης
εἴδεϊ φαιδροτέρῳ. καὶ ὁμιλάδος ἔνδοθι λόχμης
εἰ μέλος ἔπλεκε κοῦρος, ἐτέρπετο Βάκχος ἀκούων·
εἰ νέος ἐκτὸς ἔμιμνεν, ἀμειδέας ἔσχε παρειάς·
εἰ Σάτυρος παρὰ δαῖτα φιλοσκάρθμοιο τραπέζης
τύμπανα χερσὶν ἔτυπτε περίκροτον ἦχον ἀράσσων,

sports. Then in admiration of his beauty he spoke to him as a man, artfully concealing his divine nature, and asked him:

[208] "What father begat you? What immortal womb brought you forth? Which of the Graces gave you birth? What handsome Apollo made you? Tell me, my friend, do not hide your kin. If you come another Eros, unwinged, without arrows, without quiver, which of the Blessed slept with Aphrodite and bred you? But indeed I tremble to name Cypris as your mother, for I would not call Hephaistos or Ares your father. Or if you are the one they call Hermes come from the sky, show me your light wings, and the lively soles of your shoes. How is it you wear the hair uncut falling along your neck? Can you be Phoibos himself come to me without harp, without bow, Phoibos shaking the locks of his unshorn hair unbound? If Cronides begat me, and you are from a mortal stock, if you have the short-living blood of the horned Satyrs, be king at my side, a mortal with a god; for your looks will not disgrace the heavenly blood of Lyaios. But why do I call you one of the creatures of a day? I recognise your blood even if you wish to hide it; Selene slept with Helios and brought you to birth wholly like the gracious Narcissus; for you have a like heavenly beauty, the image of horned Selene."

[217] So he spoke, and the youth was delighted with his words, and proud that he surpassed the beauty of his young agemates by a more brilliant display. And in the mountain coppice if the boy made melody Hecebos listened with pleasure; no smile was on his face if the boy stayed away. If at his caperlessing board a Satyr beat the drums with his hands and

καὶ νέος ἐκτὸς ἔην μεθέπων ἐλαφηβόλον ἄγρην,
κούρου μὴ παρεόντος ἀνῄνετο δίκτυον ἠχώ·
εἴ ποτε Πακτωλοῖο παρ' ἀνθεμόεντι ῥεέθρῳ
δηθύνων ἀνέμιμνεν, ὅπως ἐπιδόρπιον εἴη
αὐτὸς ἑῷ βασιλῆι φέρων γλυκερώτερον ὕδωρ,
κούρου νόσφι μένοντος ἐμάσσετο Βάκχος ἀοιδῆς·
εἰ θρασὺν αὐλὸν ἄειρε, Λιβυστίδος ὄργανον Ἠχοῦς,
αἰολόεν φύσημα παρηίδι λεπτὸν ἰάλλων,
Μυγδόνος αὐλητῆρος ὀίετο Βάκχος ἀκούειν,
ὃν τέκε θεῖος Ὕαγνις, ὃς εἰς κακὸν ἤρισε Φοίβῳ
τρητὸν ἐπιθλίβων διδυμόθροον αὐλὸν Ἀθήνης·
εἰ δὲ σὺν ὑβριστῆρι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης,
κούρου φθεγγομένοιο πολυτερπέας εἶχεν ἀκουάς,
παυομένου δὲ νέοιο κατηφέας εἶχε παρειάς·
εἰ δὲ βαθυσκάρθμοιο πόθον πεφορημένος οἴστρῳ
Ἄμπελος ὀρχηστῆρι ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο παλμῷ,
καὶ Σατύρῳ παίζοντι συνέπλεκε χεῖρα χορεύων,
δόχμιον ἐκ ταρσοῖο μετήλυδα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,
Βάκχος ὀπιπεύων φθονερῇ δεδόνητο μερίμνῃ·
εἴ ποτε Σειληνοῖσιν ὁμίλεεν, εἴ τινι κούρῳ
ἥλικι θηρητῆρι συνέτρεχεν εἰς δρόμον ἄγρης,
ζηλήμων Διόνυσος ἐρήτυε, μή τις ἀοσσῷ
βλήμενος ἰσοτύπῳ φρενοθελγέι λύτρας Ἐρώτων
παιδὸς ἐλαφρονόοιο παραπλάγξειε μενοινήν,
καὶ νέον ἱμερόεντα μεταστήσειε Λυαίου,
ἀρτιθαλὴς ἅτε κοῦρος ὁμόχροον ἥλικα τέρπων.
ἀλλ' ὅτε θύρσον ἄειρε κατάντια λυσσάδος ἄρκτου
ἢ βριαρῷ νάρθηκι κατηκόντιζε λεαίνης,
εἰς δύσιν ὄμμα τίταινεν ἐς ἠέρα λοξὰ δοκεύων,
μὴ Ζεφύρου πνεύσειε πάλιν θανατηφόρος αὔρη.

---

* Marsyas. He picked up the αὐλοί which Athena had thrown away after inventing them, because her face looked

struck out his rattling tune, while the boy was away on stag-hunting quest, Bacchos refused the doubled sound so long as he was not there. If ever he lingered by the flowery stream of Pactolos, that he might bring himself sweeter water for the supper of his king, Bacchos was lashed with trouble so long as the boy stayed away.

[illegible] If he took up the bold hoboy, the instrument of Libyan Echo, and blew a light breath with swollen cheek, Bacchos thought he heard the Mygdonian flotist * whom divine Hyagnis begat, who to his cost challenged Phoibos as he pressed the fingerholes on Athena's double pipe. If he sat with the young man at one table, when the boy spoke he lent delighted ear, when he ceased, melancholy spread over his cheeks. If Ampelos, carried away by wild passion for high capers, twirled with dancing paces and joined hands with a sporting Satyr in the round, stepping across foot over foot, Bacchos looked on shaken with envious feeling. If he ever conversed with the Satyrs, if he joined with a yearsmate hunter to follow chase, Dionysos jealous held him back, lest another be struck like himself with a heartbewitching shaft, and now enslaved by love should seduce the fickle boy's fancy and estrange the lovely youth from Lyaios, as a freshblooming boy might well charm a comrade of his own age.

[illegible] When Bacchos lifted his thyrsus against a maddened bear, or cast his stout fennel javelin-like at a lioness, he looked aside watchfully towards the west; for fear the deathbringing breath of Zephyros

ugly when blowing them. Having become a proficient player, he challenged Apollo to a musical contest. The god out-did him and flayed him alive.

ὡς πάρος ἡβητῆρα κατέκτανε πικρὸς ἀήτης
δίσκον ἀκοντιστῆρα κυβιστήσας Ὑακίνθου·
δείδιε, μὴ Κρονίδης ἐρασιμώτερος ὄρνις Ἐρώτων
ἁρπαλέης ἀκίχητος ὑπὲρ Τμώλοιο φανείη
φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἐς ἠέρα παῖδα κομίζων,
Τρωικὸν οἷά τε κοῦρον ἑὸν δρηστῆρα κυπέλλων·
ἔτρεμε καὶ δυσέρωτα κυβερνητῆρα θαλάσσης,
μὴ μετὰ Ταντάλιδην χρυσέων ἐπιβήτορα δίφρων
εἰς δρόμον ἠερόφοιτον ἄγων πτερόεσσαν ἀπήνην
Ἄμπελον ἁρπάξειεν ἐρωμανέων ἐνοσίχθων.
καὶ γλυκὺν εἶχεν ὄνειρον ὀνειροπόλων ἐπὶ λέκτρων,
καὶ φιλίους ἥρπαζε νέῳ ψευδήμονι μύθους
μιμηλῆς ὀάρων σκιοειδέα φάσματα μορφῆς.
εἰ δέ τί οἱ δύσμορφον ἐπήρατος εἶχεν ὀπωπή,
ἱμερόεν πέλε τοῦτο φιλοβλέπτῳ Διονύσῳ,
φίλτερον ἡβητῆρος ὅλου χροός· εἰ δέ οἱ ἄρση
συμφερτὴ κεχάλαστο δι' ἰξύος ὀρθάδος αἰρή,
καὶ μέλιτος γλυκεροῖο μελιχροτέρη πέλε Βάκχῳ·
καὶ πλόκαμοι ῥεόωντες ἀκηδέστοιο καρήνου
αὐτοὶ μᾶλλον ἔτερπον ἐρωμανέοντος ὀπωπήν.
ἤματι μὲν κεχάρητο συνέμπορος· ἄχνυτο δ' αἰεὶ
νυκτὸς ἐπερχομένης, ὅτε μηκέτι παιδὸς ἀκούων
οὔασι θελγομένοισιν ἐθήμονα δέχνυτο φωνήν,
Ῥείης ὀβριμόπαιδος ἐνὶ σπέσσιν ἰαύων.

Καί μιν ἰδὼν Σατύρων τις
ἐθέλγετο θέσπιδι μορφῇ,
καὶ κρυφίην ἐρόεσσαν ὑποκλέπτων φάτο φωνήν·

---

a Of Amyclai, loved by Apollo, and, in some versions, by the West-wind also. When Apollo threw a discus, it struck

might blow again, as it did once before when the bitter blast killed a young man while it turned the hurling quoit against Hyacinthos.[a] He feared Cronides might suddenly appear over Tmolos as a love-bird on amorous wing unapproachable, carrying off the boy with harmless talons into the air, as once he did the Trojan boy to serve his cups.[b] He feared also the lovestricken ruler of the sea, that as once he took up Tantalides[c] in his golden car, so now he might drive a winged wagon coursing through the air and ravish Ampelos—the Earthshaker mad with love!

[264] He had a sweet dream on his dreambreeding bed, beheld the shadowy phantom of a counterfeit shape and whispered loving words to the mocking vision of the boy. If his passionate gaze saw any blemish,[d] this appeared lovely to lovestruck Dionysos, even more dear than the whole young body; if the end of the tail which grew on him hung slack by his loins, this was sweeter than honey to Bacchos. Matted hair on an unkempt head even so gave more pleasure to his impassioned gaze. By day he was charmed to be with him; when night came he was troubled to part from him, when he no longer heard the familiar voice enchanting his ears, as he slept in the grotto of Rhea mother of mighty sons.

[275] A Satyr saw the boy, and enchanted with his divine beauty he whispered, concealing his words—

Hyacinthos on the head (either by accident or because the West-wind blew it awry) and killed him.

[b] Ganymede.

[c] Pelops. Here Nonnos follows Pindar's version of the story, by which Poseidon fell in love with Pelops and carried him off to be cupbearer in Olympos before Ganymede: Pindar, *Ol.* i. 40.

[d] In the real boy.

"Ἀνδρομέης κραδίης ταμίη, φιλοτήσιε Πειθώ,
μοῦνος ἐμοὶ νέος οὗτος ἐπήρατος ἴλαος εἴη·
καί μιν ἔχων, ἅτε Βάκχος, ὁμέφιον οὐ μεναίνω
αἰθέρα ναιετάειν μετανάστιος, οὐ θεὸς εἶναι
ἤθελον, οὐ Φαέθων φαεσίμβροτος, οὐ πόθον ἕλκω
νέκταρος, ἀμβροσίης δ' οὐ δεύομαι· οὐκ ἀλεγίζω,
Ἄμπελος εἰ φιλέει με καὶ ἐχθαίρει με Κρονίων."
Ὣς ὁ μὲν ἀμφιέπων ὑποκάρδιον ἰὸν Ἐρώτων
κρυπτὸν ἀνηύτησεν ἔπος ζηλήμονι φωνῇ,
θαύματι φίλτρον ἔχων κεκερασμένον.
ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
Εὔιος, ἠιθέου βεβολημένος ἡδέι κέντρῳ,
ἴαχε μειδιόων Κρονίδῃ, δυσέρωτι τοκῆι·
"Νεῦσον ἐμοὶ φιλέοντι μίαν χάριν,
ὦ Φρύγιε Ζεῦ·
νηπιάχῳ μὲν ἔειπεν ἐμὴ τροφὸς εἰσέτι Ῥείη,
ὡς στεροπὴν Ζαγρῆι πόρες, προτέρῳ Διονύσῳ
εἰσέτι παππάζοντι, τεὴν πυρόεσσαν ἀκωκήν,
καὶ βροντῆς κελάδημα καὶ ἠερίου χύσιν ὄμβρου,
καὶ πέλε δεύτερος ἄλλος ἔτι βρέφος ὑέτιος Ζεύς·
σεῖο δ' ἐγὼ πρηστῆρος ἀναίνομαι αἰθέριον πῦρ,
οὐ νέφος, οὐ βροντῆς ἐθέλω κτύπον· ἦν δ' ἐθελήσῃς,
Ἡφαίστῳ πυρόεντι δίδου σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ,
Ἄρης σῶν νεφέων ἐχέτω θώρηκα καλύπτρην,
δὸς χάριν Ἑρμάωνι Διιπετέος χύσιν ὄμβρου,
καὶ στεροπὴν γενετῆρος ἀερτάζοι καὶ Ἀπόλλων·
μεῖον ἐμοί, φίλε, λῆμα, φιλοσκάρθμῳ Διονύσῳ·
καλὸν ἐμοὶ Σεμέλης στεροπὴν ἐλάχειαν ἀείρειν,
μητροφόνοι σπινθῆρες ἀτερπέες εἰσὶ κεραυνοῦ.
ναίω Μαιονίην· τί γὰρ αἰθέρι καὶ Διονύσῳ;
κάλλος ἐμοῦ Σατύροιο φιλαίτερόν ἐστιν Ὀλύμπου.
εἰπέ, πάτερ, μὴ κρύπτε· τεὸς νέος ὅρκιος ἔστω·

[illegible] "Allfriendly Persuasion, manager of the human heart! Grant only that this lovely boy be gracious to me! If I can have him to play with me like Bacchos, I wish not to be translated into the sky, I would not be a god—not Phaëthon the light of mankind, I covet not the nectar, I want no ambrosia! I care nothing, if Ampelos loves me, even if Cronion hates me!"

[illegible] So much he said to himself in envious tone, hugging the lovepoison in his heart, drunk with the magic potion of adoration. But Enios himself, pierced by the sting of the young man's sweetness, smiled as he cried out to Cronides his father, another unhappy lover:

[illegible] "Grant one grace to me the lover, O Phrygian Zeus! When I was a little one, Rheia who is still my nurse told me that you gave lightning to Zagreus, the first Dionysos, before he could speak plain—gave him your fiery lance and rattling thunder and showers of rain out of the sky, and he was another Rainy Zeus while yet a babbling baby! But I do not ask the heavenly fire of your lightning, nor the cloud, nor the thunderclap. If it please you, give fiery Hephaistos the spark of your thunderbolt; let Ares have a corselet of your clouds to cover his chest with; give the pouring rainshower of Zeus as largess to Hermaon; let Apollo, if you will, wield his father's lightning. My ambition is not so high, dear father! I am springheel Dionysos! A fine thing it would be for me to wield Semele's minikin lightning! The sparks of thunderbolt that killed my mother are no pleasure to me. Maionia is my dwelling-place; what is the sky to Dionysos? My Satyr's beauty is dearer to me than Olympos. Tell me, father, do not hide it, swear by your own young friend—when

αἰετὸς ὁππότε κοῦρον ὑπὸ σφυρὰ Γανυμήδην Ἴδης
φειδομένῳ κούφιζες ἐς οὐρανὸν ἅρπαγι ταρσῷ,
τηλίκον ἤλλαξε κύπελλον ὁ βουκόλος, ὃν σὺ τραπέζῃ
αἰθερίῃ ξείνωσας ἔτι πνείοντα βοαύλων;
Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἱλήκοις, τανυσίπτερε· μή μοι ἐνίψῃς
Τρώιον οἰνοχοῆα τεὸν δηριντῆρα ἀνατέλλειν,
ὅττι φαεινοτέροισι φέρων ἀμάρυγμα προσώπου
Ἄμπελος ἱμερόεις Γανυμήδεος εἶδος ἐλέγχει·
Τρωίλου Ἰδαίου πέλε φέρτερος. εἰσὶ δὲ πολλαὶ
ἄλλων ἠιθέων ἐρατεινοὶ στίχες, οὐκ ἅμα πάντας,
ἣν ἐθέλῃς, ἅρπαζε λιπὼν ἕνα παῖδα Λυαίου."
Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε πόθῳ δεδονημένος οἴστρῳ·
οὐχ οὕτω λασίης Μαγνησίδος ἔνδοθεν ὕλης
βουκόλος Ἀδμήτοιο βόας ποίμαινεν Ἀπόλλων,
παιδὸς ἐρωτοτόκοιο βεβολημένος ἔνδοθι κέντρῳ,
ὅσσον ἐπ' ἠιθέῳ φρένα τέρπετο Βάκχος ἀθύρων.
ἄμφω δ' ἐφιλέοντο συνήλικες ἔνδοθι λόχμης.
πῇ μὲν ἀκοντίζοντες ἐς ἠέρα θύρσον ἀλήτην,
πῇ δὲ παρὰ πλατανῶνι λιπόσκιον, ἄλλοτε πέτραις
ἔστιχον ἀγρώσσοντες ὀρίτροφα τέκνα λεόντων·
καί ποτε μουνωθέντες ἐρημάδος ὑψόθεν ὄχθης,
ἐν ψαμάθοις παίζοντες ἐυρροάδος ποταμοῖο,
ἀμφὶ παλαισμοσύνης φιλοπαίγμονος εἶχον ἀγῶνα·
τοῖσι μὲν οὐ τρίπος ἦεν ἄεθλιον, οὐδ' ἐπὶ νίκῃ
ἀνθεμόεις παρέκειτο λέβης, οὐ φορβάδες ἵπποι,
ἀλλὰ λιγυφθόγγων δαιδαλόθρονος αὐλὸς Ἐρώτων.
ἀμφοτέροις δ' ἔρος ἦεν ἐπήρατος· ἐν δ' ἄρα μέσσῳ
ἵστατο μάρτυς Ἔρως, πτερόεις ἐναγώνιος Ἑρμῆς,
στέμμα πόθου νάρκισσον ἐπιπλέξας ὑακίνθῳ.

---

* Apollo, when banished from heaven for killing the Cyclopes (see Eur. *Alc.* 1 ff.), was received by Admetus.

you were an Eagle, when you picked up the boy on the slopes of Teurrian Ida with greedy gentle claw, and brought him to heaven, had the chosen such beauty as this, when you made him one of the heavenly table still smelling of the byre! Forgive me, Father Longwing! Don't talk to me of your Trojan winepourer, the servant of your cups. Lovely Ampelus outshines Ganymedes, he has a brilliancy in his countenance more radiant—the Tmolian beats the Idaian! There are plenty more beautiful lads in troupe—court them all if you like, and leave one boy to Lyaios!"

So he spoke, shaken by the sting of desire. Not Apollo in the thick Magnesian woods, when he was herdsman to Admetus and tended his cattle, was pierced by the sweet sting of love for a winsome boy, as Bacchus rejoiced in heart sporting with the youth.[a] Both played in the woods together, now throwing the thyrsus to travel through the air, now on some unshaded flat, or again they tramped the rocks hunting the hillbred lion's cubs. Sometimes above on a deserted bank, they played on the sands of a pebbly river and had a wrestling-bout in friendly sport; no tripod was their prize, no flowergraven cauldron lay ready for the victory, no horses from the grass, but a double pipe of love with clearsounding notes. It was a delightsome strife for both, for mad Love stood between them, a winged Hermes in the Ring,[b] wreathing a lovegarland of daffodil and iris.

king of Pherai in Thessaly (and so near enough to Magnesia to be called homely Magnesians), and either from gratitude for his kindness or love of his beauty, befriended him thereafter.

[b] Hermes was patron of athletic contests under this title.

Ἄμφω δ' εἰς μέσον ἦλθον ἀεθλοφόρων Ἐρώτων,
καὶ παλάμας στεφανηδὸν ἑλιξάμενοι διὰ νώτων,
ἀμφοτέρων σφίγξαντες ἐπ' ἰξύι δεσμὸν ἀγοστῶν,
πλευρὰ διεσφήκωσαν ὁμόζυγι πήχεος ὁλκῷ,
καὶ δέμας ἀλλήλων ἀνεκούφισαν ὑψόθι γαίης
χερσὶν ἀμοιβαίῃσι· καὶ ἔπτατο Βάκχος Ὀλύμπου
ἀμφὶ παλαισμοσύνης μελεδήμονι, εἶχε δὲ δισσὴν
τερπωλὴν ἐρόεσσαν, ἀειρόμενος καὶ ἀείρων . . .
καὶ παλάμῃ Βρομίοιο παλάμης περὶ καρπὸν ἑλίξας,
χερσὶ συναπτομένῃσιν ἐπερρίζωσεν ἅμμα πιέζων,
διχθαδίῳ συνέεργεν ἐρειδόμενα διάκτυλα δεσμῷ,
δεξιτερὴν ἐθέλοντος ἐπισφίγγειν Διονύσου.
ἔνθα μὲν ἡβητῆρος ἐπ' ἰξύι χεῖρας ἑλίσσων,
Βάκχος ἐρωμανέεσσι δέμας παλάμῃσι πιέζων,
Ἄμπελον ἥρπαζεν, ὁ δὲ Βρομίοιο τυχήσας
κόψε ποδὸς κώληπα· καὶ Εὔιος ἡδὺ γελάσσας,
ἤριπεν ἐθελοντὶ τυπεὶς ἁπαλόχροϊ ταρσῷ,
ὕπτιος αὐτοκέλευστος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίῃ·
καὶ χθονὶ κεκλιμένοιο θελήμονος ὑψόθι Βάκχου
γυμνῇ γηθὰς κοῦρος ἐφέζετο· αὐτὰρ ὁ χαίρων
ἐκταδὸν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα χυθεὶς ἐπεκέκλιτο γαίῃ
γαστέρι κουφίζων γλυκερὸν βάρος· ἰθυτενὲς δὲ
ἄκρον ὑπὲρ ψαμάθοιο παλιντροπὲς ἴχνος ἐρείσας
νώτου ἀνηώρησε μετάτροπον, ἠερίην δὲ
φειδομένην ἀνέφηνεν, ἀμαλλητῆρι δὲ παλμῷ
χειρὸς ἀναινομένης ἀπεσείσατο φόρτον Ἐρώτων·
πλευρὰ δὲ δοχμώσας, πελάσσας δ' ἀγχόθι κονίῃ,
ἡβητὴρ πολύιδρις ἐπ' ἀντιπάλου θόρε νώτου
λοξὸς ἐπὶ πλευρῇσιν, ὑπὲρ λαγόνων δὲ καθάψας
ἄκρα ποδὸς κώληπι, παρὰ σφυρὸν ἴχνος ἐρείσας,
γαστέρα διχθαδίῳ μεσάτῃ μετρήσατο δεσμῷ,
πλευρὰ περιθλίβων, ὑπὸ γούνατι ταρσὸν ἑλίξας

339 Both stood forward as love's athletes. They joined their palms garlandwise over each other's back, packed at the waist with a knot of the hands, squeezed the ribs tight with the muscles of their two forearms, lifted each other from the ground alternately. Bacchos was in heaven amid this honeysweet wrestling, and love gave him a double joy, lifting and lifted* . . . . Ampelos encloused the wrist of Bromios in his palms, then joining hands and tightening that intralling grip interlaced his fingers and brought them together in a double knot, squeezing the right hand of willing Dionysos. Next Bacchos ran his two hands round the young man's waist squeezing his body with a loving grip, and lifted Ampelos high; but the other kicked Bromios neatly behind the knee; and Eaios laughing merrily at the blow from his young comrade's tender foot, let himself fall on his back in the dust. Thus while Bacchos lay willingly on the ground the boy sat across his naked belly, and Bacchos in delight lay stretched at full length on the ground sustaining the sweet burden on his paunch. Now raising one of his legs he set the sole of the foot firmly upon the sand and raised his overturned back; but he showed mercy in his strength, as with a rival movement of a reluctant hand he dislodged the beloved burden. The young man, no novice at the game, turned sideways and rested his elbow on the ground, then jumped across on his adversary's back, then over his flanks with a foot behind one knee and another set on the other ankle he encircled the waist with a double band and squeezed the ribs and pressed flat and

* Something is missing here.

ὄρθιον ἀπλωθέντα· κυλινδομένων δὲ κονίῃ
ἀμφοτέρων καμάτοιο προάγγελος ἔρρεεν ἱδρώς.
ὀψὲ δὲ παυθέντος, ἀνικήτου περ ἐόντος,
Ζηνὸς ἀεθλητῆρος ἔχων μίμημα τοκῆος
νικήτας Διόνυσος ἐποίησεν, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
Ζεὺς μέγας αὐτοκέλευστος ἐπ' Ἀλφειοῖο παλαίων
ὤκλασεν, Ἡρακλῆι θελήμονα γούνατα κάμψας.
Τοῖος ἀγὼν τετέλεστο φιλάθλιος· φθάμενος δὲ
δίθρονον αἶθλον ἀέθλων ἐσπάσατο τερπομένη χείρ·
καὶ νέος ἱδρώων φαιδρύνετο γυῖα ῥεέθρῳ
καὶ κόνιν ἱμαλέῃ ἀπενίψατο· λουομένου δὲ
ἐκ χροὸς ἱδρώοντος ἐπήρατος ἔρρεεν αἴγλη.
Οὐδὲ παλαισμοσύνης τελέσας γυιαλκέα νίκης
σύννομος ἠϊθέοισιν ἐπαύετο Βάκχος ἀέθλων,
ἀλλὰ ποδωκείης ἀνεμώδεα θῆκεν ἀγῶνα.
καὶ βαλβῖδας ἐς ἔσχατα φέρων μετρήτορας ἀρούρης
πρώτῳ μὲν θέτο δῶρα Κυβηλίδος ὄργανα Ῥείης,
κύμβαλα χαλκεόνωτα καὶ αἰόλα δέρματα νεβρῶν·
νίκης δ' ἦεν ἄεθλα τὰ δεύτερα Πανὸς ἑταίρη,
σύριγξ ἱμερόεσσα καὶ ἠχήεσσα βοείη
χαλκοβαρής· τριτάτῳ δὲ τίθει Διόνυσος ἀέθλων
ψάμμον ἐρευθιόωσαν ἐτυμωτάτου ποταμοῖο.
καὶ Βρόμιος σταδίῳ μεμετρημένον οὖδας ὁρίζων
δισσὰ τιταινομένης διεμέτρεεν ἄκρα κελεύθου,
ὀρθώσας δεκάδωρον ἐπὶ χθονὶ σῆμα πορείης,
στήσας τέρμα δρόμοιο τανυὸν ξύλον· ἀντιπόρου δὲ
πῆξε τύπον βαλβῖδος ἐπ' ἠόνι θύρσον ἀείρας·
καὶ Σατύρους ὤτρυνεν ἀεθλεύειν περὶ νίκης.
Ὀξὺ δὲ κεκλομένοιο φιλοσκαίρθμοιο Λυαίου
Ληνεὺς πρῶτος ὄρουσε ποδήνεμος, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ
Κισσὸς ἀερσιπόδης καὶ ἐπήρατος Ἄμπελος ἔστη·

* The scissors-hold of to-day.

straight out the lifted leg under his knee.° Both rolled in the dust, and the sweat poured out to tell that they were tired.

375 Thus Dionysus was conquered with his own consent, like his father as an athlete, who was conquered at last though invincible; for mighty Zeus himself, wrestling with Heracles beside the Alpheius, bent willing knees and fell of his own accord.

379 So ended the playful bout: the young man held out a happy hand and lifted his prize, the double pipes. He cleansed the sweat from his limbs in the river and washed off the damp dust; as he bathed, a pleasant brightness shone from the sweating skin.

385 After the victory in wrestling strong's the limb, Bacchos did not cease his games with his young comrade, but proposed a winds-swift contest of footrunning. To being in other fleet wagers of the game for love, he offered for the first, Cybelid Rhoia's instruments as a prize, bronze-plated cymbals and the speckled skins of fawns. The second prize for victory was Pan's comrade,—pan-pipes sweet of utterance, and a resounding tomtom in a heavy bronze frame. For the third in his games, Dionysus offered ruddy sand from the river so ready and willing.

398 Then Bromios measured the ground for the furlong race. He measured the stretch between the two ends of the course, and set up a tall stake in the ground, ten palms high, to make the finish of the race; at the other end he raised and planted a thyrsus on the river-bank to show the turning-point. Then he urged the Satyrs to go in and win.

399 Springheel Lyaios cried his summons aloud, and first up leapt windfoot Lemeus, then on either side of him highstepping Cisses and charming Ampelos

καὶ ποδὸς ἰθυπόροιο πεπαλμένος ἀκρὶ ταρσῷ
κεκριμένοι στοιχηδὸν ἐφέστασαν· ἐκ δαπέδοιο δὲ
ἄκρα χαρασσομένοιο μετάρσιον ἴχνος ἀείρας
Κισσὸς ἀελλήεντι ποδῶν κουφίζετο παλμῷ·
τοῦ μὲν ἐπειγομένοιο μετάφρενον ἄσθματι θάλπων
Ληνεὺς ἱεμένοιο ἐπέτρεχε σύνδρομος αὔραις,
ἀγχιφανὴς προθέοντος, ὀπισθοπόροιο δὲ ταρσοῦ
ἴχνεσιν ἴχνια τύψε χυτῆς ψαύοντα κονίης·
καὶ τόσον ἀμφοτέρων ἀπελείπετο μέσσον ὁρίζων,
ὁππόσον ἱστοπόνοιο κανὼν πρὸς στήθεϊ κούρης
μεσσοφανὴς λάχε χῶρον ἀνὰ μίτα γείτονα μαζῷ.
καὶ τρίτος Ἄμπελος ἦεν ὀπίστερος· εὐτροχάλων δὲ
ζηλήμων Διόνυσος ἐτείρετο λοξὰ δοκεύων
δοχμαδίους προθέοντας ἀεθλητῆρας ἀγώνων,
μή ποτε νικήσωσι καὶ Ἄμπελος ὕστερος ἔλθῃ·
ἀλλὰ θεὸς χραισμῆσεν, ἐπιπνείων δέ οἱ ἀλκὴν
κοῦρον ἐυτροχάλοιο ταχίονα θῆκεν ἀέλλης·
καὶ διδύμων πρώτιστος ἀεθλοφόρων ἐν ἀγῶνι
σπερχομένων, διερῇ μὲν ἐπ' ἰλύϊ γούνατα πάλλων,
Κισσὸς ἐπωλίσθησε πεσὼν ψαμαθώδεϊ πηλῷ,
καὶ σφαλερὴ Ληνῆος ἐπίρρετο γούνατος ὁρμὴ
ἂψ ἀνασειράζουσα ποδῶν δρόμον· ἀθλοφόρου δὲ
ἀμφότεροι λείποντο, καὶ Ἄμπελος ἥρπασε νίκην.
Σειληνοὶ δὲ γέροντες ἀνίαχον Εὔιον ἠχώ
νίκην ἠιθέοιο τεθηπότες· ἁβροκόμης δὲ
δέκτο νέος τὰ πρῶτα, τὰ δεύτερα δέχνυτο Ληνεὺς
ζῆλον ἔχων, φθονερὸν δὲ δόλον γίνωσκε Λυαίου
καὶ πόθον· αἰδομένῃ δὲ συνήλικας εἶδεν ὀπωπῇ
λοίσθια Κισσὸς ἄεθλα κατηφέϊ χειρὶ κομίζων.

a Leneus is a personification invented by Nonnus of ληνός, the winepress. Cissos is the ivy, Ampelos the vine.

stood up.[6] They stood in a row, confident in the quick soles of their straightfaring feet. Cissos flew with stormy movement of his feet just skimming the top of the ground as he touched it. Leneus was running behind him quick as the winds of heaven and warming the back of the sprinter with his breath, close behind the leader, and he touched footstep with footstep on the dust as it dropped, with following feet: the space between them both was no more than the rod leaves open before the bosom of a girl working at the loom, close to the firm breast. Ampelos came third and last. Dionysos saw them out of the corner of his eye, and melted with jealousy that the two competitors should be in front, afraid they might win and Ampelos come in behind them; so the god helped him, breathed strength into him, and made the boy swifter than the spinning gale. Then Cissos, first of the two in the race, striving so hard for the prize, stumbled over a wet place on the shore, slipt and fell in the sandy slush; Leneus had to check the course of his feet, and his knees lost their swing: so both competitors were passed and Ampelos carried off the victory.[7]

[8] The old Seilenoi[8] shouted Euoi! amazed at the victory of the youth. He received the first prize with soft hair flowing, Leneus took the second full of envy, for he understood the jealous trick of Lyaios and his passion; Cissos eyed his comrades with look abashed, as he held out his hand for the last prize discontented.

[6] This contest recalls the race at the funeral of Patroclos, Hom. *Il.* xxiii. 784.

[8] Here, as often, the older Satyrs. [illegible]

[illegible]

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΝΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Ἑνδέκατον δὲ δόκευε καὶ ἱμερόεντα νοήσεις
Ἄμπελον ἀνδροφόνῳ πεφορημένον ἅρπαγι ταύρῳ.

Λῦτο δ' ἀγών· ἐρόεις δὲ νέος φιλοπαίγμονι νίκῃ
κυδιόων σκίρτησεν ὁμόστολος ἔγγυθι Βάκχῳ
εἰλιπόδην περὶ κύκλον ἀλήμονα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,
δεξιτερὴν παλάμῃσιν ἐπικλίνων Διονύσῳ·
καί μιν ἰδὼν Ἰόβακχος ἀγήνορα δέξατο νίκῃ
ποσσὶ περισκαίροντα, φίλῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·
“Σπεῦδε πάλιν, φίλε κοῦρε,
ποδωκείης μετὰ νίκην
καὶ μετὰ πεζὸν ἄεθλον ἔχειν τρίτον ἄλλον ἀγῶνα,
νηχομένῳ δ' ἀπείρητος ὁμόφλοος νήχεο Βάκχῳ.
Ἄμπελε, νικήσεις με παρὰ ψαμάθοισι ποδοῖιν,
ἔσσο καὶ ἐν προχοῇσιν ἐλαφρότερος Διονύσου,
καὶ Σατύρους παίζοντας ἐπὶ σπαρθμοῖσιν ἐάσας
εἰς τρίτατον πάλιν ἄλλον ἐπείγεο μοῦνος ἀγῶνα·
ἐν χθονὶ νικήσεις καὶ ἐν ὕδασι, καὶ μετὰ νίκην
σοὺς ἐρατοὺς πλοκάμους
διδύμοις στέψαιμι κορύμβοις
διπλόα νικηθέντος ἀνικήτου Λυαίου.
ἔπρεπέ σοι ῥόος οὗτος ἐπήρατος, ἔπρεπε μούνῳ
κάλλεϊ σῶν μελέων, ἵνα διπλόος Ἄμπελος εἴη
χρυσείῃ παλάμῃ χρυσαυγέα ῥεύματα τέμνων·

BOOK XI

See the eleventh, and you will find lovely Ampelos carried off by the manslaying rubber bull.

The contest was done. The lovely lad exulting in his sportloving victory, skipt about with Bacchos his yearsmate playfellow, and moved his circling legs in gambolling turns. He threw his white right arm about Dionysos; and when Ishacchos saw him jumping about so proud of his two victories, he said to him affectionately:

"Hurry now—have another try, dear boy, after winning that race and after your land action; try a third match, swim against your comrade Bacchos and see if you can beat him! You had the best of it, Ampelos, in wrestling with me on the sands; now show yourself more agile than Dionysos in the rivers! Leave the playful Satyrs to their skippings and come quick again by yourself to a third match. If you win both by land and water, I will crown your lovely hair with a double garland for two victories over Dionysos the unconquerable.

"This lovely stream suits you, suits the beauty of your limbs alone, that there may be a double Ampelos cutting the goldgleaming flood with golden

καὶ γυμνοῖς μελέεσσι τιταινομένοιο περὶ νίκης
κοσμήσει τεὸν κάλλος ὅλον Πακτωλίδος ὕδωρ.
δὸς ποταμῷ γέρας ἶσον Ὀλύμπιον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸν
Ὠκεανῷ Φαέθων ῥοδέοις ἀκτῖσιν ἰάλλει·
Πακτωλῷ πέλε καὶ σὺ τεὸν σέλας, ὄφρα φανείη
Ἄμπελος ἀντέλλων ἅτε Φωσφόρος· ἀμφότεροι γὰρ
ἀστράπτει ῥόος αὐτὸς ἐρευθιόωντι μετάλλῳ
ὡς σὺ τεοῖς μελέεσσι· βαθυπλούτῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
σύγχροον εἶδος ἔχοντα καὶ ἰσότυπον δεχέσθω
μίξας κάλλεϊ κάλλος, ὅπως Σατύροισι βοήσω·
'πῶς ῥόδον εἰς ῥόδον ἦλθε;
πόθεν μία κίρναται αἴγλη
καὶ χροῒ φοινίσσοντι καὶ ἀστράπτοντι ῥεέθρῳ;'
εἴθε καὶ ἐνθάδε, κοῦρε, πέλεν ῥόος Ἠριδανοῖο,
Ἡλιάδων ὅθι δάκρυ ῥοηφορεῖ, ὄφρα κεν ἄμφω
καὶ χρυσῷ σέο γυῖα καὶ ἠλέκτροισι λοέσσω.
ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ Ἑσπερίου ποταμοῦ μάλα τηλόθι ναίω,
ἵξομαι εἰς Ἀλύβην ἀγχίπτολιν, ὁππόθι γείτων
Γεύδης ἐγκατέδινον ὑδάτων λευκαίνεται ὁλκῷ,
ὄφρα σε Πακτωλοῖο λελουμένον ἐκ ποταμοῖο,
Ἄμπελε, φαιδρύνοιμι καὶ ἀργυρέοισι ῥεέθροις.
Ἕρμος ἐυρρείτης ἑτέροις Σατύροισι μελέσθω·
οὐ γὰρ ἀπὸ χρυσοῖο φέρει ῥόον· ἀλλὰ σὺ μούνης
χρύσεος ἔπλεο κούρης, ἔχοις καὶ χρύσεον ὕδωρ."
Ὣς εἰπὼν πεφόρητο δι' ὕδατος· ἐκ δαπέδου δὲ
Ἄμπελος ἠώρητο καὶ ὡμάρτησε Λυαίῳ·
καὶ γλυκὺς ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔην δρόμος
ἄκρον ἀπ' ἄκρου
νηχομένοις ἑλικηδὸν ἐρικτεάνου ποταμοῖο.
καὶ θεὸς ὑδατόεντα φέρων ταχυτῆτος ἀγῶνα
ἔτρεχεν ἀστήρικτος ἐν ὕδασι, γυμνὰ ῥεέθροις

palm; while you stretch naked limbs for victory, all the Pactolian water shall adorn your beauty. Phaëthon himself shoots his rosy beams on Oceanos; grant an equal Olympian glory to this river: you too give your brightness to Pactolos, that Ampelos may be seen rising like Phosphoros. Both are radiant, this river with its red metal, and you with your limbs; in the deep riches of his flood let him receive this youth also with the same colour on his skin; let him mix beauty with beauty, that I may cry to the Satyrs—'How came rose to rose? How is ruddy flesh and sparkling water mingled into one radiant light?'

[38] "Would that the river Erídanos[6] were here also, dear boy, where are the richrolling tears of the Heliades: then I would wash your limbs with amber and gold together. But since I live very far from the western river, I will visit the city of Alybe[7] close at hand, where the Gendis has a white stream of precious water, that when you come bathed out of river Pactolos, Ampelos, I may make you shine with silvery water too. Let the other Satyrs see to wide-flowing Hermos, for he has no golden springs. But you are the only golden boy, and you shall have the golden water."

[40] Thus speaking, he plunged into the water; Ampelos rose from the ground and joined Lyaios, and a jolly course the two had, zigzag from point to point of the opulent river. The god winning this watery race swam steadily through the water, push-

[6] When not wholly *falsaleum*, this is the Po. For its legend, see bk. xxxviii. 432–434.

[7] Said to be in Chaldaea or Bithynia, or on the Black Sea, and to have been visited by Rhaia with the infant Zeus; famous for silver-mines from Homer (*Il.* ii. 857) on.

στέρνα βαλών, δονέων δὲ πόδας καὶ χείρας ἐρέσσων
ἀφνειῆς ἀτίνακτα κατέγραφε νῶτα γαλήνης,
πῇ μὲν ἔχων ὁμόφοιτον ἑὸν δρόμον ἥλικι κούρῳ,
πῇ δὲ παραΐσσων πεφυλαγμένος, ὅσσον ἐάσῃ
Ἄμπελον ἀγχικέλευθον ὁμήλυδα γείτονι Βάκχῳ·
ἄλλοτε κυκλώσας παλάμας, ἅτε κύματι κάμνων,
ὑγροπόρῳ ταχύγουνος ἑκούσιος ὤπασε νίκην.
Καὶ ποταμοῦ μετὰ χεῦμα μετήιεν ἔνδια λόχμης
Ἄμπελος αὐχένα γαῦρον ἔχων ποταμηΐδι νίκῃ.
καὶ πλοκάμους μίτρωσεν ἐχιδνήεντι κορύμβῳ
φρικτὸν ἔχων μίμημα δρακοντοκόμοιο Λυαίου·
πολλάκι δ' αἰολόνωτον ἰδὼν Βρομίοιο χιτῶνα,
δαιδαλέην μελέεσσι νόθην ἐσθῆτα καθάφας,
πορφυρέῳ πόδα κοῦφον ἐπεσφήκωσε κοθόρνῳ,
στικτὸν ἔχων χροῒ πέπλον· ὀρεσσαύλῳ δ' ἐνὶ δίφρῳ
πορδαλίων Ἰόβακχον ὀπιπεύων ἐλατῆρα
γαῦρα φιλοσκοπέλων ἐπεδείκνυε παίγνια θηρῶν·
πῇ μὲν ὀρεστιάδος λοφιῆς ἐπιβήμενος ἄρκτον
θηρὸς ἐπειγομένης βλοσυρὴν ἀνεσείρασε χαίτην,
πῇ δὲ λεοντείην λασίην ἐπεμάστιε δειρήν,
ἄλλοτε, δαιδαλέων ἐποχημένος ὑψόθι νώτων,
ἀστεμφὴς ἀχάλινον ἐτέρπετο τίγριν ἐλαύνων.
Καί μιν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος, ἔχων πρηεῖαν ἀπειλήν,
εἶπε παρηγορέων φιλίῳ μαντώδεϊ μύθῳ,
μεμφομένοις στομάτεσσι χέων οἰκτίρμονα φωνήν·
"Πῇ φέρεαι, φίλε κοῦρε; τί σοι τόσον εὔαδεν ὕλη;
μίμνέ μοι ἀγρώσσοντι συναγρώσσων Διονύσῳ·
εἰλαπίνης φαύοντι συνειλαπίναζε Λυαίῳ
κωμάζων, ὅτε κῶμον ἐγὼ Σατύροισιν ἐγείρω.
πόρδαλις οὐ κλονέει με καὶ ἀγροτέρης γένυς ἄρκτου,

ing his bare breast against the stream, moving his feet and paddling with his hands, and so severed the undisturbed surface of the smooth treasury of riches. Now his boy-comrade's course ran beside his own, now he shot past him carefully, just so much as to leave Ampelos still a near neighbour to Bacchos in the way; sometimes he let his hands go round and round as if tired by the water, and willingly yielded quickness the victory to the other swimmer.

[50] Leaving the river stream, Ampelos repaired to the shelter of the woods, lifting a proud neck for his victory in the river. He bound his head with a cluster of ripest, like Lyaios's terrible wreath of snakes. Often seeing the dappled-back tunic of Bromios, he put over his limbs a spotted dress in imitation, and pushed his light foot into a purple buskin, and threw a speckled robe on his body. When he saw Iobacchos in a car driving panthers about the hills, he showed off exultantly his gambols with rock-loving beasts; now mounting the shaggy back of a woodland bear, he pulled back the ruff of the grim hurrying beast; now on the hairy neck of a lion he gave it the whip; now he drove an unbridled tiger with delight, seated immovable high on the striped back.

[51] When Dionysos saw him, he warned him gently, adding friendly prophetic words to counsels: him as the voice of pity issued from reproving lips:

[52] "Where are you riding, dear boy? Why so fond of the forest? Stay by me when I hunt, and hunt with Dionysos; when Lyaios touches the feast, join in his feasting, and share my revels when I stir the Satyrs to revel. I am not troubled about the panther or the jaws of the wild bear; you need not

μὴ τρομέοις στόμα λάβρον ἀρασσομένοιο λεαίνης·
μούνου ἀμειλίκτοιο κεράατα δείδιθι ταύρου."

Ἔννεπεν οἰκτείρων θρασὺν Ἄμπελον· ἄφρονι δὲ
οὔασι μῦθον ἄκουε, νόος δέ οἱ ἔνδοθι παίζεν.

Ἔνθα φάνη μέγα σῆμα φιλοστεφάνῳ Διονύσῳ
Ἄμπελον ἀγγέλλων μινυώριον· ἐκ σκοπέλου γὰρ
ἀρτιθαλῆ τινα νεβρὸν ὑπὲρ νώτοιο κομίζων
ἀμφιλαφὴς φολίδεσσι δράκων ἐπέτελλε κεράστης,
καί μιν ὑπὲρ βωμοῖο φέρων ἐφύπερθε θεμέθλων
σμερδαλέῃ πρήνιξεν ἀλοιηθέντα κεραίῃ
κύμβαχον αὐτοκέλευστον, ἀρασσομένου δὲ νεβροῦ
ὀξὺ μέλος κλάγξαντος ἀπέσσυτο θυμὸς ἀλήτης·
σπουδῆς δ' ἐσσομένης αὐτάγγελος αἵματος ὁλκῷ
λύθρου αἱμαλέαις ἐμυδαίνετο βωμὸς ἐέρσαις,
οἴνου λειβομένοιο φέρων τύπον. εἰσορόων δὲ
Εὔιος ἑρπυστῆρα, κερασφόρον ἅρπαγα νεβροῦ,
ἄφρονος ἠιθέοιο μαθὼν ὀλετῆρα κεράστην
πένθεϊ μῖξε γέλωτα, καὶ ἄστατον εἶχε μενοινὴν
δοχμάδιον, κραδίη δὲ μερίζετο, γείτονα πότμου
ἠβητὴν στενάχων, γελόων χάριν ἥδεος οἴνου.
ἔμπης δ' ἱμερόεντι συνέμπορος ἤιε κούρῳ
εἰς ὄρος, εἰς πλατάμωνα,
καὶ εἰς δρόμον ἤθαδος ἄγρης.
καί μιν ἰδὼν ἔτι Βάκχος ἐτέρπετο· καὶ γὰρ ὀπωπαὶ
οὔ ποτε δερκομένοισι κόρον τίκτουσιν ἐρώτων.
πολλάκι καὶ Βρομίοιο παριζομένοιο τραπέζῃ
ἠίθεος σύριζεν ἀήθεα Μούσης ἀμείβων,
καὶ δονάκων συνέχευεν ὅλον μέλος· οἷα δὲ κούρου
καλὰ μελιζομένοιο, καὶ εἰ τόνον ἤλασε μολπῆς,
Βάκχος ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο θορὼν ἀνεμώδεϊ παλμῷ
χερσὶ συνεπλατάγησε πολύκροτος, ἠιθέου δὲ
εἰσέτι μελπομένοιο περὶ στόμα χεῖλος ἐρείσας

fear the wild mouth of the mountainranging lioness —fear only the horns of the pitiless bull.

[61] So he warned bold Ampelos in compassion; the youth heard the words with his ears, but the mind within him was still at play.

[62] Then came a great portent to doting Dionysos, showing that Ampelos had not long to live: for a horned dragon covered with scales rose from the rocks, carrying across his back a tender young fawn; he crept over the steps, and threw it upon the altar tumbling and rolling helpless and gored with his horrible horn. The hillranging fawn screamed a shrill note as its wandering spirit flew away. A stream of blood reddened the stone altar with bloody dew like so much trickling wine, harbinger of the libation that should follow. When Euios saw the crawling horned robber with the fawn, he knew that a horned creature would destroy the thoughtless youth. He mingled a laugh with his mourning; his thought was uncertain and divided in two, his heart cleft in halves, as he groaned for the youth so near to death, and laughed for the delectable wine.

[63] None the less he went with the lovely boy to the mountains, to the flats, to the course of their familiar hunting. Bacchos still delighted to look at him; for loving eyes are never sated with looking. Often as Bromios sat with him at table, the youth would pipe a new strange music, and confused all the notes of his reeds. Even if he broke the tune of his melody, Bacchos made as if the boy were playing well, and sprang from the ground with airy leaps, clapped and clattered with hands together, as the boy yet sang pressed his own lips to his mouth,

[1] Suggested by E. H. Warmington for παίζων.

ἁρμονίης τρίφωνον φιλίῳ προσεπήξατο δεσμῷ·
ὤμοσε καὶ Κρονίδην, ὅτι τηλίκον ὑμνοπόλος Πὰν
οὔ ποτε ῥυθμὸν ἄεισε, καὶ οὐ λιγύφωνος Ἀπόλλων.
Καὶ θρασὺν εὐτροχάλοιο νέον θυσανηφόρος Ἄτη
οἴμασιν ἀγρώσσοντος ἀποπλαγχθέντα Λυαίου,
ἠιθέου χαρίεντος ὁμοίιος ἦλθε κούρῳ
Ἄμπελον ἱμερόεντι τόσῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ,
μητρυιῇ Φρυγίοιο χαριζομένη Διονύσου·
“Σὸς φίλος, ἄτρομε κοῦρε,
μάτην Διόνυσος ἀεικές·
ποίην ἑταιρείης γέρας ἔλλαχες; οὐ σὺ Λυαίου
θέσκελον ἅρμα φέρεις, οὐ πάρδαλιν ἡνιοχεύεις.
δῶρα τεοῦ Βρομίοιο Μάρων λάχε, χεῖρα τιταίνων
θυρσοφόρῳ μάστιγι καὶ εὐλίγγι χαλινῷ·
ποῖον ἔχεις τόδε δῶρον ἀπ' εὐθύρσοιο Λυαίου;
πηκτίδα Πᾶνες ἔχουσι καὶ εὐκελάδων θρόον αὐλῶν,
καὶ Σατύρους πέρι αἰόλον ἐμπορφύροντα βοείης
σῆς τιμῆς Διόνυσον, ἀριστεύδες δὲ καὶ αὐταὶ
Βασσαρίδες ῥαχίεσσιν ἐφεδρήσσουσι λεόντων.
ποῖα τεῆς φιλότητος ἐπάξια δῶρα κομίζεις,
παρδαλίων ἐλατῆρα μάτην πεφιλημένε Βάκχῳ;
πολλάκι Φοιβείοιο καθήμενος ὑψόθι δίφρου
ὑψιφανὴς ἤλαυνεν Ἀτύμνιος ἅρμα τοκῆος·
ἔκλυες αὐτὸν Ἄβαριν, ὃν εἰς δρόμον ἠεροφοίτην
ἱπταμένῳ πόμπευεν ἀλήμονι Φοῖβος ὀιστῷ.
αἰετὸν ἡνιόχευεν ἐν αἰθέρι καὶ Γανυμήδης

[a] See Hom. *Il.* xix. 91 for "Ate, daughter of Zeus."
[b] Hera.
[c] A priest of Apollo in Hom. *Od.* ix. 197, who had the famous wine which was too much for any abstainer. His

embraced him lovingly for his beautiful song, as he said, and swore by Zeus that melodious Pan had never sung such another tune nor the clear voice of Apollo.

110 But Ate,[a] the deathbringing spirit of Delusion, saw the bold youth straying on the mountains away from Lyaios during the hunt; and taking the charming form of one of his agemate boys, she addressed Ampelos with a coaxing deceitful speech—all to gratify the stepmother of Phrygian Dionysos.[b]

120 "Your friend, fearless boy, is called Dionysos for nothing! What honour have you got from your friendship? You do not guide the divine car of Lyaios, you do not drive a panther! Your Bromios's chariot has fallen to Maron's lot,[c] his hand manages the beast-ruling whip and the jewel-studded reins. What gift like that have you gotten from Lyaios of the thyrsos? The Pans have their cithern and their melodious tootling pipes; the Satyrs have the round loud-rattling tomtom from your patron Dionysos; even the mountain-ranging Bassarids[d] ride on the backs of lions. What gifts have you received worthy of your love, you, loved for nothing by Bacchos the driver of panthers? Atymnios[e] has often been seen on high in the chariot of Phoibos cutting the air; Abaris[f] also you have heard of, whom Phoibos sped through the air perched on his winged roving arrow. Ganymedes

name became proverbial for fine wine, *e.g.*, below, 518. Various legends connect him in different ways with Dionysos; in Nonnos he is a son of Seilenos, xiv. 99.

[a] See note on viii. 97.

[b] A boy of Gortyn, beloved of Apollo: see xiii. 184.

[c] A Hyperborean priest of Apollo, who travelled through Greece, carrying or riding on one of the god's arrows; Herodotos iv. 36, Ovid, *Met.* v. 86.

Ζῆνα πόθον πτερόεντα, τεοῦ γενετῆρα Λυαίου·
Ἄμπελον οὔ ποτε Βάκχος ἐκούφισεν,
ἔρνος Ἐρώτων,
σὸν δέμας ἀδρύπτοισιν ἑοῖς ἀνέχουσιν ἀείρων.
Τρώιος οἰνοχόος πέλε φέρτερος, ὃς Διὸς αὐλῇ
οἶνον ἔχει·
σὺ δέ, κοῦρε, φέρων πόθον εἰσέτι δίφρου
εἰς δρόμον ἀστήρικτον ἀναίνεο πῶλον ἐλαύνειν,
ὄττι ταχυστεροφάλαγγι ποδῶν δεδονημένος ὁλκῷ
ἵππος ἀελλήεις ἀποσείεται ἡνιοχῆα·
Γλαῦκον ἀπεστυφέλιξαν ἐπὶ χθόνα λυσσάδες ἵπποι,
καὶ ξυνῆς μεθέπων Ποσειδάωνος αἷμα γενέθλης
ἠερόθεν πρηνηδὸν ἀλάστορον ἐπεμβεβαῶτα
Πήγασος ὠκυπέτης ἀπεσείσατο Βελλεροφόντην.
δεῖξόν μοι εἰς ἀγέλην, λιγυηχέες ἦχι νομῆες
καὶ βόες ἱμερόεντες, ἐθελημονέοντα δὲ ταῦρον
ἀσφαλέῃ τελέσω σε βοοσσόον ἡνιοχῆα·
σὸς γὰρ ἄναξ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐπαινήσει σε δοκεύων,
ταυροφυὴς Διόνυσος, ἐφήμενον ἰξύϊ ταύρου.
νόσφι φόβου δρόμος οὗτος, ἐπεὶ καὶ θῆλυς ἐοῦσα
παρθένος Εὐρώπη βοέων ἐπεβήσατο νώτων,
χειρὶ κέρας κρατέουσα καὶ οὐ χατέουσα χαλινοῦ."
Ὣς φαμένη παρέπεισε, καὶ ἤθεα δύσατο δαίμων.
καί τις ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο κατέδραμε ταῦρος ἀλήτης
ἀπροϊδής, καὶ γλῶσσαν, ἐὴν ἐπιμάρτυρα δίψης,
χείλεσιν οἰγομένοισι προΐσχανεν ἀνθερεῶνος,
καὶ πίεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ κοῦρον, ἅ περ παρεόντα νομῆα,

[a] Son of Sisyphus, Virg. *Geo.* iii. 267. Not the sea-god above, x. 105, nor Lycian Glaucus of the *Iliad*.

[b] Pegasus, the winged horse which sprang from Medusa's

also rode an eagle in the sky, a changeling Zeus with wings, the begetter of your Lyaios. But Bacchos never became a lovebird or carried Ampelos, lifting your body with talons that would not tear. The Trojan winepourer had the better of you—he is at home in the court of Zeus. Now my boy, look here: but you are still kept waiting for the chariot, so just refuse to drive a nervous colt on the road—a horse goes rattling along like a tempest on a whirlwind of legs, and shakes out the driver. Glaucos's horses went mad and threw him out on the ground.[a] Quickwing Pegasos[b] threw Bellerophontes and sent him headlong down from the sky, although he was of the seed of Earthshaker and the horse himself shared the kindred blood of Poseidon.

157 "Come this way, do, to the herd, where are the clear-piping drovers and lovely cattle—get on a bull, and I will make you conspicuous on his back as the man who can ride a wild bull! Then your bull-body king Dionysos will applaud you more loudly, if he sees you with a bull between your knees! There is nothing to fear in such a run; Europa was a female, a young girl, and she had a ride on bull-back, held tight to the horn and asked for no reins."

158 This appeal persuaded him, and the goddess flew up into the air. And there was a stray bull suddenly running down from the rocks! His lips were open, and the tongue hung out over his jaws to show his thirst. He drank, then stood looking at

headless body, she being then with child by Poseidon. Bellerophon or Bellerophontes, for whom see Hom. *Il.* vi. 155 ff., is in some accounts, as Hyginus, *Fab.* 157. 1, a son of Poseidon. He tamed Pegasos by Athena's help, but was thrown when he tried to fly up to heaven on his back; this part of the story is post-Homeric.

ἵστατο γινώσκοντι πανείκελος· οὐδὲ μετώπου
λοξὸν ἑὸν κέρας εἶχεν· ἀμοιβαδίοισι δὲ ταύρου
πυκνὸν ἐρειδομένοισι ποτὶ ψαμαθώδεα λειμῷ
ἠβητὴρ ἐδόκευε κατάρρυτος ἰκμάδι ἱδρώς,
ἐσσομένων ἅτε μάντις, ὅτι χθονίῳ βόες ὁλκῷ
ἀμφὶ μιῇ μογέοντες ἀνέρρηξαν κυκλάδι νύσσῃ
ὕδασιν ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐπαρδεύουσιν ὀπώρην.
καὶ θρασὺς ἵστατο κοῦρος ὑπὲρ βοέοιο μετώπου
ἀμφιβαλὼν ἐπίκυρτον ἀταρβέι χειρὶ κεραίην·
καὶ βοὸς ἐλατῆρα τεθηγμένον ὄφρα κελεύειν
ἤθελεν ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἀροτρήων ζυγοχαίων.
δρεψάμενος δὲ πέτηλα βαθυσχοίνου παρὰ πηγῆς
φυλλαδέῃ χλοεροῖσι λύγοις ἔπλεξεν ἱμάσθλην
μάστιγας ἀζυγέεσσι, πολυστρέπτῳ δὲ κορύμβῳ
γνάμψας ἀγκύλα κύκλα τύπον ποίησε χαλινοῦ·
καὶ δροσεροῖς πετάλοισι δέμας διεκόσμεε ταύρου,
καὶ ῥόδα φοινίσσοντα πέριξ ἐπεθήκατο νώτῳ,
καὶ κρίνα καὶ νάρκισσον ἐπηώρησε μετώπῳ,
αὐχένι πορφύρουσαν ἐπαρτήσας ἀνεμώνην·
καὶ διδύμην ἑκάτερθε κατεχρύσωσε κεραίην
χερσὶ βαθυνομένῃσι ξανθόχροον πηλὸν ἀφύσσων
γείτονος ἐκ ποταμοῖο· καὶ αἰόλον ὑψόθι νώτου
δέρμα περιστορέσας ῥαχίῃ ἐπεθήκατο ταύρου
καὶ βοέοις πλευρῇσι νόθην μάστιγα τινάσσων,
εὐχαίτην ἅτε πῶλον, ἑὸν μάστιζε φορῆα.
Καὶ θρασὺς ἠπείλησεν ἔπος ταυρώπιδι Μήνῃ·
“Εἶξον ἐμοί, κεράεσσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη·[1]
ἄμφω γὰρ κεράεις γενόμην καὶ ταῦρον ἐλαύνω.”
Τοῖον ἐπαυχήσας ἔπος ἴαχε κυκλάδι Μήνῃ.
καὶ φθονερὴ σκοπίαζε δι' ἠέρος ὄμμα Σελήνης
Ἄμπελον ἀνδροφόνῳ πεφορημένον ἅρπαγι ταύρῳ,
καὶ οἱ πέμπε μύωπα βοοσσόον· αὐτὰρ ὁ πικρῷ

the boy just as if he knew him, as if his own keeper were by. He did not hold his horn sideways, but as the mighty bull again and again belched up the drink into his roomy mouth a shower of drops sprinkled the youth, as prophetic of what was to come: for oxen trudging round and round on the ground in everlasting circumambulation about one capstan, irrigate the vinestock with their water.

[182] The bold boy stood over the bull's brow stroking the curved horns with fearless hand; and excited by a sweet sting of desire for the woodland creature, he longed to ride the mountainranging bull untamed. He pulled up long leafy shoots by a meadow deepset with rushes, and plaited a sort of whip from the fresh withies with sharper twigs, then bent and twisted some bundles into something like a bridle. He decked out the bull's body with fresh dewy leaves, wreathed red roses about his back, lifted lilies and daffodils over his brow and hung a ring of purple anemone on his neck; he dipt his hands deep in the neighbouring river and brought up handfuls of yellow mud, to gild the two horns on either side. He laid a dappled skin over his backbone, and mounted the bull. He swung his makebelieve whip on the bull's flanks and flogged his mount as if he were a longmaned colt.

[183] Then he shouted boldly to the bullfaced Moon—

[184] "Give me best, Selene, horned driver of cattle! Now I am both—I have horns and I ride a bull!"

[185] So he called out boasting to the round Moon. Selene looked with a jealous eye through the air, to see how Ampelos rode on the murderous marauding bull. She sent him a cattlechasing gadfly; and the

ἄστατα φοιτητῆρι δέμας κεχαραγμένος οἴστρῳ
δυσβάτου ἀμφὶ τένοντα κατέτραχεν εἴκελος ἵππῳ.
Καὶ νέος ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἰδὼν λυσσώδεϊ κέντρῳ
ἴχνεσιν ἀερσιλόφοισιν ἐπιρρώοντα κολώναις,
ταρβαλέος πρὸ μόροιο γοήμονι λίσσετο φωνῇ·
"Σήμερον ἴστασο, ταῦρε,
καὶ οὔρεος ἄκρις ἀλεείνεις·
μή με κατακτείνειας ἐρημάδος ὑψόθι πέτρης,
πότμον ἐμὸν κλαίοντος ὅπως μὴ Βάκχος ἀκούσῃ.
μὴ κοτέσῃς, ὅτι, ταῦρε, τεὴν χρύσωσα κεραίην·
μὴ φθονέσῃς, ὅτι Βάκχος ἐμὴν φιλότητα φυλάσσει.
εἰ δὲ κατακτείνεις με καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγεις Διονύσου,
οὐδέ τις οἶκτος ἔχει σε γοήμονος ἡνιοχῆος,
ὅττι νέος γενόμην, ὅτι καὶ φίλος εἰμὶ Λυαίου,
εἰς Σατύρους με κόμιζε
καὶ αὐτόθι, ταῦρε, δαμάσσεις,
ὄφρα τύχω μετὰ πότμον ἐραλλήτοιο κονίης·
καί, λίτομαι, φίλε ταῦρε· παραιφασίῃ δὲ κεύθω,
πότμον ἐμὸν στενάχοντος ἀδακρύτου Διονύσου.
εἰ τεὸν ἡνιοχῆα κερασφόρον ἠπεροπεύεις
εἴκελον εἶδος ἔχοντα τεῇ ταυρώπιδι μορφῇ,
γίνεο φωνήεις καὶ ἐμὸν μόρον εἰπὲ Λυαίῳ,
ταῦρε, τεῆς Δήμητρος ἀνήροτε καὶ Διονύσου,
ἀχνυμένου Βρομίοιο συνάχνυται ὄμπνια Δηώ."
Τοῖον ἔπος ῥοδόεις νέος ἔννεπεν Ἄιδι γείτων
δύσμορος· ἀίσσων δὲ ποδῶν δεδονημένος ὁρμῇ
οὔρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα δυσέμβατα λυσσαλέος βοῦς
ἡνιοχῆα προκάρηνον ἑὸν ἀπεσείσατο νώτων·
ἤριπε δ' αὐτοκύλιστος· ἐπ' ἀστραγάλου δὲ πεσόντος
λεπτὸν ὑποτρίζων ἐλυγίζετο δόχμιος αὐχήν·
καί μιν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο παλινδίνητον ἑλίξας
θηγαλέῃ γλωχῖνι κατεπρήνιξε κεραίης.

bull, pricked continually all over by the sharp sting, galloped away like a horse through pathless tracts.

[194] The youth when he saw the untamed bull driven by these maddening stings to dash on and on over the highcrested hills, afraid of impending fate, made his prayer in mournful tones:

[197] "Stop for to-day, my bull, you shall have a quick run to-morrow! Don't kill me high on these deserted rocks, or let me die so that Bacchus never hears of my fate! Don't be angry that I gilded your horns, dear bull; do not grudge that Bacchus keeps my love. But if you must kill me and flout Dionysus, if you have no pity for your sorrowful rider because I am young, because I am friend to Lyaios, take me back to the Satyrs and you shall destroy me there, that when I am dead there I may have many tears on my ashes. Yes I beseech you, dearest Bull! I shall feel consolation if unweeping Dionysos laments my death. If you are traitor to your horned rider, who has a shape like your bullfaced form, get a voice and tell my death to Lyaios. O Bull—enemy of your Demeter and Dionysos both—when Bromios is grieved, bounteous Deo is grieved with him!"

[214] So spoke the rosy boy, so near to Hades, unhappy one! Up to the pathless tops of the mountain leapt the infuriated bull on his cloven hooves, and threw the youth headlong off his back. He fell on his head rolling in a hunched-up heap, and broke his bent neck with a little crack; the bull bowled him over and over on the ground, and pinned him to the earth with the sharp point of his horn. He lay there

καὶ νέκυς ἦν ἀκάρηνος· ἀτυμβεύτοιο δὲ νεκροῦ
λευκὸν ἐρευθιόωντι δέμας φοινίσσετο λύθρῳ.
Καί τις, ἰδὼν Σατύρων κεκονιμένον ὑψόθι γαίης
Ἄμπελον ἱμερόεντα, δυσάγγελος ἦλυθε Βάκχῳ.
καὶ θεὸς εἰσαΐων ταχὺς ἔδραμεν εἴκελος αὔραις·
οὐ τόσον Ἡρακλέης δρόμον ἤνυσεν, ὁππότε Νύμφαι
ἁβρὸν Ὕλαν φθονεροῖσι κατεκρύφαντο ῥεέθροις
νυμφίον ἱκμαλέῃ πεφυλαγμένον ἄρπαγι κούρῃ,
ὡς τότε Βάκχος ὄρουσεν ὀρίδρομος· ἐν δὲ κονίῃ
κείμενον ἔστενε κοῦρον ἅτε ζώοντα δοκεύων,
καί μιν ἀνεχλαίνωσε τὸν ἄπνοον, ὑψόθεν ὤμου
νεβρίδα καὶ ψυχροῖσιν ἐπὶ στέρνοισι καθάψας,
καί, νέκυός περ ἐόντος, ἐδήσατο ταρσὰ κοθόρνοις·
καὶ ῥόδα καὶ κρίνα πάσσε κατὰ χροός,
ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίταις,
οἷα μινυνθαδίοιο δεδουπότος ὀξέι κέντρῳ,
ἄνθος ἀνῃώρησε ταχυφθιμένης ἀνεμώνης·
καὶ παλάμῃ πόρε θύρσον, ἑῷ δέ μιν ἔσκεπε πέπλῳ
πορφυρέῳ· καὶ δῶρον ἀκερσικόμοιο καρήνου
πλοχμὸν ἕνα τμήξας ἐπεθήκατο μάρτυρι νεκρῷ
λοίσθιον· ἀμβροσίην δὲ λαβὼν παρὰ μητέρι Ῥείῃ
ὠτειλαῖς ἐπέχευεν, ὅθεν νέος εἶδος ἀμείψας
ἀμβροσίην εὔοδμον ἐῇ μετέθηκεν ὀπώρῃ.
καὶ νέκυος χαρίεντος ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο ταθέντος
οὐ χλόος ἀμφεχύθη ῥοδόεν δέμας· ὠκυμόρου δὲ
καὶ πλόκαμοι χαρίεντες ἐρωτοτόκοιο καρήνου
αὔραις φειδομένῃσιν ἐπαιθύσσοντο προσώπῳ·
ἦν δέ τις ἱμερόεις κεκονιμένος. ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ
Σειληνοὶ στενάχιζον, ἐπωδύροντο δὲ Βάκχοι.

[a] During the voyage of the Argonauts they landed at Cios. Hylas, Heracles' page, went to fetch water from a spring, but was drawn down into the water by the Naiads.

a headless corpse; his white body unburied was stained with ruddy gore.

[224] One of the Satyrs caught sight of lovely Ampelos lying in the dust on the ground, and brought the bad news to Bacchos. The god on hearing it ran there swift as the wind. Heracles made no such running, when the Nymphs had hidden dainty Hylas[a] in their envious waters, a bridegroom kept safely for the greedy waterspirit, as Bacchos did them while he bounded over the mountain roads; he groaned when he saw the boy lying in the dust as if alive. He clothed the breathless body, laid a fawnskin over his shoulder and cold chest, put buskins on his feet though he was dead; he sprinkled roses and lilies upon his body, and hung a garland on his hair of the evanescent anemone flowers, as for one fallen too early by a cruel blow. In his hand he placed a thyrsus, and covered him with his own purple robe; from his own sacred head he took one lock, and laid it on the body as a last gift and token. He brought ambrosia from Mother Rheia and poured it into the wounds,[b] whence Ampelos when he took his new shape[c] passed the fragrant ambrosia into his fruit.

[244] No pallor spread on the rosy skin of the charming body which lay there stretched on the ground. The charming curls of that head so lovely, of one who had died so young, strayed over his face as the gentle breezes blew. He was a ravishing sight even in the dust. Around the body the Seilenoi lamented, the Bacchoi[d] mourned. His beauty left him not although

[a] As Aphrodite did for dead Hector, Hom. *Il.* xxiii. 186.
[b] As a vine.
[c] Followers of Dionysos. As in many cults, worshipper and god tend to be identified.

οὐδέ ἑ κάλλος ἔλειπε, καὶ εἰ θάνεν· ὡς Σάτυρος δὲ
κεῖτο νέκυς, γελόωντι πανείκελος, οἷά περ αἰεὶ
χείλεσιν ἀφθόγγοισι χέων μελιηδέα φωνήν.
Καὶ νέκυν εἰσορόων κινυρὴν ἀνενείκατο φωνὴν
νηπενθὴς Διόνυσος, ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωπήν·
"Μοιράων πεσέτω φθονερὸν λίνον·
ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτοὶ
ταῦροι ἐπ' ἠιθέοις ζηλήμονες ὥς περ ἀῆται;
τίς Ζέφυρος μετὰ Φοῖβον ἐπέχραε καὶ Διονύσῳ;
ὄλβιος ἔπλετο Φοῖβος Ἀτύμνιος· ἠιθέου γὰρ
ἔλλαχεν οὔνομα τοῦτο· Θεραπναίου δὲ καὶ αὐτοῦ
φάρμακον ἠβητῆρος ἐπώνυμον ἄνθος ἀείρει,
αἴλινον ἐν πετάλοισιν ἐπιγράφας ὑακίνθου·
ποῖον ἔχω πλοκάμοις καὶ ἐγὼ στέφος,
ἢ τίνα πάλλω
ἄνθεα φωνήεντα, παρήγορα παιδὸς ἀνίης;
ἀλλὰ τεοῦ θανάτου τιμήορος εἷς φόνον ἕλκων
ἄξομαι εἰς σέο τύμβον, ἀώρε, ταῦρον ἀλήτην.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ βουπλῆγι τεὸν κτείνοιμι φονῆα,
ὄφρα λάχῃ μόρον ἴσον ἀρασσομένοιο μετώπου
ταύροις σφαζομένοισιν, ἀναρρήξαιμι δὲ πικρὴν
ταύρου γαστέρα πᾶσαν ἐμῆς γλωχῖνι κεραίης,
ὅττι τανυκραίρῳ σε κατεπρήνιξεν ἀκωκῇ.
ὄλβιος Ἐννοσίγαιος, ἐπεί τινα γείτονα πάτρης
παιδὸς ἐμοῦ Φρύγα κοῦρον ἐφίλατο, τὸν δὲ κομίζων
χρύσεον εἰς Διὸς οἶκον ἀνήγαγεν ἀστὸν Ὀλύμπου,
καί οἱ, ὅτε σπεύδεσκεν ἐς ἱπποσύνην Ἀφροδίτης,
ὤπασεν ἄβροχον ἅρμα γαμοστόλον Ἱπποδαμείης.
μοῦνος ἐγὼ νέον ἔσχον ἀώριον· ἱμερόεις γὰρ
Ἄμπελος οὐ γάμον εἶδε βιοσσόον, οὐδ' ἐπὶ παστῷ

* *i.e.* "I wish the Moirai would stop spinning, if they can spin nothing better than this."

he was dead. But like a Satyr the body lay, with a lifelike smile on his face, as if for ever he were pouring his honeysweet voice from those silent lips.

[250] Dionysos also uttered a voice of sorrow when he saw the body, nevermourning Dionysos with no smile now on his face:

[255] "Let the Fates drop their envious thread![a] Are even bulls jealous of boys as the breezes are? What Zephyros is this who has attacked Dionysos too after Apollo?[b] Happy is Phoibos Atymnios![c] —for he took that name from the boy. He consoles himself by making to rise the flower named after his Thessalonian youth, and sewing upon the iris-leaves the word Alas! What garland have I on my hair? What speaking petals do I also wave to comfort me in my sorrow for the boy? But I will avenge your death, untimely dead, and drag to slaughter over your tomb that runaway bull. I will not fell your murderer with an axe, to let him share the lot of bulls killed with shattered skull; but I will tear open all the bull's hateful belly with the point of my horn, because he mangled you with that long horny spike of his. Happy is Earth-shaker![d] He loved a Phrygian boy, a neighbour to my own boy's country, and he carried him to the golden house of Zeus and gave him a home in Olympos; and when the boy was eager for the love-race with chariots, he lent his own unsinking car to honour Hippodameia's wedding.

[275] "I only have had a boy who died untimely. For lovely Ampelos knew no life-refreshing marriage;

[a] See note on x. 253. [b] See note on iii. 153.
[c] See x. 261. *Cf.* Rose, *Handbook of Gk. Myth.*, p. 267.

νυμφιδίην νέος οὗτος ἐμὴν ἔζευξεν ἀπήνην,
ἀλλὰ θανὼν λίπε πένθος ἀπενθήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
οὐ πού μοι, φίλε κοῦρε, τεὸν στόμα κάλλιπε Πειθώ,
ἀλλὰ σέθεν φθιμένοιο καὶ ἄπνοα χείλεα ναίει·
καὶ νέκυός περ ἐόντος ἔτι στίλβουσι παρειαί,
ὀφθαλμοὶ γελόωσι καὶ εἰσέτι, ἀγχιθαλὴς δὲ
εἰσέτι σῆς παλάμῃς χιονώδεές εἰσιν ἀγοστοί,
σοὺς δ' ἐρατοὺς πλοκάμους λιγυροὶ δονέουσιν ἀῆται·
οὐ μάλα σῶν μελέων θανατηφόρος ἔσβεσεν ὥρη,
ἀλλ' ἔτι σοι τάδε πάντα φυλάσσεται.
ὤμοι Ἐρώτων,
τί χρέος ἦν, ἵνα ταῦρον ἀμείλιχον ἀμφιχορεύσῃς;
εἴ σε δυσπτοίητον ἀελλοπόδων πόθος ἵππων,
τίπτε μοι οὐκ ἀγόρευες, ὅπως ἀπὸ γείτονος Ἴδης
ἐνθάδε δίφρον ἄγοιμι, καὶ ἀρχαίης ἀπὸ φάτνης
Τρώιον εἰς σὲ κόμιζον ἐπουρανίων γένος ἵππων
πατρίδα συλήσας Γανυμήδεος, ὃν τρέφεν Ἴδη
σοὶ δέμας ἶσον ἔχοντα, τὸν ἀνδροφάγων ἀπὸ ταύρων
φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἐκούφισεν ὑψιπέτης Ζεύς·
εἰ ἐτεὸν μενέαινες ἐν οὔρεσι θῆρας ἐναίρειν,
τίπτε μοι οὐ κατέλεξας, ὅτι χρείως ἔπλετο δίφρου;
καί κεν ἐμῆς ἔβαινες ἀπήμονος εὐκύκλου ἀπήνης,
καί κεν ἐμῆς ἄψαυστα δεδεγμένος ἡνία Ῥείης
μειλιχίων ἀδάμαστος ἐμάστιες ἅρμα δρακόντων.
οὐκέτι σὺν Σατύροισιν ἐπινίκιον ὕμνον ἀείδεις,
οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδεσσι φιλοσκοπέλοισι κελεύεις,
οὐκέτι θηρεύοντι συναγρώσσεις Διονύσῳ.
ὤμοι, ὅτ' οὐκ Ἀΐδης πέλεν ἤπιος, οὐδ' ἐπὶ νεκρῷ
δέχνυται ἀγλαὰ δῶρα βαθυπλούτοιο μετάλλου,
Ἄμπελον ὄφρα θανόντα πάλιν ζώοντα τελέσσω·
ὤμοι, ὅτ' οὐκ Ἀΐδης ποτὲ πείθεται· ἦν δ' ἐθελήσῃ,

this youth never yoked my car for his ride to the bridal chamber: no, he died, and left grief for Dionysus who cannot grieve. Persuasion has not yet left your tongue, my well-loved boy, but although you are dead she abides on those breathless lips. Although you are dead, those cheeks are still bright with bloom, those eyes are laughing still, your arms and two hands are snowy-white, your lovely curls move in the whistling wind; the hour of death has not blanched the roses of your limbs—all these are preserved untouched.

[297] "Woe's me for Love! What need was there for you to ride on a cruel bull? If some passion for steroutest horses excited you, why did you not tell me? I could have brought you here a chariot from neighbouring Ida, and got you horses of the ancient heavenly breed of Tros*: I could have robbed the country of Ganymedes, who was bred on Ida and had beauty like yours—but Zeus saved him from man-murdering bulls, and flew into the heights carrying him with gentle claws. If you really wanted to kill wild beasts in the mountains, why did not you tell me that you had need of a car? You might have driven my rolling wagon without hurt; you might have held the untouchable reins of my Rheia, and flogged a team of tame dragons unstaggering!

[307] "You sing no longer your song with Satyrs over the wine; no longer you marshal the love-rattle Bassarids; no longer you go a-hunting with Dionysus on the chase. Alas, that Hades is never kind! Even for a corpse he accepts no glorious gifts of rich metals, that I may make dead Ampelos alive once more. Alas, that Hades is inexorable! If he

* See Hom. *Il.* v. 266.

ὄλβον ὅλον στίλβοντα χαρίζομαι Ἠριδανοῖο
δένδρεα συλήσας ποταμήια, μαρμαρέην δὲ
ἄξομαι ἀστράπτουσαν Ἐρυθραίην λίθον Ἰνδῶν
ἀφνειῆς τ' Ἀλύβης ὅλον ἄργυρον, ἀντὶ δὲ νεκροῦ
παιδὸς ἐμοῦ χρύσειον ὅλον Πακτωλὸν ἀπάσσω."
Ὣς εἰπὼν στενάχιζε νέκυν γλυκύν· ἐν δὲ κονίῃ
κείμενον εἰσορόων πάλιν ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ·
"Ζεῦ πάτερ, εἰ φιλέεις με,
καὶ εἰ πόνον οἶδας ἐμώτων,
Ἄμπελον αὐδήεντα τίθει πάλιν εἰς μίαν ὥρην,
ὑστάτιον καὶ μοῦνον ὅπως ἕνα μῦθον ἐνίψῃ·
'τί στενάχεις, Διόνυσε, τὸν οὐ στοναχῇσιν ἐγείρεις;
οὐατά μοι παρέασι, καὶ οὐ βοόωντος ἀκούω,
ὄμματά μοι παρέασι, καὶ οὐ στενάχοντα δοκεύω·
νηπενθὴς Διόνυσος, ἐμοὶ μὴ δάκρυα λείβῃς,
ἀλλὰ τεὸν λίπε πένθος, ἐπεὶ φονίῃ παρὰ πηγῇ
Νηιάδες στενάχουσι καὶ οὐ Νάρκισσος ἀκούει,
Ἠλιάδων Φαέθων κινυρὴν οὐκ οἶδεν ἀνίην.'
ὤμοι, ὅτ' οὔ με φύτευσε πατὴρ βροτόν,
ὄφρά κεν εἴην
σύννομος ἠιθέῳ καὶ ἐν Ἅιδι, μηδ' ἐνὶ Λήθῃ
Ἄμπελον ἱμερόεντα δεδουπότα μοῦνον ἐάσω.
εἰς πόθον ἠιθέοιο μακάρτερός ἐστιν Ἀπόλλων
οὔνομα παιδὸς ἔχων πεφιλημένον· αἴθε καὶ αὐτὸς
εἴην Ἀμπελόεις, Ὑακίνθιος ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων.
ὑπνώεις τέο μέχρι, καὶ οὐκέτι, κοῦρε, χορεύεις;
εἰς προχοὰς ποταμοῖο τί σήμερον οὐκέτι βαίνεις
κάλπιν ἔχων εὔυδρον; ὀρεσσαύλῳ δ' ἐνὶ λόχμῃ
ἠθάδος ὀρχηθμοῖο τεὴ πάλιν ἤλυθεν ὥρη.
εἰ κοτέεις, φίλε κοῦρε, ποθοβλήτῳ Διονύσῳ,

* Amber: see above, 33. Here Eridanos suggests the Rhine.

will entreat, I rob the trees by river Eridanus and present him with all their gleaming wealth[a]; I will bring him the flashing Erythraian stone of the Indian,[b] and all the silver of rich Alybe[c]—I will give him all golden Pactolus for my dead boy."

330 So he lamented his beloved dead; and looking again upon him as he lay in the dust he cried again to Zeus with mournful voice:

331 "Father Zeus! If you love me, and if you know the trouble of love, give speech again to Ampelus only for one hour, that he may only speak once more to me for the last time and say—'Why do you sigh for me, Dionysus, when no sighing will wake me? Ears I have, but I hear not the caller; eyes I have, but I see not him that sighs. Dionysus never-mourning, shed no tear over me. Nay, leave your mourning; the Naiads may sigh by that fountain of death, but Narcissus hears not; Phaëthon knows not the sorrowful pains of the Hellads.'

335 "Alas, that my father begat me not a mortal, that I might be playfellow with my boy even in Hades, that I might not leave Ampelus my darling to fall in Lethe alone! Apollo is more blest in the youth he loved that he bears the boy's beloved name; O that also I might be Ampelidan, as Apollo is Hyacinthian![d] How long will you sleep, my dear? Not dancing any longer? Why do not you go to-day to the river stream with a fine pitcher to fill with water? The time has come round again for your familiar dance in the woodland glade. If you are angry with lovestricken Dionysus, darling boy,

[a] Pearls of the Indian Ocean and Persian Gulf, probably.
[b] *Cf.* above, 36.
[c] Not, apparently, in cult, but doubtless in poetical use.

φθέγγεο Σειληνοῖσιν, ὅπως σέο μῦθον ἀκούσω
εἴ σε λέων ἐδάμασσεν, ἐγὼ ξύμπαντας ὀλέσσω,
πάντας, ὅσους Τμώλοιο φέρει λέπας, οὐδὲ λεόντων
Ῥείης ἡμετέρης ποτὲ φείσομαι, ἀλλὰ δαμάσσω,
εἰ βλοσυραῖς γενύεσσι τεοὶ γεγάασι φονῆες·
πόρδαλις εἰ πρήνιξε τεὸν δέμας, ἄνθος Ἐρώτων,
οὐκέτι πορδαλίων δέμας αἰόλον ἡνιοχεύσω·
ἄλλοι θῆρες ἔασιν, ὅλης δ' ἐπιήρανος ἄγρης
Ἄρτεμις ἐξ ἐλόφων κεραελκέα δίφρον ἐλαύνει·
νεβρίδα πέπλον ἔχων ἐποχήσομαι ἅρματι νεβρῶν·
εἴ σε σύες κατέπεφνον ἀναιδέες, εἰν ἐνὶ μάρψας
πάντας ἐγὼ κτείνοιμι, καὶ οὐχ ἕνα μοῦνον ἐάσω
κάπρον ἔτι ζώοντα λελειμμένον ἰσχεαίρῃ·
εἰ δέ σε ταῦρος ἔπεφνεν ἀτάσθαλος, ὀξέϊ θύρσῳ
ταυρείην προθέλυμνον ἀιστώσαιμι γενέθλην.
Ὣς ὁ μὲν ἐστενάχιζεν. Ἔρως δέ οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἔστη
Σειληνοῦ λασίοιο φέρων κεραελκέα μορφήν,
θύρσον ἔχων, καὶ στικτὸν ἐπὶ χροῒ δέρμα καθάψας
γηροκόμῳ νάρθηκι δέμας στηρίζετο βάκτρῳ·
καὶ Βρομίῳ γοόωντι παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν·
"Ἄλλῳ λύσον ἔρωτι τεῶν σπινθῆρας ἐρώτων
εἰς νέον ἡβητῆρα μετάτροπον οἴστρον ἀμείψας,
λησάμενος φθιμένοιο· παλαιοτέροιο γὰρ αἰεὶ
φάρμακόν ἐστιν ἔρωτος ἔρως νέος· οὐ γὰρ ὀλέσσαι
ὁ χρόνος οἶδεν ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ μάθε πάντα καλύπτειν,
εἰ δὲ τεῆς ἐθέλεις ὀδυνήφατον ἄλκαρ ἀνίης,
φέρτερον ἄμφεπε παῖδα·
πόθος πόθον οἶδε μαραίνειν,
καὶ Ζέφυρον κλονέεσκε Λάκων νέος· ἀλλὰ θανόντος
ἡβητὴν Κυπάρισσον ἰδὼν ἐρατεινὸς Ἀήτης

* Hyacinthos, called also indifferently of Amyclai and Therapnai.

speak to the Seilenoi that I may just hear your voice.

[337] "If a lion killed you, I will destroy them all, yea all that the slopes of Tmolos hold; I will not spare the lions of my own Rheia, but I will kill them, if they were your murderers with their grim jaws. If a panther brought you down, you flower of love! I will no longer drive my speckled team of panthers; there are other wild beasts, and Artemis sovran of all creatures drives an antlered car drawn by stags. I will wear a fawnskin and drive a team of fawns. If merciless bears have killed you, I will grasp all together and kill them, and not one bear will I leave alive for the Arrhenes. If a presumptuous bull killed you, with the point of my thyrsos I will annihilate the whole generation of bulls root and branch."

[351] So he lamented. But Eros came near in the horned shape of a shaggy Seilenos, holding a thyrsos, with a dappled skin draped upon him, as he supported his frame on a fennel stalk, for a staff the old man's friend; and he spoke comfortable words to groaning Bacchos:

[354] "Let loose on another love the sparks of this love of yours; turn the sting upon another youth in exchange, and forget the dead. For new love is ever the physic for older love, since old time knows not how to destroy love even if he has learnt to hide all things. If you need a painhealing medicine for your trouble, court a better boy: fancy can wither fancy. A young Laconian[a] shook Zephyros; but he died, and the amorous Wind found young Cyparissos[b]

[a] A boy who turned into and gave his name to the cypress-tree; for the various accounts of his love-affairs, see Rose, *Handbook of Gk. Myth.*, p. 285 n. 73.

εὗρεν Ἀμυκλαίοιο περισφαιρῆρος Ὑακίνθου.
ἣν ἐθέλῃς, ἐρέεινε φυτηκόμον· ἐν δαπέδῳ γὰρ
κείμενον αἴθρῃσιν ἀεικισμένον ἄνθος ἀρούρης
φάρμακον ἀλθομένοιο νεώτερον ἄλλο φυτεύει.
κλῦθι, παλαιγενέων μερόπων ἵνα μῦθον ἐνίψω·
ἁβρὸς ἔην ποτὲ κοῦρος, ὑπέρτερος ἥλικος ἥβης,
Μαιάνδρου παρὰ χεῦμα πολυσχιδέος ποταμοῖο,
εἴδεϊ λεπταλέῳ ταναός, πόδας ὠκύς, ἐθείρας
ἰθυτενής, ἁπαλός· ἐπ' ἀμφοτέραις δὲ παρειαῖς
αὐτοφυὴς Χάρις ἦεν ἐπισπαίρουσα προσώπῳ
ὄμμασιν αἰδομένοισιν, ἀπὸ βλεφάρων δέ οἱ αἰεὶ
κάλλος ὀιστεύοντος ἀνέβλυεν ἔρρεεν αἴγλη·
καὶ δέμας εἶχε γάλακτι πανείκελον, ἀμφὶ δὲ λευκῷ
ἀκροφανὲς πόρφυρε ῥόδον διδυμάγγελι προσώπῳ.
τὸν Κάλαμον καλέεσκε πατὴρ φίλος, ὃς διὰ γαίης
νειόθι κυμαίνων σκολιὸν ῥόον εἰς φάος ἕλκει,
ἑρπύζων δ' ἀΐδηλος, ὑπὸ χθόνα λοξὸς ἀλήτης,
ὀξὺς ἀναθρώσκων ὑπερέχεται αὐχένα γαίης,
ἐνδόμυχος Μαιάνδρος ἄγων ὑποκόλπιον ὕδωρ.
τοῖος ἔην ἐρόεις Κάλαμος ταχύς. ἤθεσι δὲ
ἱμερτῷ ῥοδόπηχυς ὁμήλικι τέρπετο Καρπῷ,
ὃς τόσον ἔλλαχε κάλλος, ὃ μὴ βροτὸς ἔλλαχεν ἀνήρ·
εἰ γὰρ ἔην νέος οὗτος ἐπὶ προτέρων ποτὲ φωτῶν,
καί κεν ἑσπερόφεγγος ἐγίνετο νυμφίος Ἠοῦς,
φέρτερον εἶδος ἔχων, ῥοδέῳ χροὶ μᾶλλον ἐλέγξας
ἀγλαΐην Κεφάλοιο καὶ Ὠρίωνος ὀπωπήν·
οὐδέ κεν εὐκάρπῳ παλάμῃ πηχύνατο Δηώ
νυμφίον Ἰασίωνα, καὶ Ἐνδυμίωνα Σελήνη·
ἀλλὰ νέος τάχα κεῖνος ἀρείονος εἵνεκα μορφῆς
εἷς πόσις ἀμφοτέρων νυμφεύσατο λέκτρα θεάων,

a Probably not old at all. The only other author who has heard of Calamus and Carpus is Servius (on Virg. Ecl. v. 48).

a consolation for Amyclaian Hyacinthus. Ask the gardener, if you like; when a countryman sees a flower on the ground lying in the dust, he plants another new one to comfort him for the dead one.

365 "Listen while I tell you a story of the men of old.[a] There was a dainty boy, superior to all his yearmates, who lived beside the stream of Maiandros, that many-branching river. Tall and delicate he was, swift of foot, with long straight hair, no down on his chin; on both cheeks was a natural grace playing over his face with its modest eyes; a fascinating radiance ever flowed from his eyelids and his arrows of beauty. He had skin all like milk, but over the white the rose showed upon the surface, two glowing colours together. His own father called him Calamos; his father Maiandros, lurking in the secret places with his water in the lap of earth—who rolls deep through the earth and drags his crooked stream towards the light, crawling unseen and travelling slantwise underground, until he leaps up quickly and lifts his neck above the ground.

384 "Such was lovely Calamos, the quick one. The rosy-armed youth was fond of a charming playfellow Carpos, who had such beauty for his lot as mortal man never had. For if this youth had lived in the older generations, he would have been bridegroom of Eos Fairthrone; since he shone lovelier than Cephalos, was handsomer of face than Orion,[b] he alone outdid them with his rosy skin. Deo would not have embraced Iasion as bridegroom with her fruitful arm,[c] nor Selene Endymion.[d] No—this youth with his nobler beauty would soon have espoused both

[a] *Cf.* note on iv. 194. [b] See Hom. *Od.* v. 125.
[c] *Cf.* note on iv. 922.

Δηροῦς ξανθοκόμοιο μεθέπων πολυδέμνιον εὐνήν,
καὶ ξυνὴν ὁμάλεκτρον ἔχων ζηλήμονα Μοίρην·
τοῖος ἔην ἐρόεις Καλάμῳ φίλος, ἄνθος Ἐρώτων,
κάλλος ἔχων· ἄμφω δὲ συνήλικες ὑψόθεν ὄχθης
γείτονος ἐψιάοντο πολυγνάμπτοιο ποταμοῖο.
τοῖσι μὲν ἔσκε δίαυλος ἕλιξ δρόμος.
ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
ἦεν ἔρις· Κάλαμος μὲν ἐπέτρεχεν εἴκελος αὔραις,
καὶ πτελέην βαλβῖδα φέρων καὶ νύσσαν ἐλαίην
ἠιόνας ποταμοῖο διέδραμεν ἄκρον ἀπ' ἄκρου . . .
καὶ Κάλαμος ταχύγουνος ἑκούσιος ἤριπε γαίῃ,
καὶ Καρπῷ χαρίεντι θελήμονα κάλλιπε νίκην·
παιδὶ δὲ λυομένῳ συνελύετο σύζυγος ἀέθλων,
καὶ πάλιν εἴκελον ἄλλον ἐν ὕδασιν εἶχον ἀγῶνα,
καὶ βραδὺς ἐν προχοῇσιν ἀνέσχετο Καρπὸν ἐάσας
πρόσθε μολεῖν,
ἵνα χερσὶν ὀπίστερος οἴδματα τέμνων
Καρποῦ νηχομένοιο παρὰ σφυρὰ δεύτερος ἔλθῃ
ἠιθέου προθέοντος ἐλεύθερα νῶτα δοκεύων.
καὶ διερῆς βαλβῖδος ἔην δρόμος· ἤρισαν ἄμφω,
τίς τίνα νικήσειεν, ὅπως παλινόστιμος ἔλθῃ
ὄχθης ἀμφοτέρης διδυμάονα νύσσαν ἀμείβων
γαῖαν ἐς ἀντιπέραιαν ἐρεσσομένων παλαμάων·
καὶ προχοὴν ὁδὸν εἶχεν· ἀεὶ δέ οἱ ἐγγὺς ἱκάνων

goddesses, one husband for two: he would have taken on the couch of Goddess Deo rich in harvests, he would have had beside him also the jealous Mene. Such was the charming friend of Calamos, the flower of love, a real beauty: both comrades of one age were playfellows on the bank of that river of many windings hard by.

"They had a double racecourse, winding out and back, and there they held races. Calamos ran like the wind. He set an elm for starting-point and an olive-tree for turning-point, and ran from point to point on the edges of the river—but nimbleknee Calamos fell on purpose, and left the victory to charming Carpos of his own will. When the boy bathed, the lad bathed and played with him. Again they had another race in the water like the first: Calamos swam slowly in the current and let Carpos go ahead, that he might cut the flood paddling behind and come in second beside the ankles of swimming Carpos, while he watched the free shoulders of the lad in front. The race began from its watery starting-point; the match was, which could beat which to swim there and back while their hands paddled them, passing round at the turning-points on each bank, first one, then crossing to the other side." The flowing water was their way; Calamos

κούρου ἐπειγομένης παλάμης πεφειδημένος ὁρμῆς
νηχομένου σκοπίαζε ῥοδόχροα δάκτυλα χειρῶν·
καὶ Κάλαμος προκέλευθος ἑὴν ἀνεκούφισεν ὁρμήν,
ἠιθέῳ δ' ὑπόειξε· καὶ ἔδραμε χείρονι ἐρέσσων
κοῦρος ἀελλήεις, ὑπὲρ οἴδματος αὐχένα τείνων·
καί νύ κεν ἐκ ῥεέθρων ἐπεβήσατο Καρπὸς ἀμοιβῆς.
καὶ μετὰ χερσαίην ποταμηΐδα δέξατο νίκην,
ἀλλά μιν ἀντικέλευθος ἀνεστυφέλιξεν Ἀήτης,
καὶ γλυκὺν ἔκτανε κοῦρον ἀμειλίχος· ἠιθέου γὰρ
οἰγομένου νήχοντος ὕδωρ ἐπεσύρετο λαιμῷ.
καὶ Κάλαμος θανατηφόρου φυγὼν ἀνέμοιο θύελλαν
ἔκτοθεν ὑψιπόρων ἐδύσατο γείτονας ἀκτάς·
καὶ φίλον οὐ παρεόντα καὶ οὐκ ἀίοντα νοήσας
ἱμερόεν στενάχων αἰνῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ·
"Νηιάδες, φθέγξασθε, τίς ἥρπασε Καρπὸν Ἀήτης;
ναί, λίτομαι, ποταμήιον δότε μοι γέρας, ἔλθετε πηγὴν
εἰς ἑτέρην, καὶ πατρὸς ἐμοῦ θανατηφόρον ὕδωρ
φεύγετε, μηδὲ πίητε ῥόον Καρποῖο φονῆα.
οὐ μὲν ἐμὸς γενέτης νέον ἔκτανεν· ἀλλὰ μεγαίρων
καὶ Καλάμῳ μετὰ Φοῖβον ἐπώλεσε Καρπὸν Ἀήτης,
καὶ τάχα μοι ποθέων ζηλήμονι τύψεν ἀέλλῃ,
ἠιθέῳ μετὰ δίσκον ἄγων ἀντίτυπον αὔρην.
οὔ πω ἐμῆς προχοῇσι λελουμένος ἔθορεν ἀστήρ,
οὔ πω ἐμῆς σελάγιζεν Ἑωσφόρος· ἀλλὰ ῥεέθροις
Καρποῦ δυομένοιο, τί μοι φάος εἰσέτι λεύσσειν;
Νηιάδες, φθέγξασθε, τίς ἔσβεσε φέγγος Ἐρώτων;
δηθύνεις ἔτι, κοῦρε; τί σοι τόσον εὔαδεν ὕδωρ;
κρείσσονα μὴ φίλον εὗρες ἐν ὕδασι, τῷ παραμίμνων
δειλαίου Καλάμοιο πόθους ἐρρίψας ἀήταις;
εἰ μία Νηιάδων σε δυσίμερος ἥρπασε Νύμφη,

ᵃ See note on iii. 153.

kept close beside his friend as they swam, watching his rosy fingers and sparing the vigour of his own moving hand. Calamos again in the lead checked his speed and gave way to his young friend; the boy handpaddled storming along, and lifting his neck above the water. And now Carpos would have got out of the waves, and safe on the shore would have won the river-race as he won the land-race, but a wind beat full in his face and drove a great wave into his open mouth, and drowned the dear boy without pity.

437 "Calamos avoided the blasts of the jealous wind, and made the nearest shore without his friend. He could neither see him nor get any answer to his cries, so full of love he called out in a lamentable voice:

441 "'Speak, Naiads! What Wind has caught up Carpos? Yes, I pray, grant me this last grace—go to another fountain, leave my father's fatal water, drink not of the stream which murdered Carpos! My father never killed the boy! That wind had a grudge against Calamos after Phoibos,* and he killed Carpos; no doubt he desired him and struck him with a jealous gale—first the quoit, then for this youth the counterblast! My star sank in the stream and has not yet risen, my Phosphoros has not yet shone again! Carpos is drowned in the river, and what care I to see the light any longer?

443 "'Speak, Naiads! Who has quenched the light of love? How long you are, my boy! Why do you like the water so much? Can you have found a better friend in the water, have you thrown to the winds the love of poor Calamos that you may stay with him? If one nymph of the Naiads enamoured

ἔννεπε, καὶ πάσῃσι κορύσσομαι· εἰ δέ σε τέρπει
γειτονίη ἡμετέρη γαμίων ὑμέναιος Ἐρώτων,
εἰπέ, καὶ ἐν προχοῇσιν ἐγὼ σέο πυρσὸν ἀνάψω.
Καρπέ, παραπλάζεις με λελασμένος ἠθάδος ὄχθης;
κάμνων ἐγὼ καλέω σε, καὶ οὐ βοόωντος ἀκούεις.
εἰ Νότος, εἰ θρασὺς Εὖρος ἀπέπνεεν, αὐτὸς ἀλάσθω
πνοιῆς ἀχώριστος, ἀνάσθαλος ἐχθρὸς Ἐρώτων·
εἰ Βορέης σε δάμασσεν, ἐς Ὠρείθυιαν ἰκάνω·
εἰ δέ σε κῦμα κάλυψε καὶ οὐκ ᾐδέσσατο μορφήν,
καὶ σε πατὴρ ἐμὸς εἷλεν ἀφειδέι κύματος ὁλκῷ,
ἴδμεναι ἀνδροφόνοισιν ἐῶν καὶ παῖδα δεχέσθω,
καὶ Κάλαμον κρύψειεν ὁμοίιος ἐγγύθι Καρποῦ.
ἀλλὰ τεοῖο προκάρηνος, ὅπῃ θάνε Καρπὸς ἀλήτης,
σβέσσω θερμὸν ἔρωτα τεὸν Ἀγκυραίιον ὕδωρ.
εἶπεν ἀναβλύζων βλεφάρων ῥόον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ
κυανέην πλοκαμῖδα κατηφέι τάμνε σιδήρῳ,
ἣν τρέφεν, ἣν κόμεεσκε, καὶ ὤρεγε πενθάδα χαίτην
Μαιάνδρῳ γενετῆρι, καὶ ὑστατίην φάτο φωνήν·
'δέξο μετὰ πλοκάμους καὶ ἐμὸν δέμας·
οὐ δύναμαι γὰρ
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν ἰδεῖν φάος ἔκτοθι Καρποῦ·
Καρπῷ καὶ Καλάμῳ βιοτὴ μία, καὶ λάχον ἄμφω
εἴκελον οἶστρον Ἔρωτος ἐπὶ χθονός· ὑδατόεις δὲ
εἷς μόρος ἀμφοτέροισι καὶ ἐν προχοῇσι γενέσθω.
τεύξατε, Νηιάδες, ποταμηίδος ἐγγύθεν ὄχθης
ἄκριτον ἀμφοτέροισι κενήριον, ἀμφὶ δὲ τύμβῳ
γράμμασι πενθαλέοισιν ἔπος κεχαραγμένον ἔστω·
"Καρποῦ καὶ Καλάμοιο πέλω τάφος,
οὓς πάρος ἄμφω
ἀλλήλους ποθέοντας ἀμείλιχον ἔκτανεν ὕδωρ."

[a] Cyanea: Ovid, Met. ix. 451.

has carried you off, tell me, and I will make war on them all! If wedded love is your pleasure, and you want my sister for a wife,[1] do but say so and I will build you a bridechamber in the stream. Have you passed me, Carpos, forgetting the familiar shore? I have shouted till I am tired, and you do not hear my call. If Notos blew on you, if bold Eurus, let him go off wandering without dances by himself, the barbarous enemy of love! If Boreas overwhelmed you, I will go to Orithyia.[2] If the wave covered you and had no pity for your beauty, if my father carried you off in the merciless rush of his wave, let him receive his son also in these manslaying waters, let him hide Calamos near to dead Carpos. Where Carpos wandered and died, I will fall headlong. I will quench my burning love with a draught of water from Acheron."

"So he spoke, with streams bubbling from his eyes. To honour the dead he cut with sorrowful steel a dark lock of his hair, long cherished and kept, and holding out this mourning tress to Maiandros his father, he said these last words:

"'Accept this hair, and then my body; for I cannot see the light for one later dawn without Carpos. Carpos and Calamos had one life, and both felt a like ardour of love on the earth: let there be one watery death for both together in the same stream. Build on the river bank, ye Naiads, one empty barrow for both, and on the tombstone let this verse be engraved in letters of mourning: "I am the grave of Carpos and Calamos, a pair of lovers, whom the pitiless water slew in days of yore." Cut

[1] Wife of Boreas, Apollodorus iii. 199.
[2] The River of Woe in Hades.

καὶ Καλάμῳ δυσέρωτι, κασιγνήτῳ περ ἐόντι,
βαιὸν ἕνα θνῄσκοντι δαΐξατε βότρυν ἐθείρης,
καὶ πλοκάμους ζύμπαντας ὀλωλότι κείρατε Καρπῷ."
εἶπε, καὶ αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησε ῥεέθρῳ
πατρὸς ἀναστομένοιο πιὼν παιδοκτόνον ὕδωρ.
καὶ Κάλαμος καλάμοισιν ἐπώνυμον ὤπασε μορφὴν
ἰσοφυῆ, καὶ Καρπὸς δέξατο καρπὸν ἀρούρης.
  Τοῖα παρηγορέων φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ
θυμὸν Ἔρως, γλυκὺ κέντρον ἐλαφρίζων Διονύσῳ.
  Καὶ κρυερῇ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἰαίνετο θυμὸν ἀνίῃ
ἠθείου διὰ πότμον ἀέθλιον.—ἀσταθέες δὲ
θυγατέρες Λυκάβαντος, ἀελλοπόδων τοκῆος,
εἰς δόμον Ἠελίοιο ῥοδώπιδες ἤιον Ὧραι·
ὧν ἡ μὲν νιφόεντι κατάσκιος ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
λεπταλέον πέμπουσα κελαινεφέος σέλας αἴγλης
ψυχρὰ χαλαζήεντι συνήρμοσε ταρσὰ πεδίλῳ,
καὶ δεσμῷ πλοκαμῖδας ἐπισφίγξασα κορύμβῳ
ὀμβροτόκον κρυόθρεπτον ἐπεσφήκωσε μετώπῳ,
καὶ χλοερὸν στέφος εἶχε καρήατι, γυμνὰ δὲ
στήθεα παχνήεντα κατέσκεπε λευκάδι μίτρῃ·
ἡ δὲ χελιδονίων ἀνέμων τερψίμβροτον αὔρην
ἔπνεε φοινήεσσα, φιλοζεφύρου δὲ καρήνου
εἰαρινὴν δροσόεντι κόμην μιτρώσατο δεσμῷ,
ἀνθεμόεν γελόωσα, διαπτύσσουσα δὲ πέπλον
ὄρθριον οἰγομένοιο ῥόδου δολιχόσκιον ὀδμήν
δίπλοον ἔπλεκε κῶμον Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ·

[a] An old word which I have translated literally, light-gang or lightgang. It occurs in a traditional verse embedded in Hom. *Od.* xiv. 161, xix. 306. It may mean day, month or year; the meaning month suits Homer, but it was taken for year generally in antiquity, although Dion of Prusa interprets it as month, vii. 84, following some Homeric commentators.

off just one small tress of your hair for Calamos too, your own dying brother so unhappy in love, and for Carpos cut all the hair of your heads.'

"'With these words, he threw himself into the river and sank, as he swallowed the soothing water of an unwilling father. Then Calamos gave his form to the reeds which took his name and like substance; and Carpos grew up as the fruit of the earth."

So stormy Eros comforted Dionysos with gentle friendly words, and softened the sweet pangs.

But the spirit of Bacchos was scourged yet more with sorrowful care for the lad's untimely death. And the rosycheek Seasons, daughters of the restless lichtgang[1] their stormfast father, made haste to the house of Helios. One[2] wore a snowy veil shadowing her face, and sent forth a gleam of subtle light through black clouds; her feet were fitted with chilly hailstone shoes. She had bound her braids about her watery head, and fastened across her brow a rain-producing veil, with an evergreen garland on her head and a white circlet of snow covering her frost-rimed breast.

Another[3] puffed out from her lips the swallow-wind's breath which gives joy to mortal men, having banded the spring-time tresses of her zephyr-loving head with a fresh dewy coronet, while she laughed like a flower, and fanned through her robe far abroad the fragrance of the opening rose[4] at dawn. So she wove the merry dance for Adonis[5] and Cytherein together.

[1] Winter. That there are four seasons is a mark of late date, though the number was established long before Nonnos.

[2] The West Wind, which blows in spring when the swallows return from the south.

[3] The rose may bloom as early as March in Mediterranean countries.

[4] His festival was in spring.

ἄλλη ἅμα γναμπτῇσι θαλυσιὰς ἔστιχεν Ὥρη,
καὶ σταχύων ἀσπασίοισι περιφρίσσουσα κορύμβοις
δεξιτερῇ κούφιζε καὶ ὀξυτόμου γένυν ἅρπης
ἄγγελον ἀμητοῖο, δέμας δ' ἐσφίγγετο κούρης
ἀργεννοῖς ὀθόνῃσιν, ἐλισσομένης δὲ χορείῃ
φαίνετο λεπταλέοιο δι' εἵματος ὄγκος μηρῶν,
καὶ νοτεροὺς ἱδρῶτας ἀνακρεμάσασα προσώπου
θερμοτέρῳ Φαέθοντι καθιδρώοντο παρειαί·
ἄλλη δ' εὐαρότοιο προηγήτειρα χορείης
θαλλὸν ἐλαιήεντα λευκότριχι δήσατο κόρσῃ
ἑπταπόρου ποταμοῖο διάβροχον ὕδασι Νείλου,
καὶ φαιδρὴν μεθέπουσα μαραινομένην τρίχα κόρσης
καρφαλέον δέμας εἶχεν, ἐπεὶ φθινοπωρὶς ἐοῦσα
φυλλοχόοις ἀνέμοις ἀπεκείρατο δενδράδα χαίτην·
οὔ πω γὰρ χρυσέων ἐλάων πλεκτοῖσι κορύμβοις
βότρυες ἀμπελόεντες ἐπέρρεον αὐχένι νύμφης,
οὐδέ μιν οἰνοθέοισι φιλακρήτου παρὰ ληνῷ
πορφυρέης ἐμέθυσσε Μαρωνίδος ἰκμὰς ἐέρσης,
οὐδὲ παλινδίνητος ἀνέδραμε κυκλὰς ἀλέτρης·
ἀλλὰ τότε χρόνος ἦλθε μεμορμένος, οὗ χάριν αὐταὶ
εἰς δόμον Ἠελίοιο συνήλυδες ἔδραμον Ὧραι.

---

[a] Summer. The main crops are reaped about June or July.

[502] Another, the harvest-home Season,[a] came with her Sisters. In her right hand she held a head of corn with grains clustering on the top, and a sickle with sharp-cutting blade, forcerier of harvest: her maiden form was wrapt in linen shining white, and as she wheeled in the dance the fine texture showed the secrets of her thighs, while in a better sun the cheeks of her drooping face were damp with dewy sweat.

[509] Another[b] leading the dance for an easy plowing, had bound about her hairless temple shoots of olive drenched with the waters of sweet-stream Nile.[c] Scanty and withering was the hair by her temples, dry was her body; for she is fruit-pining Autumn, who shears off the foliage from the trees with scatter-leaf winds. For there were no vine-branches yet, trailing about the nymph's neck with tangled clusters of golden curls; not yet was she drunken with purple Maronian[c] juice beside the neat-swilling wine-press; not yet had the ivy run up with wild intertwining tendrils. But then the fated time had come, which had brought the Seasons running together to the house of Helios.

[a] Autumn. The plowing for the winter wheat, and other crops, is done then, and is the chief plowing of the year.

[b] By them in flood.

[c] See 171 above. The vintage comes after harvest, in early autumn.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΔΩΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Δωδεκάτῳ φρένα τέρψον, ὅπῃ νέον ἄνθος Ἐρώτων
Ἄμπελος εἶδος ἄμειψεν ἐς ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην.

Ὣς αἱ μὲν δυτικοῖο παρ' ἀφρέον Ὠκεανοῖο
Ἠελίου γανόωντος ἐνεστείλαντο μελάθροις.
τῇσι δὲ νισσομένῃσι συνέφοιτεν Ἕσπερος ἀστὴρ
θρηίσκων ἐν μεγάροισι· διεσσυμένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
ἀντιφαὴς ἀνέτελλε βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη.
αἱ δὲ φερεζώοιο παρ' ἅρμασιν Ἠνιοχῆος
κάρτιμον ἴχνος ἔκαμψαν.
ὁ μὲν δρόμον ἄρτι τελέσσας
ἠερόθεν νόστησε· περιγλήνου δ' ἐλατῆρος
Φωσφόρος αἰγλήεις τετραζύγος ἐγγύθι δίφρου
θήκατο θερμὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀστερόεσσαν ἱμάσθλην,
γείτονος Ὠκεανοῖο παρὰ προχοῇσι καθήρας
μυδαλέων ἱδρῶτι πυριτρεφέων δέμας ἵππων·
πῶλοι δ' αὐχενίας νοτερὰς δονέοντες ἐθείρας
μαρμαρέοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἐπέκτυπον αἴθοπι φάτνῃ.
θυγατέρες δὲ Χρόνοιο πέριξ φλογεροῖο θοώκου
ἱπτάμεναι[1] στεφανηδὸν ἀτειρέος Ἡνιοχῆος
τέσσαρες ἠσπάζοντο δυώδεκα κυκλάδες Ὧραι,
δμωίδες Ἠελίοιο, συνήλυδες αἴθοπι δίφρῳ,

[1] θυγατέρες . . . ἱπτάμεναι mss., θυγατέρας . . . ἱπταμένας Ludwich.

BOOK XII

With the twelfth, delight your heart, where Ampelos has shot up his own shape, a new flower of love, into the fruit of the vine.

So these by the brows of western Ocean took ships for the mansion of Helios their father. As they approached, Hesperos the Evening Star leapt up and went out of the hall to meet them. Selene herself also darted out newrisen, showing her light as she drove her cattle.

The Sisters at the sight of the lifegiving Charioteer stayed their fruitful step. He had just finished his course and come down from the sky. Bright Phosphoros was ready for the fire-eyed driver, near his chariot and four. He put away the hot yoke-straps and starry whip, and washed in the neighbouring Ocean stream the bodies of the firefed horses wet with sweat. The colts shook the dripping manes on their necks, and stamped with sparkling hooves the shining mangertrough. The four were greeted by the twelve circling Hours,* daughters of Time, trippling round the fiery throne of the untiring Charioteer in a ring, servants of Helios that attend

* Here *ôpai* is hours of the day: in the last book and *infra* 21 it means seasons.

μαντιπόλοι Λυκάβαντος ἀμοιβάδες· ἀμφοτέρων γὰρ
αὐχένα δοῦλον ἔκαμψεν ὅλον τετράζυγα κόσμον.
Καί οἱ ἀνηέρτησεν ἔπος σταφυληφόρος Ὥρη
μάρτυρον ἱκεσίης σχομένη φθινοπωρίδος ἅρπην·
"Ἠέλιε ζείδωρε, φυτηκόμε, κοίρανε καρπῶν,
οἰνοπέδων πότε βότρυν ἀεξήσουσιν ἀλωαί;
καὶ μακάρων τίνι τοῦτο γέρας μοιρήσεται Αἰών;
ναί, λίτομαι, μὴ κρύπτε, κακηγορέουσιν ὅτι μούνη
πασάων ἀγέραστος ἐγὼ πέλον· οὐ γὰρ ἀρούρης,
οὐ στάχυν, οὐ λειμῶνα, καὶ οὐ Διὸς ὄμβρον ἀέξω."
Ἔννεπεν· ἀσπαζομένης δὲ πολυτρέπτοιο ὀπώρης
Ἠέλιος θάρσυνε, καὶ ἀντωπῆα παρὰ τοῖχον
δάκτυλον ὀρθώσας ἐπεδείκνυε ποικίλα κύρβη
κύρβιας Ἁρμονίης ἑτεροζύγας, αἷς ἔνι κεῖται
εἰν ἑνὶ θέσφατα πάντα, τά περ πεπρωμένα κόσμου
πρωτογόνοιο Φάνητος ἐπέγραφε μαντιπόλος χείρ,
καὶ γραφίδων ποίκιλλεν ἐφαρμόζουσαν οἶμον ἑκάστῃ.
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπε πυρὸς ταμίης Ὑπερίων·
"Κύρβιδι μὲν τριτάτῃ,
πόθεν ἔσσεται οἰνὰς ὀπώρη,
γνώσεαι, ἄγχι Λέοντος καὶ Παρθένου· ἐν δὲ τετάρτῃ,
τίς σταφυλῆς σκηπτοῦχος,
ὅπῃ γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἀφύσσων
γραπτῇ χειρὶ κύπελλον ἀερτάζει Γανυμήδης."
Τοῖο θεοῦ φαμένοιο, φιλάμπελος ἔτραπε κούρη
ὄμματα δινεύουσα, καὶ ὀμφαλόεν παρὰ τοῖχον
πρώτην κύρβιν ὄπωπεν ἀτέρμονος ἤθεα κόσμου
εἰν ἑνὶ πάντα φέρουσαν, ὅσα σκηπτοῦχος Ὀφίων

[a] Being part of the year she circles or comes round with it.
[b] See note on p. 406.
[c] See note a on page 318.
[d] The astronomical house.

on his shining car, priestesses of the Ichthgang each in her turn: for they bend a servile neck to the ancient manager of the universe.

[19] Then up and spoke the grapetending Season, holding out her hook of the fruitpiping autumn as witness to her prayer:

[20] "Helios, giver of season, plantdresser, lord of fruits! When will the soil make wintermother grapes to grow? Which of the blessed will have this honour betrothed him by Time? Hide it not, I adjure you, because of all the Sisters I alone have no privilege of honour! I provide no fruit, no corn, no meadowhay, no rain from Zeus."

[21] She spoke, and Helios cheered the nurse of the fruitage to come. He raised a finger, and pointed out to his circling [a] daughter close to a wall opposite the separated tablets of Harmonia.[b] In these are recorded in one group all the oracles which the prophetic hand of Phanes first born [c] engraved as ordained for the world, and drew with his pencil the house proper for each.[d] And Hyperion, dispenser of fire, added these words:

[22] "In the third tablet, you shall know whence the fruitage of wine shall come—where is the Lion and the Virgin: in the fourth, who is the Prince of grapes—that is where Ganymedes draws the delicious nectar, and lifts cup in hand in the picture."

[23] When the god had spoken, the wineloving maiden turned her eyes about, and ran to the place. Beside the oracular wall she saw the first tablet, old as the *infinite* past, containing all things in one: upon it was all that Ophion [e] lord paramount had

[a] He and his wife Eurynome were a pair of primeval gods, before Cronos and Rhea, in the Orphic cosmogony.

ἤνυσεν, ὅσσα τέλεσσε γέρων Κρόνος, ὁππότε τέμνων
ἄρσενα πατρὸς ἄροτρα λεχώιον ἤμεσεν ὕδωρ,
σπείρων ἄσπορα τέκνα θυγατρογόνου θαλάσσης,
ὡς ποτε λᾶαν νέα κεχρηότι δέξατο λαιμῷ
Ζηνὸς ψευδομένοιο νόθον δέμας εἰλαπινάζων
καὶ λίθος ἐνδομύχων τοκέων μαιώσατο φόρτον
φόρτον ἀκοντίζων ἐγκύμονος ἀνθερεῶνος.
ἀλλ' ὅτε μαρμαρέοιο Διὸς πυραλαμπέα νίκην
καὶ Κρονίου νιφετοῖο χαλαζήεσσαν Ἐνυὼ
ἀμφίπολος Φαέθοντος ἀελλήεσσαν ἔδρακεν Ὥρη,
γείτονι δέρκετο κύρβιν ἀμοιβαδίς· εἶχε δὲ κείνη,
πῶς βροτέῃ ὤδινε γονῇ φύσις, ἢ πόθεν ἄβρῳ
δενδρείῃ γονόεσσαν ἀκοντίζουσα λοχείῃ
ἄσπορον αὐτοτέλεστον ἀνήροσεν ὕλα φυτείη,
καὶ πόθεν ἄστεα πάντα κατέκλυσεν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς
ἠλιβάτοις πελάγεσσιν ἄγων ἐφεπόμενον ὕδωρ,
πῶς Νότος ἐκ Βορέαο, καὶ ἐκ Λιβὸς Εὖρος ἱμάσσων
λάρνακα Δευκαλίωνος ἀλήμονα, γείτονα Μήνης,
εἰς πλόον ἠερόφοιτον ἐκούφισεν ἄβροχον ὁρμήν.
καὶ τριτάτῃ ὅτε κύρβιν ἐπέδραμεν εὔποδι ταρσῷ
μυστιπόλος Λυκάβαντος, ἕλιξ στιχάζετο κούρη,
μόρσιμα παπταίνουσα πολύτροπα θέσφατα κόσμου,
γράμματα φοινίσσοντα, σοφῇ κεχαραγμένα μίλτῳ.

---

[a] Cronos mutilated his father Uranus. To prevent his sons doing the like to him, he swallowed them as fast as they were born. When Zeus was born, Rhea deceived him into swallowing a stone, and afterwards he disgorged the whole brood. The severed genitals of Uranus were thrown into the sea, which thus conceived and bore Aphrodite.

done, all that ancient Cronos accomplished: when he cut off his father's male plowshare, and sowed the teeming deep with seed on the unsown back of the daughterbegetting sea; how he opened a gaping throat to receive a stony son, when he made a meal of the counterfeit body of a pretended Zeus; how the stone played midwife to the brood of imprisoned children, and shot out the burden of the parturient gullet.[a]

48 But when the stormfoot Season, Phaëthon's handmaid, had seen the fiery shining victory of Zeus at war and the hailstorm snowstorm conflict of Cronos,[a] she looked at the next tablet in its turn. There was shown how the pine was in labour of the human race[b]—how the tree suddenly burst its treebirth and disgorged a son unbegotten self-completed; how Rainlord Zeus brought the waters up in mountainous seas on high and flooded all cities, how Notos and Boreas, Euros and Lips in turn lashed Deucalion's wandering hutch, lifted it castaway on waves in the air and left it harbourless near the moon.

60 When the priestess of lobtgang passed with nimble foot to the third tablet, the circling maiden stood gazing at the manifold oracles of the world's fate, in letters of glowing colour engraved with the

[a] More astrology. The fight between Zeus and Cronos becomes a struggle between the two planets Jupiter and Saturn, whereof the latter is cold.

[b] One of the commonest tales of the origin of man is that he was born from or made of a tree; see Thompson, *Motif-Index of Folk-Literature*, i. (= *Folklore Fellows Communications*, vol. xxxix.), A 1236, 1251. Greek tradition usually names an oak, as in the Homeric saying οὐκ ἀπὸ δρυὸς οὐδ᾽ ἀπὸ πέτρης, *Od.* xix. 163 and elsewhere. The second tablet shows the creation of man and the Deluge.

ὁππόσα ποικιλόμυθος ἐπέγραφεν ἀρχέγονος φώς,
τοῖα προθεσπίζοντα, καὶ ἐν πινάκεσσιν ἀνέγνω·
"Ἥρης βουκόλος Ἄργος ἐς ὄρνεον εἶδος ἀμείψει
φαιδρὸν ἔχων ⟨βλοσυρῶν⟩ βλεφάρων τύπον[1]·
ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
Ἀρπαλύκη μετὰ λέκτρον ἀλιτροβίων ὑμεναίων
υἱέα δαιτρεύουσα θυγατρογάμῳ γενετῆρι
ἠερίην πτερόεσσαν ἐρετμώσειε ταρσῷ
ὄρνις ἀελλήεσσα· καὶ ἀντιτύπου Φιλομήλη
ἔσσεται αἰολόδειρος ὀπωρίζουσα χελιδών,
μαρτυρίην βοόωσα λιπογλώσσοιο σιωπῆς,
δαίδαλα φωνήεντα σοφῇ γράψασα χιτῶνι·
καὶ Νιόβη Σιπύλοιο παρὰ σφυρὰ πέτρος ἐχέφρων
δάκρυσι λαϊνέοισιν ὀδυρομένη στίχα παίδων
στήσεται οἰκτρὸν ἄγαλμα·
καὶ ἔσσεται αὐτόθι γείτων
Πέρρης ἐρωμανέων Φρύγιος λίθος, εἰσέτι Ῥείης
οἶστρον ἔχων ἀθέμιστον ἀνυμφεύτων ὑμεναίων,
Θίσβη δ' ὑγρὸν ὕδωρ καὶ Πύραμος, ἔμπης ἄμφω,
ἀλλήλους ποθέοντες· ἐνιστεφάνοιο δὲ κούρης

[1] ἔχων βλεφάρων τύπον mss., τύπον ⟨αἰόλον⟩ Scaliger. ⟨βλοσυρῶν⟩ βλεφάρων Rose.

---

[a] Argus, after his slaying by Hermes (see note on i. 336), was used by Hera to furnish the eyes on the peacock's tail.

[b] The peacock, in whose tail his eyes were set after his death.

[c] Harpalyce, daughter of Clymenos, being raped by her own father, killed the child she had by him and served him up to Clymenos at a meal. She was turned into a night-bird, the chalcis; he killed himself.

[d] See above, ii. 136 and note; see iv. 321 and note there.

artist's rendition, all that elaborate story which the primeval mind had inscribed; and this was the prophecy that she read in the tablets:

"'Hera's herdsman Argos[1] shall change form to a bird,[2] with the appearance of his grim eyes made bright. Harpalyce[3] after the bed of criminal nuptials shall carve up her son for her incestuous father, and paddle a winged course through the air as a storm-swift bird. Philomela[4] the lousy weaver shall be a twittering swallow with tuneful throat, and cry abroad the witness of her tongueless silence which once she skilfully inscribed like talking words upon a robe. Niobe[5] shall remain a monument of sorrow on the slopes of Sipylus, a rock endowed with sense, and mourning the loss of her children with stony tears. Near her shall be Pyrrhus,[6] a Phrygian stone enamoured, still feeling the lawless lust for impossible union with Rheia. Thisbe shall be running water along with Pyramus,[7] both of an age, each desiring the other. Crocus, in love with Smilax, that fair-

[1] 8. 189. Niobe, daughter of Tantalus, having a numerous family (the number is variously stated), boasted that she was better than Leto, who had but two children, Apollo and Artemis. Thereupon Leto's children killed Niobe's, and she mourned for them till she turned into stone with grief. A rock on Mt. Sipylus was shown to tourists in later times as being that stone; it was shaped not unlike a woman and water trickled down it.

[2] Pyrrhus apparently tried to assault Rheia and was turned to stone; only Nonnus tells the story even thus briefly, though one or two other authors have probable or possible allusions to it. He has nothing to do with the son of Achilles.

[3] This apparently is not the familiar story told in Ovid, *Met.* ix. 33 ff., for he says nothing about the lovers being or turning into rivers. There are rivers of these names and the story must have something to do with them.

Μίλακος ἱμείρων Κρόκος ἔσσεται ἄνθος Ἐρώτων·
καὶ γαμίην μετὰ νύσσαν ἀελλοπόδων Ὑμεναίων
καὶ Παφίης μετὰ μῆλα λεοντείην ἐπὶ μορφὴν
Ἄρτεμις οἰστρήσειεν ἀμειβομένην Ἀταλάντην."
Καὶ τὰ μὲν εἰν ἐνὶ πάντα παρέστιχεν
ἄστατος Ὥρη,
εἰσόκε χῶρον ἵκανεν, ὅπῃ πυρόεις Ὑπερίων
σύμβολα μαντοσύνης ἀνεμώδεϊ πέφραδε κούρῃ,
ἧχι Λέων ἐτέτυκτο σελασφόρος, ἧχι καὶ αὐτὴ
Παρθένος ἀστερόεσσα νόθῃ ποικίλλετο μορφῇ
οἴνοπα βότρυν ἔχουσα, θερειγενὲς ἄνθος ὀπώρης·
κεῖθι Χρόνου θυγάτηρ πόδας εὔνασε,
ταῦτα δ' ἀνέγνω·
"Κισσὸς ἀερσιπότης, ἐρόεις νέος, εἰς φυτὸν ἕρπων
ἔσται κισσὸς ἕλιξ καὶ ἐν ἔρνεσιν· ἠθέου δὲ
ὄρθιος ἐκ Καλάμοιο δόναξ κυρτούμενος αὔραις
λεπτὸν ἀεξιφύτοιο φανήσεται ἔρνος ἀρούρης,
ἡμερίδων στήριγμα· καὶ εἰς φυτὸν εἶδος ἀμείφας
Ἄμπελος ἀμπελόεντι χαρίζεται οὔνομα καρπῷ."
Ἀλλ' ὅτε θέσφατα ταῦτα θαλοσιὰς ἔδρακε κούρη,
δίζετο χῶρον ἐκεῖνον, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτονι τοίχῳ
ποιητῷ κεχάρακτο τύπῳ Γανυμήδεος εἰκὼν
ἰκμάδα νεκταρέην χρυσέῳ στάζουσα κυπέλλῳ,
ἧχι χαρασσομένων ἐπέων τετράζυγος ὀμφή·

---

* Crocus (Saffron), being unhappy in his love-affair with Smilax (Bindweed), was turned into the plant bearing his name, and presumably the same thing happened to her. The story is very late and little known.

garlanded girl, shall be the flower of love.[a] And after the goal of the stormy marriage-race, after the Paphian's apples, Artemis shall change Atalanta into a lioness and drive her mad."[b]

[86] The Season passed restless over all these on one tablet, until she came to the place where fiery Hyperion indicated the signs of prophecy to the wind-swept maiden. There was drawn the shining Lion, there the starry Virgin was depicted in mimic shape, holding a bunch of grapes, the summergrown flower of fruitage[c]: there the daughter of Time stayed her feet, and this is what she read:

[87] "Cinnus, the lovely youth, shall creep into a plant,[d] and he shall be the highflying ivy that entwines about the branches. From young Calamus will spring a reed rising straight and bending to the breeze, a delicate sprout of the fruitful soil, to support the tame vine. Ampelos shall change form into a plant and give his name to the fruit of the vine."

[88] But when the harvest-home maiden had seen all these prophecies, she sought the place where hard by on the neighbouring wall was engraved the figure of Ganymedes pouring the nectar-juice into a golden cup. There was an oracle engraved in four lines of

[a] Atalanta, daughter of Schoineus, would marry no one who could not beat her at running. Hippomenes at length did so, by help of Aphrodite ("the Paphian"). He forgot to make the goddess any thank-offering, and she incited the pair to profane a shrine (here, apparently, one of Artemis) by lying with each other in it. They were then turned into lions, which were supposed not to copulate: see Hyginus, *Fab.* 185.

[b] A star near the shoulder of Virgo is called the προτρυγητήρ, provindemiator.

[c] A curious expression for "change into a creeping plant." (ivy, convix).

κεῖθι θεὰ φαλίβλεφαρος ἐσκίασεν, εὗρε δὲ νύμφη
θέσφατα κισσοφόρῳ πεφυλαγμένα ταῦτα Λυαίῳ·
"Φοίβῳ Ζεὺς ἐπένευσεν ἔχειν μαντώδεα δάφνην,
καὶ ῥόδα φοινίσσοντα ῥοδόχροϊ Κυπρογενείῃ,
γλαυκὸν Ἀθηναίῃ γλαυκώπιδι θαλλὸν ἐλαίης,
καὶ στάχυας Δήμητρι, καὶ ἡμερίδας Διονύσῳ."
Τοῖα μὲν ἐν γραφίδεσσι φαλεσφόρος ἔδρακε κούρη·
τερπομένη δ' ἤιξε, κασιγνήτας δὲ λαβοῦσα
εἰς ῥόον ἠρέμα διέστιχεν Ὠκεανοῖο
ἱππασίῃ Φαέθοντος ὁμόδρομος.—οὐ δὲ Λυαίῳ
φάρμακον ἦν ἑτάροιο δεδουπότος, οὐδὲ γεραιὴ
μνήστις ἔην· φιλίῳ δὲ νέον δεδονημένος οἴστρῳ
αἴλινα πικρὰ λέγεσκεν, ἀκηδέστῳ δὲ σιωπῇ
χείλεα πάντα λέλοιπεν ἀθυρσοφόρου βακχείης
οὐδὲ ὁ πηκτὶς ἔτερπεν. ἀμειδήτῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
οἰκτρὰ κινυρομένοιο φιλοστόργου Διονύσου,
ἔσχετο μὲν Λυδοῖο ῥόος δονακώδεος Ἕρμου
κραιπνὰ κυλινδομένου προχοῆς ἀνεμώδεϊ παλμῷ.
οὐδὲ ῥέειν μενέαινε· βαθυκτεάνῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
Πακτωλὸς χρυσόεις ἀνεσείρασε πένθιμον ὕδωρ
ἀνδρὸς ἔχων μίμημα κατηφέος· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ
πηγαίων ἀνέκοψε παλίσσυτον ὁλκὸν ἐναύλων
Σαγγάριος προχέων Φρύγιον ῥόον· αἰνοτόκου δὲ
Ταντάλιδος στοναχῇσι διάβροχος ἄπνοος εἰκὼν
διπλόα δάκρυα χεῦεν, ὀδυρομένου Διονύσου·
καὶ πίτυς αἰάζουσα συνέμπορος ἥλικι πεύκῃ
λεπταλέον ψιθύριζεν· ἀκερσεκόμου δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
Φοίβου δένδρον ἐοῦσα κόμην ἀπεσείσατο δάφνη

verse. There the grape-loving goddess revelled, for she found this prophecy, kept for Lyaios Ivy-bearer,

> Zeus gave to Phoibos the prophetic laurel,
> Reed roses to the rosy Aphrodite,
> The grey-leaf olive to Athena Greyeyes,
> Corn to Demeter, vine to Dionysos.

[116] That is what the Euian maiden saw on the tablets. She departed joyful, and with her Sisters was away to the stream of the eastern Ocean, moving along with Phaëthon's team.

[117] But Dionysos had no healing physic for his comrade fallen, of dawning he thought no more. Shaken to the heart by his loving passion, he sounded bitter laments; he left to uncaring silence the bronze back of the timbrel unbeaten, and had no joy in the cithern. Before the unsmiling countenance of Dionysos, full of love and piteous pining, the ready Lydian Hermos[a] held up his course, and his fast-rolling waves which poured on with weather-beaten throb—he cared no more to flow; Pactolos[b] yellow as saffron with the wealth deep under his flood, stayed his water in mourning, like the image of a sorrowful man; Sangarios[c] the Phrygian stream, in honour of the dead, checked back the course of his hasked fountains; the unbreathing image of Tantalos's daughter, the unhappy mother drowned in sighs,[d] wept double tears for mourning Dionysos. The fir whispered softly, moaning to its young friend the pine; even the tree of unshorn Phoibos himself, the laurel, shook her foliage to the sorrowful winds;

[a] See xl. 60. [b] See x. 144.
[c] A large river flowing through Phrygia into the Euxine.
[d] Niobe, see on 79.

τηλεθαλέας ἀνέμους· λιπαρὴ δ' ἀτμήτοις ἐλαίη
φύλλα χαμαὶ κατέχευε, καὶ εἰ φυτὸν ἦεν Ἀθήνης.
Τοῖα πόθῳ στενάχοντος ἀδακρύτου Διονύσου
φρικτὰ μετετρέψαντο παλίλλυτα νήματα Μοίρης·
καὶ γόον ἀχνυμένοιο παραιφαμένη Διονύσου
Ἄτροπος ἐμπεδόμυθος ἀνίαχεν ἔνθεον ὀμφήν·
"Ζώει τοι, Διόνυσε, τεὸς νέος, οὐδὲ περήσει
πικρὸν ὕδωρ Ἀχέροντος· ἀναστρέψαι δ' εὗρεν ἀλύξαι
σὸς γόος ἀτρέπτοιο παλινάγρετα νήματα Μοίρης·
Ἄμπελος οὐ τέθνηκε, καὶ εἰ θάνεν· ἱμερόεν γὰρ
εἰς ποτόν, εἰς γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἐγὼ σέο κοῦρον ἀμείψω·
τὸν μὲν ἐϋτροχάλοιο παλάμης βριθόμενον πελώρῳ
δέρτρον [illegible] οὐδὲν [illegible]
[illegible], Φρύγιον ῥυθμὸν ἔχων ἢ Δωρίδα μολπήν·
ἠέ μιν ἐν θυμέλῃσιν ἀνὴρ εὐρυθμος ἀείσει
Λυδίου αὐλίσκοιο χέων Ἰσμήνιον ἠχώ
ἢ πλατάνου Μαραθῶνος· ἀνευάξουσι δὲ Μοῦσαι
Ἄμπελον ἱμερόεντα σὺν ἀμπελόεντι Λυαίῳ,
καὶ σκολιὴν πλοκάμοιο λιπὼν ὀφιώδεα μίτρην
στέμματα βοτρυόεντα περιπλέξειας σέο χαίτῃ,
Φοίβῳ ζῆλον ἔχων, ὅτι πένθιμα χειρὶ τιταίνει
αἴλινα δενδρήεντα φιλοσκοπέλων ὑακίνθων.
καὶ σὺ ποτὸν μεθέπεις, βροτέης ἄμπαυμα γενέθλης,
νέκταρος οὐρανίου χθόνιον τύπον, ἀνθεμόεν δὲ
παιδὸς Ἀμυκλαίοιο τεὸς νέος εὖχος ἐλέγξει·
εἰ δὲ πόλις κείνοιο μαχήμονα χαλκὸν ἀείρει,

---

a It was the practice not to cut down the olive trees even in war.

b The Fates were Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, the Spinner, the Allotter, the Neverturnback.

the glossy olive never felled [a] shed her leaves on the ground, for all that she was Athena's tree.

[156] Since then Dionysos, who never wept, lamented thus in his love, the awful threads of Fate were undone and turned back; and Atropos [b] Never-turnback, whose word stands fast, uttered a voice divine to console Dionysos in sorrow:

[161] "He lives, I declare, Dionysos; your boy lives, and shall not pass the bitter water of Acheron. Your lamentation has found out how to undo the inflexible threads of unturning Fate, it has turned back the irrevocable. Ampelos is not dead, even if he died; for I will change your boy to a lovely drink, a delicious nectar. He shall be worshipt with dancing beat of tripping fingers, when the double-sounding pipe shall strike up harmony over the feast, be it in Phrygian rhythm or Dorian tune [c]; or on the boards a musical man shall sing him, pouring out the voice of Aonian reeds for Ismenians or the burghers of Marathon.[d] The Muses shall cry triumph for Ampelos the lovely with Lyaios of the Vine. You shall throw off the twisting coronal of snakes from your head, and entwine your hair with tendrils of the vine; you shall make Phoibos jealous, that he holds out his melancholy iris with its leafy dirge.[e] You too dispense a drink, the earthly image of heavenly nectar, the comfort of the human race, and your young friend shall eclipse the flowery glory of the Amyclaian boy: if his country pro-

[a] Nonnos clearly knew nothing about music, for the Lydian or Hypolydian would be much likelier modes at a feast.

[b] Ismenos was a river of Boeotia: the words mean "for Boeotians and Athenians too."

[c] See note on x. 255.

καὶ σέθεν ὑψιθέοιο φερεσταφύλα πετηλὰ ἀέξει
ὑγρὸν ἐρευθομένης ποταμηίδος ὄμβρον ἐέρσης.
χρυσῷ ἴσῃ στράψαντα, καὶ οἱ χαίροντα σιδήρῳ
οἱ ποταμοὶ κελάδοντες ἀγάλλεται ἀμφὶ ῥεέθρῳ,
φέρτερον Ἑρμαίοιο πέλει Πακτωλίδος ὕδωρ.
Ἄμπελε, πένθος ὄπασσας ἀπενθήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
ὄφρα μελαμπετάλοιο ἀεξομένου σέθεν οἴνου
τερπωλὴν ὀπάσσειας ὅλῳ τετραζύγι κόσμῳ
καὶ σπουδὴν μακάρεσσι καὶ εὐφροσύνην Διονύσῳ·
Βάκχος ἄναξ δάκρυσε, βροτῶν ἵνα δάκρυα λύσῃ."
Ὣς φαμένη γενετῆρα συνέμπορον ἔστεφε δαίμων,
καὶ κεντρῷ μέγα θάμβος ἐφαίνετο μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ·
καὶ γὰρ ἀναΐξας ἐρόεις νέκυς ὡς ὄφις ἕρπων
Ἄμπελος αὐτοτέλεστος ἑὴν ἠλλάξατο μορφήν,
καὶ πέλε νήδυμον ἄνθος· ἀμειβομένοιο δὲ νεκροῦ
γαστὴρ θάμνος ἔην περιμήκετος, ἄκρα δὲ χειρῶν
ἀκρεμόνες βλάστησαν, ἐνερρίζωντο δὲ ταρσοί,
βόστρυχα βότρυες ἦσαν, ἐμορφώθη δὲ καὶ αὐτή
νεβρὶς ἀεξομένης πολυδαιδάλου ἄνθος ὀπώρης,
ἀμπελόεις δὲ κόρυμβος ἔην δολιχόσκιος αὐχήν,
ἰσοφυὴς δ' ἀγκῶνι τιταίνετο καμπύλος ὄρπηξ
οἰδαίνων σταφυλῇσιν, ἀμειβομένου δὲ καρήνου
γναμπτῆς κυρτὰ κόρυμβα τύπον μιμεῖτο κεραίης.
κεῖθι φυτῶν στίχες ἦσαν ἀπείρονες· αὐτοτελὴς δὲ
ὄρχατος ἀμπελόεις χλοεροὺς ὄρπηκας ἑλίσσων
οἴνοπι γείτονα δένδρα νέῳ μετρήσατο καρπῷ.
Καὶ νέον ἔπλετο θάμβος, ἐπεὶ τότε κοῦρος ἀθύρων,
εἰς φυτὸν ὑψιπέτηλον ἑὸν πόδα λοξὸν ἑλίσσων,
Κισσὸς ἀερσιπότητος ἑὴν δενδρώσατο μορφήν,

duces the bronze of battle, your boy's country too increases the shining torrent of red juice like a river—she is all proud of her gold, and she likes not steel. If one boasts of a roaring river, Pactolos has better water than Eurotas.* Ampelos, you have brought mourning to Dionysos who never mourns—yes, that when your honeydropping wine shall grow, you may bring its delight to all the four quarters of the world, a libation for the Blessed, and for Dionysos a heart of merry cheer. Lord Bacchos has wept tears, that he may wipe away man's tears!"

[178] Having spoken thus, the divinity departed with her sisters.

[179] Then a great miracle was shown to sorrowful Bacchos witnessing. For Ampelos the lovely dead rose of himself and took the form of a creeping snake, and became the healtrouble flower. As the body changed, his belly was a long long stalk, his fingers grew into toptendrils, his feet took root, his curlclusters were grapeclusters, his very fawnskin changed into the manycoloured bloom of the growing fruit, his long neck became a bunch of grapes, his elbow gave place to a bending twig swollen with berries, his head changed until the horns took the shape of twisted clumps of drupes. There grew rows of plants without end; there selfmade was an orchard of vines, twining green twigs round the neighbouring trees with garlands of the unknown wineblushing fruit.

[180] And a new miracle was then seen! since young Cissos in his play, climbing with legs across the branches high in a leafy tree, changed his form and took the air as another plant; he became the

* The river of Sparta.

καὶ πέλεν ἀμπέλου ἔρνος ἐπώνυμον, ἀρτιφυὴς δὲ
ὄρχατον ἡμερίδων σκολιῷ μετρήσατο δεσμῷ.
Καὶ φιλίοις πετάλοισι κατάσκιον ἔστεφε κόρσην,
καὶ πλοκάμους ἐμέθυσσε φιλακρήτων ἀπὸ φύλλων
κυδιόων Διόνυσος· ἀεξομένου δὲ κορύμβου
ἄρτι πεπαινομένης ἐδράξατο καρπὸν ὀπώρης.
καὶ θεὸς αὐτοδίδακτος ἄτερ ποδὸς ἔκτοθι ληνοῦ,
βότρυν ἐπισφίγγων παλάμῃ βεβριθότι καρπῷ,
χερσὶ περιπλεκέεσσι μέθης ἀίδηλα πιέζων
πορφυρέης ἀνέφηνε νεόρρυτον ὄγκον ὀπώρης,
καὶ γλυκερὸν ποτὸν εὗρε· καὶ αὐτοχύτου Διονύσου
λευκὰ δευομένων ἐρυθαίνετο δάκτυλα χειρῶν.
καὶ δέπας ἀμπέλου εἶχε βοὸς κέρας· ἡδυπότου δὲ
χείλεσιν ἀκροτάτοισιν ἐγεύσατο Βάκχος ἐέρσης,
γεύσατο καὶ καρποῦ, καὶ ἀμφοτέρῃσι φρένα τέρπων
μῦθον ἀγηνορέοντος ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος·
"Ἀμβροσίην καὶ νέκταρ ἐμοῦ Διός.
Ἄμπελε, τίκτεις
ἔρνεα δισσὰ φέρων πεφυλαγμένα καρπὸν Ἀπόλλων
οὐ φύγε δαφνήεντα καὶ οὐ πίεν ἐξ ὑακίνθου·
οὐ στάχυς ὠδίνει γλυκερὸν ποτόν· οἶδα, Δηοῦς
εἶδαρ ἐγὼ μερόπεσσι καὶ οὐ πόμα μοῦνον ὀπάσσω.
Ἄμπελε, καὶ σέο πότμον ἐπήρατον· ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτῆς
εἰς σὲ καὶ εἰς σέο κάλλος ἐπεκλίνθη λίνα Μοίρης,
εἰς σὲ καὶ οἰκτίρμων Ἀΐδης πέλεν, εἰς σὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
Περσεφόνη τρηχεῖαν ἑὴν ἤμειψε μενοινήν,
καὶ σὲ νέκυν ζώγρησε κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
οὐ θάνες, ὡς τέθνηκεν Ἀτύμνιος· οὐ Στυγὸς ὕδωρ,
οὐ φλόγα Τισιφόνης, οὐκ ἔδρακες ὄμμα Μεγαίρης·
ζώεις δ' εἰσέτι, κοῦρε, καὶ εἰ θάνες· οὐδέ σε Λήθης
κρύψεν ὕδωρ, οὐ ξυνὸς ἔχει τάφος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ

twining ivy plant which bears his name, and encircled the newgrown orchard of tame vines with clasping knots.

Then Dionysos triumphant covered his temples with the fitfully shady foliage, and made his tresses drunken with the toper's leaves. Now the boy grown plant was quickly ripening, and he plucked a fruit of the vintage. The god untaught, without winepress and without treading, squeezed the grapes firmly with hand against wrist, interlacing his fingers until he pressed out the inebriating issue, and disclosed the newflowing head of the purple fruitage, and discovered the sweet potation: Dionysos Tapster found his white fingers drenched in red! For goblet he held a curved oxhorn. Then Bacchos tasted the sweet sap with sipping lips, tasted also the fruit; and both so delighted his heart, that he broke out into speech with proud throat:

"O Ampelos! this is the nectar and ambrosia of my Zeus which you have made! Apollo wears two favourite plants, but he never ate laurel fruit or drank of the iris! Corn brings forth no sweet potation, by your leave, Deo! I will provide not only drink but food for mortal men! Your fate also is enviable, O Ampelos! Verily even Moira's threads have been turned womanish for you and your beauty; for you Hades himself has become merciful, for you Persephone herself has changed her hard temper, and saved you alive in death for brother Bacchos. You did not die as Atymnios[a] is dead; you saw not the water of Styx, the fire of Tisiphone, the eye of Megaira![b] You are still alive, my boy, even if you died. The water of Lethe did not cover you, nor the tomb which

[a] *Cf.* note on xi. 131. [b] Two Furies.

μορφὴν ὑμετέρην ἐβλάστησε γαῖα καλύψαι·
ἀλλὰ φυτόν σε τέλεσσε πατὴρ ἐμὸς οἷα γεραίρων,
σὸν δέμας εἰς γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἄναξ ἤμειψε Κρονίων,
οὐ φύσει, ὡς χρυσωπὸν Θεραπναίοισι κορύμβοις,
αἴλινον ἀγλαΐῃσι τεοῖς ἐχάραξε πετήλοις·
χροιὴν δ' ὑμετέρην καὶ ἐν ἔρνεσι, κοῦρε, φυλάσσεις
σῶν μελέων ἀκτῖνα τεῇ κέρασε τελευτῇ·
οὐ σέο σε προλέλοιπεν ἐριθαλὴς σέο μορφή.
ἀλλὰ τεοῦ θανάτου τιμήορος αἴ ποτε λείβω
θυομένῳ τεὸν οἶνον ἐπισπένδων ὀλετῆρι
ἀνδροφόνῳ.
σὺ δὲ μύρον Ἁμαδρυάδεσσιν ἀνάπτεις
σοῖς ἐρατοῖς πετάλοισιν· ἀπ' εὐόδμων δὲ κορύμβων
ἰκμάδας ὑμετέρων με περιπνείουσιν Ἐρώτων.
καρπὸν ἐγὼ μέλλω πότε κρητῆρι κεράσσαι;
νεκταρέῳ πότε οἶνον ἐπιστάξαιμι κυπέλλῳ;
οἶνον ἐμοὶ καὶ μᾶλλον ἔχει γέρας ἄγρας ἀθάντων.
οὐ δύναται φυτὸν ἄλλο τεοῖς σταφυλῇσιν ἐρίζειν·
οὐ ῥόδον, οὐ νάρκισσος ἐύχροος, οὐκ ἀνεμώνη,
οὐ κρίνον, οὐχ ὑάκινθος ἰσάζεται ἐμοὶ Ἰάκχῳ,
ὅττι πολυτρίπτοιο νέης λαβίδεσσιν ὀπώρης
σὸν ποτὸν ἄνθεα πάντα δεδέξεται· ἓν ποτὸν ἔσται
μιγνύμενον πάντεσσι, καὶ εἰς μίαν ἵξεται ὀδμὴν
ἄνθεσι παντοίοις κεκερασμένον· εἰαρινὴ γὰρ
κοσμήσει τεὸν ἄνθος ὅλην λειμωνίδα ποίην.
εἶξον ἐμοί, κλυτότοξε, πολυθρήνων ὅτι φύλλων
πενθαλέῳ μίτρωσας ἀπενθέα βόστρυχα δεσμῷ·
αἴλινα σοῖς πετάλοισι χαράσσεται· εἰ δ' ἐνὶ κήπῳ
στέμμα φέρει κλυτότοξος,
ἐγὼ γλυκὺν οἶνον ἀφύσσω,
καὶ στέφος ἱμερόεν περιβάλλομαι, ἡδυπότην δὲ
ἔνδον ἐμῆς κραδίης ὅλον Ἄμπελον αὐτὸν ἀείρω.

is common to all, but earth herself shrank from covering your form! No, my father made you a plant in honour of his son; Lord Cronion changed your body into sweet nectar. Nature has not graven Alas upon your tearless leaves, as on the inscribed clusters of Therapne.[a] You keep your colour, my boy, even on your shoots. Your end proclaims the radiance of your limbs; your blushing body has not left you yet. But I will never cease avenging your death; I will pour your wine in libation to your murderous destroyer, the wine of his victim! Your lovely petals put the Hamadryads to shame; the juice of your fragrant bunches brings round me a breath of your love. Can I ever mix the applefruit in the bowl? Can I drop figjuice in the cup of nectar? Fig and apple have their grace as far as the teeth; but no other plant can rival your grapes—not the rose, not the tinted daffodil, not anemone, not lily, not iris is equal to the plant of Bacchus![b] For with the new-found streams of your crushed fruitage your drink will contain all flowers; that one drink will be a mixture of all, it will combine in one the scent of all the flowers that blow, your flowers will embellish all the spring-time herbs and grass of the meadow!

"Give me best, Lord of Archery, because you wreathed your unmourning hair with your mourning chaplet of dolorous petals! Alas alas is graven on these leaves of yours; and if the Lord of Archery wears his wreath in the garden, I ladle my sweet wine, I put on a lovely wreath, I absorb all Ampelos to be at home in my heart by that delicious draught.

[a] See note on iii. 153.

[b] The list of flowers is imitated from Rufinus (*Anthol.* v. 74).

εἶξον ἐρωτοφίλῳ, κορυθαίολε· αἱματόεις γὰρ
σπένδει λύθρον Ἄρης, καὶ ἀμπελόεις Διονύσου
βότρυας οἰνωθέντας ἐρευθιόωσιν ἐέρσῃ.
Δηώ, ἐπελήθης μετὰ Παλλάδος· οὐ γὰρ ἐλαίη
εὐφροσύνην τίκτουσα, καὶ οὐ στάχυς ἀνέρα θέλγει,
ὄγχνη καρπὸν ἔχει μελιηδέα, μύρτινα δ᾽ ἄζει
ἄνθεα κηώεντα, καὶ οὐ φρενοθελγέι καρπῷ
ἀνδρομέας ἀνέμοισιν ἀκοντίζουσι μερίμνας·
ἡμείων γενέτην πολὺ φέρτερον· ἡμετέρου γὰρ
οἴνου μὴ παρεόντος ἀτερπέα δεῖπνα τραπέζης.
οἴνου μὴ παρεόντος ἀθελγέες εἰσὶ χορεῖαι.
εἰ δύνασαι, γλαυκῶπι, τεῆς πίε καρπὸν ἐλαίης
σὸν φυτὸν ἀγλαόδωρον ἐμῇ ἰσόζυγον ὀπώρῃ.
ὅττι τεῷ λιπόωντι δέμας χρίοντες ἐλαίῳ
ἀνέρες ἀεθλητῆρες ἀτερπέες, οἰνοπαθὴς δὲ
εἰνάτερ᾽ ἢ θύγατρα βαλὼν ξυνήονα πότμου,
ἢ τεκέων φθιμένων ἢ μητέρος ἢ γενετῆρος
ἀνὴρ πένθος ἔχων, ὅτε γεύεται ἡδέος οἴνου,
στυγνὸν ἀεξομένης ἀποσείεται ὄγκον ἀνίης.
Ἄμπελε, καὶ μετὰ πότμον ἐυφραίνεις φρένα Βάκχου·
πᾶσιν ἐμοῖς μελέεσσιν ἐγὼ σέο φάρεα κεράσσω.
ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρεα πάντα κάτω νεύοντι κορύμβῳ
εἴκελα λυσσομένῳ κυρτούμενον αὐχένα κάμπτει,
ὑψιτενὴ δὲ πέτηλα γέρων ἐκλίνατο φοῖνιξ·
ἀμφὶ δὲ μηλείῃ ταναοὺς πόδας, ἀμφὶ δὲ συκῇ
χεῖρας ἐφαπλώσας ἐπερείδεαι, ἡμετέρην δέ,
ὀρνίθες ὡς δέσποιναν, ἐλαφρίζουσιν ὀπώρην,
εὖτε τιταινομένων πετάλων ἑλικώδεϊ παλμῷ
ἀμφιπόλων ὑπὲρ ὦμον ἀνέρχεαι· ἀγχιφύτων δὲ
ἀθρεῖ πολυσπερέων ἑτερόχροα φύλλα κορύμβων,
οἷα σέθεν κνώσσοντος, ἐπαιθύσσουσι προσώπῳ
αὔραις φειδομένῃσι καταψύχοντες ἀήτας,

Brightheim, give place to Finegrapes! The bloody pours out gore to Ares, the Vine pours to Dionysus the ruddy dew of the wineoaked grape!

254 "Deo, you are defeated with Pallas! For olives do not bring forth merry cheer of heart, corn does not bewitch a man! The pear has a honey-sweet fruit, the myrtle grows fragrant flowers, but they have no heart-bewitching fruit to shoot man's cares to the winds! I am better than you all; for without my wine there is no pleasure in the table-feast, without my wine the dance has no bewitchment. Brighteyes, drink the fruit of your olive if you can! My fruitage with its glorious gifts has beaten your tree. With your oily olive athletes rub their bodies, without delight; but the sadly afflicted who has given a wife or a daughter to the common fate, the man who mourns children dead, a mother or a father, when he shall taste of delicious wine will shake off the hateful burden of ever-increasing pain.

278 "O Ampelus, you rejoice the heart of Bacchus even after death! I will soak your drink through all my limbs. All the trees of the forest bow their heads around, as one in prayer bends low the neck. The ancient palmtree inclines his soaring leaves, you stretch your feet round the apple-tree, you clasp your hands about the figtree and hold fast; they support your fruitage as slavewomen their mistress, while you climb over the shoulder of your maids with your tendrils pushing and winding and quivering, while the winds blow in your face the delicate many-coloured leaves of so many neighbouring trees with their widespread clusters, as if you slept and they

λεπταλέῃ ἅτε λάτρις ἐϋθήμονα ῥιπίδα σείει,
ψυχρὸν ἐῷ βασιλῆι φέρουσα ποιητὸν ἀήτην,
εἰ δὲ μεσημβριάζουσαν ἴδοις Φαέθοντος ἀπειλήν,
σῆς σταφυλῆς προκέλευθος ἐτήσιος ἔρχεται αὔρη
δίψαν ἐπαΐζουσα παραίθιον ἀστέρα Μαίρης,
ὁππότε θερμαίνει σε θερειγενέων δρόμος Ὥρης
θάλπων Σειριάοντι πεπαινομένην δρόσον ἀτμῷ."
Ἔννεπε μειλιχίων, προτέρης δ' ἔρριψε μερίμνης
φάρμακον ἱμερτῆρα ἔχων εὐάμπελον ἀπαρχήν.
Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἀμπελόεντος ἀέθλια ἀμφὶ σπηλαίου,
τῶν πέλεν ἱμερτῆρος ἐπώνυμον. ἀμπελίδων δὲ
ἄλλη πρεσβυτέρη πέλεται φάτις, ὡς ποτε γαίῃ
αἰθερόθεν φερέκαρπος Ὀλύμπιον ἔρριψεν ὕδωρ
καὶ τότε Βακχειάδος σταφυλῆς φυτόν, ἐν δαπέδοις δὲ
αὐτοφυὴς ἀδάμαστος ἐδέξατο καρπὸν ἀπείρων·
οὔ πω δ' ἡμερὶς ἦεν ἐπώνυμος, ἀλλ' ἐνὶ λόχμαις
ἀγραὶς ἠβώωσα πολυγνάμπτοισι σελίνοις
οἰνοτόκων βλάστησε φυτῶν εὐάμπελος ὕλη,
ὑγρὸν ἀναβλύζουσα βεβοτρυωμένον ὄγκον ἐέρσης
καὶ πολὺς ὄρχατος ἦεν, ὅπῃ στοιχηδὸν ἀνέρπων,
σείετο φοινίσσων ἐπὶ βότρυϊ βότρυς ἀλήτης·
ὧν ὁ μὲν ἡμιτέλεστος ἑὰς ὠδῖνας ἀέξων,
αἰόλα πορφύρων, ἑτερόχροος φαίνετο καρπῷ,
ὃς δὲ φαληριόων ἐπεπαίνετο σύγχροος ἀφρῷ,
καὶ πολὺς ἄνθεεν ἄλλος ὁμόζυγα γείτονα γείτων
ξανθοφυής, ἕτερος δὲ φαὴν ἰνδάλλετο κίσσῳ
περκάζων ὅλον ἄνθος, ἀπ' οἰνοπέδων δὲ πετήλων
σύμφυτον ἀγλαόκαρπον ὅλην ἐμέθυσσεν ἐλαίην·
ἄλλου δ' ἀστυφέλικτος ἐπέτρεχεν ἀμφίπολος καρπῷ
βότρυος ἀργυφέοιο μέλας αἰθύσσοντος ἀήρ.

cooled you with gentle breath. So the serving-woman waves a light fan as in duty bound, and makes a cool wind for her king. If you bring with you Phaëthon's midday threats, yet the Etesian wind comes before your grapes, baling the thirsty star of burning Maira,* when the course of the summer season warms your ripening juice with the steam of Sothis."

[295] So he spoke in his pride, and threw off his earlier cares, now he had found the fragrant fruitage as all-heal for the youth.

[300] That is the song they sing about the grape-cluster, how it got its name from the young man. But the poets have another and older legend, how once upon a time fruitful Olympian Ichor fell down from heaven and produced the potion of Bacchic wine, when the fruit of its vintage grew among the rocks self-grown, untended. It was not yet named grape-vine; but among the bushes, wild and luxuriant with many-twining purple-clusters, a plant grew which had in it good wine-stuff to make wine, being full to bursting with its burden of dewy juice. There was a great orchard of it springing up in rows, where bunch by bunch the grapes swung swaying and reddening in disorder. They ripened together, one letting its half-grown nursery increase with different shades of purple upon the fruit, one spotted with white, in colour like foam; some of golden hue crowded thick neighbour on neighbour, others with dark bloom all over like pitch—and the wine-teeming foliage intoxicated all the olives with their glorious fruit which grew beside them. Others were silvery white, but a dark mist newly made and self-sped seemed to

* See note on v. 221.

ὄγκῳ βοτρυόεντι φέρων σφριγόωσαν ὀπώρην
καὶ πίτυν ἀντικέλευθον ἑλιξ ἔστεψεν ὀπώρης
συμφερτοῖς σκιόωσα περισκεπὲς ἔρνος ἰάμνοις,
καὶ φρένα Πανὸς ἕτερπε· τινασσομένους δὲ Βορῆι
ἀκρεμόνας πελάσασα παρ' ἀμπελόεντι κορύμβῳ
αἱμοβαφὴς ἐλέλιζε κόμην εὐώδεα πεύκη.
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν σκολιῇσι δράκων δινωτὸς ἀκάνθαις
λαρὸν εὐρραθάμιγγος ἀμέλγετο νέκταρ ὀπώρης,
καὶ βλοσυραῖς γενύεσσι ποτὸν Βακχεῖον ἀμέλξας,
βότρυος οἰνωθέντος ἐπιστάζων πόμα λαιμῷ,
πορφυρέῃ ῥαθάμιγγι δράκων φοίνιξεν ὑπήνην.
Καὶ θεὸς οὐρεσίφοιτος ὄφιν θάμβησε δοκεύων
οἰνωπῇ ῥαθάμιγγι πεφυρμένον ἀνθερεῶνα·
καὶ στικταῖς φολίδεσσι μετάτροπον ὁλκὸν ἑλίξας
πετραίην βαθύκολπον ἐδύσατο γείτονα χειήν,
Εὔιον ἀθρήσας, ὄφις αἰόλος. εἰσορόων δὲ
Βάκχος ἐρευθαλέης ἐγκύμονα βότρυν ἐέρσης
ὀμφαίης ἐνόησε παλαίτερα θέσφατα Ῥείης.
καὶ σκοπέλους ἐλάχηνε, πεδοσκαφέος δὲ σιδήρου
θηγαλέῃ γλωχῖνι μυχὸν κοιλήνατο πέτρης·
λειήνας δὲ μέτωπα βαθυνομένων κενεώνων
τάφρον ἐυσταφύλοιο τύπον ποιήσατο λήνοῦ,
βότρυας ἀμώων νεοθηλέας ὀξέι θύρσῳ,
τεύχων ὀφιγόνοιο τύπον γαμφώνυχος ἅρπης.
Καὶ Σατύρων χορὸς ἦεν ὁμόστολος·
ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
λοξὸς ἔην τρυγόων, ὁ δὲ βότρυας ἀγγεῖ κοίλῳ
δέχνυτο τεμνομένους, ὁ δὲ σύμπλοκα φύλλα δαΐζων
χλωρὰ φιλακρήτων ἀπεσείσατο λύματα καρπῶν·
ἄλλος ἄτερ θύρσοιο καὶ εὐθήκτοιο σιδήρου
δεξιτερὴν ἀσίδηρον ἐπ' ἀκρεμόνεσσι τιταίνων

he penetrating the unripe berries, bringing plump fruitage to the laden clusters. The twining growth of the fruit crowned the opposite pine, shading its own sheltered growth by its mass of twigs, and delighted the heart of Pan; the pine swayed by Boreas brought her branches near the bunches of grapes, and shook her fragrant leafage soaked in the blood.* A serpent twisted his curving backbone about the tree, and sucked a strong draught of nectar trickling from the fruit; when he had milked the Bacchic potation with his ugly jaws, the draught of the vine turned and trickled out of his throat, reddening the creature's beard with purple drops.

[526] The hill-ranging goat marvelled, as he saw the snake and his chin dabbled with trickling wine; the speckled snake saw Evius, and went coiling away with his spotty scales and plunged into a deep hole in the rock hard by. When Bacchos saw the grapes with a bellyful of red juice, he bethought him of an oracle which prophetic Rhoia had spoken long ago. He dug into the rock, he hollowed out a pit in the stone with the sharp prongs of his earth-burrowing pick, he smoothed the sides of the deepening hole and made an excavation like a winepress; then he made his sharp thyrsus into the cunning shape of the later sickle with curved edge, and reaped the new-grown grapes.

[537] A band of Satyrs was with him: one stooped to gather the clusters, one received them into an empty vessel as they were cut, one pulled off the masses of green leaves from the bibulous fruit and threw away the rubbish. Another without thyrsus or sharpened steel crouched bending forwards and

* The wine-juice.

βότρυας εἰλικόεντας ἀπέθλιβεν ἄκρα κορύμβων,
ἀλλάξων ἐπίκαρπον, ἐς ἄμπελον ἔργα πετάλων
καὶ γλαφυρῷ κενεῶνι χυτὴν ἐστήριξεν ἀπώρην
ὀγκώσας σταφυλῇσι μεσόμφαλα νῶτα χαράδρης·
βότρυας εἰλικόεντας ἐπασσυτέρους θέτο κόλπῳ,
ἐντυπάδην ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, καὶ ὡς θεράποντας ἀλωῆς,
πλήσας κοῖλον ἅπαντα συνήγαγε κοιλάδα πέτρης,
καὶ σταφυλὴν ἐπάτησε ποδῶν βητάρμονι ταρσῷ.
καὶ Σάτυροι σείοντες ἐς ἠέρα θυιάδα χαίτην,
ἰσοφυεῖς μίμημα δεδαημένοι Διονύσου,
στικτὰ περισφίγξαντες ἐπωμαδὰ δέρματα νεβρῶν,
Βακχείης ἀλάλαζον ἀμοιβαίοισι μέλος ᾠδῆς,
ποσσὶ πολυσκάρθμοισι περιθλίβοντες ὀπώρην,
Εὔιον ἀείδοντες· ἐρισταφύλοιο δὲ κόλπου
οἴνου ἀναβλύζοντος ἐπορφύροντο χαράδραι·
στειβομένη δὲ πόδεσσιν ἀμειβομένοισιν ὀπώρη
λευκὸν ἐρευθαλέης ἀνεκήκιεν ἀφρὸν ἐέρσης.
καὶ βοέοις ἀρύοντο κεράασιν ἀντὶ κυπέλλων
μή πω φαινομένων, ὅθεν ὕστερον ἔξετι κείνου
θέσκελον οἴνοιο τεῦχε κεραννυμένην πόσιν ὕδωρ.*
Καί τις ἀναβλύζων φρενοθελγέος ἰκμάδα Βάκχου
καμπύλον ἴχνος ἔκαμψε ποδῶν ἑλικώδεϊ ταρσῷ,
δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο μετήλυδα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,
καὶ λασίης ἐδίωκε γενειάδος ἰκμάδα Βάκχου·
ἄλλος ἀνεσκίρτησε, μέθης δεδονημένος οἴστρῳ,
φρικτὸν ἀρασσομένης ἀίων μίμημα βοείης·
καί τις ἀκοσμήτοιο ποιῶν ῥόον ἄσχετον οἴνου
κυανέην ῥοδόεντι ποτῷ πόρφυρεν ὑπήνην·
ἄλλος ἄνω τανύων σφαλερὴν ἐπὶ δένδρεον ὀπωπὴν
ἡμιφανῆ σκοπίαζεν ἀνείμονα γείτονα Νύμφην,

* Nonnus derives κέρας from κεράννυμι, which is tempting

spying for grapes, and put out his right hand towards the branches to pluck the fruit at the ends of the tangled vine, then Bacchos spread the fruitage in the pit he had dug, first heaping the grapes in the middle of the excavation, then arranging them in layers side by side like cornsheaps on the threshing-floor, spread out the whole length of the hole. When he had got all into the hollowed place and filled it up to the brim, he trod the grapes with dancing steps. The Satyrs also, shaking their hair madly in the wind, learnt from Dionysos how to do the like. They pulled tight the dappled skins of fawns over the shoulder, they shouted the song of Bacchos sounding tongue with tongue, crushing the fruit with many a skip of the foot, crying "Euai!" The wine spurted up in the grape-filled hollow, the rudets were empurpled; pressed by the alternating tread the fruit bubbled out red juice with white foam. They scooped it up with cohorns, instead of cups which had not yet been seen, so that ever after the cup of mixed wine took this divine name of Winehorn."

[343] And one went bubbling the mind-charming drops of Bacchos as he turned his wobbling feet in zigzag jerks, crossing right over left in confusion as he wetted his hairy cheeks with Bacchos's drops. Another skipt up struck with a tippler's madness when he heard the horrid boom of the beaten drumskin. One again who had drunk too deeply of care-dispelling wine purpled his dark beard with the rosy liquor. Another, turning his unsteady look towards a tree espied a Nymph half-hidden, unveiled, close at hand; and

no doubt but wrong; although the horn is common everywhere as a drinking vessel.

καί νύ κεν ὑψιπέτηλον ἀμειψάμενος εἰς φυτὸν ὕλης
εἶρπεν ἀλωσθεῖσα πάλιν γαμψώνυχι ταρσῷ,
εἰ μή μιν Διόνυσος ἐρύκακεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγὰς
ἄλλος ἐγερσινόοιο μέθης ἐπεμάσσατο παλμῷ
ὑδροχόῳ ἐδόνησεν ἀνείματα Νηίδα νύμφην,
καί νύ σε νηχομένην λιπαρῷ πήξειεν ἀγρευτῇ,
εἰ μή μιν φθαμένη βυθίῳ ἐσαλεύσατο ῥεέθρῳ,
μούνῳ δ' οἰνοποτῆρα Διωνύσοιο πάρα Ῥείη
λυσσαλέης ἀμέθυστον ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκης.

Πολλοὶ δ' εὐπερόων Σατύρων
φιλοπαίγμονι ταρσῷ
εἰς χορὸν οἰστρηθέντες ἐκώμασαν· ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
θερμὸν ἔχων νέον οἶστρον ὑπὸ φρένα,
τυρσὸν Ἑρμείων,
πήχεϊ λαχνήεντι μέσην ἠγκάσσατο Βάκχην·
ὃς δὲ νοοπλάγκτοιο μέθης δεδονημένος οἴστρῳ
παρθενικῆς ἀγέρωχος ἀναιδήμονος ἥψατο μίτρης,
αἰ ἐρόων ἐπὶ Κύπριν ἀπειθέος εἵματα νύμφης·
χειρὶ δ' ὀπισθοβόλῳ ῥοδέων ἐπεμάσσατο μηρῶν·
καί τις ἀναινομένης ἀνεπείρασε μάστιγα κούρης
λαμπάδα νυκτιχόρευτον ἀναπτομένην Διονύσῳ·
ὃς δὲ περὶ στέρνοις πεφυσημένα δάκτυλα βάλλων
οἰδαλέην ἔθλιψεν ἀσημπέος ἄντυγα μαζοῦ.

Καὶ γλυκερῆς Διόνυσος ἑῆς μετὰ κῶμον ὀπώρης
δύνατο κυδαίνων Κυβεληίδος ἄντρα θεαίνης,
κλήματα βοτρυόεντα φιλοινέι χειρὶ τιταίνων,
Μαιονίην δ' ἐδίδαξεν ἑὴν ἄγρυπνον ἑορτήν.

he would have crawled up the highest tree in the forest, feet slipping, hanging on by his toenails, had not Dionysos held him back. Near the fountains, another driven by the insane impulse of drunken excitement, chased a naked Naiad of the waters; he would have seized her with hairy hand as she swam, but she gave him the slip and dived into deep water. To Dionysos alone had Rhea given the amethyst, which preserves the wine-drinker from the tyranny of madness.*

381 Many of the horned Satyrs joined furiously in the festive dancing with sportive steps. One felt within him a new hot madness, the guide to love, and threw a hairy arm round a Bacchanal girl's waist. One shaken by the madness of mind-erasing drink laid hold of the girdle of a modest unwedded maid, and as she would have no love-making pulled her back by the dress and touched her rosy thighs from behind. Another dragged back a struggling mystic maiden while kindling the torch for the god's nightly dances, laid timid fingers upon her bosom and pressed the swelling circle of her firm breast.

388 After the revels over his sweet fruit, Dionysos proudly entered the cave of Cybelèid goddess Rheia, waving bunches of grapes in his flowerloving hand, and taught Makonis the vigil of his feast.

* The name amethyst means "not drunken," and the stone was supposed to be a talisman against drunkenness.

NOTE ON THE TABLETS OF HARMONIA, XII. 30 ff.

For a full account of this very curious passage, see Stegemann, pp. 128 ff. For an understanding of the poem, sufficient to make it intelligible to the non-astrological reader, the following may be of service.

Helios has in his house an astrological calendar which foretells, not the events of a year or some other short period, as a human work of that sort might, but those of a cosmic year, from the beginning of the universe till its new beginning. The year, like the ordinary solar one, is divided into twelve months, each with its own sign of the Zodiac, and these are arranged in groups of two, thus:

1. Aries and Taurus. 2. Gemini and Cancer. 3. Leo and Virgo. 4. Libra and Scorpius. 5. Sagittarius and Capricornus. 6. Aquarius and Pisces.

The end of a period of two cosmic months is approaching, and the influence of Virgo is nearly at an end; Libra is to succeed her. The poem so far has narrated the events foretold in the second table, the flood coming under Cancer. The next period is the autumn of the cosmic year (Libra is the September sign). Dionysos was born under Leo, as he must be, for he is modelled on Alexander the Great, whose birth-sign that was. Now he is mature, and his great gift to mankind nearly ready. This is what the picture of Ganymede in the third table means; it has nothing to do with any constellation, but is a sort of hieroglyphic; we find him again, xxv. 431, as part of the devices on Dionysos's shield. Under Scorpius, Dionysos got together his army, for the Pleiads were rising then, xiii. 412, and they rise in October, when the sun is in Scorpius. Presumably the fifth table, if Nonnos described it, would foretell the campaigns of Dionysos in Greece and his ascent to heaven, i.e., the remaining events to the end of the poem.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΣΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Ἐν τρισκαιδεκάτῳ στρατιὴν νήριθμον ἐνίψω
καὶ προμάχους ἥρωας ἀγειρομένους Διονύσῳ.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ προέηκεν ἐς αὔλια θέσκελα Ῥείης
Ἶριν ἀπαγγέλλουσαν ἐγερσιμόθῳ Διονύσῳ,
ὄφρα δίκης ἀδίδακτον ὑπερφιάλων γένος Ἰνδῶν
Ἀσίδος ἐξελάσειεν ἐῷ ποινήτορι θύρσῳ,
ναύμαχον ἀμήσας ποταμήιον υἷα κεράστην,
Δηριάδην βασιλῆα, καὶ ἔθνεα πάντα διδάξῃ
ὄργια νυκτιχόρευτα καὶ οἴνοσα καρπὸν ὀπώρης.
Ἡ μὲν ἐρεσσομένων πτερύγων ἀνεμώδεϊ ῥιπῇ
δυσαμένη κελάδοντα λεοντοκόμου μυχὸν ἄντρου
ἄφοφον ἴχνος ἔπηξεν, ἀφωνήτῳ δὲ σιωπῇ
σφιγξαμένη στόμα δοῦλον ὀρειάδος ἐγγὺς ἀνάσσης
ἵστατο κυρτωθεῖσα, καθελκομένου δὲ καρήνου
χείλεσιν ἱκεσίοισι πόδας προσπτύξατο Ῥείης.
καὶ τὴν μὲν Κορύβαντες ἀμειδέι νεύματι Ῥείης
θεσπεσίης ἀρέσαντο παρὰ κρητῆρι τραπέζης·
θαμβαλέη δὲ πιοῦσα νεηγενέος χύσιν οἴνου
τέρπετο βακχευθεῖσα· καρηβαρέουσα δὲ δαίμων
παιδὶ Διὸς παρεόντι Διὸς μυκήσατο βουλήν·
"Ἀλκήεις Διόνυσε, τεὸς γενέτης σε κελεύει
εὐσεβίης ἀδίδακτον ἀιστῶσαι γένος Ἰνδῶν·
ἀλλὰ τεαῖς παλάμῃσι μαχήμονα θύρσον ἀείρων

BOOK XIII

In the thirteenth, I will tell of a host innumerable, and champion heroes gathering for Dionysus.

Further *Zeus* sent Iris to the divine halls of Rheia, to inform wakethefray Dionysus, that he must drive out of Asia with his avenging thyrsus the proud race of Indians untaught of justice: he was to sweep from the sea the horned son of a river, Deriades the king,* and teach all nations the sacred dances of the vigil and the purple fruit of vintage.

She paddled her way with windswift beat of wings, and entered the echoing den of stabled lions. Noiseless her step she stayed, in silence voiceless pressed her lips, a slave before the forest queen. She stood bowing low, and bent down her head to kiss Rheia's feet with suppliant lips. Rheia unsmiling beckoned, and the Corybants served her beside the bowl of the divine table. Wondering she drank a cup of the newfound wine, delighted and excited; then with heavy head the spirit told the will of Zeus to the son of Zeus:

"O mighty Dionysus! Your father bids you destroy the race of Indians, untaught of piety. Come, lift the thyrsus of battle in your hands, and earn

* Son of the river Hydaspes.

αἰθέρος ἄξια ῥέξον, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ἄμβροτος αὐλὴ
οὔ σε πόνων ἀπάνευθε δεδέξεται, οὐδέ σοι Ὧραι
μή πω ἀεθλεύσαντι πύλας πετάσουσιν Ὀλύμπου·
Ἑρμείας μόγις ἦλθεν ἐς οὐρανόν, ὁππότε ῥάβδῳ
ὄμματα ἀστράπτοντα πολὺν ἄπο μέχρι ποδῶν
βουκόλον Ἄργον ἔπεφνε, καὶ Ἄρεα λύσατο δεσμῶν·
Δελφύνην δ' ὀλέσαντος καὶ αἰθέρα ναῖεν Ἀπόλλων·
οὐδὲ τεὸς γενέτης, μακάρων πρόμος, ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
νόσφι πόνων ἀνέβαινεν ἐς οὐρανόν, ἐγγύθεν ἄστρων,
εἰ μὴ πρῶτον ἔδησεν ἀπειλητῆρας Ὀλύμπου
Ταρταρίῳ Τιτῆνας ὑποχθονίῳ κενεῶνι.
καὶ σὺ μετ' Ἀπόλλωνα, μεθ' Ἑρμάωνα, μογήσας
μισθὸν ἔχεις καμάτων πατρῷον αἰθέρα ναίειν."
Ὣς φαμένη προὶ Ὄλυμπον ἔβη θεός·
αἶψα δὲ Ῥείη
παμμήτωρ προέηκεν ἀγέστρατον ἀγγελιώτην
Πύρριχον, ὀρχηστῆρα φιλοσκάρθμοιο βοείης,
φύλοπιν ἀγγέλλοντα κορυμβοφόρῳ Λυαίῳ.
Καὶ στρατιὴν πολύμορφον ἀολλίζων Διονύσῳ
Πύρριχος ἀσπιδιώτης διέδραμεν ἔθνεα κόσμου·
Εὐρώπης δὲ γένεθλα καὶ Ἀσίδος ἔθνεα γαίης
πάντας ἄγειν ἐκέλευσεν ἐς ἀβροβίων χθόνα Λυδῶν.
Ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέων προμάχων ἡγήτορα φύτλην
καὶ λασίων Σατύρων, Κενταυρίδος αἷμα γενέθλης,
Σιληνῶν τε φάλαγγας ἀκοντιστῆρας γεραιῶν
καὶ στίχας Βασσαρίδων Κορυβαντίδας εἴπατε Μοῦσαι·
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ τόσα φῦλα δέκα γλώσσῃσιν ἀείσω

---

a See note on i. 244.

b After the Aloadai had shut him up in a chest, see Hom. *Il.* v. 385 ff.

c Name of the dragon, also called Python, which Apollo killed at Delphi.

heaven by your deeds. For the immortal court of Zeus will not receive you without hard work, and the Seasons will not open the gates of Olympos to you unless you have struggled for the prize. Hermeias hardly could win his way to heaven, and only when he killed with his rod Argos[a] the cowherd, sparkling with eyes from his feet to the hair of his head, and when he had set Ares free from prison.[b] Apollo mastered Delphyne,[c] and then he came to live in the sky. Even your own father, chief of the Blessed, Zeus Lord in the Highest, did not rise to heaven without hard work,[d] he the sovereign of the stars: first he must bind fast those threatenerers of Olympos, the Titans, and hide them deep in the pit of Tartaros. You also do your work, after Apollo, after Hermaon, and your prize for your labours will be a home in your father's heaven."

[23] With these words the goddess returned to Olympos. At once Rheia Allmother sent out her messenger to gather the host, Pyrrhichos,[e] the dancer before her lovecattle timbrel, to proclaim the warfare of Lyaios under arms. Pyrrhichos, gathering a varied army for Dionysos, scoured all the settlements of the eternal world: all the races of Europe and the nations of the Asiatic land he brought to rendezvous in the land of the livedainty Lydians.

[42] But the heroic breed of farscattered champions, the hairy Satyrs, the blood of the Centaur tribe, the bushykneed ancient and his phalanx of Seilenoi, the regiment of Bassarids—do you sing me these, O Corybantic Muses! For I could not tell so many peoples with ten tongues, not if I had ten mouths

[a] The thought is proverbial in Greek: see Hesiod, *Op.* 288.
[b] Pyrrhichos is the title of the Greek dance in armour.

οὐδὲ δέκα στομάτεσσι χέων χαλκόθροον ἠχώ,
ὁππόσα Βάκχος ἄγειρε δορυσσόος· ἀλλὰ λογαίους
ἡγεμόνας καὶ Ὅμηρον ἀοσσητῆρα καλέσσω
εἰσπίης ἅλον ὅρμον, ἐπεὶ πλωτῆρες ἀλῆται
πλαγκτοσύνης καλέουσιν ἀρηγόνα κυανοχαίτην.

Πρῶτα μέν, εὐθώρηκος ἀολλισσαμένου Διονύσου,
Ἀκταίων ταχὺν ἦλθεν ὁμήγυριν αἷμα γεραίρων,
πατρίδος Ἀονίης ἐπιπάσσονας οὖδας ἐάσας·
Βοιωτῶν δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον, οἳ χθόνα Θήβης
φᾶρσον εὐπύργοιο καὶ ἔδεθλον ἐννοσιγαίου
Ὀγχηστόν, Πετεῶνα καὶ Ὠκαλέην καὶ Ἐρυθράς,
Ἄρνην βοτρυόεσσαν, ἀγαλλομένην Διονύσῳ,
οἵ τε Μίδειαν ἔναιον, ἀεθλομένας τε πολίχνας
Εἰλέσιον καὶ Σκῶλον ἀλιρρήτιδά τε Θίσβην,
ὅρμον ἐυτρέμονα θαλασσαίης Ἀφροδίτης,
καὶ δάπεδον Σχοίνοιο καὶ εὐχαίτην Ἑλεῶνα
Κώπας τ', ἀγλαὸν οὖδας, ὅπῃ περίπυστον ἀκοίτῃ
ἐγχελύων θρέπτειραν ἐπώνυμον εἰσέτι λίμνην,
καὶ λίπον Μεδεῶνα, καὶ οἳ λίπον εὔβοτον Ὕλην,
σκυτοτόμου Τυχίοιο τοκηοτόκου τιθήνην,
καὶ πέδον εὐρυάλω, χθονίῃ πεφαλαγμένον ὀμφῇ,
ἅρματος ὀψιγόνοιο φερώνυμον Ἀμφιαράου,
Θεσπιέων τε πόληα βαθυκνήμους τε Πλαταιάς
ὑδρηλήν θ' Ἁλίαρτον, ὀρεσσιχύτου ποταμοῖο
χεύμασι μεσσατίοισι μεραζομένην Ἑλικῶνος,
οἵ τ' εἶχον πυμάτην Ἀνθηδόνα, γείτονα πόντου,
βαιὴν ἰχθυβολῆος ἀεξίοικον πολίχνην

* i.e. he will imitate the Catalogue of the Ships, the beginning of which, Hom. *Il.* ii. 484 ff., he has just paraphrased.

pouring a voice of brass, all those which Bacchos gathered for his spearchasing. Yet I will loudly name their leaders, and I will call to my aid Homer, the one great harbour of language undefiled, since mariners lost astray call on Seabluchair to save them from their wandering ways.[a]

50 First of all, to obey the summons of Dionysos with his fine thyrsos, Actaion [b] quickly came, in respect for their kindred blood, and left the seven-mouth [c] soil of his native Aonia. Boiotia's battalions came in a flood: those who dwelt in wellwalled Thebes and Onchestos, Earthshaker's place of sojourn, Peteon and Ocalea and Erythrai, vineclad Arne so prized of Dionysos; and those who inhabited Midcia and the celebrated towns of Eilesion and Scolos and Thisbe based upon the brine, dovehaunted harbour of Aphrodite our Lady of the Sea, and the levels of Schoinos, and leafy Eleon; and the glorious soil of Copai, where I hear still remains the famous lake of that name, the nurse of eels; and shaggy Mycalessos, and those that held the fine pastures of Hyle, long-stretching foster-mother of Tyrbian the leathercraftsman [d]; and the land of broad threshing-floors kept for the underworld oracle, to bear the name of Amphiaraos and his chariot in later days [e]; and the city of Thespiae and deep-sloping Plataiai and moist Haliartos, separated from Helicon by the stream of a mountain river between; and they who possessed Anthedon, the last place down by the sea, the little town of Glaukos the immortal fisherman who lives

[a] See v. 302.
[b] The "mouths" are the seven gates of Thebes.
[c] A famous maker of shields, Hom. *Il.* vii. 219 ff.
[d] Harma in Boeotia, where Amphiaraos and his car were swallowed up in the earth.

ὑγροβίου Γλαύκοιο, καὶ οἳ δυσπέμφελον Ἄσκρην,
πατρίδα δαφνήεσσαν ἀοιδοτόκου νομῆος,
Γραίης θ' ἱερὸν ἄστυ καὶ εὐρυχόρου Μυκαλησσοῦ,
Εἰλεσίην, μίμημα φερώνυμον ἀνθεμοέσσης,
καὶ χθόνα Νισαίην καὶ ἐπώνυμον ἄστυ Κορωνῆς·
τοῖσι μὲν ἐρχομένοισιν Ἑῴην εἰς ἀλίκα γαίης
Ἀονίων πρόμος ἦεν, ἐπ' ἠθείοιο δὲ νίκης
πατροπάτωρ δαφναῖος ἐπέτρεπε μάντις Ἀπόλλων.
Βοιωτῶν δ' ἑτέροιο προηγεμόνευεν ὁμίλου
εὐχαίτης Ὑμέναιος ἔχων ἀχάρακτον ὑπήνην,
ἀρτιθαλής, Φοίβοιο πεφιλημένος· ἐγχριμένην δὲ
κούρῳ παιδοκόμοις παλάμῃς τρόχον εἴλκυσε Φοῖβος.
εἵπετο, Λαοδάμαντι πανείκελος, ὃς πάρος Ἀργοῦς,
νηὸς Ἰησονίης, ἐπιβήμενος εἰς χθόνα Κόλχων
σύμπλοος ἡμιθέοισι κορυσσομένῳ Μελεάγρῳ.
τυτθὸς ἐὼν ἔτι κοῦρος, ἔχων παιδήιον ἥβην,
ἁβροκόμης Ὑμέναιος ἐδύσατο φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν,
δεικνὺς ἀμφοτέρωθε παρηίδος ἄνθεα χαίτης·
καὶ οἱ ἐφωμάρτησαν ὁμιλαδὸν ἀσπιδιῶται,
οἵ τ' Ἀσπληδόνος ἄστυ, καὶ ἣν Χάρις οὔ ποτε λείπει
Ὀρχομενὸν Μινύαο, χοροιτύπον ἄλσος Ἐρώτων,
οἵ θ' Ὑρίην ἐνέμοντο, θεηδόχον οὖδας ἀρούρης,
ξεινοδόκου μαθέοντες ἐπωνυμίην Ὑριῆος,
ἧχι Γίγας ἀπέλεθρος ἀπειρογάμων ἀπὸ λέκτρων

[a] See on i. 111.

[b] Hesiod, poet of the *Works and Days*, a countryman's handbook. He is the only poet who ever called his birthplace "a detestable village, bad in winter, disagreeable in summer, never nice": *Works* 640.

[c] Euryale, a Gorgon. Nonnos derives the town's name from the monster's roar, μυκηθμός, μυκάομαι.

[d] Coronea.

in the waters [a]; and these of inclement Aesra, the laureate home of the farmer whose name is on every tongue [b]; and the sacred citadel of Graia, and Mycalessus with broad dancing-lawns, named to remind us of Euryale's throat [c]; and the land of Nisa, and the city named after Coronus [d]—all these were led by Artaion to the eastern clime, and laurelled Apollo the Seer, his father's father, secured victory for the young man.'

[62] A second host of Boiotians was led by fine-hair Hymenaios with unmarked chin, young and fresh, beloved by Bromios. As Guardian for the boy came a hoary chieftain named Phoinix [e]; like Laocoön, who long ago embarked in the Argo, Iason's ship, and sailed with Meleagros to the Colchian land, his comrade in the battlefield. Such another boy was this in the prime of youth, Hymenaios, with his luxuriant hair curving round either cheek, never cut since he was born, on the way to the Indian War. Shieldmen bare him company, who dwelt in the stronghold of Aspledon, and the dance-beaten precinct of the lovely Orchomenian city of Minyas, which the Graces never leave [f]; those who dwelt in Hyria, that hospitable land which entertained the gods, named after hospitable Hyrieus [g]; where that huge giant born of no marriage-bed, three-father Orion,

[a] The omen was a good omen: Hom. *Od.* xvii. 541.

[b] The name alludes to the "Phoenician" origin of Thebes. For Laocoön see Apoll. Rhod. i. 194.

[c] The cult of the Charites, ancient deities who made the fifth region, lovely to behold (because covered with good crops), is native to Orchomenos. By Nonnos's time the Charites had for many centuries been thought of as love-deities; Venus in Italy went through exactly the same development.

[d] See Ovid, *Fasti* v. 303.

Ὠρίων τριπάτωρ ἀπὸ μητέρος ἄνθορε Γαίης,
εὖτε θεῶν τριγόνοισιν ἀεξηθεῖσα γενέθλαις
εἰς τόκον αὐτοτέλεστον ἐμορφώθη χύσις οὔρων,
αὔλακα νυμφεύσασα τελεσσιγόνοιο βοείης,
καὶ χθονὸς ἄσπορον υἷα λαγὼν μαιώσατο Γαίης,
οἵ τ' ἔχον ἀγρομένων ξεινηδόκον οὖδας Ἀχαιῶν,
Αὐλίδα πετρήεσσαν, ἐδέθλιον ἰσχεαίρης,
ἧχι θεὰ βαρέμηνις ὀρεσσαύλῳ παρὰ βωμῷ
δέκτο θυηπολίην ψευδήμονος Ἰφιγενείης,
καὶ κεμὰς οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀμεμφέι καίετο πυρσῷ
ἁρπαμένης νόθον εἶδος ἀληθέος Ἰφιγενείης,
ἣν Ὀδυσεὺς ἐκόμισσε δολοπλόκος ὡς Ἀχιλῆος
ἐσσομένην πρὸ μόθοιο παρευνέτιν, ἔνθεν ἀκούει
Αὐλὶς ἀνυμφεύτοιο γαμοστόλος Ἰφιγενείης,
ὁλκάσι δ' Ἀργείων ἐπεσύρισε πομπὸς ἀήτης
ἄψοφα μαστίζων ἐχενηΐδος ἄκρα γαλήνης,
νεβροφόνῳ βασιλῆι φέρων παλινάγρετον αὔρην,
κούρη δ' ὀφὲ μολοῦσα μετάρσιος εἰς χθόνα Ταύρων
φρικτὰ κακοξείνων ἐδιδάσκετο θεσμὰ λεβήτων,
ἀνέρα δαιτρεύουσα, καὶ ἀνδροφόνῳ παρὰ βωμῷ
γνωτὸν ἀλιπτοίητον ἀνεζώγρησεν Ὀρέστην.
Βοιωτῶν τόσος ἦλθεν ἀμετρήτων στόλος ἀνδρῶν
Ἰνδῴην ἐπὶ δῆριν ὁμαρτήσας Ὑμεναίῳ.

Τοῖσι συνεστρατόωντο σοφῇ παρὰ Δελφίδι πέτρῃ
ἀγχίποροι Φωκῆες ὁμήλυδες, οἳ Κυπαρίσσου
εἶχον ἕδος καὶ γαῖαν Ὑάμπολιν, ἣν περ ἀκούω
Ἀονίης ὑὸς οὖδας ἐπώνυμον, ἣ περὶ μορφῆς
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε καὶ ἤρισε Τριτογενείῃ·

sprang up from his mother earth, after a shower of pus from three gods grew in generative fruitfulness to the selfmade shape of a child, having impregnated a wrinkle of a fruitful exhide. Then a hollow of the earth was midwife to earth's unbegotten son. These also came who possessed the place where the assembling Achaians found refuge,[a] rocky Aulis, pavement of the Archeress: where the goddess in heavy resentment received at her altar in the mountains the offering of a pretended Iphigeneia, and a wild pricket of the hills was burnt in a blameless fire, changeling shape of the true Iphigeneia who had been carried away. She it was that cunning Odysseus brought to be Achilles' bride before the trouble, and hence Aulis has the name of matchmaker for Iphigeneia who never married at all; for a guiding wind whistled over the Argive ships, flogging the quiet top of the calm which had kept back the ships, and brought a rescuing breeze for the fawnslayer king. But the girl passed at last on high to the Taurian land, and there she was taught the inhospitable law of their horrible kettles, in cutting up men for meat; but beside the murderous altar she saved the life of her coalesced brother Orestes.[b]

120 Such was the infinite host of Boiotian men who went with Hymenaios to the Indian War.

121 These were joined by comrades marching from Phocis near the wise Delphian rock: those who held the settlement of Cyparissos and the land of Hyampolis, taking its name as I hear from the Aonian Sow, which lifted a proud neck and challenged Tritogeneia

[a] Before the Trojan War.

[b] These lines summarize Euripides' two plays *Iphigeneia in Aulide* and *Iphigeneia in Tauris*.

οἵ τ' ἔλαχον Πυθῶνα καὶ ἀμφιέρυμνον ἀλωήν,
Κρῖσαν ἀειδομένην καὶ Δαυλίδα καὶ Πανοπῆα,
γείτονα Βάκχου ἔχοντες, ἐπεὶ δαφνηίδος Ἀπόλλων
κλῆρον ἑὸν ξύνωσε κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
Παρνησσοῖο δικαρήνου ἀγαλλομένοιο δὲ λαιῆς
Πυθιὰς ἀμφιέπουσα θεηγόρον ἔκλαγε πέτρη
καὶ τρίποδες αὐτοβόητοι, ἀσιγήτου δὲ πηγῆς
Κασταλίης λάλον ὕδωρ σοφῷ πάφλαζε ῥεέθρῳ.
Εὐβοίων δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκόσμεον ἀσπιδιῶται
παιδοκόμοι Κορύβαντες ἀεξομένου Διονύσου,
οἳ Φρύγα κόλπον ἔχοντες ὀρεσσιπόδην παρὰ Ῥείῃ
νήπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἐκυκλώσαντο βοείαις,
τόν ποτε κυμβαλέῳ κεκαλυμμένον ἄντυγι πέπλῳ
εὗρον ἐπὶ σκοπιῆσι, κεραὸν βρέφος. ἔνθα καὶ Ἰνὼ
Μύστιδι παιδοκόμον παρεκάτθετο μητρὶ Κορύμβου·
οἳ τότε πάντες ἵκανον ἀειδομένης ἀπὸ νήσου,
Πρυμνεὺς Εὐλινόδης τε Μίμας

καὶ ὀρίδρομος Ἄκμων

Δαμνεύς τ' Ὠκύθοός τε σακεσπάλος,

οἷς ἅμα βαίνων

σύνδρομος Ἰδαίῳ κορυθαιόλος ἤλυθε Μελισσεύς,
οὕς ποτε δυσσεβέος κεκορυθμένος ἄφρονι κέντρῳ
Σάωκος ἀλαζόνος πατὴρ ἐνοσφίσσατο πάτρης
Κύρβης ἐκπατέους μετὰ μητέρος· οἱ δὲ φυγόντες
Κνώσσιον οὖδας ἵκοντο, καὶ ἔμπαλιν ἦσαν ἀλῆται
εἰς Φρυγίην Κρήτηθεν, ἀπὸ Φρυγίης ἐς Ἀθήνας,
ἀλλοδαποὶ ναετῆρες ὁμέστιοι, εἰσόκε Κέκροψ
Σάωκον ἀπηλοίησε Δίκης κουφίσματι χαλκῷ,
καὶ χθόνα καλλείψαντες ἀλικλύστου Μαραθῶνος

---

[a] There was a proverb, ὗς ἐς τὰς Ἀθήνας, sc. Μινύρεται. Nonnus seems to be making a legend to explain it and the name Hyampolis, Pigborough.

to a beautymatch.[a] There were also those who had Python and the gardens among the precipices, famous Crisa, and Daulis, and Panopeus, neighbour of Bacchos, for laurelled Apollo had made common with his brother Dionysos twopeak Parnassos his domain; as the peoples gathered, the Pythian rock uttered the inspired voice of God, and the tripod spoke of itself, and the babbling rill of Castalia that never silent spring, bubbled with wisdom in its waters.

[154] The Euboian battalions were ruled by shield-bearing Corybants, guardians of Dionysos in his growing days: who in the Phrygian gulf beside mountainranging Rheia surrounded Bacchos still a child with their drumskins. They found him once, a horned baby, covered with a cloak the colour of purple wine, lying among the rocks where Ino had left him in charge of Mystis the mother of Corymbos.[b] All these came then from the famous island: Prymneus, and Mimas Waddlefoot, and Aemon the forester, Damneus and Ocythoös the shieldman; and with them came flash-helm Melisseus as comrade to Idaios, whom their father Socos under the insane goad of impiety had once cast out of their brinegirt country along with Combe the mother of seven.[c] They escaped and passed to Cnossian soil, and again went on their travels from Crete to Phrygia, and from Phrygia to Athens; where they remained as foreign settlers and hearthguests until Cecrops destroyed Socos with avenging blade of justice; then leaving the land of brineflooded Marathon turned

[a] See ix. 120; a personification like Calamos and Carpos. The correction Κορύμβιος is a clever guess of Marcellus.

[c] No one before Nonnos seems to know this story; Socos and Combe were the parents of the Corybantes.

νήπτιμον ἴχνος ἐπιγράψαν ἐς ἱερὸν οὖδας Ἀβάντων,
Κουρήτων προτέρων χθόνιον γένος,
οὓς μέλος αὐλῶν,
οὓς βίος εἰσελάθεσκε ξιφέων κτύπον, οἷς τινα ῥυθμῷ
κύκλια ποσσὶν μεμέλητο καὶ ἀσπιδόεσσα χορείη.
τοῖσι συνεστρατόωντο μαχήμονες υἷες Ἀβάντων,
οἳ λάχον ἀφνειοῖσαν Ἐρέτριαν, οἳ λάχον Ἀρμαν,
καὶ Στύρα καὶ Κήρινθον, ἁλιβρεχέος τε Καρύστου
ἔδρανα καὶ Δίου κραναὸν πέδον, οἵ τ' ἔχον ἀκτήν,
ἀκτὴν κυματόεσσαν ἁλιρρήκτου Γεραιστοῦ,
καὶ Στύγα* καὶ Κοτυλαῖον ἔδος καὶ Σαρδίος ἄλσος
Μαρμαρέου τε τένοντα καὶ Ὠγυγίης πέδον Αἰγῆς·
τοὺς ἅμα λαοὺς ἤγαγεν ἁρμόστηρος, οὓς πόλις πάτρη
Χαλκίς, ἀπειθήτων μητρόπτολις Ἑλλοπιήων.
ἑπτὰ μὲν ἡγεμόνες στρατὸν ἤγαγον·
ἀλλ' ἕνα πάντες
θυμὸν ἔχον κατ' Ἄρηα· καὶ ἀστέρας αἰθέρι βωμοῦ
Ζωδιακῆς κατέρωσαν ἐμιμήσαντο κελεύθου,
δῆριν ἰσηρίθμοισιν ἐπιγράψαντες ἀέθλοις.
Κεκροπίδας δ' ἐκόρυσσε
μύθων ἀκρήμονες Ἐρεχθεὺς—
χρύσεον εἰρεσίωνα Ἐρεχθέος αἷμα κομίζων,
τόν ποτε πυρσοφόρου κατὰ στέρνα παρθενεῶνος
παρθένος αὐτολόχευτος ἀνέτρεφεν ἄρσενα μαζῷ
παιδοκόμους γλαυκῶπις ἀεξομένη, ἀλλομένη δὲ
παρθενίην πόρευσεν ἄεθλε κούρων ἀγυιῇ
Ἡφαιστηιάδην, ὅτε δύσγαμος ἀμφιγυήεις
ἀλλοίῃ φιλότητι γονὴν ἔσπειρεν ἀρούρῃ,
θερμὸν ἀκοντίζων αὐτόσσυτον ἀφρὸν Ἐρώτων·
τοῖος Ἀθηναίων στρατιῆς πρόμος ἤλθεν Ἐρεχθεύς.

* Not the infernal river, but a place in Euboea.

their steps homewards to the sacred soil of the Abantes, the earthborn stock of the ancient Curetes, whose life is the tune of pipes, whose life is the goodly noise of beaten swords, whose heart is set upon rhythmic circling of the feet and the shield-wise dancing. To the army came also warrior sons of the Abantes, whose lot was in the beetling brows of Eretria, whose lot was both Styra and Cerinthos, and the settlements of farfamed Carystos, and the barren land of Dion, those who held the shore, that boisterous shore of Geraistos never silent, and Styra[a] and the Cotylaian fort and the habitation of Siris, the stretches of Marmarion and the domain of ancient Aige. With these ranged themselves those whose country was Chalcis, mother city of the Ellopians with backflowing hair. Seven captains armed this host, but all of one temper for war: with blazing altar they propitiated the tenants of the Zodiac path, committing their campaign to the planets of equal number.

159 The Cecropides were mustered by Erechtheus, the glutton of battle.—He had in him the golden blood of Erechtheus' father of glorious sons, whom once the Virgin selfborn nursed at her manly breast in the recess of her torchlit maiden chamber, Bright-eyes unwedded turned nursemaid, and shamefast clasped with her inexperienced maiden arm that son of Hephaistos, when Crookshank unhappy in his wife spilt his seed in unnatural love, and the hot foam of love fell of itself on the earth.—This was the Erechtheus who came as captain of the Athenians,

[a] Nonnos confuses Erechtheus with Erichthonios: it was the latter whom Hephaistos begat on earth when he tried to marry Athena.

Σίδουσαν ἔχον [illegible], [illegible] —,
οἳ λάχον Οἰνόης γόνιμον πέδον, οἵ τε σαρώνων
ναίεσκον Γεφύραιο [illegible] ἐναύλους
καὶ τέμενος βαθύδενδρον ἐλαιοκόμου Μαραθῶνος,
οἵ τε πόλιν Κελεοῖο, καὶ οἳ λάχον [illegible] Ἀθήνης,
ἀγχίαλον Βραυρῶνα, [illegible] Ἰφιγενείης,
καὶ δάπεδον [illegible] καὶ εὐάνθεος Ἀφίδνης,
οἵ τ' ἔχον ἀγλαόπαιδος Ἐλευσινίης χθόνα Δηοῦς,
μυστιπόλον [illegible] καὶ [illegible] [illegible],
Τριπτολέμου γεγαῶτες ἀφ' αἵματος, ὅς ποτε Δηοῦς
δίφρον [illegible] δι' ἠέρος [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] νῶτα δρακόντων·
καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα σιδήρεα τεύχεα πάλλων
[illegible] [illegible] γαῖαν [illegible] Ἀγραυλίς·
καὶ στίχες Ἀτθίδος ἦλθον ἀολλέες, ἐγχεμάχων δὲ
σὺν δορί, σὺν ξιφέεσσιν [illegible] [illegible]
εἰς μόθον [illegible] [illegible] Ἀθήνης,
[illegible] δ' ἐς Ἄρηα [illegible] [illegible] Φαληρεύς·
καὶ πολὺς [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
χρυσείοις [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] τέττιξ.

Πατρίδα γαῖαν ἔλειπε καὶ Αἰακός, ὃν πάρος ἥρως
ἁρπαμένην [illegible] [illegible] Ἀσωπίδα νύμφην.
αἰετὸς Αἰγίνης πτερόεις [illegible] [illegible] Ζεύς·
ἐκ δὲ γάμου [illegible] καὶ Αἰακός· ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων

a Eleusis. b The Rarian plain.

c To fasten the hair with a golden brooch shaped like a cicada was a very old Athenian custom; it was taken to mean that they were as native to Attica as the insect was.

d Aiacos was the son of Zeus and Aigina daughter of the Boeotian river-god Asopos (202). Zeus took the form of an eagle to carry Aigina off, and when her father pursued him, he smote him with the thunderbolt (217 ff.; 223 is imitated from Callim. *Hymns* iv. 78, which also refers to this

with Sicinnus to share his task, chief of that same city: those whose lot was in the fertile land of Oinoë, and the bee-frequented vales on the heights of neighbouring Hymettus, and the deep wooded borders of olive-planted Marathon, and the city of Celeus[a]; and those from the harbour of Athens, Brauron near the sea, the empty barrow of Iphigeneia, and the ground of Thoricus, and teeming Aphidna; and those who held the Eleusinian land[b] of daughter-proud Deo, initiates of the Basket and the goodfruit goddess, those born of the blood of Triptolemus: who once on a time drove Deo's chariot and serpents through the air, with their load of cornears, and lashed the serpents' backs. Many an old man of Acharnai came, flourishing his armour of steel about and holding it out to his sons equipping themselves. The ranks of Attica came to join; with spears and with sword the burghers hastened to make the fray, on to the fray fine helmet on head came Athens raging along, the harbour of Phaleron resounded with men hurrying to war; many a golden cicada was made fast in the plaited hair to proclaim their ancient indigenous race.'

[181] Aiacus[c] also left his native land, whom the sham bird begot, mingling with the daughter of Asopus whom he carried off, the eagle, high-soaring Zeus the feathered husband of Aigina. He was named Aiacus from this marriage; and most of all he was

story). The singularly bad etymology of Aiacus's name from αἶα (204) seems not to occur elsewhere. Fearing Aiacus found Aigina (the island) uninhabited, or all the people died of a pestilence, he prayed to Zeus to help him, and the god turned a swarm of ants (μύρμηκες) into human beings, who were consequently (205) called Myrmidones. The etymology is of course as fanciful as the story.

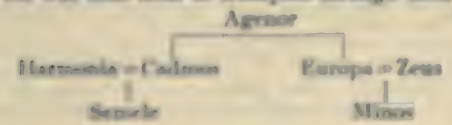
γυναιομανέος μανίῃσι κουρογόνῳ Δηιονείῃ
Μυρμιδόνων δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκόσμεεν Ἥρωα τέχνῃ,
οἳ πρὶν ἔσαν μύρμηκες ἐθυσανόεντες ἀρούρης,
ποσσὶ πολυσπερέεσσι μεμηλότες, εἰσόκεν αὐτῶν
ἐκ χθονίης αὐτόδαικτο χαμαιγενὲς εἶδος ἀμείψας
φέρτερον εἰς δέμας ἄλλο
μετέπλασεν ὄβριμος Ζεύς,
καὶ στρατιὴν ἤλλαξεν ἀνούτατον· ἑξαπίνης γὰρ
ἀλλοφυής, ἄφθογγος, ἀνέστιχεν ἔμφυτος ἀρούρης
εἰς βροτέην εἰδοῦσα δέμας μορφώσατο μύρμηξ·
τῶν προμάχος Αἰακὸς ἦρχεν, ἐν εὐτύκτῳ δὲ βοείῃ
Ζῆνα πόθον κοῦφον ὄρνιν ἐνέγραφε, σῆμα γενέθλης,
φαιδρυνόμενον ἀνόχευτον ἐλαφρίζοντα γυναῖκα,
καὶ ποταμοῦ πτερόεντος ἔσω σκοπέλων, ἄγχι δὲ κούρῃ
πατρὸς καταφαίνεται, καὶ οἱ πάλιν ἄπτερος αἰετός,
λύγγιον ὄμμα τιταίνων, ἅτε στενάχοντα τοκῆα
Ἀσωπὸν βαρύγουνον, ἔειπε δὲ τοῦτο βοῶσα·
"σιγῶν ἐμοὶ πάρες ἕδνον ἐμὸν γενετῆρα δαμάσσας."
Κρήτης δ' ἡγεμόνευε πολυγλώσσων πολιητῶν
Ἀστερίων φαιδρωπὸν ἔχων δέμας, ἀμφοτέρων δὲ
ἄστεσιν ἦρχ' ἐρατοῖς, τόσσων ἐλατήρ, ὃν ποτε νύμφη
Λινοπαρῆς Μίνωι συνόμευνος ἄμμορε κούρῃ
Φαιστιὰς Ἀνδρογένεια Κυδωνιάδι τέκεν εὐνῇ,
ὃς τότε λαὸν ἄγων ἑκατόμπολιν εἵπετο Βάκχῳ
ἵετο κυδαίνων ὁμόφυλον αἷμα γενέθλης
πατρὸς ἑοῦ· Σεμέλης γὰρ ἀνεψιὸς ἔπλετο Μίνως,
Κάδμου ξυνὰ γένεθλα· πολυσπερέες δὲ μαχηταὶ
πάντες ἐπὶ σπεύδοντι συνέρρεον ἡγεμονῆι.
οἱ μὲν ἀπὸ Κνωσσοῖο μαχήμονες, οἱ δ' ἀπὸ Λύκτου

[a] Phaestus, in South Crete; Cydonia, on the North Coast westward.

eager to help his brother Dionysos. He mustered his companies of Myrmidons with competent skill. These once were ants crawling over the earth with their many busy feet, until Zeus in the Highest changed them from their insignificant clayborn shape to a better body, and up grew an armed host; for in a moment a speechless swarm of ants bred in the clay changed their shape and nature into mortals with speech. These were the host that Aiacos led as captain, and he graved on his well-wrought shield, as a token of their origin, Zeus the sham bird with a mind, carrying a woman in gentle talons. Near it was a river god on fire, and a girl beside him sad and downcast, even if she was a lifeless image; she turned her eye aside as if mourning for her father stiffknee Asopos, and she seemed to be crying—" A fine bride-gift you have brought me, in destroying my father!"

And Crete with its peoples of many tongues was commanded by Asterion, one of brilliant beauty, one as lovely as he was strong, both together; his mother was Phainian[a] Androgeneia, who loosed the girdle of maiden modesty for Minos, and bore her son in a Cydonian bed. He came bringing the people of the hundred cities for wine-face Bacchos to honour the blood of his own father's family; for Minos was cousin of Semele and of Cadmos's kin.[b] All the far-scattered warriors gathered to one stirring leader; men of war from Cnossos, others from Lyctos joined

[a] He was thus akin to Dionysos through Zeus:



Μιλήτου στρατιῇσιν ὁμόζυγες· οἷς ἅμα πολλοὶ
ὑψιλόφου Γόρτυνος ἐθωρήσσοντο πολῖται
καὶ ναέται Ῥυτίου καὶ εὐκτιμένου Λυκάστου . . .
καὶ χθόνα Ναυδαίοιο Διὸς καὶ ἕδεθλα Πελάσγης
καὶ δάπεδον Κισάμοιο, καὶ ἄστεα καλὰ Κυταίου,
τοὺς ἀπὸ Κρήτης πρόμος ἤλυθεν· ἐγχεμάχῳ δὲ
θερμοτέρους ἀκτῖνι γένυν μαστῆρος ἀγρύπνου
Ἀστερίῳ σελάγιζεν ὁμώνυμος Ἄρεος ἀστήρ,
νίκης ἐσσομένης προάγγελος· ἀλλ' ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
πατρῴης πόθον αἴστρον ἀέθλους ἤγαγεν ἀρούρης
τηλόθι· οὐ γὰρ ἔμελλεν ἰδεῖν μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
πάτριον Ἰδαίης κορυφώτερον ἄστρον ἐρίπνης,
ἀλλὰ βίον τρυφάλειαν ἀπαίσιον, ἀντὶ δὲ Δίκτης
Κνώσσιον ἐν Σκυθίῃ μεταναστήριον ἔσσε πολίτην.
καὶ πολλὸν Μίνωος καὶ Ἀνδρογένεος ἐόντας
ξεινοφόνων σκοπιὰς ἦλθεν ἐς ἔθνεα βάρβαρα Κόλχων.
Ἀστερίωνι δ' ἄναλλαγε καὶ ἄσπασεν οὔνομα Κόλχοις
Κρηταῖον, οἷς ξένα θεσμὰ φύσεις πάρα.
πολυλοιβέσι δὲ
πάτριον Ἀρκαδίῃ ῥόον Κρηταῖον ἐόντας
αἰδομένους στομάτεσσι πόθον ποτὲ Φάσιδος ὕδωρ.
Μοῦνος Ἀρισταῖος βραδὺς ἦεν ἀολλέσιν ἄλλων,
ὅσσους γαῖαν ἔναιον ὁμοίιον Ἑλλάδα γαίῃ.
ὃς μέλιτος γλυκεροῖο πολυτρήτων ἀπὸ σιμβλῶν
αἰγέων γαιέων ἄειρε, καὶ οἰνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ
ἤρισεν ἀπρήκτῳ μελισσοβόλος ἐλπίδα νίκης·
ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἐδίκαζον, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου

a The Cretan city, metropolis of Miletus in Caria.
b Who "Naudaian" Zeus may be no one has yet discovered, and it is likely the epithet is corrupt, especially as we

with troops from Miletos.[a] With them was a large body of armed burghers from hilly Gortyn, and others from Rhytion and fertile Lycastos, and the country of Nodaian Zeus[b] and the habitations of Boibe and the lands of Cisamos and the fair cities of Cytaios. Such was the captain from Crete; and as he came the star of Ares shone upon his starry namesake Asterios, first harbinger of victory to come, pouring forth a prophetic radiance with hotter beams. But after victory in battle he conceived a bastard passion for the strange country, being hard of heart. For after the Indian War he was not to see his native land and the cave of the Idaian mount shimmering with helmets[c]; he preferred a life of exile, and instead of Dicte he became a Cnossian settler in Scythia. He left grey-headed Minos and Androgeneia; the civilized man joined the barbaric tribes of guest-murdering Colchians, called them Asterians and gave a Cretan name to Colchians whose nature provided them with outlandish customs. He left his own country and the Cretan river of Amnisos which nourished his childhood, and with shamefast lips drank the foreign water of Phasis.

[238] Aristaios came slow by himself, last of all those who dwelt in the regions round about the Hellenic land. He lifted high his neck, proud of the sweet honey from his riddled hives. He had challenged Dionysos with his wine, and vainly hoped for the victory of his sweet honey. All the denizens of

have no mention of Mt. Ida. The end of this line may be lost and the next have begun . . . (Ἰδαίων Λαίῃ); in any case something has gone wrong with the text, for the sentence here has no construction.

[a] This may be an ornamental epithet, but it literally suits the cave on Mount Ida full of votive offerings.

ἀλλὰ πάις Φοίβοιο πεπηγότα χείλεσι σίμβλων
ἀθανάτοις ὀρέγων μελιηδέα ἤμβροτε νίκης,
ὅττι θεοῖς πρῶτος χεῖρας φιλοστόργοιο μελίσσης
δεξάμενος σίμβλον ἔξω ἀτερπέος εἶργεν ἀέρσης·
καὶ κηρὸν ἐν μελιτηρῶν τρίτατον δέπας.
οἱ δὲ τετάρτου
κιρναμένου γεύσαντο παλαιοτέρου κυπέλλου,
καὶ μάλα θαμβήσαντες· ἀμειρομένου δὲ Βάκχου
ἄμβροτον ἀγρευθέντος νίκην τάμνοντες ἀέρσης
οἱ δ' ἄλλον ἔμπης ἔπιον ἀλλοφρόνον γάνος οἴνου
καὶ μεθύων γλυκερὸν οἶνον ἐθάμβεον ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
ἐξ ἑτέρου πιθάκνου ἕτερον δέπας ἕλκε θυμῷ,
εὐφροσύνης ἀκόρητον ἔχων θελξίφρονος οἴνου·
Ζεὺς δὲ μελισσοθέμαργον ἐθάμβεεν ἔργα μελίσσης,
δαιδαλέης δ' αἰδοῖα φιλομφρόνα τοκετοῖο,
δῶρον Ἀρισταίου, καὶ νυμφίον Αὐτονόης
ὤπασε λευκαίνουσι φέρειν πρωτόσπορα νίκης.
ἔνθεν Ἀρισταῖος βραδὺς ἤιεν εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν,
ὄψιμος εὐθήνοις πρότερον γάλα βόστρυχον ἥβης.
ἔνθεν Ἑρμείαο λιπὼν Καλλίχορον ἕδρην·
οὔ πω γὰρ προτέρη Μεροπηὶς ναίετο νῆσος,
οὔ πω δ' ἀγρὸν ἔπαυσε πυρώδεα διψάδος ὥρης
Ζηνὸς ἀλεξικάκοιο φέρων ῥιπίζων ἀήτην,
οὐδὲ σιδηρογόνων δεδονημένος ἀστέρος αἴγλην
Σείριον αἰθαλόεντος ἀναστέλλων στεροπάων
ἐννύχιον πρήσσοντα, τὸν εἰσέτι δαφοινεὸν πῦρ
θερμὸν ἀκοντίζοντα δι' αἰθέρος αἴθοπι λαιμῷ
δένδρεσι λεπταλέοισι καταφλέγονται ἀῆται·
ἀλλ' ἔτι Παρρασίης πέδον ᾤκεεν. ἐρχομένῳ δὲ

[a] See v. 221. Here Cos (Meropis) is confused with Ceos, where Aristaeus had a cult. Nonnus took the title from *Hymn to Apollo* 42.

Olympos judged between them. Phoibos's son offered the new-flowing juice from his hives to the immortals; but he failed to win the victory, because when the gods took the thick juice from the plantloving bee, they soon had enough and tired of the liquid. A third summer was more than enough for the Blessed; when the cup came round with the fourth brew they would not taste it, thirsty though they were. But when Bacchos ladled out his glorious dewy drops, they were delighted, and drank his flowing wine all day long unceasing. Even drunken they admired the sweet wine, and called for cup after cup one after another with jolly glee, full of hearty good cheer for the bewitching stuff. Zeus admired Aristaios's gift, the product of the honeydropping bee and the curious artwork of the hiveloving brood, but he gave the first prize for troublesoothing victory to Dionysos and his wine. That is why Aristaios came slow to the Indian War. After so long he had only just quieted the old grudge of his greedy youth, and left Hermeias's cave in Cyllene; for he had not yet migrated to the island formerly called Meropis [a]; he had not yet brought there the lifebreathing wind of Zeus the Defender, and checked the fiery vapour of the parched season; he had not stood steelclad [b] to receive the glare of Seirios, and all night long repelled and calmed the star's fiery heat—and even now the winds cool him with light puffs, as he lances his hot parching fire through the air from glowing throat. But he still dwelt in the land of Parrhasia. He was followed by

[b] The scholiast on Apoll. Rhod. ii. 498 says of Aristaios [illegible], that is by making a din with spears beaten on shields. Nonnos misunderstood it to mean in armour (from Scheffer's note).

λαὸς ἐθωρήχθη βαλανηφάγος Ἀρκάδος ἀλήτης,
οἵ τ' εἶχον Λασιῶνα καὶ ἄλσεα καλὰ Λυκαίου
καὶ κραναὴν Στύμφηλον, ἀειδομένην τε πολίχνην
Ῥίπην καὶ Στρατίην καὶ Μαντινέην καὶ Ἐνίσπην
Παρρασίην τ' εὔδενδρον, ὅπῃ πέδον ἐστὶ θεαίνης
ἀσπιδέες ἀργεννόεσσαν λεχωίου εἰσέτι Ῥείης,
καὶ δάπεδον Φενεοῖο καὶ ὀργηθμοῖο τραπέζα,
Ὀρχομενοῦ πολύμηλον, ἕδεθλον Ἀπιδανήων,
οἵ τ' ἔχον Ἀρκαδίης πέδον Ἄρκαδος, ὃν ποτε μήτηρ
Καλλιστὼ Διὶ τίκτε, πατὴρ δέ μιν εἰς πόλον ἄστρων
στηρίξας ἐκάλεσσε χαλαζήεντα Βοώτην·
τόσσων Ἀρκασίδης στρατιὴν ὥπλισσεν Ἀρκάδι λόγχῃ
ἀνδράσι μαρναμένοις νεφέλας αἰνὰς

εἰς μόθον ἦλθον,
τὸν ποτε Κυρήνη, κεραελκέος Ἄρτεμις ἄλλη,
Φοιβείῃ φιλότητι λιποσκοπέουσα τέκε νύμφη,
ὁππότε μιν Λιβύης ψαμαθώδεα κόλπον Ἀπόλλων
ἤγαγε νυμφοκόμων μετανάστιον ἅρματι δίφρων·
καί μιν ἐπισπεύδοντα λαλὸν μαντώδεα δάφνην
αὐτὸς ἑαῖς παλάμῃσι πατὴρ θώρηξεν Ἀπόλλων·
παιδὶ δὲ τόξον ἔδωκε, καὶ ἥρμοσε χειρὶ βοείην
δαιδαλέην, γλαφυρὴν δὲ καθαπτομένην διὰ νώτου
εὐμενέων τελαμῶνι κατεσφήκωσε φαρέτρην.
Τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Σικελίηθεν ἐπήβολος ἤλυθεν Ἀχάτης,
καὶ οἱ ἐθωρήσσοντο ὁμήλικες ἀσπιδιῶται,

a Rhea, according to one story (followed by Callim. *Hymns* i. 10 ff., which Nonnos alludes to here), bore Zeus in that place.

b Nonnos evidently is etymologizing again, and interprets

the vagabond scornful Arcadians under arms, those that hold Lasion, and the fine glades of Lycaios, and rocky Stymphalos, and Rhipe famous town; Stratia and Manthnea and Enispe, and woodland Parrhasia, where is still to be found the place untrodden in which primeval goddess Rheia was brought to bed[a]; the region of Pheneos, and Orchomenos rich in sheep, only begetter of the dance,[b] seat of the Apidanean. There were there also those of Arcadia, city of Arcas son of Callisto[c] and Zeus, whose father fixed him in the starry firmament and called him Bootes Hailbringer. Such was the host which Aristaios had armed with the Arcadian lance, and led sheepdogs to battle with warring men. He was the son of Cyrene, that deer-chasing nymph Artemis, the girl lionkiller, who bore him to the love of Phoibos; when handsome Apollo carried her abroad[d] to sandy Libya in a robber's car for a bridal equipage. And as he came in haste, Apollo his father left the prophetic laurel and armed him with his own hands, gave his son a bow, and fitted his arm with a curiously wrought shield, and fastened the hollow quiver by a strap over the shoulder to hang down his back.

To him came from Sicily longshot Achates, and shieldbearing comrades with him, a great host of

the name Orchomenos as meaning "place of dancing" (*orxasthai*).

[c] Callisto was beloved of Zeus, and for some reason (the story varies greatly in details) was turned into a she-bear. Her son Arcas, who was a great hunter, did not recognize her in this form and was about to kill her, when Zeus turned them both into constellations, Ursa Major and Arctophylax, the great Bear and Bearward; Arctophylax is also called Bootes, the Cattleman.

[d] From Mount Pelion: see Pindar, *Pyth.* ix. or the story (*e.g.* 20, 65).

Καλλίπολίν τ' Ἔλυμόν τε πολὺν στρατόν,[a] οἵ τε Παχύνου
ἕδρανον ἀμφενέμοντο, καὶ οἳ Κατάνης παρὰ λίμνην
ναίετον Σειρήνων πέλας ἄστεος, ἃς Ἀχελῴῳ
Τερψιχόρη ῥοδόεσσα βοοκραίρῳ ἀπὸ λέκτρων
τίκτεν ἀελλήεντι συναπτομένη παρακοίτῃ·
οἵ τ' εἶχον Καμάριναν, ὅπῃ κελάδοντι ῥεέθρῳ
Ἵππαρις ἀντίρροπος ἐρεύγεται ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ,
Ὕβλης θ' ἱερὸν ἄστυ, καὶ οἳ σχεδὸν ᾤκεον Αἴτνης,
ᾗχι πυρὸς κρητῆρες ἀναπτομένης ἀπὸ πέτρης
θερμὸν ἀναβλύζουσι Τυφαονίης σέλας αἴθης,
οἵ τε θέμιστας ἔθεντο παρ' ἀφθονέοντι Παλικῷ,[b]
καὶ δάπεδον γεραρὸν ἀνερριζοῦσι Παχύνου,
καὶ Σικελὴν Ἀρέθουσαν, ὅπῃ μεταναστάδος ἔρωτι
στέρνασσι Πισαῖος ἐπιρρέει Ἀλφειὸς ἀλήτης,
νυμφίδιον βλητὸν κῦμα, καὶ ἀσπαίροντα διὰ πόντου
ἕλκει δεῖθλον Ἔρωτος ὑπέρτερον ἄβροχον ὕδωρ,
θερμὸν ἔχων φθογγῇσι δι' ὕδατος ἀντίφερον πῦρ.
τοὺς ἔπι Φαύνος ἴασιν στρατοφορήσαντες ἐλάτας
Σικελίης τρυφάλεια Πελωριὰς ὅπλον ἔβησε,
τὴν βυθίῳ Κρονίωνι συναπτομένη τέκε Κίρκη,
σύγγονος Αἰήταο πολυθρέπτοιο, ἣ παρὰ λίμνῃ
ᾤκεε πετραίοιο βαθύσκιον οἴδμα ῥεέθρου.
Καὶ Λίβυες στρατόωντο παρ' Ἑσπερίου κλίμα γαίης

[a] From Eryx and Segesta.
[b] Native Sicilian deities, worshipped at the body of water now known as Lago dei Palici, or locally as Lago Naftia or Fetia, near the town of Palagonia.
[c] A river rising in Mount Pindus and falling into the Ionian sea. Rivers were represented as with heads or horns of bulls.
[d] The monster Typhon was said to lie beneath Etna.

Cillyrus and Elymus,[a] and those who lived round the seat of the Palici[b]; those who had a city by the lake Catana near the Sirens, whom rosy Terpsichore brought forth by the stormy embraces of her bull-horned husband Achelöis[c]; those who possessed Camarina, where the wild Hipparis disgorges his winding water in a roaring flood; those from the sacred citadel of Hybla, and those dwelling near Aetna, where the rock is slight and kettles of fire boil up the hot flare of Typhaon's bed[d]; those who scattered their houses along the beetling brow of Pelorus and the island ground of sea-resounding Pachynus[e]; and Sicilian Arethusa, where after his wandering travels Alpheüs creeps proud of his Pisan chaplet—he crosses the deep like a highway, and draws his water, the slave of love, unwetted,[f] over the surface of the sea, for he carries a burning fire warm through the cold water. After these Phaunus[g] came, leaving the fire-scaled Pelorian plain of three-peak Sicily the rocky, whom Circe bore embraced by Creüsian of the Deep.[h] Circe the witch of many poisons, Aietas's sister, who dwelt in the deep-shadowed cells of a rocky palace.

333 Libyans also joined the host, whose home was

[a] There is no island, and the brow describes Pachynus better than Pelorus.

[b] See vi. 340. [c] His water did not mix with the sea, hence "unwetted." The usual story is that he passed underneath. Nonnus sees him in human shape walking with a garland on his head; hence the confused description.

[d] It would seem that Nonnus had some smattering of Latin mythology, for this is none other than Faunus the Roman wood-god or fairy. However, it is as likely as not that he had met with him euhemerized into a prince or king of early days.

[e] Poseidon.

ἀγχινεφὴς ναίουσιν ἀλήμονος ἄστεα Κάδμου·
κεῖθι γὰρ ἀντιπόρων ἀνέμων πεφορημένος αὔραις
εἰς χθόνα φοίτα Κάδμος, ἄγων Σιδονίδα νύμφην
σύμπλοον, Ἁρμονίην ἔτι παρθένον, ἣν διὰ μορφὴν
γείτονας ἀντιβίους πολεμητόκος ἤλασε φήμη.
ἣν Χάριν ἀντικόρυσσε Λίβυς στρατός· ἀμφοτέρη γὰρ
Πειθοῦς ἐξελάσασα ἐπιχθονίη Χάρις ἄλλη,
τῆς ἄπο καὶ Λιβύης Χαρίτων λόφος—
ὃς ἐπὶ μορφῇ
ἁρπαγιμῆς ἱμερόεντος βεβολημένος ἄφρονι κέντρῳ
φροντίδος ἐρωμανέων ἐκορύσσετο βάρβαρος Ἄρης,
λαὸς ἐρημονόμων Μαυρουσίων· ἀλλὰ τινάσσων
χερσὶ γυναιμανέοντος Λιβυστίδος ἔγχος Ἀθήνη
Ἁρμονίης πολέμιζε προασπίζουσα παρακοίτης.
Ἑσπερίων δ' ἐφόβησεν ὅλον γένος Αἰθιοπήων
σὺν Διὶ θωρηχθέντι, σὺν Ἄρεϊ καὶ Κυθερείῃ·
κεῖθι καί, ὡς ἐνέπουσι, παρὰ Τριτωνίδι λίμνῃ
Ἁρμονίῃ παρέλεκτο ῥοδώπιδι Κάδμος ἀλήτης,
Νύμφαι δ' Ἑσπερίδες μέλος ἔπλεκον, ὧν ἀπὸ κήπων
Κύπρις ὁμοῦ καὶ Ἔρωτες ἀνέπλεκον εὔχροον εὐνήν,
χρυσείῃ θαλάμοιο ἐπιστεφάνωσαν ὀπώρῃ,
νύμφης εἶδος ἔρωτος ἐπάξιον, ἧς ἀπὸ φύλλων
Ἁρμονίη καὶ Κάδμος ἐγειτονέοντο παρὰ παστῷ
βόστρυχον ἀφνειοῖσιν ἐμιτρώσαντο κορύμβοις
ἀντὶ ῥόδων γαμίων· καὶ ἀμφοτέρη πέλε νύμφη
χρύσεα δῶρα φέρουσα, γέρας χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης·
καὶ μέλος ἀστραίης κιθάρης ἐπικρούων ἐγείρας
μητροπάτωρ σφαιρηδὸν ἐφ' ἑπτάζωνι ταρσῷ

a Athena's birthplace was said to be by the river Triton in Libya, or the lake Tritonis; hence she is called Tritogeneia.

b There are two divisions of the Ethiopians, eastern and western, according to Hom. Od. i. 23. They seem to

in the western clime, the cities of wandering Cadmos near the clouds. For there on a time dwelt Cadmos carried by contrary winds, on the voyage with his Sithonian bride Harmonia still a maiden. The rumour of her beauty bred war and armed hostile neighbours. The Libyan army named her Charis, for the Bistonian girl bloomed like another Charis of this world and even more dainty, and the Graces' Hill of Libya had its name from her. So the Maurusian people of the desert because of her beauty were stung with mad lust of robber warfare, and took arms, a horrible barbarian Ares wild with passion. But Harmonia's mate held his shield before her, grasping in hand the spear of Libyan Athena[a] to defend his beloved wife, and put to flight the whole nation of western[b] Ethiopians, with armed Zeus as ally, with Ares and Cytherein. And there as they say, by the Tritonian lake, Cadmos the wanderer lay with rosycheek Harmonia, and the Nymphs Hesperides made a song for them, and Cypris together with the Loves decked out a fine bed for the wedding, hanging in the bridal chamber golden fruit from the Nymphs' garden,[c] a worthy lovegift for the bride; rich clusters of their leaves Harmonia and Cadmos twined through their hair, amid the abundance of their bridechamber, in place of the wedding-roses. Still more dainty the bride appeared wearing these golden gifts, the boon of golden Aphrodite. Her mother's father[d] the stooping Libyan Atlas awoke a tune of the heavenly

correspond to a very vague early knowledge of the dark-skinned peoples of East and West Africa respectively.

[c] The golden apples (for oranges were not yet known in the west).

[d] Electra was daughter of Atlas.

οὐρανίων ἀμφελέλιξε Λίβυς κυρτούμενος Ἄτλας,
καὶ μελέων Ἁρμονίης ἐμελίζετο γείτονι φωνῇ
καὶ ζυγίης φιλότητος ἑῆς μνηστῆρα νύμφης
δῶκε πολίων ἐπάεθλα Λιβυστίδι Κάδμου ἀρούρης,
δωρήσας πολίων ἑκατοντάδα, δῶκε δ' ἀνάσσῃ
δύσβατα λαϊνέοις ἐφοπλίζων τείχεσι πύργους.
κείνου μνήστορες ἔρωτος ἐπεστρατόωντο μαχηταὶ
μαρναμένου Βρομίοιο συναιχμητῆρες Ἐνυοῦς,
Τριτογενείης ναίοντες ἕδεθλα γείτονα Μήνης[a]
καὶ Διὸς Ἀσβύσταο[b] μεσημβριάζοντας ἐναύλους,
μαντιπόλου κεράεντος, ὅτῳ ποτὲ ψαμμάδος Ἄμμων
ἀρνειοῦ τροχόωντος ἔχων ἴνδαλμα κεραίης
ὀμφαλίοις στομάτεσσιν ἐθέσπισεν Ἑσπέριος Ζεύς·
οἵ τε ῥόον Χρεμέταο καὶ οἳ παρὰ Κίνυφος ὕδωρ
ἔνεμον ἀζαλέης ψαμαθώδεα πέζαν ἀρούρης,
Αὐσχῖσαι Βάκαλές τε συνήλυδες, οἷς πλέον ἄλλων
Ἄρεϊ τερπομένοις Ζεφυρηίδος ἔτραφεν ἀγκών·
τόσσος λαὸς ἔην ἑκατηβελέτης· ἐρχομένης δὲ
πληθύος ἡγεμόνευε Κραταιγόνος, ὅν ποτε κούρη
Ἀγχιρόη Χρεμέταο παρὰ πλωτηρίδι παστῷ
Ψύλλῳ κυανόπεπλος μιγαδίῃ τέκεν εὐνῇ
Ψύλλου ἀγαυὸν ἔχοντα θυγατριδέον, οὗ ποτε καρποὺς
ἄσθμασιν ἀζαλέοις Νότος ἔφλεγε θερμὸς ἀήτης·
αὐτὰρ ὁ θωρήξας κορυσσαμένων Ἄρεα νηῶν
ναυσίμαχον στόλον ἤγειρεν, ὅπως πνοιῇσι θεσμῷ
ἠερίοις ἀνέμοισιν ἀναστήσειεν Ἐνυώ.

---

[a] See v. 73. The Moon is here equivalent to Athena Tritogeneia.

[b] *Zeus Asbystes* is simply *Zeus of the Asbystai*, a people of N. Africa. As he is called a prophet, it is evident that the name here means Zeus Ammon, the Egyptian ram-headed god who was identified by the Greeks with Zeus and had a famous oracle at the Oasis of Ammon.

hasty to join the revels, and with tripping foot he twirled the heavens round like a ball, while he sang a stave of harmony himself not far away. Cadmus too, in memory of the love of his wedded bride, paid his footing in the Libyan land by building a hundred cities, and he gave to each lofty walls inaccessible, with towers of stone. With his memory in mind, came warriors to the host, forefighters of Enyo when Brontes went to war: those who dwell in settlements near the Moon's birthplace,[a] and the southern shelters of Zeus Asbystes the horned prophet,[b] where Ammon the Western Zeus has often uttered oracles in the shape of a ram with three spiral horns; those whose home was on the sandy plain of parched land beside the stream of Chremetes[c] and the water of Cinyps[d]; Aischinai and Barales together, bred in a corner of the West, and more than others devoted to Ares.

[370] So great was the people of the hundred cities; and their numbers came led by Crataigones,[e] whom Aischinai daughter of Chremetes brought forth on her father's riverbank in that short-lasting union with Psyllus[f] the hazel-haired; the bridegroom she held in her arms was the gods' enemy. Notos, that hot wind, once burnt his crops with parching breath; whereupon he fitted out a fleet and gathered a naval swarm of helmeted warriors, to stir up strife against the winds of the south with avenging doom, eager to

[a] A river of Libya, flowing into the "outer sea," the Atlantic Ocean, probably the Senegal.
[b] A river between the Syrtes.
[c] Unknown.
[d] Nonnus would seem to be recounting, or inventing, the legend of the origin of the Psylloi, an African people of whom it was said that snakes would not harm them.

ἔμπνοος ἀστράπτει φλογερὸν Νότον· ἄγχι δὲ νήσων
Αἰολίης στόλον ἦλθε συναίχμιον, ἀλλὰ μαθόντες
ἀνδρὸς ἀκοντιστῆρος ἀελλήεντι κυδοιμῷ
ἀσπίδα μαστίζοντες ἐθωρήχθησαν ἀῆται,
συμφερτὴν δονέοντες ὁμήγυριν ἄστατον αὔρην,
καὶ στρατιὴν καὶ Ψύλλον ἐτυμβεύσαντο θαλάσσῃ.

Θρηικίης δὲ Σάμοιο συνέρρεον ἀσπιδιῶται,
κύρβαντες σὺν παιδὶ βαθυκρήπιδος Ἰδαίης,
Ἠμαθίων βασιλῆες, ἔχων χαμοδεῖα χαίτην,
Τετράμων μελάνοντας ἄνακτας, οἵ τ' ἔχον ἀμφὶς,
ἀγχιάλον Μύρρινον καὶ ἀνθεμόεντα Σαώκην,
καὶ χθόνα Τεμπυρίοιο καὶ εὐδείελον ἀρούρης
ἄλσεα Φρυνάδαο καὶ ἀρχέτυπα δενδρώδεα λόχμης,
καὶ ζαθέην Ζήρυνθον ἀκοιμήτων Κορυβάντων
κτίσματα φανιζομένης Περσηΐδος, ὁππόθι κούρης
μυστιπόλων δαΐδων φιλολυσσάδες εἰσὶν ἐρίπναι,
αἵ τε παλαιγενέεσσιν ὑπὸ κρυφίοιο ἀρούρης
Πριόνεων ἀμφεπόρευντο, καὶ ἐς ἔτι γείτονα πόντῳ
Ἀτραπιτοῖς βυθίοιο Ποσειδάωνος ἀνάκτων.
νήσοιο μὲν στίχες ἦλθον ἀμφίβιοι, ἀργυρόεσσαν δὲ
Ἠλέκτρης ὀμφαλὸν ἐπεστείλαντο γενέθλην·
κεῖθι γὰρ Ἁρμονίης γάμος αἰθέρος, εἶρα θαλάσσης,
Ἄρης, Ζεύς, Κυθέρεια θεῶν χρυσοστεφέα Κάδμῳ
κουριδίην ἀκέλευστον ἐδωρήσαντο γυναῖκα.
τοῖσι κορυσσομένοισι σὺν εὐθύρσῳ Διονύσῳ

---

[a] Guardian of the winds; Hom. Od. x. 1 ff. His position is conveniently vague.

[b] A mountain.

[c] Unknown in Samothrace.

[d] If the name is correctly written Phrynades, we know nothing about him; but as υ and ι were pronounced exactly alike by Nonnos's time (both like Ital. i, as in Modern Greek), the variant Phryniades is as likely as not to be right. In this

kill fiery Notos. To the island of Aiolos[a] sailed the shieldbearing fleet; but the Winds armed themselves and flogged the madman's vessel, volleying with tempestuous tumult in a whirlwind throng of concerted confederate blasts, and sank Psyllos and armament in a watery grave.

393 From Samothrace came a stream of shieldmen, sent by their prince Emathion of the long flowing beard, himself heavy of knee, with snow-white hair, men limbed like Titans. They possessed both Myrmex on the sea and flowery Saoce,[b] aye and the land of Tenmerion,[c] and the glades and meadows of Phoinikes' land[d] shaded with woodland copses, and divine Zerynthos of the unresting Corybants, the foundation of renowned Perseis,[e] where the rocks are thronged with torchbearing mystics of the Maid. There were others who lived under the manycraggy wall of the land about Brontion, and in Atrapitoi which I hear of on the neighbouring shore of deepsea Poseidon. All these companies came together, who were loyal to their sib, the ancient family of Electra; for there[f] Ares, Zeus and Cythereia gave to Cadmos, the god's ally, Harmonia heaven's kin and sea's blood, to be his lawful wife without brideprice.

411 As the armed host gathered to Dionysos with

case he might have something to do with the island Physia, near Lycimna.

[e] Hecate, daughter of Perses and Asteria, would seem to be associated here with the mysteries of the Samothracian Gods, of whom we know very little, but enough to say that they were not properly identical or even connected with the Corybantes, nor the Corybantes with Hecate. But she is the witches' goddess (the interpolated scenes in *Macbeth* classicize in this respect), and so felt to be appropriate for any secret and bizarre ritual.

[f] *Cf.* bk. III.

Ἠλέκτρης ἀνέτελλε δι' αἰθέρος ἑβδόματος ἀστήρ[a]
δεξιὸν ἱσταμένης στεφάνων, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάσης
Πληιάδων σελάγιζε βοὴ ἀντίθρονος ἠχώ
γειτονίης αἷμα φέρουσα γαμοζυγέος Δαναΐδης,
καὶ στρατιῇ σύρε Θήβης ὅμιλον· ἐγχεμόθων δὲ
Ὠγυγίων ἐγχελέεσσιν ἐς Ἄρεα δεύτερος Ἄρης.
Ὠγυγίοις ἀφικόμενοι, ἔχων ἴνδαλμα Γιγάντων
καὶ μὲν ἔην ἀρρηκτον ὅλον δέμας, ἐν δὲ κορύμβων
αἰχμαίων τε πόνοισιν ἐπεσθεμένοι ἐπὶ νώτων
ἰοστεφανεῖς πλοκαμῖδες ἀεισθεφόροντες ἐχίοντες
ἔρρεον ἀξίως ἄχρι κορυμβάδος· εἶχε δὲ δειρήν
μεσσόθεν, περιμέτρου, ὀμοίιον αἴγεια πέτρης.
βλεμμα ἔθεν ἔχων πατρώιον· οὐδέ τις αὐτοῦ
θέρτερος ἄλλος ἔτικτεν Ἐχίονα εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν
νόσφι Διωνύσοιο· καὶ ὕστατον ἤρατο Νίκην
Ἰνδώην χθόνα πᾶσαν ἐπὶ δηρὸν μόχθον ἐλάσσας.
Καὶ Θρηικίης πόλις Ἄργους ἔην Πιερίδων ἐκ γῆς
Βιστονίης Οἰάγρου ἐκόσμεεν ἀστὸς ἀοιδῆς.
Ὀρφέα καλλιέφας ἐπὶ γούνασι Καλλιοπείης
νήπιον ἀστεχέεσσι μεμελιγμένον εἶπεν μαζῷ.
Κεραστίδος δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκόσμεε Λύγρος ἀγήνωρ
εὐχαίτης τε Λάπηθος· ἐθωρήσσοντο δὲ πολλοί,
οἵ τ' ἔλαχον Σφήκειαν, ἁλίστεφον ἄστυρα νήσων,
Κύπρον ἀντιπέρηθεν θεοδέγμονα νῆσον Ἐρώτων,
Κύπριδος αἰπυμένοιο φερώνυμον, ἥν ποτε Κύπριν
ἄφρα περιγράψας βυθίῃ γλαυκῇ τε παλάμῃ
ἰοστεφῆ δελφῖνι νέπων τιμήσατο Νηρεύς—
ὁππότε γὰρ γονόεσσα καταρρέουσα ἄρσενι λύθρῳ
Οὐρανίη μόρφωσε λοχεύσιον ἀφρὸν ἄρουρα

¹ So mss.; [illegible]

* * *

[a] Seventh of the Pleiades.

his thyrsus, Electra's [a] star rose with her six sisters in the sky in happy augury of the conflict; and the echoing voice of the Pleiads resounded for victory, doing grace to Dionysos who shared their sister's blood, giving equal confidence to the host. Ogyros led their march to war, Ogyros himself a second war-god, his head towering high like one of the giants. Nothing could bend that great body. From his head and muscular neck, waves of hair fell to his loins, covering his back and shoulders, bristling like the spines of a hedgehog. He had a throat of immense length and thickness, like a neck of rock. Barbarian and son of a barbarian was he; no other came to the Indian War in the east stronger than he was, except Dionysos. He had sworn an oath to Victory, that he would destroy the whole land of India with his own spear alone.

420 The bold son of Ares, Oiagros, quitted his city of Pimpleia on the Bistonian plain, and joined the rout. He left Orpheus on Calliopeia's knees, a little one interested in his mother's milk, still a new thing.

422 The Cyprian companies were under command of proud Litton [b] and finehair Lapethos. Many took up arms: those whose lot was in Sphoreeia, the round brine-beaten isle; others from Cypros, godwelcoming island of the finefeathered Loves, which bears the name of Cypris the selfborn. Nereus had traced the boundaries of this Cypros with the deepsea prong, and shaped it like a dolphin. For when the fertile deeps from Uranos, spilt with a mess of male gore, had given infant shape to the fertile foam and

[a] Unknown. Marcellus would substitute the name of Agapenor, who founded Paphos.

καὶ Παφίην ὤδινε, Κεραστίδος εἰς χθόνα Κύπρου
ἔμφρονος θορὸν ἔχων ὑπὲρ οἴδματος ἔτρεχε δελφίς,
ἑζομένην λοφίῃσιν ἐλαφρίζων Ἀφροδίτην—.
οἵ τ' ἔχον Ὑλάτου πέδον καὶ ἔδεθλα Σφηκειῶν
καὶ Τάμασον καὶ Τέμβρον Ἐρυθραίην τε πολίχνην
καὶ τεμένους βαθυδένδρου ἀρωματόεντος Πανάκρου·
ἐκ δὲ Σόλων κεκόρυστο πολὺς στρατός.
ἐκ δὲ Λαπήθου,
ὕστερον ἣν ἐκάλεσσαν ὁμώνυμον ἡγεμονῆος,
ὃς τότε λαὸν ἄγειρεν, ἐν αἰθύσσοντι δὲ κυδοιμῷ
κάτθανε καὶ κτερέεσσι καὶ οὔνομα λεῖπε πολίταις.
οἵ τε πόλιν Κινύραο ἐπώνυμον εἰσέτι πάτρης
ἀρχεγόνου Κινύρου, καὶ Οὐρανίης πέδον ἕδρης
αἰθερίων κενεῶνας ἐπώνυμον, ὅττι πολῖται
ἔγραφον ἀστράπτοντας ἐπουρανίων τύπον ἄστρων,
οἵ τ' εἶχον Κρομμυῶνα, ἁλιστεφέος πόδας ἀκρῆς,
καὶ Πάφον, ἁβροκόμων
στεφανηφόρον ὅρμον Ἐρώτων,
ἐξ ὑδάτων ἐπίβαθρον ἀνερχομένης Ἀφροδίτης,
ἧχι θαλασσογόνοιο Παφίης νυμφίδιον ὕδωρ,
Σέτραχος ἱμερόεις, ὅθι πολλάκις εἷμα λαβοῦσα
Κύπρις ἀπεχλιάνασα λελουμένον υἷα Μύρρης.
καὶ πόλιν ἀρχεγόνοιο κατὰ Περσέος,
ᾧ ποτε Τεῦκρος,
καλλείψας Σαλαμῖνα χολωσαμένου Τελαμῶνος,
ὁπλοτέρην πήγνυντο ἀειδομένην Σαλαμῖνα.

Λυδῶν δ' ἀβρὸς ὅμιλος ἐπέρρεεν, οἵ τ' ἔχον ἄρουραν,
Κίμψον ἐυψήφιδα καὶ ἀβρυνόοντας Ὑπαίπης,

---

a Cf. v. 614.
b Father of Adonis.
c A river.
d Adonis.

brought forth the Paphian, to the land of horned[a] Cypros came a dolphin over the deep, which with intelligent mind carried Aphrodite perched on his mane.—Those also were there who held the land of Hylates, and the settlement of Sestos, Tamasos and Tembros, the town of Erythrai, and the woody precincts of Panacros in the mountains. From Soloi also came many men-at-arms, and from Lapethos; this place was named afterwards from the leader who assembled them, who fell in the thyrsus-war and was honourably buried and left his name for his citizens. There were those also who had the city Cinyrcia, that rock-island which still bears the name of ancient Cinyras[b]; and those from the place where Urania lies, named after the heavenly vault, because it was full of men brilliant as the stars; and those who held Crapascia, a land surrounded by sea; and those of Paphos, garlanded harbour of the softhaired Loves, landingplace of Aphrodite when she came up out of the waves, where is the bridebath of the seaborn goddess, lovely Setrachos[c]; here Cypris often took a garment and draped the son of Myrrha[d] after his bath. Last is the city of ancient Perseus, for whom Teucros,[e] fleeing from Salamis before the wrath of Telamon, fortified the younger Salamis so renowned.

[464] A luxurious crowd of Lydians streamed in: those who held both pebbly Cimpsos and beetling

[e] Teucros son of Telamon and half-brother of the greater Aias was banished by his father after his return from Troy, the old man somehow feeling him responsible for Aias's death. He came to Cyprus and there founded a city, which he named Salamis after his native place. So far the common legend; but what Perseus has to do with it, or which Perseus is meant (surely not the son of Danaë, who was contemporary with Dionysos's life on earth) is not clear.

οἵ τε Τορρήβοιο κέρας, καὶ οἳ πλησίστιον πάτρης
Σάρδιας εὐαίωνας, ὁμήλικας ἠριγενείης,
καὶ χθόνα Πακτωλοῖο στεφανηφόρον, ἦχι τεκούσης
ἀμπελόεις Διόνυσος ἔχων δέμας ἔμβρυον αὐτοῦ
Ῥείη πρῶτα ἀείρασε, πολλὰ δ' ἀνέτρεφε Κορύβαντας,
καὶ σκοπιὰς Ὀλύμπου, καὶ οἳ ῥόον εἶχον Ἕρμου
ἠλιτόεν τε Μέταλλον, ὅπῃ Πακτωλὸν ἰδεῖν
ξανθὸς ἀποστίλβων ἀμαρύσσεται ὄλβος ἐέργων·
καὶ Στυπάλου κεκόρυστο πολὺς στρατός,
ἦχι Τυφωεὺς
θερμὸν ἀναφλύζων πυριθαλπέος ἄνθρακα κεραυνοῦ
ἔφλεγε γείτονα χῶρον, ἀελλήεντι δὲ καπνῷ
αἰθομένου Τυφῶνος ἐπεφλέχθησαν ἐρίπναι,
γναμφθέντων σπινθῆρι μαρμαιρόντων κεφαλάων·
ἀλλὰ Διὸς Λυδοῖο θυηλὰς τρεῖς ἄεθλα
ἀμητὴρ ἀκάλυπτος ἐμάρνατο κέντορι μύθῳ,
μύθῳ ἀκοντιστῆρι, καὶ οὐ τριγλῶχι σιδήρῳ,
γλώσσῃ ἀφρονέων πεφόρηται οἷον ἀρούρῃ,
ἔγχος ἔχων στόμα θοῦρον,
ἔσσω ξίφος, ἀσπίδα φωνήν,
τοῦτο θεουδείῃ προχέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνι·
“ στρέφε, πάλιν ”· φθεγγόμενος δὲ Γίγας
ὑπὸ μάστιγι τέχνῃ
ἀρρήκτοις μύθοισι σοφῷ στηρίζετο δεσμῷ
ἀνέρα δαμνάμενον κεκορυθμένον ἀφθόγγῳ λόγχῃ.
γειοπόδην ἀκάλυπτον ἔχων πολεμήτορα μῦθον·
οὐδὲ τόσον τρομέεσκεν ἀκοντιστῆρα κεραυνοῦ
αἰθερίοις πολύπυρσον, ὅσον ῥηξήνορα μάστιγι
γλώσσης ἀντιτείνοντα λόγου βέλος, εἶξε δὲ κείνου
ἄλκιμα φωνήεντα πεπαρμένος ὀξέι μύθῳ·
καὶ πυρὸς ἄλλον ἔχων, τετορημένος ἔγχεϊ θερμῷ,
ἄλλῳ θερμοτέρῳ νοερῷ πυρὶ κάμνε Τυφωεύς.

Itone; these from broad Torrhus, these from fruitful Sardis, nurse of riches, as old as the daydawn; these from the grapegrowing land of Bacchos, where the vinegod first mixed wine for Mother Rheia in a brimming cup, and named the city Cerassai, the Mixings; these that held the watchingpeaks of Osmos, the stream of Hermos and watery Metallon, where the yellow treasure of the water sparkling spirts up the Pactolian mud. A great host came armed from Stratia. There Typhoeus, spouting up the hot stream of the fiery thunderbolt, had kindled the neighbouring country, and as Typhon blazed amid clouds of smoke, the mountains were burnt to ashes, while his heads melted in the limbdevouring flame. But the priest of Lydian Zeus left the fragrant temple redolent of incense, and without steel made battle with piercing words, a word for a spear, no cutting steel, and brought the Son of Earth to obedience with his tongue; his bold mouth was his lance, his word a sword, his voice a shield, and this was all that issued from his inspired throat—"Stand, wretch!" So the flaming Giant by magic art was held fast in chains of glammery by the invincible word, and stood in awe of a man armed with a spear of the mind, while the avenging word shackled him in fetters not made of steel. That awful giant towering high, trembled not so much at the Archer of Thunderbolts, as for the battlecrashing magician shooting bolts of speech from his tongue. He gave way, as the sharp words pierced him with wounds speaking in quick words. Already scorched with flame, thrust through with a redhot spear, Typhoeus gave way at the other fire hotter still, a fire of the mind. His snaky

καὶ στρατὸν ἀστυφέλικτον ἀναρρήξαντες ἀνάγκῃ
γαστέρι ἐχιδνήεντα πετρῳῶντα μητέρα Γαῖαν,
αὐτοφυεῖς ἀγέρωχον ἀνεμάξαντο δέμας αὐγῇ.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτέρωσε ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ἤγαγεν αἰών,
τοὺς δὲ λόγῳ κρατέοντας ὑπ' εὐρυθέμεθλον χθόνα ταρσῷ
καὶ Στάβιος καὶ Στόμιος
ἐπὶ κλόνον ἄτλητον Ἰνδῶν
καὶ στρατιὴν ὀρχηστῆρα περισκαίροντα Βακχείων
τοίων ὅπως λέξαιμι, ὅσοι πρώτιστ' ἠγερέθοντο
εἰς χορόν, οὐκ ἐπὶ δῆριν, ἀνάλκιδας ἄνδρας κορύσσων·
τοῖσι γὰρ ἐγχορεύουσιν ἀνακρεμάσαντο χορείην
Μυγδονίης ἐρμηνεύουσι ἐπὶ κλόνον ἔβρεμε φόρμιγξ.
ἀντὶ χοροῦ τέρψαντα μόθον Λαπιθείων ἔργων·
καὶ πολέμου σάλπιγγες ἔσαν σύριγγες Ἐρώτων,
καὶ δόλιχοι Πυρρίχιαι ὀρχήσεις δόλιχοι αὐλοί,
καὶ στείχων ἀμφιπολῶν βαρυτερπομένων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
χαλκείοις κατερχόμενοι ἐρμηνεύοντο βοεῖαι.
Καὶ Φρύγες ἐστρατόωντο
παρ' ἐγγυαλόθεν στίχα Λυδῶν,
οἵ τ' ἔλαχον Πισίδειαν, ἀειθερέος τε πολίχνης
δενδροκόμου Τεμένειαν, ἐύσκιον ἄλσος ἀρούρης,
οἳ Δρακάνῳ ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ὄβριμον, ὅς τε ῥεέθροις
Μαιάνδρου σκολιοῖσιν ἐὸν παρεβάλλετο ὕδωρ,
καὶ δάπεδον Δωίαντος ἐπώνυμον, οἵ τε Κελαινὰς
χρυσοκρήπιδας ἐνέμοντο καὶ εὐπετέρῳ Γοργοῦς·
τοῖσι συνεστρατόωντο καὶ οἳ λάχον ἄστεα ναίειν
γείτονα Σαγγαρίου, καὶ Ἑλλεσπόντου ὄχθας γαίης,
τῶν πρόμος ἠγεμόνευε, λιτῶν ὀφθαλμὸς Δάμνος,

[a] Wonder, probably Nonnus's invention, perhaps taking a hint from Aristophanes (Frogs 27).

[b] The name of Iconium in Asia Minor sounded as if it

feet were rooted firm and immovable by main force, firmly fixt in Earth his mother, his body was wounded by a bloodless blade that made no mark.

[500] But all this was done in time gone by, among men of a more ancient generation. Here were men armed for the Indian tumult by Stabios and Stamnos,[a] loudly rattling on the ground in drilled step; and if you could see the whole host prancing and leaping, you might be inclined to say that the captain was leading them to a dance rather than to a war, bringing a detachment of armour-dancers. For as they marched, the Mygdonian lute struck up a dance tune for war-music to arouse the tumult of conflict; it sounded the assembly for battle, not for dance; love's flutings were the trumpets of war; the twin Berecyntian pipes tootled together, the calfskin bellowed, struck on both sides by the brassy rattle of heavyrumbling hands.

[511] The Phrygians ranged themselves beside the ranks of dinraising Lydians; those whose lot was in Boudeia, and the famous town of treeplanted Temeneia, a shady grove in the country; those who lived in Dresia and Obrimos, which discharges his water into the curving stream of Maiandros; those from the ground of Doias, and those who lived in goldroof Celainai, and the place of the Gorgon's image.[b] These were joined by those who had to inhabit the cities near Sangarios, and the settlements of the Elespid land: they were led by a captain from

had something to do with *εἰκών* to the later Greeks, whose pronunciation did not distinguish between *ei* and *i*. Hence a great number of stories explaining how the place came to be connected with an "image" or "portrait." Nonnos may be alluding to the tale that Perseus came there and set up an image of the Gorgon Medusa, or to some similar account.

Πριάσου, Ἀσκαίης μετανάστιος ἄστεος ἀρούρης·
ὁππότε γὰρ Φρυγίης πεδίον ἔκλυσεν ὑέτιος Ζεύς,
ὀμβρηροῖς πελάγεσσι χέων ἐφιδρωμένον ὕδωρ,
καὶ δρύες ἐκρύφθησαν, ἀκανθοφόροις τ' ἐπὶ θάμνοις
δελφῖνες ποταμηδὸν ἐνηχήσαντο κολώναις,
ἐκρύφθη τότε δῶμα λεχῶν κεκαλυμμένον ὄμβρῳ
καὶ ῥόον ἠερόφοιτον, ἀνεπτοίησε μελάθρων,
Πριάσου Ἀσκαίης μετανάστατο κόλπον ἀρούρης,
Ζηνὸς ἀλεξικάκοιο θεηγενέων ὄμβρων ὕδωρ,
αἰεὶ δ' ἀλλοδαποῖο παρ' ἀσφαλέεσσι λίμνῃσι λείβων
μνώετο Σαγγαρίοιο καὶ ἤθαδα δίζετο πηγήν.
Ἀσκαίου ποταμοῖο πιὼν ἀλλότριον ὕδωρ
ὀψὲ δὲ δάκρυφον οἶδμα καὶ ἐλευθέρων ἀνέμων
Ζεὺς ὑέτιος πρήυνε, καὶ ἐν Σιπύλοιο κορύμβοις
κλυζομένης Φρυγίης παλινάγρετον ἤλασεν ὕδωρ
καὶ ῥόον ἐννοσίγαιος ὅλον μετέθηκε τριαίνῃ
εἰς βυθίους κευθμῶνας ἀπειρομάχου θαλάσσης,
καὶ νιφετοῦ κελάδοντος ἐγυμνώθησαν ἐρίπναι·
καὶ τότε Βοιωτοῖο παλινδρομοὺς αὖθις ἀλήτας
Πριάσου ἀστεμφής τις ἔθεν ἐναυλίσσατο πάτρην,
καὶ γενέτην βαρύγουνον ἀπήμονα τύχεος ἀλκῇ
νόστιμον ἀγκὰς ἔμαρψεν, ὃν εὐσεβίης χάριν ἔργων
Ζεὺς μέγας ὀμβρήεντος ἀπεζώγρησεν ὀλέθρου.
Ἱππομάχοι οἱ κολώνῃσιν ἀπὸ Φρυγίοιο δὲ κόλπου
Πριάσου αὐχήεντες ἐναυλίσσαντο μαχηταί.
Ἀστερίου δ' ἀπάνευθεν ἑοῦ γενέταο μολόντος
ἀντιβιαλὴς Μίλητος ὁμόστολος ἔσσυτο Βάκχῳ
Καύνου ἔχων συνάεθλον ἀδελφεόν, ὃς τότε Καρῶν
λαὸν ἄγων ἔτι κοῦρος ἐθάρσεε φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν·
οὐ πω γὰρ δυσέρωτι διαστελλοῦσαν ἐπῆλθε μανίην
γνωτῆς οἶστρον ἔχων ἀθεμίστιον, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
ἀντιτύπου φιλότητος ὁμοζυγέων ἐπὶ λέκτρων

Dove of the dragon, Priasos, who came from foreign parts to the Aonian land. For when Rainy Zeus flooded the land of Phrygia, pouring water from on high in seas of rain, when trees were covered, and in glens where thistles grew thirsty hills were flooded with rivers of water, Priasos left his drowned house hidden in the rain and the air-climbing river which had attacked his homestead, and migrated to the bosom of the Aonian land to escape from the fatal showers of rain. But he never ceased to shed tears among these foreign men; he remembered Sangarios and missed his familiar brook, when he drank the alien water of the Aonian River. But Zeus Highest at last quieted the stormy flood and the watery violence, and drove the water of flooded Phrygia down from the tops of Sipylos: Earthshaker with his trident pushed all the waters away into the deep hollows of the boundless sea, and the cliffs were laid bare of the roaring deluge. Then Priasos in late repentance left the land of Bakotos, and returned to his own country, and when he reached home he held his heavy-knee father in his arms with a joyful embrace; for great Zeus had saved him from destruction for his pious works: Brombios they call him. Now the Phrygian warriors from the Phrygian gulf proudly thronged about Priasos.

[540] Asterios the father had gone with another band, but his son Miletos now in the flower of his age came in the company of Bacchos. With him came his brother Caanos to share his dangers. Although only a boy, he led the Carian people into the Indian War. Not yet had he conceived a passion for his innocent sister, and composed that tricking lovesong; not yet had he sung of Hera herself joined with her brother

Ζωοὶ σπειρομένων ἐμελίζετο σύγγονος Ἥρης
Λάτμιον ἀμφὶ βέλεμνον ἀκηρασίοιο κορύμβου,
ἀλβίζων ἐπ' ἔρωτι μεμηλότα γείτονα πέτρης
νυμφίον Ἐνδυμίωνα ποθοβλήτοιο Σελήνης·
ἀλλ' ἔτι Βυβλὶς ἔην φιλοπάρθενος, ἀλλ' ἔτι θῆλυν
Καύνου ὁμογνήτοιο ἐδιδάσκετο τῆς ἐρώτων
οὔ πω δ', ἀθρήσασα κασιγνήτοιο φυγόντος,
δάκρυσιν ἀμφιχυθεῖσα δέμας μορφώσατο πηγῇ,
καὶ ῥόον ἰσάζοντα γοήμονος ἄλλον πηγῇ.
τοὶ δ' ἄμα θωρηχθέντες ἐπερρώοντο μαχηταί,
οἳ Μυκάλην ἐνέμοντο, καὶ οἳ Λάτμου ἀγχίαλον ὕδωρ
εἰς χθόνα δινηέντος παλιννόστοιο ποταμοῦ,
Μαιάνδρου σκολιοῖο, διαστείχοντος ἀναύλων.
Τόσσοι μὲν στίχες ἦλθον· ἀμαξήρης δὲ πορείης
λαὸν ἀγειρομένων Κυβεληίδες ἔστυον αὐλαί,
Μυγδονίης δὲ πόληος ἐπεσσεύοντο ἀγυιαί.

ᵃ Miletus, founder of the city of that name, had two children, a son Caunus and a daughter Byblis. Byblis conceived an unholy passion for her brother, or he for her, or it was mutual. Finally they were separated, and she mourned so bitterly that she lost her human shape, and by some accounts, turned into a river or spring called after her. So much we know; this passage may serve to remind us how very little we really do know of Greek mythology and litera-

Zeus in a harmonious bed of love like his own, the song about the Latmian cowshed of the neversleeping herdsman, while he praised Endymion, the bridegroom of love-smitten Selene, as happy in love's care on a neighbouring rock. No, Byblis still loved maidenhood—no, Caunos [a] was still learning to hunt, untouched by love for one so near. Not yet had the softhaired brother fled, or the girl changed her body to water by her tears; she was still no sorrowing fountain bubbling up a watery stream. Now courageous warriors flocked about him: those who lived in Myrsile, and owned the winding stream of the crooked Maiandros, which sinks into the ground and returns again after crawling through the tunnels.

[560] So many were the companies that came. With harmonious march the peoples gathered, and the halls of Cybele resounded, and the streets of the Mygdonian city were thronged.

[a] Caunos. We have no information about the song which Caunos sang, though plainly Nonnos knew it well, i.e., it came in some poetical account of the story which we have lost, no doubt the work of an Alexandrian. The matter is rendered yet more obscure by the corruption or mutilation of the passage, which makes the connexion of the legend of Zeus and Hera with that of Endymion and Selene quite obscure. For the latter story, see note on iv. 195.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΕΣΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Εἰς δέκατον δὲ τέταρτον ἔχε φρένα·
καὶ ἔνθα κορύσσει
δαιμονίην στίχα πᾶσαν ἐς Ἰνδῷον Ἄρεα Ῥείη.

Ῥείη δ' ἀστυφέλικτος, ὀρεσσαύλῳ παρὰ φάτνῃ
αὐχένα λαχνήεντα περισφίγξασα λεόντων,
στειβομένου ῥόμβοιο ἐπεμβεβαυῖα σφαιρηδὸν αἴρουσα
[illegible] δινεύουσα [illegible] πεδίλῳ·
θεσπεσίας δὲ φάλαγγας ἀολλίζουσα [illegible]
ἶσα πτερῷ ἠὲ νόημα διέστιχεν [illegible]
εἰς Νότον, εἰς Βορέην, εἰς Ἕσπερον,
εἰς κλίμα Ἠοῦς·
καὶ δρυσὶ καὶ ποταμοῖσι μίαν ξυνώσατο φωνὴν
Νηιάδας καλέουσα καὶ Ἀδρυάδων στίχας ἄλλας.
δαιμονίη δ' ἄμυδις γενεὴ Καβειρίδος ἠχοῦς,
πάντοθεν ἠγερέθοντο. καὶ ἤλυθεν εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν
ἀπλανέος ζυγὸν ἄγουσα μετάρσιος ἵκετο Ῥείη
καὶ πυρὶ [illegible] παλίνορσος ἀνήψατε μύστιδα πεύκην
Μυγδονίην θερμαίνουσα τὸ δεύτερον [illegible] πυρσῷ.
Ἀλλὰ μετὰ βροτέην προμάχων ἡρωΐδα φύτλην
καὶ στρατιὴν ζαθέην με διδάξατε, Φοιβάδες αὖραι.
Πρῶτα μὲν ἐκ Λήμνοιο πυραγλώχινος ἐρίπνης
φήμη ἀολλίζουσα Σάμον παρὰ μύστιδα πεύκην
υἱέας Ἡφαίστοιο δύω θώρηξε Καβείρους,

BOOK XIV

Turn your mind to the fourteenth: there Rheia arms all the ranks of heaven for the Indian War.

Then swiftshoe Rheia haltered the hairy necks of her lions beside their highland manger. She lifted her windfaring foot to run with the breezes, and paddled with her shoes through the airy spaces. So like a wing or a thought [a] she traversed the firmament to south, to north, to west, to the turning-place of dawn, gathering the divine battalions for Lysios: one all-comprehending summons was sounded for trees and for rivers, one call for Naiads and Hadryads, the troops of the forest. All the divine generations heard the summons of Cybele, and they came together from all sides. From high heaven to the Lydian land Rheia passed aloft with unerring foot, and returning lifted again the mystic torch in the night, warming the air a second time with Mygdonian [b] fire.

[13] Now once more, ye breaths of Phoibos, after the tale of mortal heroes and warriors teach me also the host divine!

[17] First from the firepeak rock of Lemnos the two Cabeiroi in arms answered the stormy call beside the mystic torch of Samos,[c] two sons of Hephaistos

[a] From Hom. *Od.* vii. 36; *cf.* bk. vii. 316.
[b] Lydian. [c] Samothrace.

οὔνομα μητρὸς ἔχοντας ὁμώνυμον, οὓς πάρος ἄμφω
οὐρανίῳ χαλκῆϊ τέκε Θρηίκιος Καβειρώ·
Ἄλκωνα Εὐρυμέδοντά τε, δαίμονας ἐσχαρεῶνας.
Καὶ βλοσυροὶ Κρήτηθεν ἀολλίζοντο μαχηταὶ
Δάκτυλοι Ἰδαῖοι, κραναῆς ναετῆρες ἐρίπνης,
Γηγενέες Κορύβαντες ὁμήλυδες, οὕς ποτε Ῥείη
ἐκ χθονὸς αὐτοτέλεστον ἀνεβλάστησε γενέθλην·
οἳ βρέφος ἀρτιλόχευτον ἀεξιτόκῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ
Ζῆνα φερεσσακέεσσιν ἐμιτρώσαντο χορείαις,
κοῦρον ἀνακρύπτοντες ἀριστερὸν ἀσπιστῆρα,
ἅλμα βακχεύοντες· ἀρασσομένοιο δὲ χαλκοῦ
ἀγχινεφὴς Κρονίοισιν ἐπέβραμεν οὔασιν ἠχώ
κουροσύνην Κρονίωνος ὑποκλέπτουσα βοείης·
καὶ πρόμος ἡγεμόνευε χοροπλεκέων Κορυβάντων
Πρύμνηχος Ἰδαῖός τε σακεσπάλος, οἷς ἅμα βαίνων
Κνώσσιος αἰόλα φῦλα παραστείχων ἤλυθε Κύρβας.
Καὶ φθονεροὶ Τελχῖνες ἀνέβλυον εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν
ἐκ βυθίων κευθμῶνος ἀολλίζοντο θαλάσσης·
καὶ δολιχῇ παλάμῃ δονέων περιμήκετον αἰχμὴν
ἦλθε Λύκος, καὶ Σκέλμις ἐφέσπετο Δαμναμενῆϊ
πάτριον ἰθύνων Ποσιδήιον ἅρμα θαλάσσης,
Τληπολέμου μετὰ γαῖαν ἀλητεύοντες μετανάσται,
δαίμονες ἐγχεσίμωροι μισανθέες, οἵ πάρος αὐτοὶ
πατρῴης ἀέκοντες ἀποτμήξαντες ἀρούρης
Θρῖναξ σὺν Μακαρῆϊ καὶ ἀγλαὸς ἤλασεν Λύκος,
υἱέες Ἡλίοιο· δαιόμενοι δὲ τιθήνης
χειρὶ βαρυζήλοισιν ἀφυσσάμενοι Στυγὸς ὕδωρ
ἄσπορον εἰσέτι τοῦτο Ῥόδου ποίησαν ἀλωήν,
ὕδασι Ταρταρίοισι περιρραίνοντες ἀρούρας.

ª Rhodes. The Telchines are gnomes or dwarfs, who lived in Rhodes till they were driven out, but no two authors

whom Thracian Cabeiro had borne to the heavenly smith, Alcon and Eurymedon well skilled at the forge, who bore their mother's tribal name.

20 From Crete came grim warriors to join them, the Idaian Dactyloi, dwellers on a rocky crag, earth-born Corybants, a generation which grew up for Rhea unbidden out of the ground in the olden time. These had surrounded Zeus a newborn babe in the cavern which fostered his breeding, and danced about him shield in hand, the deceivers, raising wild songs which echoed among the rocks and maddened the air—the noise of the clanging brass resounded in the ears of Cronos high among the clouds, and concealed the infancy of Cronion with drummings. The chief and leader of the dancing Corybants was Pyrrhichos and shake-a-shield Idaios; and with them came Cronian Cyrbas, and armed his motley troops, their namefellow.

36 The spiteful Telchines came also to the Indian War, gathering out of the cavernous deeps of the sea. Lycos came, shaking with his long arm a very long spear; Sochmis came, following Damnameneus, guiding the seachariot of his father Poseidon. These were wanderers who had left Tlepolemos's land * and taken to the sea, furious demons of the waters, who long ago had been cut off reluctant from their father's land by Thrinax with Macareus and glorious Auges, sons of Helios; driven from their nursing-mother, they took up the water of Styx with their spiteful hands, and made barren the soil of fruitful Rhodes, by drenching the fields with water of Tartaros.

tell their story alike. Tlepolemos has nothing to do with them; he was the leader of the Dorian colonists on the island.

Τοῖς ἔπι Κενταύρων διφυὴς τρηχεῖα γενέθλη[a]
ἵππιον εἶδος ἔχοντι Φιλυρίδῃ συνομαίμονες Χείρωνι
ἀλλοφυής, ἀδάμαστος, ἔχων ἀγκύλον ὁπλήν.
Κυκλώπων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον, ὧν ἐπὶ χάρμῃ
χερσὶν ἀθωρήκτοισιν ἀκοντίζοντο κολῶναι
ἔγχεα πετρήεντα, καὶ ἀσπίδες ἦσαν ἐρίπναι,
καὶ κόρυς ἦν λοφόεσσα χαμαιζήλοιο πέλε πλάξ.
καὶ Σικελοὶ σπινθῆρες ἔσαν φλογόεντες ὀιστοί
καὶ σέλας αἰθύσσοντες ἐθήμονος ἐσχαρεῶνος
πυρσοφόροις παλάμῃσιν ἐθωρήσσοντο μαχηταί.
Βρόντης τε Στερόπης τε
καὶ Εὐρύαλος καὶ Ἐλατρεὺς
Ἄργης τε Τραχίος τε καὶ αἰχμήεις Ἁλιμήδης.
ἀλλὰ πόνου καὶ τοίης ἐλείπετο μοῦνος Ἐνυοῦς
ἀγχινεφὴς Πολύφημος, ἀπόσπορος Ἐννοσιγαίου,
ὅττι μιν ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἐρύκεν αὐτόθι μίμνειν
ἄλλος Ἔρως πολέμοιο φιλαίτερος· εἰσορόων γὰρ
ἡμιφανῆ Γαλάτειαν ἐπέστενε γείτονι πόντῳ,
νυμφιδίῃ σύριγγι χέων φιλοπάρθενον ἠχώ.
Καὶ σκοπέλων ναετῆρες
ἀπ' αἰπυλόφων μελάθρων,
οὔνομα Πανὸς ἔχοντες, ὀρειονόμοιο γενετῆρος,
Πᾶνες ἐθωρήχθησαν ὀρίδρομοι, ὧν ἐπὶ μορφῇ
ἀνδρομέῃ κεκέραστο δασύτριχος αἰγὸς ὀπωπή
καὶ νόθον εἶδος ἔχοντες εὐκραίροιο κεραίης
δώδεκα Πᾶνες ἔσαν κεραελκέες, ἀρχεγόνου δὲ
Πανὸς ἑνὸς γεγαῶτες ὀρεσσαύλοιο τοκῆος.
τὸν μὲν ἐφημίζοντο Κελαινέα μάρτυρι μορφῇ,
τὸν δὲ φατὶς Ἀργεννὸν ὁμώνυμον· Αἰγικόρῃ δὲ

[a] The epithet does not fit Centaurs and the construction is loose. Probably the text is corrupt. Perhaps τριφυής (E. H. Warmington).

[69] After them came the gentle[a] tribe of twiform Centaurs. Beside Pholus in horse's form was Cheiron, himself of that strange nature, untamed, with mouth embridled.

[70] Battalions of Cyclopians came like a flood. In battle, these with weaponless hands cast hills for their stony spears, and their shields were cliffs; a peak from some mountain-ravine was their crested helmet, Sicilian sparks were their fiery arrows.[b] They went into battle holding burning brands and blazing with light from the forge they knew so well—Brontes and Steropes, Euryales and Elatreus, Argos and Trachios and proud Halimedes. One alone was left behind from the war, Polyphemos, tall as the clouds, so mighty and so great, the Earth-shaker's own son; he was kept in his place by another love, dearer than war, under the watery ways, for he had seen Galateia[b] half-hidden, and made the neighbouring sea resound as he poured out his love for a maiden in the wooing tones of his pipes.

[71] The rock-dwellers came also from their self-vaulted caves, bearing all the name of Pan their father the ranger of the wilderness, all armed to join the host; they have human form, and a shaggy goat's-head upon it with horns. Twelve horned Pans there were, with this changeling shape and horn-bearing head, who were begotten of the one ancestral Pan their mountain-ranging father. One they named Celaineus, Blackie, as his looks bore witness, and one Argennos, Whitey, after his colour;

[a] They had their forge under Etna.

[b] A sea-nymph with whom he fell in love. Polyphemos the shepherd-Cyclops and Brontes the smith-Cyclops have really nothing to do with each other.

ἄρμενον αὐχένι θῆκεν, ἐπεὶ κεραὴ παρὰ πέτρῃ
αἰγείων κελάρυζε παραθλίβων γάλα μαζῶν.
ἄλλος δ' Ἠεγένειος ἀκούετο δαιμόνιος Πάν
ἀμφιλαφὴ πλοκάμοισιν ἔχων λασιώδεα γένειον·
καὶ κεραὸς κικλήσκετο σὺν Ὀμηστῆρι Δαφοινεύς·
καὶ Φόβος ὡμάρτησε δασυστέρνῳ Φιλάμνῳ·
Ξάνθῳ Γλαῦκος ἔβαινεν ὁμόστολος· ἀντιτύποις γάρ
Γλαῦκος ἑοῖς μελέεσσιν ὁμόχροος ἔσκε θαλάσσῃ
γλαυκιόων, καὶ Ξάνθος ἔχων ξανθόχροα χαίτην
σύνδρομα τοῖον ἔδεκτο κεραοφόρους αὐτὰς ἀμοιβῆς·
καὶ θρασὺς Ἄργος ἔσαινε φέρων χιονώδεα χαίτην.
τοῖσιν ἔσαν δύο Πᾶνες ὁμήλικες, οὓς τέκεν Ἑρμῆς
κουρομανὴς φιλότητι μιγεὶς διδυμάονι Νύμφαις·
τὸν μὲν ὀρεστιάδος Σώσης μετανειομένης εὐνήν
μαντιπόλον σπείρειε θεηγόρον ἔμπλεον ὀμφῆς,
Ἀγρέα θηροφόνου μελέτης πεπνυμένον ἄγρης·
τὸν δὲ νομεὺς ὤπασε Νόμιον φίλον, ὁππότε Νύμφης
δέμνιον ἀγρονόμοιο διέστιχε Πηνελοπείης,[a]
ποιμενικῇ σύριγγι μεμηλότα. τοῖς ἅμα Φόρβας
ἀμφήρευς ἀκάματος ὁμόστολον εἶχε πορείην.

Καὶ πολέμιζε νέῃσι γέρων Σειληνὸς ἐρωαῖς
δευτεροφυὴς κικλήσκετο κεραοφόρων τοὺς ἀροτῆρας,
τρισσοτόκους παῖδας ἄγων θυσανώδεας· εἷς ἐτεὸν γάρ
Ἀστραῖος κικλήσκετο, Μάρων ἄλλος, ἔπειτα Ληνεύς,
χεῖρας ἐλαφρίζοντες ὀρεστιάδος γενετῆρος
γηρακόμους ῥοπάλοισι· λιπασθέντων δὲ γερόντων
πασχαλέος ἀμπελόεντι δέμας κουφίζετο βάκτρῳ,
ὧν μάλα πουλυέτηρος ἔην γενέτης, ὧν ἄπο θερμή
πουλυγέρων Σατύρων διφυὴς ἀνέτελλε γενέθλη.

Καὶ Σατύρων κεράεντας ἐκόσμεον ἡγεμονῆες

[a] Usually identified with Odysseus's wife; it is doubtful if they really have anything but the name in common.

Aigicoros was well dubbed Goatgluts, because he glutted himself with goat's-milk which he pressed from the nannies' udders in the flock. Another masterly Pan was called Longbeard Eugeneios, from a throat and chin which was a thick meadow of hair. Dephoineus the Bloody came along with Omester, Eatemraw; Phobos the Frightaway with shaggy-legged Philamnos the Lambs' Friend. Glaucos came with Xanthos, Glaucos glaring like the bright sea, with a complexion to match. Xanthos had a mane of hair like a bayard, which gave that name to the horned frequenter of the rocks. Then there was bold Argos with a shock of hair as white as snow. With these were two other Pans, the sons of Hermes, who divided his love between two Nymphs: for one he visited the bed of Sose, the highland prophetess, and begat a son inspired with the divine voice of prophecy, Agreus, well versed in the beast-slaying sport of the hunt; the other was Nomios, whom the pasturing sheep loved well, one practised in the shepherd's pipe, for whom Hermes sought the bed of Penelope, the country Nymph.* Along with these came Phorbas to join the march, savage and insatiate.

[98] Old Seilenos also was ready for the fray, holding the fennel-stalk, that horned son of the soil with twiform shape. He brought three festive sons: Astraios was armed for battle; Maron came too, and Leneus followed, each with a staff to support the hands of their old father in his travels over the hills. These ancients already weak had vinebranches to support their slow bodies; many were the years of their time, from these had sprung the hot twiform generation of the muchmarried Satyrs.

[105] And the horned Satyrs were commanded by

Ποιμένιος Θοαστής τε καὶ Ὑψίκερως καὶ Ὀρέστης,
καὶ κεραὸς Φλεγυαῖος ἐθημολέχητος Νομαίων
ἦλθε Γέρων, κεκόρυστο Λύκων θρασύς· ἀγρονόμος δὲ
Πετραίῳ γελόωντι φιλέψιος ἕσπετο Φορβάς,
καὶ Λάμος οὐρεσίφοιτος ὀρεσσαύλων εἶχε πορείην
Λυγκέος, καὶ Σκοπιὸς ἐκώμασε σύνδρομος Οἴστρῳ,
σὺν δὲ Φερεσπονδῇ Λύκος ἦεν, ἤγετο κῆρυξ,
καὶ Πρόνομος προπάροιθε κεκασμένος.

σὺν τοῖσιν Ἑρμῆς

Ἴφθιμον κραδάοντα ἐπεζεύξατο ἑταίροις,
τὸν ποτε Δάειρα ἔτικτε, Διὸς βλάστημα γενέθλης,
ῥίζα γονῆς Ἕλληνος, ἀπ' ἀρχεγόνοιο δὲ Δώρου
Δωριάδης ἐβλάστησεν Ἀχαιικὸν αἷμα γενέθλης·
τοῖο γέρας καὶ σκῆπτρον ἐπέτραπεν Ἑρμαφροδίτης
οὐρανίου σήμαντρα δεξιόωντι τοκῆος.
καὶ μὲν μεθέποντα φιλακρήτοισι κυπέλλοις
πᾶσα γονὴ Σατύρων θρασυκάρδιος, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμῷ
μαρνάμενοι ἀπειλητῆρες ἀεὶ φεύγοντες Ἐνυώ,
νόσφι μόθοιο λέοντες, ἐνὶ πτολέμοισι δὲ λαγωοί,
ἄφρονες ὀρχηστῆρες, ἐπιστάμενοι πλέον ἄλλων
ἀντιθέτοισι πόδα λαιὸν ἐπὶ κροτάλοισιν ἀφάσσειν·
τῶν ἄλλων γεγαῶτα μαχήμονας, οὓς θρασὺς Ἄρης
παντοίην ἐδίδαξε μαχήμονα δηιοτῆτα.
κοσμήσας δὲ φάλαγγας· ἀερσιπόδων δὲ Λυαίου
οἱ μὲν ἀδηφάγοιο δέρας κρύψαντο βοείης,
οἱ δὲ δοραῖς λασίῃσιν ἐκαρτύνοντο λεόντων,
ἄλλοι παρδαλίων βλοσυρὰς δύσαντο καλύπτρας,
οἱ δὲ τανυστορθύγγων ἐθωρήξαντο κορύμβοις,
οἱ δὲ τανυκραίρων ἐλάφων ἀντίρρυπον ἄστρων

a Many of these names have no mythological or other importance and need be due to nothing except Nonnus's own

these leaders: Poimenios and Thiasos, Hypsiceros and Orestes, and Phlegraios with horned Napaios. There was Gemon, there was bold Lycon armed; playful Phereus followed laughing tippling Petraios, hillranging Lamis marched with Lenobios, and Scirtos tripped along beside Oistros.[a] With Pherespondos walked Lycos the loudvoiced herald, and Pronomos renowned for intelligence—all sons of Hermes, when he had joined Iphthime[b] to himself in secret union. She was the daughter of Doros, himself sprung from Zeus and a root of the race of Hellen, and Doros was ancestor whence came the Achaian blood of the Dorian tribe. To these three, Eiraphiotes[c] entrusted the dignity of the staff of the heavenly herald, their father the source of wisdom. The whole tribe of Satyrs is boldhearted while they are drunken with bumpers of wine; but in battle they are but braggarts who run away from the fight—hares in the battlefield, lions outside, clever dancers, who know better than all the world how to ladle strong drink from the full mixing-bowl. Few of these have been men of war, to whom bold Ares has taught all the practice of the fray and how to manage a battalion. Here when Lyaios prepared for war, some of them covered their bodies with raw oxhides, others fortified themselves with skins of shaggy lions, others put on the grim pelts of panthers, others equipped themselves with long pointed staves, others girt about

fancy. Here and elsewhere he finds names appropriate to the nature of the beings who bear them; thus, the first four satyrs are called Pastoral, Cult-association, Tall-horn and Mountain-dweller, the last name giving incidentally Nonnos's opinion of what the famous name Orestes meant.

[a] Otherwise unknown.

[b] Dionysos.

ποικίλον ἐν στέρνοισιν ἀνεζώννυντο χιτῶνα·
τοὺς μὲν ἐπὶ κροτάφοισι δεδυκότας ἀμφὶ μετώπῳ
ὀξυτενεῖς γλωχῖνες ἐμιτρώσαντο κεραίης,
φαλιὴ δ᾽ ὀξυόεντι καρήατι φύετο χαίτη
ἀκροφανὴς σκολιῶν ἐπ᾽ ὀφρυόων, οὔατα δ᾽ ἄμφω
νισσομένων πτερόεντες ἀνεχρώννυζον ἀήτας
ἰθυτενῆ, λασίοισιν ἐπισκιόωντα γενείοις
ἐκταδόν, ἰξυίῃ δὲ τετανοτριχὴ διὰ νώτου
ὄρθιον ἀμφιέλικτος ἐπ᾽ ἰξύος ἕρπεεν οὐρή.
Ἀλλοφυὴς δ᾽ ἑτέρη Κενταυρικὸς ἔσκετο φύτλη,
Φηρῶν αἰολομόρφων λάσιον γένος, οὓς πάρος Ἥρη
ἀνδροφυεῖς δέμας ἄλλο κερασφόρον· ἀγρονόμων γὰρ
Ναϊάδων ποτὲ παῖδες ἔσαν βροτοειδεῖ μορφῇ,
ἃς Ὑάδας καλέουσι, Λάμου ποταμηΐδα φύτλην.
καὶ Διὸς εἰκόνα τιθηνήσαντο γενέθλην,
Βάκχον ἔτι ψαύοντα πολυρραφέος τοκετοῖο,
παιδοκόμοι ῥιπτῆρες ἀθηήτου Διονύσου,
οὐ ξένον εἶδος ἔχοντες· ἐνὶ σκοτίῳ δὲ μελάθρῳ
πολλάκι τηρήσαντο καλυψάμενοι κλέος ἀγυιῆς,
αἰθέρα πεσσεύζοντα, Διὸς πατρῴιον οὖρον,
εἰσέτι κουρίζοντα, σοφὸν βρέφος. ἀρτιτόκων δὲ
τῇ μὲν ἔην ἐρίθων πεπονημένοις, ἔνδοθι μελάθρου
κρυπτόμενος, δολιχῇ δὲ δέμας πυκάσαντο χαίτῃ
ἀλλοφανής, δολίων δὲ γένυν βλοσυρῶπα ὀδόντων
ἴχνεσιν αἰγείοισι νόθῳ μορφώσατο χηλῇ·
τῇ δὲ γυναικείην φορέων ψευδήμονα μορφὴν
μιμηλὴ κροκόπεπλος ἐν εἵμασι φαίνετο κούρη
ἀρτιθαλής, φθονερῆς δὲ παρακλέψων νόον Ἥρης
χείλεσιν ἀντιτύποισιν ἀνήρυγε θῆλυν ἰωήν,
καὶ πλοκάμους εὔοδμον ἐπεσφήκωσε καλύπτρῃ

---

[a] No one but Nonnus seems to have heard of this and the

their cheeks the skins of long-antlered stags dappled like stars in the sky. With these creatures, the two horns on the temples right and left lengthened their sharp points, and a scanty fluff grew on the top of the pointed skull over the crooked eyes. When they ran, the winged breezes blew back their two ears, stretched out straight and flapping against their hairy cheeks; behind them a horse's tail stuck out straight and lashed round their loins on either side.

"Another kind of the twiform Centaurs also appeared, the shaggy tribe of the horned Pheres, to whom Hera had given a different sort of human shape with horns. These were sons of the water-naiads in mortal body, whom men call Hyads, offspring of the river Lamus. They had played the nurses for the babe that Zeus had so happily brought forth, Bacchus, while he still had a breath of the sewn-up birth-pocket. They were the cherishing saviours of Dionysus when he was hidden from every eye, and then they had nothing strange in their shape; in that dark cellar they often dandled the child in bended arms, as he cried Daddy to the sky, the seat of his father Zeus, still a child at play, but a clever babe. Oft he would mimic a newborn kid; hiding in the fold, he covered his body with long hair, and in this strange shape let out a deceptive bleat between his teeth, and pretended to walk on hooves in goatlike steps. Oft he would show himself like a young girl in saffron robes and take on the feigned shape of a woman; to mislead the mind of spiteful Hera, he moulded his lips to speak in a girlish voice, tied a scented veil on his hair. He put on

next class of Centaurs, and where he got the stories of their origins, or if he invented them himself, is unknown.

θῆλεα πέπλα φέρων πολυδαίδαλα· μαστοῖσιν δὲ
στήθεϊ δεσμὸν ἔβαλλε καὶ ὄρθιον ἄντυγα μαζοῦ . . .
παρθενίῳ ζωστῆρι, καὶ οὐδέ περ ὄμματα κούρης
πορφυρέῃ λαγόνεσσι συνήρμοσε κυκλάδα μίτρην.
καὶ δολίης ἐξ ἀνάγκης, ἐπεὶ μάθεν ὑψόθεν Ἥρη
πάντοθι δινεύουσα πανόψιον ὄμμα προσώπου,
μορφὴν ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἀπατεύουσα Λυαίου
καὶ Βρομίου φυλάκεσσιν ἐχώσατο· δαιζομένη δὲ
θελξινόου δολόεντα παρ' Ἀχλύος ἄνθεα ποίης
ὕπνον θελγομένων φυλάκων ἐπέχευε καρήνῳ,
χρίσματα φαρμακόεντα κατασταλάουσα καρήνων·
καὶ μάγον ἀφρὸν ἄλειφα περιχρίσασα προσώπῳ
ἀνδρομέῃ ἤμειψε παλαίτερον εἶδος ὀπωπῆς·
τοῖσι μὲν κεραόεσσα φυῆς ἰνδάλλετο μορφή,
ἱππείη δ' ἀνέτελλε δι' ἰξύος ὄρθιος οὐρή
ἰσχία μαστίζουσα διαστρέπτοιο φορῆος,
καὶ βοέη βλάστησε κατὰ κροτάφοιο κεραίη,
ὄμματα δ' εὐρύνοντο τανυκραίροιο μετώπου,
καὶ σκολιαὶ πλοκαμῖδες ἀνεπλέξαντο καρήνων,
γναθμοὶ δ' ἀργυφέοντες ἐμηκύνοντο γενείων,
ξανθὴ δ' αὐτοτέλεστος ἀπ' ἰξύος εἰς πόδας ἄκρους
ἀμφιλαφὴς λασίοιο κατ' αὐχένος ἔρρεε χαίτη.
δώδεκα δὲ ξύμπαντες ἐκόσμεον ἡγεμονῆες,
Σπαργεύς τε Γλαυκεύς τε χοροιτύπος, ἀλλοφυὴς δὲ
σύνδρομος Εὐρυβίῃ σκαφιδηφόρος ἵκετο Κρηνεύς,
καὶ Ῥιφόνῳ Πετραῖος ὁμάρτεεν, ἀερσιπότης δὲ
Αἴσακος Ὀρθάονί τε συνέστιχεν, οἷς μίαν ἄμφω
Ἀμφίθεμις καὶ Φαῖνος ἐπεκεράσαντο παρειήν,
εἰκοσιβάμῳ δὲ Φάνητι συνέμπορος ἦλθε Νομαῖος.

Κενταύρων δ' ἑτέρη διφυὴς κεκόρυστο γενέθλη,
Κυπριάς, ὁππότε Κύπρις ἐπέτρεχεν εἴκελον αὔραις

all a woman's manycoloured garments: fastened a maiden's vest about his chest and the firm circle of his bosom, and fitted a purple girdle over his hips like a band of maidenhood.

[180] But his guile was useless. Hera, who turns her all-seeing eye to every place, saw from on high the ever-changing shape of Lyaios, and knew all. Then she was angry with the guardians of Bromios. She procured from Thessalian Aethlys[a] treacherous flowers of the field, and shed a sleep of enchantment over their heads; she distilled poisoned drugs over their hair, she smeared a subtle magical ointment over their faces, and changed their earlier human shape. Then they took the form of a creature with long ears, and a horse's tail sticking out straight from the loins and flogging the flanks of its shaggy-crested owner; from the temples cow's horns sprouted out, their eyes widened under the horned forehead, the hair ran across their heads in tufts, long white teeth grew out of their jaws, a strange kind of mane grew of itself, covering their necks with rough hair, and ran down from the loins to the feet underneath.

[190] Twelve captains commanded them all: Spargeus and Glenchus the dancer, and beside Eurybios the strange figure of Ceteus the vinedresser; Petraios with Rhipheeus, Aisacos the deep drinker and Orthaeus, with whom marched both Amphithemis and Phaunos,[b] and Nomeion side by side with wellhorned Phaunos.

[200] Another tribe of twiform Centaurs was ready, the Cyprian. Once when Cypris fled like the wind

[a] Here a witch; in Hesiod, *Shield* 264 ff., a personification of grief.

[b] Faunus in another guise, *cf.* xiii. 327.

ἴχνιον ἱμείροντος ἀλυσκάζουσα τοκῆος,
μὴ γενέτην ἀθέμιστον ἐνυμφεύσειεν ἀκοίτην.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ ἀπόλειψε γάμων ἀφάμαρτον ἐέρσας
εὐκτεάνῳ ἀλίγκιον ἀπαιομένῳ Ἀφροδίτῃ·
ἀντὶ δὲ Κυπριδίων λεχέων ἔσπειρεν ἀρούρῃ
παιδογόνων προχέων φιλοτήσιον ὄμβρον ἀρότρων·
γαῖα δὲ δεξαμένη γαμίην Κρονίωνος ἐέρσην
ἀλλοφυῆ κεραόεσσαν ἐκορύθμιζε γενέθλην.

Τόσσαι κορυσσομένοισι συνέδραμον εἰς ἕνα Βάκχαι,
αἱ μὲν Μηονίης ἀπὸ ῥωγάδος, αἱ δὲ κολώνης
ὑψιβάτου ῥάχιν ὑπὲρ Σιπύλοιο καρήνου.
Νύμφαι δ' ἐλατοχίτωνες Ὀρειάδες ἄρσενι θυμῷ
Λαμπάδες ἐρρώσαντο σὺν εὐθήροισι μαχηταῖς,
αἵ τε παλαιοτέρων ἐτέων πολυδειδέι νύσσῃ
μακραίωνα ζώουσιν ἐπὶ χρόνον, αἱ μὲν ἀρούρης
γείτονες ἀνθεμόεσσαι Ἀμαδρυάδες, αἱ δὲ λιποῦσαι
ἄλσεα δενδρήεντα καὶ ἀγρονόμον ῥάχιν ὕλης,
συμφυέες Μελίαι δρυὸς ἥλικες· αἱ τότε πᾶσαι
εἰς μόθον ἠπείγοντο συνήλυδες, αἱ μὲν ἐλαφραὶ
τύμπανα χαλκοβόωντα, Κυβηλίδος ὄργανα Ῥείης,
αἱ δὲ κατηρεφέες πλοκάμοισιν ἑλικώδεϊ κισσῷ,
ἄλλαι ἐπιτρεφέεσσιν ἐχιδνείοισι κορύμβοις·
χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἄειραν ἀκαχμένον, αἷς τότε Λυδαὶ
Μαινάδες ὁμαρτήσαντο ἀταρβέες εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν·
ὧν τότε Βασσαρίδες θυιάδες ἴδριες τέχνης
κραίνουσαι ἠπείγοντο Διωνύσοιο τιθῆναι,
Αἴγλη Καλλιχόρη τε καὶ Εὐπετάλη καὶ Ἰώνη
καὶ Καλύκη γελόωσα Βρομίη τε, σύννομος Ὥραις,
Σειλήνη τε Ῥόδη τε καὶ Ὠκυθόη καὶ Ἐρατὼ
Ἀκρήτη τε Μέθη τε, καὶ ἕσπετο σύννομος Ἄργη
Οἰνάνθη ῥοδόεσσα καὶ ἀγρυπνόπεζα Λυκαόνη,
Στησιχόρη Πρωθόη τε· φιλομμειδὴς δὲ γεραιὴ

from the pursuit of her lascivious father, that she might not see an unhallowed bedfellow in her own begetter, Zeus the Father gave up the chase and left the union unattempted, because unwilling Aphrodite was too fast and he could not catch her: instead of the Cyprian's bed, he dropt on the ground the love-shower of seed from the generative plow. Earth received Cronion's fruitful dew, and shot up a strange-looking horned generation.

[205] These combatants were joined by the Bacchai, some coming from the Meionian rocks, some from the mountain above the precipitous peaks of Sipylos. Nymphs hastened to join the soldiers of the thyrsus, the wild Oreads with hearts of men trailing their long robes. Many a year had they seen roll round the turning-point as they lived out their long lives. Some were the Meliads who lived on the heights near the shepherds; some were from the woodland glades and the ridges of the wild forest, nymphs of the mountain Ash coeval with their tree. All these pressed onwards together to the fray, some with beaten drums, the instruments of Cybelid Rheia, others with overhanging ivy-tendrils wreathed in their hair, or girt with rings of snakes. They carried the sharpened thyrsus which the mad Lydian women then took with them fearless to the Indian War.

[210] Stronger than these then came the nurses of Dionysos, troops of Bassarids well skilled in their art: Aigle and Callichore, Eupetale and Ione, laughing Calyce, Bryusa companion of the Seasons, Seilene and Rhode, Ocynoë and Ereutho, Acrete and Methe, rosy Oinanthe with Harpe and silverfoot Lycaste, Stesichore and Prothoë; last of all came ready for

[illegible] καὶ αὐτή.
Κεκρυμμένον μὲν ἕκαστον
ἐς στρατὸν ἤγαγε Βάκχῳ.
[illegible] δ' [illegible]
[illegible] δὲ [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] ἀλλὰ [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] δὲ [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
καὶ [illegible]
[illegible] μὲν [illegible]
[illegible] δὲ [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] δὲ [illegible]
[illegible] δὲ [illegible]
[illegible]
Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Διόνυσος ἔσω Κορυβαντίδος αὐλῆς
[illegible] Ἐνυοῦς,
[illegible] Ῥείης
Μυγδονίῃ [illegible] δ' ἄρα Βάκχαις
[illegible]
οἱ μὲν [illegible]
[illegible] Βάκχου
πολλοὶ δ' [illegible] δὲ [illegible]
[illegible]
καὶ [illegible]

the frey Teygid too, that grinning old gammer, heavy with wine.*

[229] Each army was brought to Bacchos by its own separate leader, but the commander-in-chief was Eriaphiotes,† roaring with fire, flashing, all-conspicuous. Dancing to battle he came, holding no shield, no furious lance, no sword on shoulder, no helmet on his untrimmed locks, or metal to cover his inviolate head. He only tied his loose tresses with serpent-knots, a grim garland for his head; instead of fine-wrought greaves, from ankle to thigh he wore purple bandkins on his silvery feet. He hung a furry fawn-skin over his chest, a chestpiece dappled with spots like the stars, and he fitted a golden kilt round his loins. In his left hand he held a horn full of delicious wine, cunningly wrought of gold; from this pitcher-horn poured a straight stream of flowing wine. In his right hand he bore a pointed thyrsus wound about with purple ivy, at the end a heavy bronze head covered with leaves.

[247] As soon as Dionysos had donned the well-wrought golden gear of war in the Corybantian courtyard, he left the peaceful precincts of danceloving Rhoia and went past Meionia: the warriors with the hillranging Bacchants hastened to meet the lord of the vine. The drivers of wheeled wagons carried chests of the new plant of Bacchos. Many lines of mules went by, with jars of the vinery nectar packed on their backs; slow asses had loads of purple rugs

* All these names mean something: as Shiny and Dancer, Petalled and Viola, Flowercup, Trembler, Mooney and Rosy, Sharpwit and Bobby, Newwine and Drinky, Vineflower and Sickler and Thorny (?), Dancemistress and Runout, and old Loonhorn.

† A name of Bacchos.

ῥίψαν φοινιχόεντα καὶ αἰόλα δέρματα νεβρῶν·
ἄλλοι δ' οἰνοποτῆρες ἅμα χρυσέοισι κυπέλλοις
ἀργυρέους κρητῆρας ἀγείρειν, ὅπλα τραπέζης·
καὶ χαροπῆς Κορύβαντες ἐπαΐσσουσιν ἐγγύθι φάτνης
αὐχένα παρδαλίων ζυγίῳ δήσαντες ἱμάντι,
κυανοδέτοις δὲ λέοντας ἐπεστήσαντο λεπάδνοις
χείλεσιν ἀμφιβαλόντες ἀπειλητῆρα χαλινόν.
καὶ λασίην Κένταυρος ἔχων φρίσσουσαν ὑπήνην
εἰς ζυγὸν αὐτοκέλευστος ἑκούσιον αὐχένα τείνας . . .
καὶ Σατύρων πολὺ μᾶλλον ἔχων πόθον ἤθεος οἴνου
ἡμιτελὴς χρεμέτιζεν ἀνὴρ κεκερασμένος ἵππῳ,
ἴδμονας Διονύσου ἐοῖς ὤμοισιν ἀείρων.
Καὶ θεὸς εὐφαρέτρους ἐθήμονας ἤντεε δίφρου
Σαγγαρίου παρὰ χεῦμα,
παρὰ Φρυγίης σκόπελον ἀρούρης,
λιμναίης Νηΐδος παραμείβετο πενθάδα πέτρην
καὶ λίθος Ἰνδὸν ὅμιλον ἐρασμαίνοντα Λυαίου
δακρυόεις ὁρόων βροτέην πάλιν ἴαχε φωνήν·
"Μὴ μόθον ἐντύνητε θεημάχον, ἄφρονες Ἰνδοί,
παιδὶ Διός, μὴ Βάκχῳ ἀπειλείοντες Ἐνυώ·
λαϊνέους τελέσειε καὶ ὑμέας, ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων,
μιμνομένους τύπον ἶσον ἐμῇ πετρώδεϊ μορφῇ,
μὴ ποταμοῦ παρὰ χεῦμα φερώνυμον Ἰνδὸν Ὀρόντην
γαμβρὸν ἐπιθρήνοιτε δαϊκτάμενον Δηριαδῆος.
Ῥείη χωομένη δύναται πλέον ἰοχεαίρης·
Φοῖβον φεύγετε Βάκχον ἀδελφεόν· αἰδέομαι γὰρ
Ἰνδῶν κτεινομένων ἀλλότρια δάκρυα λεῖβειν."
Τοῖα λίθος βοόωσα πάλιν σφρηγίσσατο σιγῇ.
Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις Φρυγίης μετὰ πέζαν ἐρίπνης
Ἀσκανίης ἐπέβαινεν· ὁμηγερέες δὲ πολῖται

and manycoloured fawnskins on their patient backs. Winedrinkers besides carried silver mixingbowls with golden cups, the furniture of the feast. The Corybants were busy about the bright manger of the panthers, passing the yokestraps over their necks, and entrusted their lions to ivybound harness when they had fastened this threatening bit in their mouths. One Centaur with a bristling beard stretched his neck into the yoke willingly, unbidden; and the man mingled with horse half and half, craving the delicious wine even more than a Satyr, whinnied eager to carry Dionysos on his withers.

The god seated at the rail of his leafentwined car passed the stream of Sangarios, passed the bosom of the Phrygian land, passed the mourning rock of stony Niobe[a]; and the stone, seeing the Indian host warring against Lyaios, shed tears and spoke again with human voice:

"Make not war against a god, foolish Indians! the son of Zeus! lest Bacchos turn you also, threatening battle, into stone, as Apollo did to me; lest you have to lament a shape like my stony shape; lest you see the grandson of Deriades, Indian Orontes, fallen beside the stream of the river that bears his name. Rheia in wrath is stronger than the Archeress. Flee from Bacchos, Apollo's brother! It would be a shame, if I must see Indians being slain and weep for strangers!"

283 So the stone spoke, then silence sealed it again.

284 Now the vinegod left the Phrygian plain, and entered Ascania. All the people gathered there, to

[a] See on xii. 79.

[1] Ludwich marks a lacuna: Lobeck supplies χεροῖν [illegible]

πάντες, ὅπως Ἰόβακχον ἐὴν ὤρεξαν ἀοιδήν,
καὶ τελετὰς ἐδέχοντο καὶ ἠσπάζοντο χορείας,
αὐχένα δουλώσαντες ἀνικήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
εἰρήνης ἐθέλοντες ἀναιμάκτοιο γαλήνην·
Βάκχου τοῖος ἔην κεράεις στρατός, οἷς ἅμα Βάκχαι
εἰς μόθον ὡπλίζοντο. φιλαγρύπνῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
πάννυχον ἀστράπτοντα περίτροχον ἔλαιον ἐφαῖνον
οὐρανίῃς ἐξήστραπτεν, ἐπεὶ τότε μάρτυρα πυρσοῦ
νίκης Ἰνδοφόνοιο σέλας μαντεύσατο Ῥείη.
Εἰς ἐνοπὴν δ' ἤμελλεν ἔβη θεὸς ἤθελεν ἐλθεῖν
ἀνδρῶν σκυλεύων, ἵνα δούλιον αὐχένα Λυδῶν
καὶ Φρυγίης κεστῆρα καὶ Ἀσσυρίης παλαίστρην
κυανέης δολοπλήτορος ἀποζεύξειε λεπάδνων.
τοὺς τότε Βάκχος ἔπεμψε δύω κήρυκας Ἐνυοῦς
ἀγγελίην ἐνέπειν, ἢ φευγέμεν ἢ πολεμίζειν·
καὶ σφεας νικηφόροισι συνέστιχεν αἰγίβοτος Πάν,
στήθεος ὅλον συνάοντα φέρων πάγκοινα κορύμβων.
Ἥρη δ' ἀντετέλλεν, ἐειδομένη δέμας Ἰνδῷ,
αἰολόμορφος Μελανῆι μὴ εἴκοντα θύρσον ἀείρειν
Ἀστραίοντα κέλευε, δορυσσοΐαν ὄγχησιν ἀνδρῶν,
μηδὲ φιλοσκήπτρων Σατύρων ἀλάλαγμα γεραίρειν,
ἀλλὰ μάχην ὀλετῆρα ἀναστῆσαι Διονύσῳ
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπε παραιφαμένη τρόμον Ἰνδῶν·
"Ἠθὺς ὁ δειμαίνων ἁπαλὴν στίχα θηλυτεράων
Ἀστραίεις, πολέμιζε· κορύσσεο καὶ σύ, Κελαινεῦ,
γυναικῶν ἔχων τρητῆρα κορυμβοφόρου Διονύσου·
ἔγχει δ' οὐ πέλε θύρσος ὁμοίιος. ἀλλά, Κελαινεῦ,
Δηριάδην τεθάλαξο μεμηνότα, μή σε δαμάσσῃ
οὐτιδανὴν ἀνάθημον ἀλωτολίζοντα γυναικῶν."
Ὣς φαμένη παρέπεισε, καὶ ἤερα δύσατο δαίμων,
μητρυιὴ κοτέουσα μενεπτολέμῳ Διονύσῳ.
Καὶ Βρομίου κήρυκες ἀπήλυθον· ἀγχιφανὴς δὲ

whom Iobacchos offered his fruitage, accepted his rites and welcomed his dances, bowing the neck to invincible Dionysos, wishing for the quietude of peace without bloodshed. So mighty was the horned host of Bacchos, with the Bacchant women beside them armed for war. But Lyaios kept vigil; all night long heaven thundered, threading fiery streaks among the stars; since Rheia then foretold with witnessing flash the bloodshed of the Indian victory.

[290] In the morning, the god went forth to war, driving before him the violence of the black men, that he might free the neck of the Lydians and those who dwelt in Phrygia and Ascania from the yoke of cruel tyranny. Then Bacchos sent two heralds to give proclamation of war, either to fight or to fly: and with them went goatfoot Pan, his long-haired beard shadowing his whole chest.

[300] But swiftshoe Hera, likening herself to an Indian, the curly-headed Melaneus, warned Astraëis, that spearshaking captain of men, not to uplift the thyrsus nor to heed the yell of drunken Satyrs, but to raise war to the death against Dionysos. She spoke these words to move the Indian chief:

[308] "You're a nice one, to fear a feeble troop of women! Fight, Astraëis! Arm yourself too, Celaineus, and take a sharp blade to cut down Dionysos and his ivy-bunches! Thyrsus is no match for spear! No no, look out for Deriades! He will be mad, and make an end of you, if you shrink from a weak unarmed woman!"

[313] She spoke, the stepmother furious against indomitable Dionysos. The goddess got her way, and hid in darkness.

[317] Then the heralds of Bromios departed, for

Ἀσσυρίαις ὑπέροπλος, ἔχων ἄστοργον ἀπειλήν,
μαίνετο βουκεράοισι Σατύροις καὶ Πᾶνα διώκων,
μελαγχίμου κόρυμβος ἀτιμάζων Διονύσου.
οἱ δὲ παλιννόστοιο πόδας δεδαϊγμένοι ταρσῷ
φεῦγον ἔχοντες ἔκηλον ἐγερσιμόθῳ Διονύσῳ.
Καὶ στρατὸν ὤλεσε Βάκχος ἐς ἀντιπόρων στίχας Ἰνδῶν.
οὐδὲ λίθῳ ζοφόεντα Κελαινέα θῆλυς Ἐνυώ,
ἀλλὰ θορὼν ἀσίγητος ὅλον στρατὸν ὤλεσεν Ἰνδῶν
καὶ θρασὺς Ἀσσυρίοις, μενεδήιον οἶστρον ἀέξων,
Ἀστακίδης κελάδοντα παρὰ ῥόον ἔκτανε λίμνης,
δήγμασιν ἀμπελόεντος ἐπηλυσίῃ Διονύσου.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δεδάηκε στρατιῆς ἑτερόζυγι λαῷ
ἀμφοτέρων στίχα πᾶσαν ἐκόσμεεν ἡγεμονῆες,
κλαγγῇ μὲν ζοφόεντες ἐπὶ κλόνον ᾔεσαν Ἰνδοί,
Θρηικίαις γεράνοισιν ἐοικότες, αἵτε φυγοῦσαι
χειμερίην μάστιγα καὶ [illegible] ὄμβρον
Πυγμαίων ἀγεληδὸν ἐπαΐσσουσι καρήνοις
Τηθύος ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα, καὶ ὀξυόεντι γενείῳ
οὐτιδανῆς ὀλέκουσι λιποσθενὲς αἷμα γενέθλης,
ἱπτάμεναι νεφεληδὸν ὑπὲρ κέρας Ὠκεανοῖο·
οἱ κτύπῳ δ' ἑτέρωθεν ἐθωρήσσοντο μαχηταί,
ἀκλινέες θεράποντες ἐγερσιμόθου Διονύσου·
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον· ὁπλιζομενάων δὲ
ἡ μὲν ἐχιδνείῳ κεφαλὴν ἐζώσατο δεσμῷ,
ἡ δὲ δρακοντοφόρωσε κόρυμβον εἴλικι κισσῷ.
ἄλλη χαλκοφόρῳ παλάμῃ ἐκραδάασσε θύρσον
οἰστρομανής, ἑτέρη δὲ κατ' αὐχένος ἄμμορα δεσμῶν
μαινομένης μελέεσσι κυλινδομένη βόστρυχα χαίτης.

ᵃ Another Homeric paraphrase, this time from *Il.* iii. 1 ff. It is to be remembered that Nonnos was above all

Astraëis drew near them contemptuous, with pitiless menace on his tongue. Furiously he chased away Pan and the exhorned Satyrs, despising the heralds of Dionysos when he was gentle. They turned with timid foot, and made their way back in flight to Dionysos now in warlike mood.

[320] Now Bacchos made ready his army against the hostile troops of Indians. Nor did swarthy Celaineus fail to see the womanish warriors. He leapt up with all speed and called to arms the whole Indian host; while bold Astraëis with ever-growing martial rage took his stand beside the murmuring waves of the Astacid lake, and awaited the attack of Dionysos the vinegod.

[330] When the captains of the two armies of the two peoples had mustered their troops in two opposing lines, the swarthy Indians advanced to battle with loud cries: like Thracian cranes, when they fly from the scourge of winter and floods of stormy rain to throw their great flocks against the heads of pygmies round the waters of Tethys, and when with sharp beaks they have destroyed that weak helpless race, they wing their way like a cloud over the horn of the Ocean.

[340] On the other side, the fighting host madly rushed at the call, the unbending servants of warstirring Dionysos. The battalions of Bassarids also moved like a flood. As they gathered, one twined a rope of snakes about her head, one knotted her hair with wreathed ivy; another madly caught up her bronze-headed thyrsus, another let down loose tresses of

things a rhetorician, and *copiatio*, the saying of the same thing in as many ways as possible, was one of their favourite exercises.

Μαιναλὶς ἀμφιέπουσα, ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι δὲ οἱ ὤμοις
ἀπλοκάμους πλοκαμῖδας ἀνερρίπιζεν ἀήτης·
ἄλλη ῥόπτρα τίνασσε συνήορα δίζυγι χαλκῷ
πλοχμοὺς εἰλικόεντας ἐπαιθύσσουσα καρήνου·
ἄλλη δ' ἐν παλάμῃσι, κατάσχετος ἅλματι λύσσης,
ὄρθιον ἐσμαράγησε ῥόθον ἀντίτυπον ἠχώ,
χερσὶ περικροτέουσα βαρύβρομα νῶτα βοείης·
καὶ πόλιν ἔγχεα θῦρσα, καλυπτομένη δὲ πετήλοις
ἀσίδηρος ἐριθηλέοντος ἔην χαλκήλατος αἰχμή·
ἡ δὲ δαφοινήεντος ἀφαρπάξασα σιδήρου
ἀμφιθέρωνα ἔζευξεν ἐπ' αὐχένι δεσμὰ δρακόντων·
ἄλλη σιγαλόεντος ἐπὶ στέρνοισι καλύπτρην
πορφυρέην, ἑτέρη δὲ κατὰ χροὸς οἷα χιτῶνα
στικτὰ φιλοσκοπέλων ἐνεδύσατο δέρματα νεβρῶν,
δαιδαλέης ἐλάφοιο περισφίγξασα καλύπτρην·
ἄλλη σαύρειον ἔχουσα διαστερέεσσι λεαίνης
ἀνδροφάγου γλαφυροῖσι κόμην ἐπετήξατο μαζῷ·
καί τις ὄφιν τροχόεντα ἀπείρονα δήσατο κόλπῳ
ἀνδρόμεον ζωστῆρα, κυκλώσασα γαστέρα μηρῷ,
μείλιχα συρίζοντα, φιλακρήτοιό τε κούρης
ἀσπαλέης ἄγρευτον ἀπεστεφέα κορυφῆς·
ἄλλη ταρσὰ φέρουσα κατ' οὔρεα γυμνὰ πεδίλων,
ποσσὶ βάθυνεν πατέουσα καὶ ἀψινθώδεας ἀκάνθας,
θηγαλέῃ στικτὸν ἴχνος ἐπεστήριξεν ἀχέρδῳ·
καί τις ἐπαΐξασα τανυκραίροιο κεραστοῦ
καμπύλον ἀμφοτέρω διέθραυσεν αὐχένα θῆρος,
καὶ τυφλοῖσι ποδεσσι περιπτύξασα κελαινῷ
ἠμαθόεντι πεφύρητο, πολυγνάμπτῳ δὲ πορείῃ
φοιταλέης ἀκάμαντος ἐπείγετο σύμπα κάρηνον,
καὶ σφαλερῇ πλήσσουσα βαθυσπορέων χθόνα χηλῇ
ἵππους αἰγοπόδεσσιν ἐπεκλίνθησε κονίῃ·
ἄλλη δ' ἴχνος ἄγουσα βοοτρόφον εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης

long hair over her neck, a Mainalid unveiled, while the wind blew the unbound locks over her shoulders; another clapped the pair of brazen cymbals, and shook the ringlets upon her head; another driven by the impulse of madness, beat the heavybooming drum-skin with her hands, and sounded a loud echo of the battle-din. Then thyrsus did for spear, and hidden under vineleaves was the metal head of the shaft. Another yearning for bloody battle, bound round her neck a rope of raw-fed serpents. One again covered her chest with the spotted skin of a panther, another put on like a tunic the dappled skins of mountain fawns, and wrapt herself round with the gay dress which had covered a deer. Another held the cub of a shaggy lioness, and gave it a milky human breast in exchange. There was one who coiled a serpent thrice round under her breast unharmed, a girdle next the skin, while it gaped at her thigh so close, hissing gently, and sleepless gazed at the maiden secrets of the girl who was sleeping off her wine. Another went barefoot over the hills, treading on brambles and sharp bristling thorns, and standing firm on a prickly pear. One attacked a longlegged camel, and sheared through its curving neck with a sweep of her thyrsus; then half to be seen, went stumbling over the path with blind feet the headless body of the camel staggering about in winding ways, until a hoof sank into a slippery hole and the creature rolled over helpless on its back in the dust. Another turned her step to a stretch of pasture in the forest,

ἄσχετα μαινομένοιο δειρῆς ἐσφίγξατο ταύρου,
καὶ βλοσυρῆς ἀσίγητα δαμασσομένης ἀπὸ δειρῆς
ταυρείην ἀσίγητον ἀπεσφήκωσε κελεύθου·
ἄλλη δ' ἔγκατα πάντα διέσχισεν· ἣ δὲ κεραίας
παρθένιον ἀμφήκεστον ἀπέρρηξεν δέμας πέτρης
τρηχαλέῃ τρηχεῖαν περισταίρουσαν ἐρίπνης·
ἡ σκοπιὴν δ' ἔθραυσε δυσέμβατον, ἡ πολλὴ πέτρης
ἀξυνοχῆς ἀπάλαιον ὄνυξ ἐχάραξε κολώνης.
Πολλὴ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
παρ' Ἀστακίδος στόμα λίμνης
Ἰνδῴης δεδάικτο γονὴ Κυρρῆτι σιδήρῳ.
δυσμενέων δὲ φάλαγγας ἀναπλήσαντο μάχαιραι
τεύχεσιν ἀντιτύποισι. φαρμακόεις δὲ γυναίων
ῥόθιον ἐμορμύροντο πολλὰ ἐλασιβόει πεδίῳ·
καὶ λευκὴ παλάμῃ σκοπιὴν ἀφθέγκτον ἀείρων,
οὔρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα τεμών, ἐκορύσσατο Λυαίῳ.
πρώτων ἀφραδέουσαν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἀκωκήν·
Βάκχη δ' ἀμφαλάλαξε, καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ἀκωκὴν
Βασσαρὶς ἠκόντιζε, μελαμφύλλου δὲ γενέθλης
ἄρσενα πολλὰ κάρηνα δαΐζετο θῆλυς ἐθείρας
καὶ φονίῳ θρασὺν ἄνδρα διετμήξασα κορύμβῳ
Εὐπετάλη κεκόρυστο, φιλοσταφύλῳ δὲ πετήλῳ
κέντορα κισσὸν ἔπεμπεν ἀλεξητῆρα σιδήρου·
Στρεψιχόρη δ' αἴθουσαν ἐπεσκίρτησε κυδοιμῷ,
καὶ δηίων ἔκτεινε γένος ῥηξήνορι ῥόμβῳ
κύμβαλα δονέουσα βαρυβρόμα δίζυγι χαλκῷ.
Καὶ πολὺς ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔην μόθος·
ἔβρεμε σῦριγξ,
σῦριγξ ἐγρεκύδοιμος, ἐπέκτυπε δ' αὐλὸς Ἐνυοῦς,
Βασσαρίδες δ' ἀλάλαξαν· ἐγειρομένου δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
βροντείοις πατάγοισι μέλας μυκήσατο ἀὴρ
ἐκ Διὸς ἐσσομένην Βρομίῳ μαντεύσατο νίκην.

and caught hold of the fell of a maddened bull, then scoring the bull's neck with savage nails tore off the impenetrable skin, while another tore away all his bowels. You might have seen a girl unveiled, unshod, leaping about on the jagged rocks above a precipice; no fear had she of the sheer fall, no sharp point of stone scratched the girl's naked foot.

380 At the mouth of the Astacid lake many a son of India was cut up by the steel of the Curetes. The warriors surrounded the battalions of the foe with blow for blow, and imitated the rhythms of the armour-dance in the wheeling movements of their feet. Lenæus broke off a crested peak from a mountain, and lifting this in his hairy hand, he cast the jagged mass among the enemy; the Bacchant yelled in triumph, the Bassarid cast her vinewreathed point, the heads of many men in that blackskin crowd were brought down by the womanish thyrsus. Eupetale was ready, and pierced a bold man with her deadly shaft, then let fly her pointed ivy covered with vineleaves to smash the steel. Stesichore with her bunches of grapes skipt into the mellay, and chased off a tribe of enemies with manbreaking bullroarer, waving a brazen pair of loudclashing cymbals.

390 There was hard fighting on both sides. There was the sound of the syrinx—the syrinx awaking the battle! There was drooling of pipes—the shepherd's pipes calling to war! There were the Bassarids' howlings: and as the turmoil arose, the black air bellowed with thunderclaps from Zeus, presaging victory for Bromios to come. A great swarm fell; all

καὶ πολλὰς ἀγέλας ἔπεφνεν· ὕλη δ' ἐρυθαίνετο λύθρῳ
ὑγρῷ δαφοινὰς ἄρουρα, καὶ Ἀστακίδος στόμα λίμνης
ἀμφιβαφὲς κελάρυζε, φόνῳ κεκερασμένον Ἰνδῶν.
Ἀστραῖος δ' ὑπάτοιο θεὸς φιλοπαίγμονι θυμῷ
καὶ προχοαῖς κατέχευε ῥεέθρων γάνος, ἐκ δὲ ῥοάων
γλυκερὴν ἤμειψε φύσιν ξανθόχροον ὕδωρ,
καὶ ποταμὸς κελάρυζε μελίχροα χεύματα οἴνου,
καὶ προχοαὶ ἐρύθαινον· ἀμειβομένων δὲ ῥοάων
ἔπνεεν ἀμπελόεντος ῥεέθρου εὐώδεες αὖραι·
ὄχθαι ἐφοινίσσοντο· πιὼν δέ τις Ἰνδὸς ἀγήνωρ
τοῖον ἀπὸ στομάτων παλινάγρεον ῥήξατο φωνήν·
"Ξεῖνον ἴδον καὶ ἄπιστον ἐγὼ ποτόν,
οὐ γλάγος αἰγῶν
ἄργυφον οὐ μέλι τοῦτο, καὶ οὐ μέλαν οἷά περ ὕδωρ.
οὐδέ μιν οἶον ἔπασσα παλιντρέπτοις ἐνὶ σίμβλοις
βομβήεσσα μέλισσα λοχεύεται ἠθάδι κηρῷ·
ἀλλὰ νέον τερπνοῖσιν ἔχει καλλίπνοον ὀδμήν,
ἀνὴρ διψαλέος πολυδίνεϊ κεύματος ἀτμῷ,
ῥεῖα πιὼν κελάρυζον ἀφροσύνῃσι χυτὸν ὕδωρ
λειπόμενος κραιπάλης ἐπιπαύεται αὐτίκα δίψης·
καὶ μέλι μᾶλλον ἔχει πάγχυτον κάρον· ὦ μέγα θαῦμα,
τοῦτο πιὼν ἐθέλω πιέειν πάλιν· ἀμφότερον γὰρ
καὶ γλυκερὸν τόδε χεῦμα
καὶ οὐ κόρον ἀνθρώποισι τίκτει.
Ἥβη, κάλλιπε δεῦρο καὶ ἔρχεο δεῦρο λαβοῦσα
Τρώιον οἰνοχόον, ζαθέων δρηστῆρα κυπέλλων,
ὄφρα μελαρραθάμιγγος ἀφυσσομένης ποταμοῖο
Ζηνὸς ἄλλος κρητῆρας ἀναπλήσῃ Γανυμήδης.
δεῦτε, φίλοι, γεύσασθε μελαντεγέος ποταμοῖο,
ἐνθάδε πεπταίνω τύπον αἰθέρος· αὐτόχυτον γὰρ
κεῖνο, τό περ καλέουσι Διὸς πόμα, νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου
Νηιάδες χθονίοισιν ἀναβλύζουσι ῥεέθροις."

the thirsty earth was reddened with running blood, and the mouth of the Astacid lake was a bubbling bloodbath mingled with Indian gore.

[421] But the god pitied his foes in his heart of merry cheer, and he poured the treasure of wine into the waters. So he changed the snowywhite waters to yellow, and the river swept along bubbling streams of honey intoxicating the waters. When this change came upon the waters, the breezes blew perfumed by the newly-poured wine, the banks were empurpled. A noble Indian drank, and spoke his wonder in these words:

[429] "Here is a strange and incredible drink I have seen! This is not the white milk of goats, not dark like water, nor is it like what I have seen in the riddled hives, what the buzzing bee brings forth with sweet wax. No—this delights the mind with a fragrant scent. A man is thirsty in the steam of this sultry heat—but if he scoops up a few drops of running water in his palms, he shakes off at once the whirlwind of parching thirst! Honey surfeits you sooner—O here's a great miracle! When I drink this I want to drink more! For this has both merits—it is sweet, and it does not surfeit. Hebe, come this way! take up your pitcher, and bring your Trojan cupbearer who serves with cups the divine company—let Ganymedes draw honeyed drops from this river and fill all the mixing-bowls of Zeus! This way, friends, have a taste of a honeydistilling river! Here I see an image of the heavens; for that nectar of Olympos which they say is the drink of Zeus, the Naiads are pouring out in natural streams on the earth!"

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΕΝΤΕΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Πέμπτῳ καὶ δεκάτῳ βρομίην Νίκαιαν ἀείδω,
θηροφόνον μεθύουσαν ἀπειλήτειραν Ἐρώτων.

Ὣς φαμένου κεφαλῆφιν ἐπέρρεον αἴθοπες Ἰνδοί
ἀμφὶ ῥόον ποταμοῖο μελίσσιον· ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ἀγχιβαθὴς στατὸν ἴχνος ἐπ' ἰλύος δάκτυλον ἐρείσας
ἡμιφανὴς ἔστηκε, καὶ ὀμφαλίῳ ὕδατι δεύων,
κυρτὸς ἔσω ποταμοῖο κατωφερὰ νῶτα τιταίνων,
χερσὶ βαθυνομένῃσι μελισσαγὲς ἤφυσεν ὕδωρ·
ὃς δὲ παρὰ προχοῇσι, κατάσχετος αἴθοπι δίψῃ,
παρδαλέῳ προβλῆτι γενειάδα κύματι βάπτων,
στήθεος ἀφαπλώσας ποταμηίδος ὑψόθεν ὄχθης,
εὐγνάμπτοις στομάτεσσιν ἀνείρυσεν ἰκμάδα Βάκχου·
πρηνὴς δ' ἄλλος ἔην πελάσας στόμα γείτονι πηγῇ,
καὶ διερὰς δεπάεσσι φερεσβίδας χεῖρας ἐρείσας
χείλεσι διψαλέοισιν ἐδέχνυτο δίψιον ὕδωρ·
ἄλλος δ' ὀστρακόεντι μέθυ ἠρύσατο κυπέλλῳ,
πυθμένα κουφίζοντες ἀειρομένοιο ἀμφιφορῆος·
καὶ πολὺς ἄσμενος ἔπινεν ἐρευθιόωντι ῥεέθρῳ,
κισσυβίῳ προχέων ποταμηίδος ὄγκον ἐέρσης,
μηλονόμων ἄγραυλον ἔχων δέπας. ἀντιβίων δὲ
οἶνον ἐρευγομένων πολυχανδέος ἀνθερεῶνος
ὄμμασι δερκομένοισιν ἐδιπλώθησαν ἐρῖπναι,
καὶ βλεφάροις δοκέεσκον ἰδεῖν διδυμάζετον ὕδωρ.
καὶ προχοὴ κελάρυζε φιλακρήτου ποταμοῖο

BOOK XV

In the fifteenth, I sing the sturdy Nicata, the rosy-armed beast-slayer defying Love.

As he spoke thus, cloudwise rolled up the burnt-faced Indians around the flood of the honeybreathing river. One of them walking near stood pressing his two feet down in the slime, half-showing, and wetting his navel in the water, curved into the river and stretching his crouched back, and with hollowed hands lapped up the honeydripping water. Another by the flood, possessed by fiery thirst, bathing in the purple wave his forethrust cheek, spreading his breast above the bank of the river, with opening mouth drew in the juice of Bacchos. Another prone bringing close his mouth to the neighbouring fount, and pressing wet hands on the sandy bottom, with thirsting lips welcomed the thirsty water. Others drew up the potations with a shard for a cup, lifting the base of a broken two-ear jar. And a great swarm drank at the ruddy stream, ladling out with ivy-wood cups a mass of the river-dew, as they held the rustic pot of the shepherds. And as the enemies belched vinously from wide-yawning throat, as their eyes gazed, the cliffs were doubled, and they thought to see through their eyelids a pair of waters in one yoke. And the babbling outflow of the wincloving river gushed up

ξανθὸν ἀναβλύζουσα μέθης ῥόον· ἠερόφοιτοι δὲ
σιμβλῶν ἠρεύγοντο ῥοὰς εὐώδεας ὄχθαι.
Λευκαίνων δ' ἐμέθυσσε γάλακτι ῥόον. ἔνθα τις ἀνὴρ
Ἰνδὸς ἀμερσινόοιο μέθης δεδονημένος οἴστρῳ
εἰς ἀγέλην ᾖξε, καὶ εὐπετάλου παρὰ λόχμης
ταῦρον ἀπειλητῆρα μετήγαγε δέσμιον ὕλης,
δηθαλέων κεράων κεχαραγμένον ἄκρον ἀρούρης
τολμηρῇς παλάμῃσι, δεδεγμένον οἷα κεραίῃ
ταυροφυῆ Διόνυσον ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δοῦλα φέρειν·
ἄλλος ἔχων διχαλῆρα σιδηρείης γένυν ἅρπης
αἰγὸς ἐρισπαίροντα διέθρισεν ἀνθερεῶνα,
θηγαλέῃ δρεπάνῃ δεδαϊγμένον, οἷά τε Βάκχου
Πανὸς ἀειρομένοιο τύπον γυμνώσατο χαλκῷ·
ἄλλος ἀπηλοίησε βοῶν κεραελκέα φάλαγγα,
οἷά περ ὀρταίων Σατύρων ταυρώπιδα μορφήν,
ὃς δὲ πολυσπερέων ἐλάφων ἐδάιξε γενέθλην
στικτῆς εἰαρινῶν πολυδαιδάλων εἶδος ὀπώρης,
οἷά τε Βασσαρίδων ἐλάφων στίχα· δαιδαλέαις γὰρ
νεβρίσιν ἀσπίδεσσι παρεπλάγχθησαν ἀκωκαί·
καὶ φονίας λεβέθουσιν ὅλον θώρηκα μελαίνων
Ἰνδὸς ἀκοντιστῆρα μέλας ἐμεθύσσατο λάθρῃ.
καί τις ἀμαλλοδέτοις ἐκυρτώσατο χείρεσι δένδρον
μαστίζων ἑκάτερθε, καὶ εἰρεσίῃσι δονείων
σειομένην ἀνέσεισε φυτῶν ἑλικώδεα χαίτην
ἀβροκόμων ὅρπηκας ἀπηλοίησε κορυμβῶν,
φύλλα διασχίζων λασίης δρυός, οἷα μαχαίρῃ
πληγμὸν ἀκερσεκόμοιο διατμήγων Διονύσου,
μαρνάμενος πετάλοισι καὶ οὐ Σατύροισιν ἐρίζων,
τερπωλὴν ἀνόνητον ἔχων σκιοειδέϊ νίκῃ.
Μαίνετο δ' ἀντιβίων ἑτέρων χορός· ἀντὶ δὲ λόγχης
ὃς μὲν ἑλὼν βαρύδουπον ἐπωμαδίῳ τελαμῶνι

a brown stream of carousal; and the fragrant banks poured up streams of the sweet drink of wine.

[33] Thus the enemy were made drunken by the untempered stream. Then a certain man of the Indians, driven by the gadfly of mindrobbing drink, dashed into the herd; and by a leafy thicket found a threatening bull, which he brought back pulling him along in bonds, when he had dragged at the sharpened end of the two horns with daring hands, thinking that he drew under the yoke of servitude bullshaped Dionysos by the twin horns. Another, holding the horrid jaw of an iron sickle, shore through the neck of a mountainranging goat, cleaving it with the whetted hook, thinking he was cutting the throat of horned Pan with his talon of crooked bronze. Another threshed out a hornarmed brood of cattle as if harvesting the bullfaced shape of satyrs; one again pursued a tribe of long-antlered deer, as if he were destroying a line of Bassarids, when he saw the patterned shape of the dappled creatures: for his sight was driven astray by the freckled fawnskins of like looks; and staining all his breastpiece with bloody drops, the black Indian was reddened by the spouting gore. And one shouting loudly attacked a neighbouring tree, flogging it on both sides; and observing the leafy tendrils shaken by the spring breezes, he battered off the shoots of the tender clusters, slicing through the leaves of the thickest tree, as if cutting with his sabre through the tresses of unshorn Dionysos, battling with foliage instead of combating with Satyrs, and took a bootless delight in his shadowy conquest.

[34] Another enemy troop went mad. For a spear, one took a heavybanging drum, and hung it up by

νύμφαιον ἥρτυζε, καὶ ἀμφαλόεσσα βοείη
δίζυγα δαιμαρύγησε μέλος χαλκόκροτον ἠχώ·
ἦν δὲ παλιντρήτοιο βοὸς δαίδαλμα σάκευος
ἄστατος εἰλομένοισι σοβῶν βαιοχείρεσι σαλπιγ-
καί τις ἀτειρήτοις ἐοὶ χείλεσι λαὸν ἐρύσσας
δίθροον ἁρμονίην ἐμελίζετο Μυγδόνος αὐλοῦ·
γηραλέου δὲ φυτοῦ θαμὰ γείτονι βίζῃ
γλαυκὸν ἐπιφλοίσσοντες ἀνέρπυσαν θαλλὸν ἐλίσσῃ
ἄμπελοι ἀμφιέπουσι, σὰ σιγόεσσα κελαινῇ
μαθμίζῃ Μαρωνίδος ἔκφυγε ὑσμίνης.
ἄλλοι σὺν ξυφέεσσι, σὺν ἐγχείῃσι, σὺν ἡμιφαλείοις
ἄσχετα βαιοχειθέντες ἀμερσινόῳ φρένας οἴνῳ
ὄργια μιμήσαντο φαεσσιπέπλων Κορυβάντων,
ἴχνια δινεύοντες ἀείσμασι ἀμφὶ χορείῃ·
καὶ σαλέῃς ἐλαφηβόλῳ ἁρπεδόνῃσιν ἑρωὴς
ἄσπιδας ἐκρούοντο σεβαστηρίῳ σιδήρῳ·
ἄλλος ὑποσείων θυσσώδεος ὄργια Μείσης
μιμηλὸν Σατύροιο συνεσείετο χορείῃ·
καί τις ἀκοσμήτοις ἄλιον σελάδησε βοείῃ
μαλλὸν ἔβος ἔδεκτο, φιλοσμαράγῳ δὲ μεσαύλῳ
ῥηγεδανὸν ἀείσασιν ἔην ἔμφυτο φαρέτρῃ.
λύσσαν ἔχων ἕτερος δὲ γυναιμανέων στρόμος Ἰλιάων
ἀπλετέοις πλοκαμῖσιν ἑλὼν ὑφαίνετο Βάκχῃ,
σαρδονίῳ ἀδίμαντον ἀράσσαλον εἰς γάμον Ἕλκου,
σφίγξεν ὑπὲρ δασπόδμου, τανυσσάμενος δὲ κονίῃ
χερσὶν ἐρωμανέεσσιν ἀπενθρῃγίσσατο μίτρῃ,
ἐλπίδι μαψιδίῃ πεφορημένος· ἐξαπίνης γὰρ
ὄρθιον εἶρπε δράκαινα ὑποκλάπιος ἰξὺς γείτων,
δυσμενέος δ' ἥρξε κατ' αὐχένος, ἀμφὶ δὲ δειρὴ
οἰφαίοις ἑλίεσσιν ἀνέπλεκε κυκλάδα μίτρην·
τυρβαλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι φυγὼν μελανόχροος ἀνὴρ
θερμὸν ἀνηφείτων ἀπεσείσατο κέντρον Ἐρώτων,

his shoulder-strap: then beating on both skins he crashed out a double tune in the brassrattling sound. Another, thrilled by the note of the many-holed pipes, danced about with quickcircling steps, and putting a reed to his inexperienced lips practised the tune of the double Mygdonian pipes: then leaping to the neighbouring root of an ancient tree, he drew at a green shoot of the richdropping olive, soaked with dewy moisture, as though pressing his lip to a drop of Maronian wine.* Others with swords, with spears, with helmets, their wits set a-rioting by the mindrobbing wine, mimicked the orgies of the carryshield Corybants, twirling their steps for the dance-in-armour, and all in a whirl the shields were beaten by alternate thump of hand or the plunging iron. Another eyeing the orgies of the Muse with her choir, skipt a mimicking dance with the Satyrs. And one hearing the call of the hanged oxhide, took on a gentle mood, and with rattleloving desire, threw to the winds his terrible quiver, all frantic: a second chieftain of the womanmad Indians caught by the untwined hair some highnecked Bacchant, and dragging the untamed virgin to violent wedlock, held her tight on the ground, and stretched in the dust with lust-maddened hands unsealed her belt, wild with vain hope: for suddenly with head erect a serpent crept from her bosom, near-neighbour to the groin, and darted at the enemy's throat, and about his neck twined a circling belt with spirals of his tail: the blackskinned man, fleeing with frightened feet, shook off the hot sting of un-

* The text is corrupt, and probably there is something omitted: but the meaning must be something like this.

αὐχένιον φορέων ὀφιώδεος ἅμμα ἀκάνθης.
Ὄφρα μὲν ὑπνώοντες ἐν οὔρεσιν ἔρρεγχον Ἰνδοί,
τόφρα δὲ νήδυμος Ὕπνος ἑὸν πτερὸν αὖθις ἑλίξας
ἀκλινέων σφαλεροῖσιν ἐπέχρισεν ὄμμασιν Ἰνδῶν,
εἴκασε δ' αὐτοχυθέντας ἀμετρήτῳ νέον οἴνῳ,
Πασιθέης γενετῆρα χαριζόμενος Διονύσῳ·
ὧν ὁ μὲν ὕπνῳ εἶδεν ἄνω νεύοντι τραπέζῃ
ἰσοχειλέα κρητῆρα μεθυσφαλὲς ἄσθμα τιταίνων,
ὃς δὲ βαρυνομένην κεφαλὴν ἐπεθήκατο πέτρῃ,
νυμφίος ἀμφιπεσὼν παρεσείσατο κείμενος ὕψι.
ἡμιτελὴς δ' ἄθυρε νεοπλεκέεσσιν ἀοιδαῖς
ὀρθὰ περὶ κροτάφοισι πεπηγότα δάκτυλα βάλλων·
τερπνὴν δ' ἄλλος ἔην τετανυσμένος, εἶχε δὲ δεξιτερὴν
χεῖρα κυλισσομένην ἰσοπαλέα δίζυγι ῥιπῇ·
καί τις ἑῆς παλάμης κεφαλὴν ἐπερείσατο καρπῷ
εὐνὴν ἀναπάλλων· ὁ δὲ καμπύλα γοῦνα τινάσσων,
ὡς ἴδεν ἀμφιέλικτον, ἀνέπαλτο, λαξὶν ἰάλλων.
καὶ χερὸς ἀντιβίων πεφοβημένος εἰς μάχην ἦλθε.
ὃς μὲν ἀπὸ δρυὸς εὗδεν, ὁ δὲ πτελέης ἀπὸ θάμνου,
ἄλλος ἐπὶ κλωνῇσι πεσὼν ἐκλίνετο φηγῷ,
λαιὴν ὀφρυόεντι βαλὼν ἐπὶ χεῖρα μετώπῳ·
καὶ πολὺς ἀγρὸς ἴαυε λέλων τέκος, φέρε τέρψιν
ἀλλοίης ἀγέλαιον ἀσιγήτου θρόον ἠχοῦς
οἰνοβαρής· ἕτερος δὲ τιταινομένοιο καρήνου
γυρώσας πλατὺ νῶτον ἐπέτραπε πυθμένι δάφνης·
τὸν δὲ βαρὺ κνώσσοντα βαθυστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
ἀγραύλων φοίνικος ἢ εὐθαλέος ἐλαίης
ῥιπίζων ἀνέμοισιν ἐλὰξ ἐπεσύρισεν αὔρη·
καί τις ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο χυτῇ τετάνυστο κονίῃ.

ᵃ Pasithea is one of the Charites, with whom Hypnos is in love, Hom. *Il.* xiv. 269, and following him, Nonnos xxxi.

hallowed love, and wore on his throat the necklace of snaky spine.

97 While the Indians were running drunken on the hills, just then sweet Sleep plying his vigorous wing, assaulted the wavering eyes of the persistent Indians, and put them to bed, tormented in mind by immoderate wine, doing grace to Pasithea's[a] father, Dionysos. One lay sleeping on his back, with face turning upwards, straining his drinkshaken breath through a sleepy nostril. Another rested his heavy head on a stone, as he lay sluggish on the gravelly bank; he was babbling in the daydreams of a vagrant mind, and laying his fingers stiff and straight about his temples. Another was stretched out prone, with his two hands hanging down to balance his two thighs. Another had leant his head on the wrist of his hand, and was drooling wine; another had gathered his limbs rolled together, like a snake coiling round, and lay slumbering on his side. And the company of the enemy who had rushed to the woody ridge—one slept under an oak, one in the undergrowth of an elm; another fallen on his flank, and leaning against an oak, had put the left hand over forehead and eyebrows; and a great swarm, heavy with wine in their slumber were chattering carcasses, sending into the air the unbridled din of sounds without sense, signifying nothing. One with shaking head, leaned his broad back on the trunk of an aged laurel. Another in heavy stupor upon a deep-strown bed, while the twining saplings of topleaf palm or prolific olive whistled above and fanned him with the winds. One was outstretched on the ground in the outpoured

111. He further makes her daughter of Hera and Dionysos (xxxi. 186 and this passage).

ἄορα πολλὸν σφίγξασα κατασκελέξιον ποτισμόν·
ἄλλος ἀπειρήτοιο μέθης βεβαρημένος παλμῷ,
καὶ κεφαλὴν βαρύθουσαν ἐπέτρεπε γείτονι πέτρῃ·
ἄλλον θυσανόεντος ἐκοίμισε νεῦμα μετώπου.
Καὶ Βρομίης ἀκόρητος ἰδὼν γελόωντι προσώπῳ
Πᾶσιν ἄναξ ἀγόρευσε, χέων στεφανηφόρον φωνήν·
"Ἰνδοφόνοι θεράποντες ἀνικήτου Διονύσου,
νόσφι μόθου σφίγξαντες ἀελλαίας χέρας Ἰνδῶν
πάντας ἀναιμάκτῳ ζωγρήσατε δηιοτῆτι·
καὶ Βρομίῳ γένος δοῦλον ἐπεσσυμένως Διονύσῳ
Ἰνδὸς ὑποδρήσσειεν ἐμῇ θιασώδει Ῥείῃ,
σείων σύννομα θύρσον, ἀπορρίψας δὲ βελέμνας
ἀργυρέῃν κνημῖδα πόδας σφίγξειε κοθόρνοις,
καὶ κεφαλὴν στέψειεν ἐμῷ κισσώδεϊ δεσμῷ,
γηραλέης πλοκαμῖδας ἀερσιλόφου τρυφαλείης,
καὶ παλάμαις ἀλάλαγμα λαβὼν καὶ δούρατος ἀντί
Εὔιον ἀείσειε κορυμβοφόρῳ Διονύσῳ."
Ὣς φαμένου θεράποντες ἐπείγοντο·
ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
αὐχένι δεσμευθέντος ἀφειδέα δεσμὸν ἑλίξας
εἶλκε δρακοντείῃ πεπεδημένον ἀνέρα σειρῇ,
ἄλλος ἑλὼν λασίης κεχαλασμένον ἄλσεος ὀπώρης
ἀνέρα βαθυπλόκαμον ἀνείρυσεν ἀνθεμοέσσης·
καί τις ἑαῖς παλάμαις τανύσας σκολιότριχα σειρὴν
ἀνέρα δουριάλωτον ἀλυσμῷ εἶλκεν ἀλοίτην·
ἄλλος ὁμοπλεκέας παλάμας περὶ νῶτα κυλίσσας
δῆσεν εἰλυόεντι λύγου μετρήσατο δεσμῷ
αὐχενίῳ· τρομερῷ δὲ Μάρων ἐλελίζετο παλμῷ
ὦμον γηραλέῳ βεβαρημένον Ἰνδὸν ἀείρων·
ἄλλος ἀποστρεπτῆρι λαβὼν βεβαρημένον ὕπνῳ,
δεσμῷ βοτρυόεντι περίπλοκον αὐχένα σύρων,
στικτῶν παρδαλίων ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα θήκατο δίφρων

dust, washing the tips of his feet in the pouring river. Another shaken in the throes of intoxication, a new experience, leaned his heavy head against a neighbouring pine; another panted until the sinews of his forehead throbbed.

[120] Now seeing his foes stupefied, Lord Bacchos spoke with laughing countenance, and uttered his word of command: "Indian-slaying servants of invincible Dionysos! bind them all fast unresisting, the sons of the Indians, take them all prisoners in bloodless conflict; let the Indian bend a slave's knee to mighty Dionysos, and do menial service to my Rhoia and her company, shaking the purple thyrsus; let him throw to the storms his silver greaves, and bind his feet in buskins; let him strip his tresses of high-plumed helmet, and crown his head with my ivy-bond; let him leave the yell of wars and the din of spears, and uplift the Euian song to grape-laden Dionysos."

[133] He spoke, and the menials were busy. One of them wound a snaky bond round the enemy's throat, and dragged the man shackled with a rope of serpents. Another caught the straggling load of a hairy cheek, and drew the man along by the deep-bristling chin. One stretching his palms over curly-haired temples, dragged the man captive, unbound, by the shag. Another binding a prisoner's hands clasped behind the back, girded him with an encircling bond of withies about the neck. Maron staggered along with trembling totterings as he lifted on his aged shoulder an Indian sleepladen. Another took up a spearman overpowered by sleep, put a halter of vines about his neck, pulled him along and dropped him over the rim of a car with dappled

ἄλλον κοιλαινόμενον φυλάσσων ἄκρον ἀλήτης
χεῖρας ἀναπτύσσουσαν ἀλύτῳ σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ,
καὶ λοφίης ἐπέβαινεν ἀναγνάμπτοιο ἐλέφαντος[a]
καὶ σκολιῆς ἑλικῆλον λαβὼν παλάμῃσι βοείης
Ἰνδὸν ἐπεμβαδίην πεπεδημένον εἶχεν ἱμάσσων.
καί τις ἀερτάζοντα κυλινδόμενον ῥιψολόφοιο
Πανοπηεύς, ἀφραίνοντα λαθίφρονι κύματι λύσσης,
Ἰνδὸν ἐρεισιπέτηλον βαθυπλοκάμοιο θαλάσσης
τυλογρφῆ παλάμῃ παλινορμέος εἴλασεν εἴσω
ἄσπετον εἰς ζαθέων. ἐπειγομένου δὲ Λυαίου
δῆμον ἀλιτήμονα σοβήσας εἶχεν Ἐρεχθεύς
ἄμμορος ἐπιλυσσαμένου· μεθυσφαλέος δὲ φορῆος
θῆρα κελαινότριχον ἠερτεὺς ἤλασε Βάκχη,
ἰσχία μαστίζοντα δυσκαμπῶν ἐλεφάντων·
καὶ χρυσέην Γραίασαν ἀνήρπαξε βοείην
ἀνέρα συλήσας χρυσάσπιδα, γυμνώσας δὲ
κεῖρεν ἐρημαίοισιν ἐδέρκετο Βάκχος ἀοσσούς
τεύχεσιν ἀσπαλέοισι κατατρυγόωντα φορῆος·
καὶ νέος ὠμοπίεζεν ἐν ἔντεσιν ἄλλον ἀλήτην,
ὡς Λυαίου Γλαύκοιο λαβὼν ἐρύμηνεν μαχηταῖς,
ἀθανάτοις σκαιέεσσιν ἀποστρέψαντες, Δηριαδῆι.
ἄλλους δ' ἀντιβίους στρατιῇ λύσσατο Βάκχου,
νήδυμον ὕπνον ἔχοντας ὁμοίιον ἠέρος ὕπνῳ.
Ἔσκε τις ἀγκυλότοξος, ἐρημάδα ναιετάουσα ὕλην,
παρθένος Ἀστακίδεσσιν ὁμότροφος ἠθάδι Νύμφαις
καλλιφανὴς Νίκαια, λευκωλένος Ἄρτεμις ἄλλη,
ἀλλοτρίη φιλότητος, ἀπειρήτη Κυθερείης,
θῆρας ὀιστεύουσα καὶ ἰχνεύουσα κολώναις·

---

[a] It was quite commonly believed in antiquity that elephants had no joints in their legs; Aristotle notes and corrects this mistake, *Hist. anim.* ii. 498 a 8, but like many blunders which he put right, it persisted.

panthers. Another reclining was seized by the wandering swarm, with cries of Euoi! they stretched his hands behind him and bound them tight with an inextricable knot, and threw him upon the neck of the elephant which never bends the knee[a]; and many a one took hold of the sling of an Indian's shield, and kept him shackled by the strap over the shoulder.

[161] Now some Bassarid, foaming under a wit-drowning wave of madness, caught up a shepherd's crook, and with daring hand dragged off by his curly hair to the yoke-band of slavery, an Indian searcher-out of the deep riches of the sea. At the bidding of Lyaios, iron Erechtheus held on unbending shoulders a foe with fine cuirass; and a Bacchant of the mountains drove away from its intoxicated owner his black-skinned beast, flogging the flanks of some elephant, spoil of the spear. Hymenaios robbed a man of his golden shield, and lifted up the golden buckler, while Bacchos delighted watched him with ardent gaze all gleaming in the armour of the sleeping owner. The young man in his harness shot out a rich brilliance, like as Diomedes sparkled among the warriors, flashing with the rich target he had taken from Lycian Glaukos.[b] And the army of Bacchants despoiled other adversaries, possessed of sweet sleep and sweet wine its comrade.

[169] There was one with a crook-bow, a maiden denizen of the lonely wood, comrade hale and fresh among the nymphs of Astacia, beautiful Nicaia, a new huntress Artemis, a stranger to love, unacquainted with Cytherein, ever shooting and tracking the beasts upon the hills. She did not hide in

[a] Hom. *Il.* vi. 235-236.

οὐδὲ μυχῷ θυόεντι κυλίνδετο παρθενεῶνι.
καί οἱ ἐπὶ πετάλοισιν ἐρημονόμῳ παρὰ πέζῃ
ὑλονόμῃ πάλλε τόξον, ἀεὶ δέ οἱ ἔνδοθι λόχμης
μυχοδόμοι κλισίῃσιν ἔσαν πετρώδεες αὐλαί,
καὶ σταλίκων ξύλον ὀρθὸν ὀρεσσιάδος ἱστὸν Ἀθήνης·
καὶ καθαρῇ στιβάδεσσιν ἐφαίδρεεν ἰσχαλέῃ.
καὶ λίνα ἐν σταλίκεσσιν ἀνέπλεκεν ὑψόθεν ἄγρης
νήματος ἀτρεκέως φιλαίτερον· οὔ ποτε πέζῃ
ποικίλον εἶδος ἔχοντας ἀνέπλεκεν ἄνθεα νεβρῷ,
δαμαλίδας οὐκ ἔλυσε, καὶ οὐκ ἔψαυσε λαγωοῦ,
ἀλλὰ περιζεύξασα διαφονέοντι χαλινῷ
γλαυκὰ δυσανασχέτων ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα λεόντων,
πολλάκι δ' ἄγχι δόρυ σκιεροῖο λεοντιάδος ὀρέστου
μείρεσθαι δ' ἰσχέμεναι ἐπηβόλον, ὄφρα λεαίνης
στικτῶν παρδαλίων γενεὴν καὶ φῦλα λεόντων
οὐτιδανοῖς ἐλάφοισιν ἑὴν ἔζευξεν ἀπήνην.
οὐδὲ μύρων μεμέλητο, μελαμψήφων δὲ κυπέλλων
ἰθυτενὲς προβάλουσα χαραδραίης ὕδατα πηγῆς
ψυχρὸν ὕδωρ προχέουσα· καὶ αὐτοφόρῳ κονίῃσιν
κοιλάσι δένδρεσιν οἴκους ἐρημάδος ἤθεσιν ἐρέσσας·
πολλάκι δ' εὐστρώτου μετὰ δρόμον ὑψόθεν ἄγρης
παρδαλίων σχεδὸν ἧστο, μιῇ δ' ὑπὸ κοιλάδι πέτρῃ
μοῦνον μαστιγόεντα λεχωάδος ἄγχι λεαίνης·
ἡ δὲ γαληναίουσαν ὑπ' ἀφθόνῳ μειλιχίῃ θὴρ
ἀθρήσασα γυναικεῖον δέμας λιχμάζετο κούρης,
καὶ κνυζηθμὸν μάστιγα καὶ αὐτὴ δειδέγμενα λευκῷ
ἀμφοτέρων στόμα λάβρον ὑπεσκίρτησε λεαίνης
χείλει φειδομένῳ, δοκέων δέ μιν Ἄρτεμιν εἶναι·

* This whole line is taken from Euripides (frag. 91

the crested nook of the women's room. She was ever among the rocks, by lonefaring path, where the bow was her distaff; she was *ever* in the forest, where winged arrows were her long threads, the upright wood of the net-stakes was a loom for this Athena of the mountains; she shared the tasks of the chaste Archeress, and she netted the meshes for her wonted hunting among the rocks more gladly than she would make twisted yarn. Never did she touch with shaft the timid dappled fawn, the gazelle she followed not, nor handled the hare; but the shaggybreasted lion she fitted about with bloodred bridle, and whipt his gray flanks, and often lifted spear against a maddened bear[a]; and she blamed farshooting Archeress, for letting alone the generation of speckled pards and the tribes of lions, and yoking worthless deer to her car. Nor did she care for perfume: rather than honeymixed bowls she preferred watery draughts from a mountain brook, as she poured out cool water; lonely cliffs with nature's vaulted roof were the maiden's inaccessible dwelling. Often, her task well done, after the course of her wonted hunting, she sat beside the pards, and remained under one hollow roof at midday near a lioness newly delivered; then the beast gentle with calm brows would lick the girl's body with unscratching jaws, and with timid throat like a whimpering dog, the greedy mouth of the lioness newdelivered purred softly through self-denying lips, while the lion, thinking her to be

[a] Nonnus. It alludes to the local legend that Iphigeneia was sacrificed there, not at Aulis, and that a bear, not a hind, was miraculously substituted for her; see schol. on Ar. *Lysist.* 645. This had grown up to explain the curious ritual of the place, in which little girls in yellow frocks danced before Artemis, imitating the motions of bears.

εἰς πέδον ἰκμαίνουσα καθελκομένοιο κορύμβου
αὐχένα λαχνήεντι λίθων ἐκλίνατο νύμφη.
Καί τις ἐπὶ ξυλόχοισιν ἐρωτοτρόφοις φύεν βοώτης,
ἰθυτενής, περίμετρος, ὑπέρτερος ἔδρανον ἕξει·
οὔνομα οἱ πέλεν Ὕμνος, ὃς ἀγραύλου μέσον ὕλης
ἠρεμέων ἐνόμευε βόας παρὰ γείτονι πέτρῃ·
καὶ νομίην ἐρατεινῇ καλαύροπα χερσὶ τινάσσων
εἰς βαθὺν ἤλυθεν ἔρωτα καὶ οὐκέτι τέρπετο ποίμνῃ,
εἴκελος Ἀγχίσῃ βουκόλῳ, τοῦ ποτε Κύπρις
ἀργεννῇ ἐνόμευεν ἐρωτοτόκων στίχα ταύρων
κεντρῷ ἐλαφρίζουσα βοοσσόον· ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμῃ
βουκόλος ἀγρονόμοισιν ὅλον γναμφθεῖσα κορύνῃ
καὶ βοέην ἀγέλην ἐμαστίζετο· φοινικόεσσα δὲ
εἰς ἔλος αὐτοκέλευστος ἐλίσσετο πόρτις ἐρήμη
ἀγραίου δεσπόζοντος ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα νομῆος,
καὶ δαμάλη παθόρησε περισκαίρουσα καλαύροψ
ποιμένα μαστεύουσα· νέος δ' ἐπελάζετο βοώτης
παρθενικῆς ἄρδευε ῥοδοειδέα κύκλα προσώπου.
Καὶ δολίοις ἐρέθιζεν Ἔρως τηλέθοντα νομῆα
ἀστράπτον λαμπροτέρῃ δεδονημένον· ἐν ... γὰρ
παρθενικῆς ἀλύοντος ἀπεσσυμένης ... ὄμμα
πέπλον ὅλον κόλπωσεν ἐς ἄκρα κνήμης ἀήτης·
καὶ χροιῆς φύεν κάλλος· ἐλευκαίνοντο δὲ μηροὶ
καὶ σφυρὰ φοινίσσοντο, καὶ ὡς κρίνον, ὡς ἀνεμώνη
χιονέων μελέων ῥοδέοις ἀνεφαίνετο λειμών·
καὶ νέος ἱμερόφωνος ἔχων ἀκόρητον ὀπωπὴν
ἀσκεπέων ἐδόκευεν ἐλεύθερον ἄντυγα μηρῶν
[. . . . .]γμένος [. . .
βότρυν ἀποσφαιρῶσα κόμης ἐλέλιξεν ἀήτης
κουφίζων ἑκάτερθεν, ἀειρομένων δὲ κορύμβων

ᵃ For the loves of Anchises and Aphrodite, see the Homeric Hymn to the goddess. That she went about with

Artemis, drooped his head to the ground in supplication, and bent his hairy neck before the nymph.

[202] And in the forests was a highland oxherd, hale and fresh, his figure stout-built, tall and upright, beyond the youths of his age. His name was Hymnos, and in the midst of the wild wood he tended his lovely cattle where the nymph was his neighbour: he flourished the herdsman's truncheon in lovely hands. But he fell deep in love, and no more took joy of his herd, like a rosy Anchises,* whose white string of mountain-ranging bulls Cypris once tended, swinging her girdle to show the cattle on. When the herdsman saw the snowy-white girl hunting about the woods, he cared not for his herd of cattle; the calf strayed into the marsh at its own will and grazed alone, wandering from its ancient herdsman now sick in love, and the heifer scampered capering over the hills in search of her keeper. But the young oxherd was wandering, for he saw the rosy round of a maiden's face.

[220] And the deceiver Eros excited the longing herdsman, and shook him with yet stronger passion. For as the maiden sped unapproachable on her hunting among the rocks, a light breeze bellied out all her kirtle into the air, and her body showed fair and fresh: white thighs, ruddy ankles, like lily, like anemone, appeared a flowery meadow of snowy limbs; and the young man desire-haunted, with insatiate gaze, watching beheld the unimpeded circuit of her naked thighs. The breeze shook backwards the cluster of her hair, lifting it lightly this way and

him and helped to tend his herd is a piece of Alexandrian prettiness which Nonnos may have invented for himself or taken from some earlier poet.

λευκοφαὴς σελάγιζε μέτωπα γυμνουμένοιο αἰγλῇ
καὶ νέον αἰρεσίφοιτος ἐναίρετο πολλάκι κούρη,
τῇ μὲν ἐπαφήσων σταλίκων ἢ τόξον ἀφάσσων,
τῇ δὲ παλιμβλήτοιο τιταινομένοιο βελέμνου
ἱμερτῆς ἐδίδαξε ῥοδόχροα δάκτυλα κούρης
εἴ ποτε τοξεύουσα κέρας κυκλώσατο νευρῇ,
καὶ παλάμῃ γυμνωθέν, λαθὼν νέος ὄμματι λοξῷ
λευκὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα βραχίονα δέρκετο κούρης,
ὄμμα παλινδίνητον ἄγων, ὀχετηγὸν Ἐρώτων.
αἲ τάχα, ὡς Νίκαια, πέλε λευκώλενος Ἥρη·
Ἑσπερίῃ δ' ἐπὶ πέζαν ἔην ἑτέρωσεν ἀνάσσῃ,
αἱ πλέον ἀργυφέη πέλε παρθένος, ἢ Σελήνη.
Καὶ νέος, ἀμφιέπων ἑτεροκράδιον ἔλασιν Ἐρώτων,
ἐγγὺς ἐὼν καὶ νόσφιν ἐὼν ἐμαίνετο κούρης,
ποῖον βέλος εἰς κονίην ἔλιπεν ἁπαλῆς ἀντίον ἔρωτα,
πῶς δὲ λευκανίῃ παλάμῃ ἐσφίγξατο δεσμῷ
δίζυγα γυμνώσασα βραχίονα μάρτυρι δεσμῷ,
πῶς πάλιν ἐδραίωσεν ἀνέστατο χείρεσι πηγῆς
ἀμφιφαεινῆς, καὶ μᾶλλον ἀεὶ μαρμαίρεσκε πέπλον,
ὁππότε μιν δονέων καὶ ἐς ὀμφαλὸν ἄχρις ἀέξων
γυμνώσας χροιῆς ἄνθος ἀκροκόνιζεν ἀήτης
κεῖνον μαρμαίροντα ὄρων γλαυκοῖς ἰαίνετο ἀέθλοις,
ὄφρα πάλιν βαθύκολπον ἀναπτύξειε χιτῶνα.
Καὶ νέος ἀντιφύλακτος ἐπειγομένης παρὰ πέτρης
γείτονα θηρεύουσαν ἰδὼν ὑψαύχενα κούρην
τοῖον ἀπεφθέγξατο ἔπος ζηλήμονι φωνῇ·
“Αἴθε βέλος γενόμην ἢ δίκτυον ἢ φαρέτρην,
αἴθε βέλος γενόμην θηρωπίδος, ὄφρα με γυμναῖς
χερσὶν ἐλαφρίζουσιν ἀποθλίβουσα δὲ τόξου

[a] Nonnos says he loved even her weapons.
[b] Stock epithet of Hera, white-armed.

that, and as the hair was lifted the neck bared in the midst gleamed shining white. And the young man often haunted the mountains following the girl, now touching the shafts or feeling at her bow, now watching the rosy-tinted fingers of the lovely girl, when she aimed the lance he loved[a]; if ever in shooting she drew the horn round with the bowstring, and her hand was bared, unseen the young man with furtive eye surveyed the girl's white archer-arm, bringing round again and again the eye, love's conduit, wondering if Hera's arm were as white as Nicaia's[b]; and stretched his gaze towards the expanse of evening, to see if the maiden were more white, or Selene.

244 So the young man, cherishing under his heart the wound of love, whether near or whether far, kept his mind on the girl: how she drew the arrow for a shot against a mountain bear; how she fastened hand on the lion's neck, circling about it her two arms in a betraying[b] noose; how again, after toil and sweat, she washed her in the flow of a brook, half-showing, ever more careful of her kirtle, when the breeze would shake it and lift it up to the midnipple, and shoot out the flower of the beauty laid bare. Keeping this in memory, he conjured again the sweet winds, to raise again the deep-folded robe.

256 And the young man, restless beside his horned herd, saw the girl in high head hunting hard by; and he shouted out these words with envious voice:

259 "O that I were a shaft, or a net, or a quiver! O that I were a beast-hitting lance, that she might carry me in her bare hands! Would that I could

[a] When the lion was let go, her arms would leave a mark on his hair.

[illegible] ὄφρα με μαζῷ
[illegible]
καὶ δαμάλης, καὶ μόσχε, [illegible]
παρθένε, [illegible]
Ἴχνεσι [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοῦ
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
καὶ δαμάλης, καὶ μόσχε, [illegible]
αἲ αἲ [illegible], Κυθέρεια, [illegible]
Θρινακίην [illegible]
καὶ βόες Ἠελίοιο [illegible]
[illegible] Ἄρεος [illegible]
παρθένε, μή με δίωκε, καὶ εἰ βόας [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Ἠώς
καὶ [illegible]
[illegible] Ζεύς.
δεῦρο, βόας [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Ἴχνεσι [illegible] βόας Κυθέρεια [illegible]
Ὣς φάτο καὶ λιγάνεμε, φάλιον δ' ἐδράξατο [illegible]

---

a The sacred cattle of the Sun were kept in Thrinacia; the Sun told Hephaistos of the loves of Ares and Aphrodite. See Hom. Od. viii. 271, xii. 128.

become much rather the ox-gut of the back-bent bow, that she might press me to that snowy breast free of the modest stomacher! Aye, heifer; aye, he-calf, free of the modest stomacher! Maiden, you bear a happy lance; your arrows are more blest than shepherd Hymnus, because they touch your palms that breed love. I envy your sweet voiceless net-stakes. Not only do I long for your stakes; your very bow I envy, and your quiver that breathes not. O that she would refresh her limbs at midday by the amorous fount, and I may see the high-headed girl, aye heifer, aye he-calf, without the envious tunic! Have you not yet pitied me, Cythereia, for this cruel necessity? I know not Thrinacia,[a] I know not its horned herd, no oxen of the Sun are these I tend in the mountains, no father of mine told the secret bed of Aeea.

277 "Maiden, do not chase me away, if I do take oxen to pasture! There are herdsmen that lie in heavenly beds. Rosy Tithonos[b] was a bridegroom for whom because of his fine figure lightbringer Eos stayed her car, and caught him up; and he that pours wine for Zeus[c] was an oxherd, whom high-soaring Zeus for his beauty carried off with tender hands. Come hither, tend the kine, and I will call you a younger Selene with another Endymion, this time an oxherd: throw down the lance, take hold of the herdsman's staff, that one may say—'Cythereia is tending the kine of shepherd Hymnus.'"

287 So he spoke and prayed, and tore at his knees

[a] Of the three favoured herdsmen he mentions, 279–284, Tithonos and Zeus's cupbearer (Ganymede) were Trojan princes, generally said to be the sons respectively of Laomedon and Tros; for Endymion, see on iv. 223.

[b] Ganymede.

χειρὶ χαρασσομένῃσι, καὶ ἔστιχε, καί οἱ ἐκείνας
ἔγραφεν οἴστρῳ Ἔρωτος, ἑῇ δ' ὑπεμέμφετο μοίρῃ.
Καί ποτε θάρσος ἔχων γαμίων ὑποεργὸν Ἐρώτων
κεύθμονα Νηιάδος κελαινόφυτον ἄντρα θύρης.
καὶ δέμας θηλυτέρης ἄειρε, πόθον δ' ἀπὸ μαζῶν κέντρον
κούρης χαρασσομένης γλυκερὴν ἔγραψε φαρέτρην,
καὶ κύκλα δέρκετο κουφὰ καὶ οἱ τανύουσα ὀπωπήν,
χείλεσι περιγραφέεσσι μεμυκόσιν ἶσον ἐρώσης,
καὶ στέρνοις ἐπέθηκεν ἀφειδέα χεῖρα παλάζων·
καὶ τοῖον μῦθον ἔειπεν ἀλωβήτῳ τινὶ φωνῇ·
"Πρὸς Παφίης, φθέγξασθε πάλιν, δρύες,
ὡς ἐπὶ Πύρρης,
ὡς ἐπὶ Δευκαλίωνος, ἐλέγξατε Δωδωνίδος κούρης.
Δάφνη καὶ σὺ φίλη, δενδρώδεα ῥῆξον ἰωήν·
εἴθε καλὴ Νίοβεια πάρος πέλε, καὶ σευ Ἀπόλλων
ἀδρανέστερον ἔθηκε, καὶ οὐ φυτὸν ἔπλετο Δάφνη."
Ὣς φάτο· καὶ σύριγγι νοησάμενος ἐγγύθι κούρης
μέτρον ἑῆς ἀθύρμα, γαμίην ἐρεθίζετο μολπήν,
παρθενικῇ δ' ἀγόρευεν ἐπαγγελέουσα τυχαίῃ·
"Ἠχὼ ἡ συρίζων Παφίης μέλος ἀμέτερον Πὰν
πολλάκι μέλψεν Ἔρωτα καὶ οὐ πόθε νυμφίον Ἠχώ,
ὃ πρίν Δάφνις ἄεισεν ὁ βουκόλος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μολπῇ
παρθένος ἀστυφέλικτος ἐκαίετο μᾶλλον ἐρῶσα
συρμενίης φεύγουσα βαθὺς μέλος. ὃ πρίν Φοῖβον
ἔκλινε μελπομένου καὶ οὐ φρένα θέλγετο Δάφνη."

---

[a] Deucalion in some accounts lived near Dodona, so presumably Nonnos means that he was warned of the coming flood, or told how to renew mankind after it, by the speaking oak of the oracle there. For Daphne and Apollo, see ii. 108.

[b] Pan vainly loved Echo, and at last in despair drove the herdsmen mad, so that they tore her in pieces and now only her voice is left. For Daphnis, see Theocritus i.; the

with womanmad hands, and followed, and trembled to tell her love's frenzy, yet blamed his own silence.

[288] One day, taking courage to further an honourable love, he carried away Nicaia's gear of the chase where it lay, and took her valiant lance, and under a greater sting of longing, angry though the girl was, took also her sweet quiver; he kissed the senseless nets and the arrows that had no breath, and pressing a murderous arrow to his delighted lips, squeezed it with violent hand and put it to his breast; and he said these words with a noiseless voice:

[289] "In the Paphian's name, utter voice again, you trees! as in Pyrrha's time, as in Deucalion's,[a] reprove this mad girl! And you, Daphne beloved, break into arboreal speech! Would that fair Nicaia had been in former times: Apollo would have pursued the more dainty, and Daphne would not have become a bush."

[290] So he spoke; and beside the modest girl, he played on his pipes a wedding tune, witness of his pain. But the maiden spoke out in mockery of the herdsman:

[291] "A pretty thing, your Pan's piping the Paphian's tune! Often he chanted Eros, and never became Echo's bridegroom. Ah, how many a song sang Daphnis the oxherd! but with his chanting the maiden hid all the more in untrodden ravines, to escape the tune of the shepherd's call. Ah, how many a song sang Phoibos! while Daphne heard him, but felt no pleasure at heart."

[a] story is nowhere fully told, but apparently he despised Aphrodite and she punished him with an unrequited love, whereof he died.

Ὣς φαμένη δόρυ θοῦρον ἐδείκνυεν ἄφρονι βούτῃ.
αὐτὰρ ὁ λυσσήεντι τετυμμένος ἡδέι κέντρῳ,
μὴ νοέων, ὅτι τόσσον ἔην ἄστοργος Ἀμαζών,
ἱμερτὸν ἐπὶ θανάτοιο διωκόμενος ἴαχε φωνήν·
"Ναί, λίτομαι, προΐαλλε φίλον δόρυ, γυμνὸν δὲ
κτεῖνέ με σῇ παλάμῃ, καὶ τέρπομαι· οὐ τεὸν ἔγχος,
οὐ τρομέω, φιλόθηρε, τεὸν ξίφος, ὅττι τελευτὴν
ὀξυτάτην ἐπάσειεν, ὅπως κατὰ πυρσὸν ἀλύξω
ἔμπεδον ἄλγος Ἔρωτος, ἐπεὶ φρένας βουκολέοντος πῦρ.
τεθναίην, ὅτι πότμος ἀνέραστος· εἰ δὲ βελέμνῳ
τοξοφόρῳ μετὰ Κύπριν ἀποκτείνειας με καὶ αὐτή,
πρὶν Παφίης, μὴ πέμπε κατ' αὐχένος, ἡμετέρῃ δὲ
σὸν βέλος εἰς φρένα πῆξον,
ὅπῃ βέλος ἐστὶν Ἐρώτων.
αὐχένι μᾶλλον ἔαλλε τεὸν δόρυ, μὴ φρένα τύψῃς·
ἀντιπάλης ἑτέρης οὐ δεύομαι. εἰ δέ σε τέρπει,
πλήσσομαι ἄλλο βέλεμνον, ὅπως ἐμὰ γυῖα καλύψῃ
καὶ πυρὸς ἄλλον ἔχοντα καὶ αὐτοθέλοντα σιδήρῳ.
κτεῖνέ με τὸν δυσέρωτα, τεῆς μὴ φείδεο νευρῆς.
θηλύνεις δὲ σίδηρον, ὅταν ψαύσειας ὀιστῶν·
ἵσταμαι αὐτοκέλευστος ἐγὼ σκοπός, ὄμματι τερπνῷ
δάκτυλα μαρμαίροντα περὶ γλυφίδεσσι δοκεύων,
ἀσπαίρω σὺ ἑλκύοντα τεὴν μελανόχροα νευρὴν
δεξιτερῷ φιλέοντι πελαζομένην σέο μαζῷ.
θέλγομαι νευρῆς Ἔρωτος ἐοικότος ἡδέι κέντρῳ·
οὐκ ἀλέγω θανάτοιο καὶ οὐ τρομέω τέλος ἰῶν,
γυμνὴν ὑμετέρην χιονώδεα χεῖρα δοκεύων
ἁπτομένην τόξοιο καὶ ἱμερόεντος ὀιστοῦ.
εἰς ἐμὲ πάντα βέλεμνα τεῆς προΐαλλε φαρέτρης,
εἰς ἐμὲ πέμπε βέλεμνα μιαιφόνα· πικρότερα γάρ

[312] So speaking, she showed her valiant lance to the foolish oxherd. But he, smitten with the maddening sweet sting, not understanding that the Amazon was so heartless, uttered a voice of unhappy passion, harbinger of his own death:

[314] "Aye, cast your beloved spear, I beseech you, and slay me with your snowy hand, and it is my joy! I fear not your pike, I fear not your sword, wedlock-shirker! So may it provide the quickest end, that I may escape at last the lasting sore of love, the fire that feeds under my heart! May I die, for that fate is my delight! But if you will follow Cypris, and yourself also shoot me a shot from the bow you bear, in the Paphian's name, do not send it through the neck, but fix your shot in my heart, where now is the shot of love. Nay rather, let fly your lance at the neck, strike not the heart: I need no second wound. But if it gives you joy, I will endure another shot, that earth may cover me, both keeping the sore of the fire, and wounded by the steel. Kill me the hapless lover, spare not your bowstring.—But you put woman into the steel, when you handle the arrows.—Here I stand, a willing butt, watching with joyous eye the fingers twinkling about the notches,* and pulling to its length your honeysweet string, drawing it close to your right breast so rosy! I die Love's willing carrion, by a sweet fate! I care not about death, I tremble not before a cloud of arrows, watching for your bare hand like snow to touch bow and arrow that I desire. Let fly at me all the shots of your quiver, shoot at me your murdering shots:

* The fingers fit between the feathers along "the notches" which hold them, and hook over the bowstring to pull it.

ἄλλος ἐμὲ κλαύσειε πετρηχήεσσα ἀοιδή.
ἢν δὲ κατακτείνῃς με τεῷ θανατηφόρῳ τόξῳ,
παρθένε, μὴ θάψειας ἐμὸν δέμας ἠθάδι πέτρῃ·
πυρκαϊῆς ἑτέρης οὐ δεύομαι· ἀλλὰ σύ, κούρη,
μοῦνον ἐμοῦ φθιμένοιο γλυκερὴν περίχευε κονίην
χειρὶ τεῇ, τυμβεύουσα ὀλίγον χῶμα, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ·
'παρθένος εἰς ἔλαφον, τὸν ἔκτανε.' μηδὲ θανόντος
αἰδέο ἐμεῖο, μὴ στυγερὸς ἐμοῦ περὶ σήματι κεῖσθαι,
ποιμενίην μὴ βάλλε καλαύροπα, μάρτυρα τέχνης·
ἀλλὰ κατασπείρουσα τεὸν βέλος ἠθάδι τύμβῳ
πῆξον, ἐμῷ θανάτῳ δεδευμένον αἵματι λύθρῳ.
ἢν δέ μοι ἀντιτύπῳ ἑτέρην χάριν· ἠθάδι τύμβῳ
ἄνθεα Ναρκίσσοιο πολυθλίπτοιο γενέθλης
ἢ κρόκον ἱμερόεντα ἢ Μίλακος ἄνθος Ἐρώτων,[a]
εἰαρινὴν δὲ φύτευε μελανθαλέην ἀνεμώνην
σῆμα ἀπαγγέλλουσαν ἐμῆς μινυώριον ἥβης.
εἰ δέ σε μὴ τόσα πάντα ἀμείλιχος ἦν ἐπιθέσθαι,
βαιὸν ἐμοί γε δάκρυ, τόσον μόνον, ὅσσον ἀέρσαις
ἡμετέρης φιλότητος ἐπαρκέσσειας ἀοιδόν,
χειρὶ δὲ σῇ γράψειας ἔπος τόδε κενθμῶνι μολοῦσα·
'ἐνθάδε βουκόλος Ὕμνος, ὃν ἔκτανεν ἀγρονόμων τις
παρθενικὴ Νίκαια καὶ ἐστεφάνωσε θανόντα.'
Ὣς φαμένου Νίκαια χολώσατο· λευκαλέῃ δὲ
λοίγιον ἰοβόλον γυμνώσατο πῶμα φαρέτρης
καὶ βέλος ἰθυτενὲς ἀνεθήκατο, ἀργαλέῃ δὲ

[a] Narcissus fell in love with his own reflection in water and pined away from unsatisfied longing. Crocus and

other and more bitter arrows already volley upon me fire-barbed.

341 "But if you kill me outright with your heart-soothing bow, maiden, pray do not burn my body on the usual pile: no other pyre I need; do but sprinkle upon me in death, my girl, sweet dust with your own hand, the last little grace, that one may say, 'How the maiden pitied him whom she killed!' And when I am dead, let not my fife, let not my cithern lie on my barrow, cast not there my herdsman's crook, witness of my trade; but fix your weapon above the tomb of the slain, still drenched in the hapless lover's gore. And give me another grace, the very last: above my tomb let there be flowers of passion-struck Narcissus,[a] or saffron full of desire, or love's flower the bind-weed; and in the spring-time plant the soon-dying anemone, proclaiming to all my youth too soon cut short. And if you were not born of the unmerciful sea or the mountains, drop a few tears on me, enough to damp with dew the rosy surface of your precious cheek, and with your own hand grave these words with funeral carmine[b]: 'Here lies exhorrd Hymnus, whom the maiden Nicaia killed without share of her bed, and did the last rites for him when dead.'"

360 As he spoke, Nicaia grew angry. Madly she bared the baneful lid of the arrow-shooting quiver, and drew back a straight-coursing shot; to its full

(Narcissus were a youth and maid who were unhappy lovers. All three were transmuted into the plants bearing their names (pheasant's-eye narcissus, saffron and bind-weed). Narcissi are all daffodils, and daffodils are narcissi.

[b] The letters of inscriptions were usually filled up with red paint to make them more legible, or simply painted and not cut out.

κερτομίην ὀπιπεύουσα κέρας κυκλώσατο τόξων,
ὀμφαλίην δὲ βέλεμνον ἐς ἀνθεμόεσσαν παρειὴν
φθεγγομένων προχέας, καὶ ἄσχετος ἶσα θυέλλῃ
ῥόθον ἔτι τροχόεντα μέσον σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ.
Ἀλλ' οὐ νυμφίος ἄλλος ἔην τότε· μορφωθεῖσα δὲ
ἀνδροφόνον Νίκαιαν ὀρεστιὰς ἤχεε Νύμφη,
μυρομένη νέκυν Ὕμνον· ἐν εὐύδρῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
Ῥυνδακὶς ὀγκοφόρητος ἀναβλύζουσα ἔστενε κούρη·[a]
Νηιάδες δ' ἔκλαυσαν· ὑπὲρ Σιπύλοιο δὲ γείτων
δάκρυσιν αὐτοχύτοισι Νιόβης πλεῖον ἔστενε πέτρη.[b]
κούρη δ' ἀπλωτάτη, γηραλέον ἔτι τῆς Ἐρυθραίων,
μή που Πιονοσλείοιο ὁμιλήσασα γυναιξίν.
Νηὶς Ἀβαρβαρέη νεμεσίζετο τοιάδε νύμφῃ·[c]
ἀμφὶ δὲ Δινδύμου ἄκρον ὀρεσσιάδες ἐγγύθι λόχμης
Ἀστακίδες μύροντο Κυβηλίδος ἔθνεα νύμφης,[d]
αἴλινα δ' ἐφθέγξαντο· καὶ οὐ τόσον αἴθοπι πατρὸς
Ἡλιάδες Φαέθοντος ἐδακρύσαντο θανόντος.[e]
καὶ φονίης ἀδάμαστον ὑποπτείων φρένα κούρης
τόξον Ἔρως ἔρριψε, καὶ ἤνυσεν ἄρμενα βιότῳ,
παρθενικὴν ἀέκουσαν ὑποζεῦξαι Διονύσῳ.
ὄμμασι δ' ἀκλαύτοισι λεοντείων ἐπὶ δίφρων
Δινδυμὶς φθόνῳ δεδονημένη ἔστενε Ῥείη,
μήτηρ Ζηνός, ἄνασσα· καὶ ἀλλομένην μόρον Ὕμνου
ἡ γάμον ἐχθαίρουσα κατείρετο παρθένον Ἥρη,
καὶ δρύες ἐφθέγξαντο· "τί σοι τόσον ἔχθετο βιότης;
μή ποτέ σοι Κυθέρεια, μὴ Ἄρτεμις ἵλαος εἴη."
Ἔδρακε δ' Ἀδρήστεια, μιαιφόνον ἔδρακε κούρην,

---

[a] A river rising at the foot of Olympus in Phrygia.

[b] For Niobe's rock, see on xii. 79.

[c] Hom. *Il.* vi. 22.

[d] Nymphs of Astacus.

[e] For the Heliades, see xlviii. 432.

length she rounded the curved horn of the back-bent bow, like the wind she let fly a shot into the herdsman's throat while he was speaking; irresistible the arrow sped, and in the midst of the stream of words sealed it with a fastening.

But the dead body was not without tears then. The Nymph of the mountain was sore offended at manslaying Nicaia, and lamented over the body of Hymnos; in her watery hall the girl of Rhyndacus[a] groaned, carried along barefoot by the water; the Naiads wept, and up in Sipylos, the neighbouring rock[b] of Niobe groaned yet more with tears that flow unexiled; the youngest girl of all, still unacquainted with wedded love, not yet having come to Bucolion's pallet, the Naiad Abarbarea[c] oft reproached the nymph; in the heights of Didymos, gathering near the woods, the Astacides[d] upbraided the nymph of Cybele with her ways, singing the dirge, and not so loudly had the daughters of the Sun[e] wept at the flaring fate of Phaëthon dead. And Eros, eyeing the untamed heart of the murderous girl, threw down his bow, and swore an oath by the oxherd, to bring the maiden unwilling under the yoke of Dionysos. Rheia Dindymis upon her lions' car, with her tearless eyes, groaned for the gallant lad so heavily fallen, even the mother of Zeus, the queen; and maiden Echo who hated marriage whimpered at the lot of Hymnos perishing. Even the trees uttered a voice: "How did the oxherd offend you so much? May Cytherein never be merciful to you, Artemis never!"

Adrasteia[f] saw the murderous girl, Adrasteia

[f] Adrasteia, "She-who-cannot-be-run-away-from" is here much the same as Nemesis, the divine power which takes account of and punishes mortal frowardness.

ἔδρακεν Ἀδρήστεια νέκυν σπαίροντα σιδήρῳ,
καὶ νέκυν ἀγρευθέντος ἐδείσατο Κυπρογένεια,
μέμψατο δ' αὐτὸν Ἔρωτα.
                    καὶ εἰσετίδην παρὰ λόχμῃ
Ὕμνον ἀσπαίροντα ἐλείβετο δάκρυα ταύρων,
καὶ δάμαλις δάκρυσε, καὶ ἔστενεν ἀγρομένη βοῦς
τεμνομένου ἀσπαίροντος, ἔειπε δὲ τοῦτο βοήσας·
“Ποιμὴν καλὸς ὄλωλε, καλὴ δέ μιν ἔκτανε κούρη.
παρθενικὴ σπεύδουσα κατέκτανεν, ἀντὶ δὲ φίλτρων
πότμον μισθὸν ἔδωκε, ποθοβλήτου δὲ νομῆος
αἵματι χαλκὸν ἔβαψε καὶ ἔσβεσε πυρσὸν Ἐρώτων—
“Ποιμὴν καλὸς ὄλωλε,
                    καλὴ δέ μιν ἔκτανε κούρη—
καὶ Νύμφαις ἀπέχθεον, ἀμειλίχου οἷα πέτρης,
σὺ σκολιῆς ἤκουσε καὶ οὐκ ἐβλέψατο πειθοῦς
λισσομένης· ‘μὴ πέμπε βέλος, μὴ κτεῖνε νομῆα.’ ”
καὶ λύκος ἔστενεν Ὕμνον, ἀναιδέες ἔστενον ἄρκτοι,
καὶ βλοσυρωπὸς βλεφάροισι λέων ὠδύρατο βούτην.
“Ποιμὴν καλὸς ὄλωλε, καλὴ δέ μιν ἔκτανε κούρη.
ἄλλο λέχος δίζεσθε, φίλοι, μαντεύσατε, ταῦροι,
ξεῖνον ἄρον· οὐδέποτε γὰρ ἐμῆς γλυκερῆς ἀΐετε βούτης
θηλυτέρῃ παλάμῃ δεδαϊγμένον. εἰς τίνα λόχμην
ἴχνος ἄγω; σκύζεσθε, νομοί, σκύζεσθε, χαμεῦναι.
“Ποιμὴν καλὸς ὄλωλε, καλὴ δέ μιν ἔκτανε κούρη.
χαίρετέ μοι, σκοπιαί τε καὶ οὔρεα, χαίρετε, πηγαί,
χαίρετε, Νηιάδες, καὶ ἐμαὶ δρύες.” ἀμφότερον δὲ

---

* The lament is in the style of pastoral poetry, quite alien

saw the body panting under the steel, and pointed out the newly slain corpse to the Cyprian, and upbraided Eros himself. Hard by the leafy woods tears were shed by the bull in pity for Hymnos, the young calf wept for him, the cow groaned for grief over the panting herdsman, and seemed to cry out these words:

[395] "The handsome oxherd has perished, a handsome girl has killed him! A maiden has killed one who loved her; instead of love-charms she gave him his fate, she bathed her bronze in the blood of the love-smitten oxherd, and quenched the torch of love—

[400] "The handsome oxherd has perished, a handsome girl has killed him! And she has pained the nymphs, she hearkened not to the mountain rock, she heard not the elm, and regarded not the prayer of the pine, 'Shoot not your shot, slay not the oxherd!' Even the wolf groaned for Hymnos, the merciless bears did groan, even the lion with grim eyes mourned for the oxherd.

[405] "The handsome oxherd has perished, a handsome girl has killed him! Look for another scaur, ye cattle, seek a strange mountain, ye bulls; for my sweet oxherd is perished of love, and mangled by a woman's hand. To what woods shall I guide my track? Farewell, our pastures, farewell our beds on the ground!

[410] "The handsome oxherd has perished, a handsome girl has killed him! Goodbye, mountains and promontories, goodbye, ye brooks, goodbye, Naiads, and my trees!" Both Pan of the pastures and

to Epic. In Nonnos we must look for reminiscences of everything in classical and post-classical Greek poetry.

Πάν νόμιος καὶ Φοῖβος ἀνίαχον· "αὐλὸς ἀλάσθω.
πῇ Νέμεσις; πῇ Κύπρις;
Ἔρως, μὴ φαῦε φαρέτρης·
σύριγξ, μηκέτι μέλπε· λιγύθροος ὤλετο βούτης."
Δειλαίου δὲ νομῆος ἀμεμφέα λύθρον Ἐρώτων
γνωτῇ Φοῖβος ἔδειξε, καὶ ἔστενεν Ἄρτεμις αὐτὴ
Ὕμνου νεκρὸν ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ πέλε νῆις Ἐρώτων.

Phoebus cried aloud, "A curse on the fife! Where is Nemesis? Where is Cypris? Eros, handle not your quiver; ye pipes, make music no more; the harmonious oxherd has perished!"

420 Apollo showed his sister the lovemurder of the unhappy herdsman without blame; even Artemis herself groaned the dead love of Hymnos, although she was unacquainted with love.

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY
FOUNDED BY JAMES LOEB, LL.D.

EDITED BY

† T. E. PAGE, C.H., LITT.D.

E. CAPPS, PH.D., LL.D. W. H. D. ROUSE, LITT.D.

L. A. POST, M.A. E. H. WARMINGTON, M.A.

NONNOS

DIONYSIACA

II

NONNOS
DIONYSIACA

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

W. H. D. ROUSE, LITT.D.

MYTHOLOGICAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

H. J. ROSE, M.A.

PROFESSOR OF GREEK, UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS

AND NOTES ON TEXT CRITICISM BY

L. R. LIND, D.LITT.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

IN THREE VOLUMES

II

BOOKS XVI—XXXV

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

LONDON

WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD

MCMXL

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II

PAGE

SUMMARY OF THE BOOKS OF THE POEM . . viii

TEXT AND TRANSLATION—

Book XVI 2

Book XVII 32

Book XVIII 62

Book XIX 90

Book XX 116

Book XXI 146

Book XXII 172

Book XXIII 200

Book XXIV 224

Book XXV 250

Book XXVI 292

Book XXVII 320

Book XXVIII 346

Book XXIX 370

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Book XXX	398
Book XXXI	422
Book XXXII	444
Book XXXIII	466
Book XXXIV	494
Book XXXV	520

ΠΕΡΙΟΧΗ
ΤΩΝ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΩΝ

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΦΑΙ
ΤΩΝ ΕΠΟΜΕΝΩΝ Κ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΩΝ

Ἕκτῳ καὶ δεκάτῳ γαμίην Νίκαιαν ἀείδω,
εὐνέτιν ὑπνώουσαν ἀκοιμήτου Διονύσου.

Ἑβδομάτῳ δεκάτῳ πρωτάγριον Ἄρεα μέλπω
καὶ ῥόον οἰνωθέντα μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο.

Ὀκτωκαιδεκάτῳ Στάφυλος καὶ Βότρυς ἱκάνει,
εἰς θαλίην καλέοντες ὀρίδρομον υἷα Θυώνης.

Ἐννεακαιδεκάτῳ Σταφύλου περὶ τύμβον ἐγείρει
Βάκχος ἐπὶ κρητῆρι θυώδεϊ τερπνὸν ἀγῶνα.

Εἰκοστὸν μεθέπει φονίου βουπλῆγα Λυκούργου
εἰς βυθὸν ἰχθυόεντα διωκομένου Διονύσου.

Εἰκοστὸν πρώτιστον ἔχει χόλον ἐννοσιγαίου
καὶ μόθον Ἀμβροσίης ῥηξήνορα καὶ λόχον Ἰνδῶν.

Δεύτερον εἰκοστὸν Βρομίου μόθον ἔργά τε μέλπει,
Αἰακὸς ὅσσα τέλεσσε καὶ ἐν πεδίῳ καὶ Ὑδάσπῃ.

Εἰκοστῷ τριτάτῳ πεπερημένον Ἰνδὸν Ὑδάσπην
καὶ κλόνον ὑδατόεντα καὶ αἰθαλόεντα λιγαίνω.

SUMMARY OF THE BOOKS OF THE POEM

Headings of the next twenty Books of the *Dionysiaca*

(16) In the sixteenth, I sing Nicaia the bride, in her sleep the bedfellow of unresting Dionysos.

(17) In the seventeenth, I celebrate war's firstfruits, and the waters of a honey-trickling river turned to wine.

(18) In the eighteenth come Staphylos and Botrys, inviting the mountainranging son of Thyone to a feast.

(19) In the nineteenth, Bacchos sets up a delightful contest over the fragrant bowl about the tomb of Staphylos.

(20) The twentieth deals with the pole-axe of bloodthirsty Lycurgos, when Dionysos is chased into the fishy deep.

(21) The twenty-first contains Earthshaker's wrath, and the man-breaking battle of Ambrosia, and the Indian ambush.

(22) The twenty-second celebrates the battle and feats of Bromios, all the deeds of Aiacos both on the plain and in the Hydaspes.

(23) In the twenty-third I sing Indian Hydaspes crossed, and the affray of water and fire.

Εἰκοστὸν δὲ τέταρτον ἔχει γόον ἄσπετον Ἰνδῶν
κερκίδα θ' ἱστοπόνοιο καὶ ἠλακάτην Ἀφροδίτης.

Εἰκοστὸν κατὰ πέμπτον ἔχεις Περσῆος ἀγῶνα
καὶ κρίσιν Ἡρακλῆος ἐς ἠνορέην Διονύσου.

Εἰκοστὸν λάχεν ἕκτον ἐπίκλοπον εἶδος Ἀθήνης
καὶ πολὺν ἐγρεκύδοιμον ἀγειρομένων στόλον Ἰνδῶν.

Ἕβδομον εἰκοστὸν μεθέπει στίχας, ᾗσι Κρονίων
εἰς μόθον ὁπλίζει Βρομίῳ ναετῆρας Ὀλύμπου.

Εἰκοστὸν σκοπίαζε καὶ ὄγδοον, ὁππόθι πολλὴν
Κυκλώπων πυρόεσσαν ἐσαθρήσειας Ἐνυώ.

Εἰκοστῷ δ' ἐνάτῳ πολέμων ἀποχάζεται Ἄρης,
οἷά περ εἰς γάμον ἄλλον ἐπειγόμενος Κυθερείης.

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ μετὰ νέρτερον οἶκον ἀνάγκης
Τέκταφον Εὐρυμέδων δεδαϊγμένον Ἄιδι πέμπει.

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ πρώτῳ μειλίσσεται Ἥρη
Ὕπνον ἐπὶ Κρονίδῃ καὶ Περσεφόνην ἐπὶ Βάκχῳ.

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ τῷ δευτέρῳ εἰσὶ κυδοιμοὶ
καὶ Διὸς ὑπναλέοιο λέχος καὶ λύσσα Λυαίου.

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ τριτάτῳ Μορρῆα δαμάζει
φλέξας θοῦρος Ἔρως ἐπὶ κάλλεϊ Χαλκομεδείης.

Κτεινομέναις ἑκάτερθε τριηκοστοῖο τετάρτου
Δηριάδης Βάκχῃσι κορύσσεται ἔνδοθι πύργων.

Μορρέος ἐχθρὸν Ἔρωτα τριηκοστῷ ἐνὶ πέμπτῳ
δίζεο Βασσαρίδων τε φόνον καὶ Ἄρηα γυναικῶν.

(24) The twenty-fourth has the infinite mourning of the Indians, and the shuttle and distaff of Aphrodite working at the loom.

(25) In the twenty-fifth you have the struggle of Perseus, and the comparison of Heracles with the valour of Dionysos.

(26) The twenty-sixth has the counterfeit shape of Athena, and the great assembly of the Indian host to stir up battle.

(27) The twenty-seventh deals with the array in which Cronion musters the dwellers in Olympos for battle to help Dionysos.

(28) Look at the twenty-eighth also, where you will see a great fiery fight of Cyclopians.

(29) In the twenty-ninth, Ares retreats from the battle, being urged to another wedding of Cythereia.

(30) In the thirtieth, Eurymedon sends Tectaphos slain to Hades, into the lowest house of constraint.

(31) In the thirty-first, Hera propitiates Sleep for Cronides, and Persephone for Bacchos.

(32) In the thirty-second are battles, and the bed of sleeping Zeus, and the madness of Bacchos.

(33) In the thirty-third, furious Love masters Morrheus, and sets him aflame for the beauty of Chalcomedeia.

(34) In the thirty-fourth, Deriades attacks and massacres the Bacchant women within the walls.

(35) In the thirty-fifth, seek the love of Morrheus for the enemy, and the battle and bloodshed of Bassarid women.

NONNOS

DIONYSIACA

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΞΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Ἕκτῳ καὶ δεκάτῳ γαμίην Νίκαιαν ἀείδω,
εὐνέτιν ὑπνώουσαν ἀκοιμήτου Διονύσου.

Οὐδὲ φόνος νήποινος ἔην κινυροῖο νομῆος,
ἀλλὰ λαβὼν ἑὰ τόξα καὶ ἱμερόεν βέλος ἕλκων
θοῦρος Ἔρως ἀΐδηλος ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσῳ
ἐζομένῳ παρὰ χεῖλος ἐυκροκάλου ποταμοῖο.
Καὶ ταχινὴ Νίκαια, μετὰ δρόμον ἠθάδος ἄγρης
ἄσχετον ἱδρώουσα φιλοσκοπέλων ἀπὸ μόχθων,
γυμνὸν ὀρεσσιχύτοισι δέμας φαίδρυνε λοετροῖς.
οὐ μὲν Ἔρως δήθυνεν ἐκηβόλος· ἀμφὶ δὲ νευρῇ
ἀκροφανῆ πώγωνα βαλὼν πτερόεντος ὀιστοῦ
τόξον ἐὸν κύκλωσεν, ἐρωμανέος δὲ Λυαίου
ἐν κραδίῃ κατέπηξεν ὅλον βέλος. ἐν δὲ ῥεέθροις
νηχομένην Διόνυσος ἰδὼν γυμνόχροα κούρην
ἠδυμανῆ πυρόεντι νόον δεδόνητο βελέμνῳ.
ἤιε δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, λαγωβόλος ὀππόθι κούρη,
πῇ μὲν ὀπιπεύων ἑλικώδεα βόστρυχα χαίτης
εἰς δρόμον ἱεμένης δεδονημένα κυκλάσιν αὔραις,
πῇ δὲ παρελκομένων πλοκάμων στίλβοντα δοκεύων
αὐχένα γυμνωθέντα, σέλας πέμποντα Σελήνης·

NONNOS XVI

In the sixteenth, I sing Nicaia the bride, in her sleep the bedfellow of unresting Dionysos.

The death of the plaintive shepherd was not unavenged; but valiant Eros caught up his bow and drew a shaft of desire, arming unseen himself against Dionysos as he sat by the bank of the pebbly stream.

[5] Fleet Nicaia had finished her wonted hunt for game; sweating and tired by hard work in her beloved highlands, she was bathing her bare body in a mountain cascade. Now longshot Eros made no delay. He set the endshining beard of a winged arrow to the string, and rounded his bow, and buried the whole shot in the heart of love-maddened Lyaios. Then Dionysos saw the girl swimming in the water bareskin, and his mind was shaken with sweet madness by the fiery shaft. This way and that he went, wherever the maiden harehuntress went: now eyeing the clustering curls of her hair, shaken by the circling breezes as she hurried on her course; spying her bright neck, when the tresses moved aside and bared it till it gleamed like the moon. He cared not for

καὶ Σατύρων ἀμέλησε καὶ οὐκέτι τέρπετο Βάκχαις·
παπταίνων δ' ἐς Ὄλυμπον ἐρωτοτόκῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
"Ἴξομαι, ἦχι πέλει δροσερὸς δρόμος, ἦχι φαρέτρη,
ἦχι βέλος καὶ τόξον ἐπήρατον, ἦχι καὶ αὐταὶ
παρθενικῆς ἀγάμοιο μύρου πνείουσι χαμεύναι·
ψαύσω καὶ σταλίκων καὶ δίκτυα χερσὶ πετάσσω·
ἀγρώσσω καὶ ἔγωγε καὶ ἠθάδα νεβρὸν ὀλέσσω.
εἰ δέ μοι ὡς βαρύθυμος ὀνειδίσσειεν Ἀμαζὼν
θῆλυν ἐρευγομένη μελιηδέος ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς,
κούρης χωομένης ἐπὶ γούνασι χεῖρα πελάσσω,
ψαύων ὡς ἱκέτης ἐρατοῦ χροός, οὐ μὲν ἐλαίης
θαλλὸν ἀερτάζων, ὅτι δένδρεόν ἐστιν Ἀθήνης
παρθενικῆς ἀγάμου καὶ ἀθελγέος, ἀντὶ δὲ πικροῦ
ἀκρεμόνος λιπόωντος ἐμῇ μελιηδέι νύμφῃ
οἴνοπα καρπὸν ἔχοντα μελιρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
βότρυν ἀερτάζων ἱκετήσιον. ἢν δὲ χαλέψῃ
παρθένος ἀγκυλότοξος, ἐμῷ χροΐ μὴ δόρυ πήξῃ,
μὴ βέλος αὖ ἐρύσειε μιαιφόνον, αἰδομένη δὲ
ἀκροτάτῳ πλήξειεν ἐμὸν δέμας ἠδέι τόξῳ·
πληγῆς οὐκ ἀλέγω φρενοθελγέος. ἢν δ' ἐθελήσῃ,
ἱμερταῖς παλάμῃσιν ἐμῶν δράξαιτο κομάων,
σφιγγομένης ἐρύουσα θελήμονα βόστρυχα χαίτης.
οὐ μὲν ἐρητύσω ποτὲ παρθένον, ὡς κοτέων δὲ
δεξιτερὴν σφίγγουσαν ἀφειδέι χειρὶ πιέζω
δάκτυλα φοινίσσοντα λαβὼν γαμψώνυχι δεσμῷ,
Κυπριδίου καμάτοιο παρήγορα· παρθενικὴ γὰρ
κάλλος ὅλον σύλησεν Ὀλύμπιον. ἴλαθι, Κέρνη·

Satyrs now, he had no pleasure in Bacchants ; but gazing at Olympos,[a] he cried in a love-compelling voice :

21 " I will be there, where the dewy chase goes on, where the quiver is, where the bolt and the precious bow, where the very groundpallet is perfumed from the unwedded maiden ; I will handle her stakes, and stretch her nets with my own hands : I also will go a-hunting, and kill a fawn like her. And if she scolds me, like some heavytempered Amazon, disgorging womanlike her load of honeysweet threatenings, I will lay my hand on the knees of the angry girl, and touch of her lovely skin like a suppliant ; but I will carry aloft no spray of olive, because that is the tree of Athena, the maiden unwedded and unsoftened ; instead of that bitter oily branch, I will lift to my honeysweet nymph a suppliant cluster of grapes, which contains the purple fruit of honeydropping vintage.

34 " If the crookbow virgin is vexed, let her not pierce my flesh with a lance, nor draw her murderous shot, let her be merciful and tap my body with the tip of her sweet bow : I do not mind a blow that soothes the heart ! If it please her, let her hold the shag fast and pull my hair with her precious hands, she may tear out some of the braids and welcome ! I will never fend off the maiden ; but I will pretend to be cross, and squeeze with unsparing hand the right hand which holds me fast. I will hold the pink fingers imprisoned in my hooked talons, to soothe my love-longing. For the maiden has made prey of all the Olympian beauty.[b]

[a] The Bithynian mountain.
[b] *Cf.* Apoll. Rhod. iv. 984.

'Αστακὶς ἐβλάστησε νέη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἠώς,
ἄλλη ἀνηέξητο φαεσφόρος· ὁπλοτέρη γὰρ
ἔμπεδον εἶδος ἔχουσα πέλει Νίκαια Σελήνη.
ἤθελον ἱμείρων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀμεῖψαι·
εἰ μὴ ἐρητύει με σέβας πατρώιον αἰδοῦς,
καί κεν ἐγὼ Τυρίοιο δι' ὕδατος ὑγροπόρος βοὸς
ἄβροχον ἐν πελάγεσσιν ἐμὴν Νίκαιαν ἀείρων
ἔπλεον, Εὐρώπης ἅτε νυμφίος, ὡς ἀέκων δὲ
νῶτον ἐμὸν δονέεσκον, ὁρινομένης ἵνα κούρης
δεξιτερὴ πάνλευκος ἐμῆς ὀράξαιτο κεραίης.
ἤθελον, εἰ γενόμην πτερόεις πόσις, ὄφρα χορεύσω
κουφίζων ἀτίνακτον ὑπὲρ νώτοιο γυναῖκα,
ὡς Κρονίδης Αἴγιναν, ὅπως μετὰ λέκτρα τελέσσω
Αἰετὸν ὄρνεον ἄλλο γαμοστόλον ἄστρον Ἐρώτων.
οὐ μὲν ἐμῆς ἀλόχοιο βαλὼν γενετῆρα κεραυνῷ
νύμφῃ πατρὸς ὄλεθρον ἀτάσθαλον ἔδνον ὀπάσσω,
μὴ γλυκερὴν Νίκαιαν ἀποφθιμένοιο χαλέφω.
αἴθε πέλον νόθος ὄρνις ἐὐπτερος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
παρθένος ἡμετέρῃ φιλέει πτερόεντας ἀοιδούς.
μᾶλλον ἐγὼ Δανάης ποθέων τύπον ὑγρὸν ἐρώτων
ἤθελον, εἰ χρύσειος ἐγὼ πέλον ὄμβρος ἀκοίτης,
αὐτὸς δῶρα γάμων, αὐτὸς πόσις, ὄφρα χορεύσω
ἀφνειῆς προχέων φιλοτήσιον ὄμβρον ἐέρσης·
ἔπρεπε γὰρ Νίκαιαν ἐμὴν εὐώπιδα κούρην
χρύσεον εἶδος ἔχουσαν ἔχειν χρύσειον ἀκοίτην."
Τοῖον ἐρωμανέων ἔπος ἴαχε θυιάδι φωνῇ,
καί ποτε κηώεντος ἔσω λειμῶνος ὀδεύων

---

[a] An island in the Persian Gulf, not certainly identified, home of the Dawn-goddess (Lycophron 18; Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* vi. 198-199). Elsewhere, it is an island w. of Africa.

45 " Forgive me, Cerne [a] : the Astacid [b] has budded as a new rosyfinger Dawn, a new lightbringer has risen : Nicaia is a younger Selene, who keeps her aspect unchanged. In my desire, I should be glad to take on a world of strange aspects, if respect and veneration for my father did not hold me back. I would go through the waters of Tyre a seafaring bull, and swim along carrying my Nicaia unsprinkled by the deep, like Europa's bridegroom ; and I would shake my back as if by accident, that the girl might take fright, and her allwhite right hand might pull at my horn. I would be a winged husband, to dance carrying lightly a wife on my back unshaken, as Cronides did with Aigina ; that mated with her I might beget a new eagle,[c] another birdstar to attend on weddings for the Loves. However, I will not strike with a thunderbolt my bedfellow's begetter, and present a father's death as an impious brideprice, that I may not vex sweet Nicaia for his taking off. Would I were a bastard bird well fledged,[d] because my virgin herself loves winged arrows ! I would rather be the flowing form of Danaë's loves, a golden shower to lie by her side,[e] myself the marriage gift, myself husband, that I might circle round her and pour forth love's shower of generous dew ; for it would suit well my girl Nicaia with her beautiful eyes, and her golden beauty, to have a golden bedmate."

71 Such were the words he rang out in love's madness with passionate voice. And one day, making his way into a fragrant meadow, he observed all the

[b] See xiv. 327.
[c] Alluding to the constellation Aquila. See vii. 117 ff.
[d] An arrow.
[e] Zeus visited Danaë as a shower of gold.

ἄνθεα πάντα δόκευε τεθηλότα σίγχροα κούρης,
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἐς ἠρόεντας ἀήτας·
"Ἄρτι μόγις, Νίκαια, τεὴν ἴδον ἐνθάδε μορφήν·
μὴ σέο κάλλος ἄμειψας ἐς ἄνθεα; καλλιφυὴ γὰρ
παπταίνων ῥοδεῶνα τεὰς ἐνόησα παρειάς·
ἀλλὰ τεὸν θαλέει ῥόδον ἔμπεδον· ἀμφιέπεις γὰρ
ἔμφυτον οὐ λήγουσαν ἐρευθομένην ἀνεμώνην·
εἰς κρίνον ὄμμα φέρων χιονώδεας εἶδον ἀγοστούς,
ἀθρήσας δ' ὑάκινθον ἴδον κυανόχροα χαίτην.
δέξό με θηρεύοντα συνέμπορον· ἦν δ' ἐθελήσῃς,
αὐτὸς ἐγὼ σταλίκων γλυκερὸν βάρος, αὐτὸς ἀείρω
ἐνδρομίδας καὶ τόξα καὶ ἱμερόεντας ὀιστούς,
αὐτὸς ἐγώ· Σατύρων οὐ δεύομαι· οὐ παρὰ λήχμῃ
δίκτυα Κυρήνης ἀνεκούφισεν αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων;
τίς φθόνος, εἰ μεθέπω καὶ ἐγὼ λίνον; οὐ μογέω δέ
αὐτὸς ἐμοῖς ὤμοισιν ἐμὴν Νίκαιαν ἀείρων.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ γενετῆρος ὑπέρτερος· ἐν ῥοθίοις γὰρ
Εὐρώπην ἀδίαντον ἐκούφισε ποντοπόρος βοῦς.
παρθενικὴ ῥοδόεσσα, τί σοι τόσον εἴαδεν ὕλη;
σῶν ἐρατῶν μελέων περιφείδεο, μηδ' ἐπὶ πέτραις
ἀστορέες σέο νῶτα κατατρίψωσι χαμεῦναι.
ἔσσομαι, ἢν ἐθέλῃς, θαλαμηπόλος· ἐν δὲ μελάθρῳ
αὐτὸς ἐγὼ στορέσω σέο δέμνια, τοῖσι πετάσσω
δέρματα πορδαλίων πολυδαίδαλα, τοῖς ἅμα βάλλω
φρικτὰ λεοντείης πυκινότριχα νῶτα καλύπτρης
γυμνώσας ἐμὰ γυῖα· σὺ δὲ γλυκὺν ὕπνον ἰαύεις
νεβρίσι δαιδαλέῃσι καλυπτομένη Διονύσου·
Μυγδονίης δ' ἐλάφου σκέπας ἅρμενον ὑφόθι βάλλω
γυμνώσας Σατύρους. σκυλάκων δέ σοι εἰ χρέος εἴη,

---

* Black with a purple under-tinge, like the blue roan of a horse.

flowers blooming with the colours of the girl, and cried out thus to the airy breezes :

75 " Here at last, Nicaia, I have caught a glimpse of your form ! Have you lent your beauty to the flowers ? For as I gaze on the fairgrowing rosebed, I recognize your cheeks : but your rose blooms always, for you hold implanted in you the blushing anemone also, that ceases not. When I turn my eye to the lily, I see your snowy arms, when I behold the iris, I see the rich dark colour of your hair.[a] Receive me as comrade in your hunting : and if you wish, I will shoulder myself the sweet burden of your stakes, myself your ankleboots and bow and arrows of Desire, myself I will do it—I need no Satyrs ; did not Apollo himself in the woods lift Cyrene's [b] nets ? What harm, if I also manage the meshes ? I do not think it hard to lift my Nicaia on my own shoulders. I do not set up to be better than my father ; for he bore up Europa in the floods unwetted, a seafaring bull.

91 " Rosy maiden, why do you like the forest so much ? Spare your lovely limbs, nor let the rough unstrown pallet upon the rocks chafe your back. If you wish, I will be the attendant of your chamber in the house ; I will lay your bed, I will spread on it the many-speckled skins of pards, over which I throw the bristly thick-haired fell of a lion to cover it, stripping it from my own limbs : you shall enjoy sweet sleep covered with the dappled fawnskins of Dionysos. Above you I will throw a tent of the same sort, made of the skins of Mygdonian deer, stript from the Satyrs.

101 " If you should want dogs, I will straight offer

[b] A huntress-nymph loved by Apollo, see Pindar, *Pyth.* ix. 5 ff.

σοὶ κύνας εἰν ἑνὶ πάντας ἐμοῦ τάχα Πανὸς ὀπάσσω,
ἄξομαι ἐκ Σπάρτης ἑτέρους κύνας, οὓς ἀτιτάλλει
ἠιθέων ἐς ἔρωτας ἐμὸς Κάρνειος Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ κύνας ἀγρευτῆρας Ἀρισταίοιο καλέσσω·
καὶ λίνα σὺν σταλίκεσσι καὶ ἅρμενα δῶρα κομίσσω
ἐνδρομίδας Νομίοιο καὶ Ἀγρέος, ὃς πάρος ἔγνω
καὶ νομὸν εὐλείμωνα καὶ εὐκαμάτου δρόμον ἄγρης.
εἰ δὲ θερειγενέος τρομέεις φλόγα διψάδος ὥρης,
ἡμερίδων ὄρπηκας ὑπὲρ λέκτροιο φυτεύσω,
καί σε περιπνεύσωσι μέθης εὐώδεες αὖραι
κεκλιμένην κατὰ μέσσα πολυσταφύλοιο καλύπτρης.
παρθενικὴ περίφοιτε, ποθοβλήτοιο προσώπου
βαλλομένας Φαέθοντι τεὰς ἐλέαιρε παρειάς,
μὴ σέλας Ἠελίου μελέων ἀκτῖνα μαραίνῃ,
μὴ πλοκάμους μυρόεντας ἀμαλδύνωσιν ἀῆται·
εὖδε ῥόδων ἀνὰ μέσσα καὶ ἐν πετάλοις ὑακίνθου,
γείτονι σεῖο κάρηνον ἐρεισαμένη Διονύσῳ,
ἀθανάτοις πισύρεσσιν ὅπως ἕνα κῶμον ἀνάψῃς,
Φοίβῳ καὶ Ζεφύρῳ καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
λιθίδιον δ' ὀπάσαιμι γονὴν μελανόχροον Ἰνδῶν
παστάδος ὑμετέρης θαλαμηπόλον· ἀλλά τί φύτλην
κυανέην ὀνόμηνα τεῆς νυμφοστόλον εὐνῆς;
νυκτὶ μελαγχλαίνῳ πότε μίσγεται ἀργέτις Ἠώς;
Ἀστακὶς ὁπλοτέρη πέλες Ἄρτεμις· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτός[1]
δμωίδας ἑξήκοντα χορίτιδας εἰς σὲ κομίσσω,
ὄφρα χορὸν νήριθμον ὀπάονα σεῖο τελέσσω,
ἀμφιπόλοις ἰσόμετρον ὀρειάδος ἰοχεαίρης,

[1] αὐτὸς mss., αὐτὰς Ludwich.

---

[a] Carnos was a Dorian god identified with Apollo.
[b] Probably Hyacinthos.

you the whole pack of my friend Pan together ; I will bring you other hounds from Sparta, which my friend Carnean[a] Apollo keeps for the love of his gallant lads,[b] and I will summon the hunting-dogs of Aristaios ; string and stakes I will fetch you, and those most suitable gifts, the ankleboots of the Grazer and Hunter,[c] who long ago knew both grazing on fine meadows and the happy work of the coursing hunt.

109 " And if you fear the blaze of the thirsty season of harvest, I will plant over your bed shoots of the gardenvine, and the sweet breath of the intoxicating scent shall be wafted over you, lying under the grape-clustered covering. Gadabout maiden, pity the cheeks of your own loveshot countenance beaten by the sun, lest the glare of Helios dim the radiance of your limbs, lest the breeze tumble your anointed curls ; sleep among the roses and on iris-petals, rest your head on Dionysos your neighbour, to kindle one revel for immortals four, Phoibos and Zephyros and Cypris and Dionysos.[d]

121 " Let me offer my spoil, the blackskin brood of India, to attend upon your bower. But why did I name the swarthy tribe to array your bridal bed ? Does white Eos ever mingle with black-stoled night ? You the Astacid are surely a younger Artemis ; but more, I will fetch you myself sixty dancing handmaids,[e] to complete the unnumbered dance that attends you, as many as the servants of the mountain

[c] Epithets of Aristaios, son of Cyrene: Pindar, *Pyth.* ix. 65.

[d] For the rose, the iris, and the vine, because in warm sunny (Phoibos-Helios) spring (Zephyros) weather she is being loved (Cypris) by him.

[e] The sixty dancers come from Callimachos, *Hymn to Artemis* 13. Virgil gives her a thousand, *Aen.* i. 499.

εἴκελον Ὠκεανοῖο θυγατράσι, μή σοι ἐρίζῃ
Ἄρτεμις ἀγρώσσουσα, καὶ εἰ πέλε δεσπότις ἄγρης.
σοὶ Χάριτας ζαθέοιο χαρίζομαι Ὀρχομενοῖο
ἀμφιπόλους, ἐμὰ τέκνα μεταστήσας Ἀφροδίτης.
ἀλλὰ πόθῳ φρένα θέλξον ἀθελγέα, καί σε δεχέσθω
θηροσύνης μετὰ μόχθον ἐμὸν λέχος, ὄφρα φανείης
Ἄρτεμις ἐν σκοπέλοισι καὶ ἐν θαλάμοις Ἀφροδίτη.
τίς φθόνος, ἀγρώσσειν σε σὺν ἀγρώσσοντι Λυαίῳ;
εἰ δὲ μόθου λάχες οἶστρον, ἅτε κλυτότοξος Ἀμαζὼν
ἴξεαι Ἰνδώην ἐπὶ φίλοπιν, ὄφρά κεν εἴης
Πειθὼ νόσφι μόθοιο καί, ὁππότε δῄρις, Ἀθήνη.
δέξο καί, ἢν ἐθέλῃς, ἐλαφηβόλα θύρσα Λυαίου,
νεβροφόνος δὲ γένοιο· καὶ ὑμετέρων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
ὑμετέροις τε πόνοισιν ἐμὴν κόσμησον ἀπήνην
πόρδαλιν ἠὲ λέοντας ὑποζεύξασα χαλινῷ."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐδίωκεν ὀρειάδα γείτονα κούρην,
τοῖον ἔπος βοόων· "μένε, παρθένε, Βάκχον ἀκοίτην."
ἡ δὲ χολωομένη βριαρὴν ἀνενείκατο φωνὴν
παρθενική, στόμα λάβρον ἐπαιθύσσουσα Λυαίῳ·
"Ταῦτα μολὼν ἀγόρευε φιλοστόργῳ τινὶ νύμφῃ.
εἰ δύνασαι γλαυκῶπιν ἢ Ἄρτεμιν εἰς γάμον ἕλκειν,
καὶ βριαρὴν Νίκαιαν ἔχεις πειθήμονα νύμφην·
εἰμὶ γὰρ ἀμφοτέρῃσιν ὁμόστολος. εἰ δέ σε φεύγει
ἀπροϊδὴς ὑμέναιος ἀπειρώδινος Ἀθήνης,
καὶ νόον οὐ θέλξειας ἀπειθέος ἰοχεαίρης,
δέμνια Νικαίης μὴ δίζεο· μηδέ σε λεύσσω
ἁπτόμενον τόξοιο καὶ ἀμφαφόωντα φαρέτρην,
μὴ μετὰ βουκόλον Ὕμνον ὀλωλότα καὶ σὲ δαμάσσω.
οὐτήσω Διόνυσον ἀνούτατον· εἰ δὲ σιδήρῳ

---

[a] Persuasion personified. [b] Athena.

Archeress, as many as the daughters of Oceanos ; then Artemis hunting will not rival you, even if she be the mistress of the hunt. I will present you with the Graces of divine Orchomenos for servants, my daughters, whom I will take from Aphrodite.

133 " Nay, charm your uncharmed heart with desire, and let my bed receive you after the labours of hunting the beasts, that you may appear Artemis among the rocks and Aphrodite in the bed-chamber. What harm that you should hunt along with hunting Lyaios ? But if you have the itch for struggle, like the bowfamed Amazon, you shall come to the Indian warfare, to be Athena in the battle, and Peitho [a] when fighting is done. Receive also, if it please you, the thyrsus of Lyaios to bring down your game, and become a slayer of fawns ; and with your own hands, by your own efforts, adorn my car, by yoking pards or lions under the bridle."

144 So speaking, he pursued the mountain girl his neighbour, crying aloud as he came near : " Wait, maiden, for Bacchos your bedfellow ! " But the maiden was angry and lifted up a strong voice, speeding wild words at Lyaios :

148 " Be off ! make that speech to some girl who likes lovemaking ! If you can draw into marriage the gray-eyed goddess,[b] or Artemis, you shall have hard Nicaia a willing bride ; for I am a comrade of both. But if you miss wedlock with Athena,—none ever heard of such a thing, no birth-pangs for her—if you could not charm the wits of the inflexible Archeress, seek not Nicaia's bed. Let me not see you touching my bow, and handling my quiver, or I may bring you also down to follow Hymnos the shepherd. I will wound Dionysos the unwounded !

γυῖα φέρεις ἀχάρακτα καὶ οὐκ εἰκοντα βαλέμνῳ,
νίέας ὑψιλόφους μιμήσομαι Ἰφιμεδείης,
καί σε σιδηρείῃσιν ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι πεδήσω
σεῖο κασιγνήτῳ πανομοίιον, ἐνδόμυχον δὲ
χαλκείοις κεράμοισι μετ' Ἄρεα καὶ σὲ φυλάξω,
ἄχρις ἀναπλήσας δυοκαίδεκα κύκλα Σελήνης
ἠερίοις ἐμὸν οἶστρον ἀπορρίψειας ἀήταις.
χερσὶ γυναιμανέεσσιν ἐμῆς μὴ ψαῦε φαρέτρης·
τόξον ἔχω, σὺ δὲ θύρσον· ἐν Ἀστακίῃ μὲν ἐρίπτῃ
εἰς σύας ἠὲ λέοντας· ἐμὸν βέλος ἐνθάδε πέμπω
Ἀρτέμιδος συνάεθλος, ὑπὲρ Λιβύνοιο δὲ πέτρης
νεβροὺς καὶ σὺ δίωκε συναγρώσσων Ἀφροδίτῃ
οὐ δέχομαι σέο λέκτρα, καὶ εἰ Διὸς αἷμα κομίζεις·
εἰ δὲ θεὸν μενέαινον ἔχειν πόσιν, οὐκ ἂν ἀκοίτην
ἀβροκόμην ἀσίδηρον ἀνάλκιδα θήλεϊ μορφῇ
εἶχον ἐγὼ Διόνυσον, ἐμῷ δ' ἐφυλάσσετο παστῷ
νυμφίος ἢ κλυτότοξος ἄναξ ἢ χάλκεος Ἄρης,
ὃς μὲν τόξον ἔχων, ὁ δὲ φάσγανον εἶδεν Ἐρώτων·
ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ οὐ μακάρων τινὰ δέξομαι, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὸν
πενθερὸν οἶστρος ἔχει με τεὸν Κρονίωνα καλέσσαι,
ἄλλην δίζεο, Βάκχε, νέην πειθήμονα νύμφην.
τί σπεύδεις; ἀκίχητον ἔχεις δρόμον, ὡς ποτε Δάφνην
Λητοΐδης ἐδίωκε καὶ ὡς Ἥφαιστος Ἀθήνην·
τί σπεύδεις; δρόμος οὗτος ἐτώσιος·

ἐν σκοπέλοις γὰρ
ἐνδρομίδες πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀρείονές εἰσι κοθόρνων."
Ὣς φαμένη λίπε Βάκχον.

ἀεὶ δ' ὑπὸ φορβάδα λόχμην

---

[a] Otos and Ephialtes, who shut up Ares in a brazen jar. Hom. *Il.* v. 385.

If steel will not cut your limbs, if the lance will not pierce them, I will do as the highcrested sons of Iphimedeia [a]; I will bind you with galling iron chains, wholly like your brother, and I will keep you too like Ares hidden in a brazen pot, until you fulfil twelve [b] circuits of Selene, and throw away your passion for me to the winds of the air. Touch not my quiver with womanlickerish hands: I keep the bow, you the thyrsus. On the Astacian crags I send my shot here against boars or lions, and share the toils of Artemis; over the rocks of Libanos go yourself and pursue the fawns, on the hunt with Aphrodite. I refuse your bed, even if you have the blood of Zeus in you. If I had a mind to a god for my lord, I would not have Dionysos for bedfellow, softhaired, weaponless, spiritless, shaped like a woman; the bridegroom kept for my bower would be my Lord Strongbow or brazen Ares, the one with his bow, the other with sword as a love-gift. But since I will not accept one of the Blessed, since I have no itch to call even your Cronion [c] goodfather, seek another, Bacchos, some new bride not unwilling. Why all this haste? This race is not for you to win; so Latoïdes [d] once pursued Daphne, so Hephaistos Athena.[e] Why this haste? this race is vain; for among the rocks, buskins are far better than slippers."

183 She finished, and left Bacchos behind. But he ever searched for the mountainranging maid through

[b] Thirteen lunar months in Homer, a rough way of measuring the year.

[c] Zeus.

[d] Apollo: "so" means unsuccessfully. He loved the nymph Daphne (Laurel), who fled from him and was turned into the tree called after her.

[e] Hephaistos got Zeus's leave to wed Athena, but she proved too strong for him, see *e.g.* Hyginus, *Fab.* 166.

παρθενικὴν μάστευεν ὀρίπλανον· ἐσσυμένῳ δέ
σύνδρομος ὠμάρτησε κύων πιντόφρονι θυμῷ,
τόν ποτε θηρεύοντι φιλοσκοπέλῳ Διονύσῳ
ὦπασε δῶρον ἔχειν σκυλακοτρόφος ὑψίκερως Πάν,
καί μιν ἅτε φρονέοντα καὶ αὐδήεντα δοκεύων
σύννομον ἰσοκέλευθον ἐὼν ξυνήρυα μόχθων,
Βάκχος ἐρωμανέων φιλίῳ προσπτύξατο μίθῳ·
" Τίπτε, κύων περίφοιτος, ὁμόδρομός ἐσσι Λυναίῳ
Πανὸς ἀεὶ ποθέοντος ἐπάξιε; τίπτε σὺ μοῦνος
παρθένον ἰχνεύοντι συνιχνεύεις Διονύσῳ;
ἦ ῥά σε σὸς ταμίης οἰκτίρμονα θῆκεν ἐρώτων;
παρθένον ἡμετέρην ἔτι δίζεο, μηδ' ἐνὶ πέτραις
Βάκχον ἀλητεύοντα κατ' οὔρεα μοῦνον ἐάσῃς.
μοῦνος ἐποικτείρεις με, καὶ ὡς βροτὸς εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης
πλαζομένης λοφόεντα μετέρχεαι ἔνδια κούρης.
κάμνε τεῷ βασιλῆι· χάριν δέ σοι εἵνεκα μόχθων
δώσω ἀμοιβαίην· μετὰ Σείριον ἀστέρα Μαίρης
αἰθέρος ἔνδον ἄγων σε καὶ ἀστερόεντα τελέσσω
ἄγχι Κυνὸς προτέρου,
σταφυλὴν ἵνα καὶ σὺ πεπαίνῃς
βότρυος Εἰλείθυιαν ἀκοντίζων σέθεν αἴγλην.
τίς φθόνος ἀντέλλειν τρίτατον Κύνα;
καὶ σὺ φαείνεις
σύνδρομος ἀστερόεντος ἐπειγομένοιο Λαγωοῦ.
εἰ θέμις, οἰκτείρων μὲ σαόφρονι μέμφεο κούρῃ,
δόχμιον ὄμμα φέρων Κυβεληίδος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
ὅττί με μαστεύοντα γυνὴ θεὸν εἰσέτι φεύγει·

---

* Procyon, in Latin Antecanem, is a second hound of Orion, which rises before Seirios. Vitruvius calls him Canicula. See Cic. *de Nat. Deorum* ii. 64, 114, with quotation from his own version of Aratus: et hic Geminis est ille sub ipsis Antecanem, προκύων Grais qui nomine fertur. Icarios was an Athenian, to whom Dionysos taught

the nourishing woods ; and coursing beside him in that rapid chase went the dog with sagacious mind, the dog which highhorned Pan, breeder of hounds, offered as a gift to Dionysos, once on a time when he was hunting in the highlands which he loved. To him, the comrade of his ways and his labours, Bacchos lovemaddened spoke gently with kind words, as if he thought the creature had sense and voice :

191 " Why do you run with Lyaios, wandering hound, when Pan always misses you, and you are worthy of Pan ? Why do you alone track the maiden along with tracking Dionysos ? Did your trainer teach you to pity love ? Still seek our maiden, and let not Bacchos go wandering alone over the mountains, among the rocks. You alone pity me, and like one human, you follow in the hilly spaces on the ridge where the girl wanders. Work hard for your king ! I will repay you well for your labours : I will take you into the upper air, and make you a star like Seirios, the star of Maira, near the earlier Dog,[a] that you also may ripen the clusters, shooting your light to be the grape's Eileithyia.[b] What harm that a third Dog should arise ? You also show your light, running a course with the starry Hare as he scampers on. If it is lawful, cast your eyes aside to the ridge of Cybele's forest, and in pity for me reproach the modesthearted girl, that she still flies from my

the cultivation of the vine. Some peasants killed him, thinking he had given them poison. His dog Maira found the body, and his daughter Erigone then hanged herself. Icarios was then placed among the stars as Boötes, his daughter as the Virgin, and the dog as Procyon. But here Seirios is called Maira's dog.

[b] The goddess of childbirth : that is, to bring out the round grapes.

μέμφεο δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν, Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ,
φοιταλέην δὲ δίωκε[1] δι' οὔρεος ἄστατον Ἠχώ,
μὴ τελέσῃ φυγόδεμνον ἐμὴν πλέον εἰσέτι νύμφην·
μηδὲ λίπῃς σέο Πᾶνα δυσίμερον ἐγγύθι κούρης,
μή μιν ἐλὼν ζεύξειεν ἀναγκαίοις ὑμεναίοις.
παρθένον αἴ κεν ἴδῃς, ταχὺς ἔρχεο, μάρτυρι σιγῇ
ἢ νοεραῖς ὑλακῇσιν ἀπαγγέλλων Διονύσῳ·
ἄγγελος ἔσσο πόθοιο· κύων δέ τις ἄλλος ἀλάσθω
ἢ σύας ἠὲ λέοντας ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο διώκων.
Πὰν φίλε, κικλήσκω σε μακάρτατον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
σεῖο κύνες γεγάασιν ἐρευνητῆρες Ἐρώτων.
ἀνδρομέην, πολύμορφε Τύχη, παίζουσα γενέθλην
ἴλαθι, πανδαμάτειρα· μετὰ βροτέην τάχα φύτλην
καὶ σκυλάκων κρατέεις, ὅτι δύσμορος οὗτος ἀλήτης
θητεύει μετὰ Πᾶνα καὶ ἱμείροντι Λυαίῳ·
παρθενικῇ μέμψασθε, φίλαι δρύες· εἴπατε, πέτραι·
'καὶ κύνες οἰκτείρουσι, καὶ οὐκ ἐλέαιρεν Ἀμαζών.'
εἰσὶ καὶ ἐν σκυλάκεσσιν ἐχέφρονες, οἷσι Κρονίων
ἀνδρομέην φρένα δῶκε καὶ οὐ βροτέην πόρε φωνήν."
Ἔννεπεν ἄγχι φυτοῖο· δι' εὐπετάλου δὲ κορύμβου
φθογγῆς εἰσαΐουσα γυναιμανέος Διονύσου
ἀρχαίη Μελίη φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν·
"Ἄλλοι μέν, Διόνυσε, κυνοσσόοι ἰοχεαίρῃ
ἐνθάδε θηρεύουσι, σὺ δ' ἀγρώσσεις Ἀφροδίτῃ
ἠδὺς ὁ δειμαίνων ἀπαλόχροον ἄζυγα κούρην·
Βάκχος ὁ τολμήεις ἱκέτης πέλε λάτρις Ἐρώτων·
Ἰνδοφόνοις παλάμῃσιν ἀνάλκιδα λίσσετο κούρην.

[1] MSS. read δὲ δίωκε: δ' ἐδίωκε Ludwich.

---

[a] Melia, daughter of Oceanos, and wife of Inachos, mother by Seilenos of Pholos the centaur, and associated with Apollo at Thebes. The Meliai as a group were sprung from

pursuit, a woman from a god! Reproach both Adonis and Cythereia, and pursue Echo, flitting inconstant over the mountains, that she may not make my nymph yet more a hater of wedlock; do not leave your rough wooer Pan near the girl, or he may catch her and yoke her under an enforced bridal. If you should see the maiden, quickly come, and with knowing silence or meaning barks give the news to Dionysos; you be love's messenger, and let another dog travel in pursuit of boars or lions from the rocks. Friend Pan, I call you most blessed, because even your dogs have become trackers of the loves. And you, Luck, how many shapes you take, how you make playthings of the children of men! Be gracious, all-subduer! First the human race, and now perhaps you possess the canine race also, when this ill-fated wanderer is a servant for Dionysos in love next after Pan. Reproach the maiden, dear trees, and say, ye rocks, 'Even the dogs have compassion, and there is no pity in the Amazon!' So there are dogs too with sense, to whom Cronion has given the thoughts of a man, and yet not a human voice."

228 A tree was near him while he spoke; and through her clustering leaves an ancient Ashtree [a] heard the cry of womanmad Dionysos, and she uttered a mocking voice:

231 "Other masters of hounds, Dionysos, hunt here for the Archeress; but you are huntsman for Aphrodite! Here's a nice fellow to be in fear of a soft-skinned maiden girl! Bacchos the bold, bowing and scraping like a lackey to the loves! lifts in prayer to a weakling girl the hands that butchered the

drops of the blood of Uranos; they are the nymphs of ash trees.

σὸς γενέτης οὐκ οἶδε πόθου θελξίφρονι μίθῳ
εἰς γάμον, εἰς ὑμέναιον ἄγειν πειθήμονα κούρην·
οὐ Σεμέλην ἱκέτευεν, ἕως ἐτύχησεν ἐρώτων,
οὐ Δανάην παρέπεισεν, ἕως σύλησε κορείην·
Ζηνὶ συναπτομένην Ἰξίονος οἶσθα γυναῖκα
καὶ γάμιον χρεμέτισμα καὶ ἱππείους ὑμεναίους·
Ἀντιόπης ἐδάης φιλοπαίγμονα θεσμὸν Ἐρώτων
καὶ Σάτυρον γελόωντα νόθων μιμηλὸν ἀκοίτην."

Ὣς φάτο κερτομέουσα νόον δειδήμονα Βάκχου,
καὶ δρυὸς ἐντὸς ἴκανεν ὁμήλικος. ἐν δὲ κολώναις
ἀσχαλόων Διόνυσος ὁμάρτεε θυιάδι κούρῃ
ποσσὶν ἐρωμανέεσσι, καὶ ὠκυπέδιλος Ἀμαζὼν
ἄστατος ἄκρα κάρηνα μετήιε δύσβατα πέτρης,
ἴχνος ἐρευνητῆρος ὑποκλέπτουσα Λυαίου.

Καὶ φλογερῷ Φαέθοντος ἰμασσομένης χρόα πυρσῷ
ἄβροχα διψαλέης τερσαίνετο χείλεα κούρης·
καὶ δόλον ἀγνώσσουσα γυναιμανέος Διονύσου
ξανθὸν ὕδωρ ἐνόησε φιλακρήτου ποταμοῖο,
καὶ πίεν ἠδὺ ῥέεθρον, ὅθεν πίον αἴθοπες Ἰνδοί·
καὶ φρένα δινηθεῖσα μέθῃ βακχεύετο κούρη,
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐλέλιζε μετήλυδα δίζυγι παλμῷ,
καὶ διδύμην ἐδόκησεν ἰδεῖν πολυχανδέα λίμνην
ὄμματα δινεύουσα· βαρυνομένου δὲ καρήνου
δέρκετο θηροβότου διπλούμενα νῶτα κολώνης
καὶ τρομεροῖσι πόδεσσιν ὀλισθήσασα κονίῃ
εἰς πτερὸν αὐτοκύλιστος ἐσύρετο γείτονος Ὕπνου·
καὶ γαμίῳ βαρύγουνος ἐθέλγετο κώματι νύμφη.

Τὴν μὲν ἰδὼν εὖδουσαν Ἔρως ἐπεδείκνυε Βάκχῳ,
Ὕμνον ἐποικτείρων· Νέμεσις δ' ἐγέλασσεν ἰδοῦσα.

---

[a] See vii. 120.

[b] Dia, by whom Zeus was father of Peirithoös. He wooed her in the form of a horse.

Indians! Your father does not know how to go awooing with heartbewitching words of love to bring the girl willing to her bridal; he made no prayer to Semele until he won her love; he did not cajole Danaë until he stole her maidenhood.[a] You know how he caught Ixion's wife,[b] the bridegroom's whinney and the equine mating. You have heard of love's game of trickery for Antiope,[c] the laughing Satyr, the sham deceitful mate."

244 So she mocked the timid mind of Bacchos, and vanished into her coeval tree. But on the hills, Dionysos impatient followed the wild girl with love-mad feet; and the swift-shod Amazon, ever on the move, scoured the topmost heads of difficult mountain-paths, hiding her track from the searcher Lyaios.

250 But the dry lips of the thirsty girl were parched as Phaëthon scourged her skin with his blazing fire, and knowing not the trick of womanmad Dionysos, she noticed the brown water of the tipplers' river, and drank the sweet liquid, whence the skin-scorched Indians had drunk. With her brain on fire, the girl revelled in her intoxication, and tossed her head to match her double motions; when she turned her eyes to the wide yawning lake, she thought to see two lakes; then as her head grew heavy, she beheld the ridges of the beastfeeding hill double themselves; and with trembling feet, slipping in the dust, she was drawn unconsciously under the wing of Sleep who was not far away. So the bride heavy at knee, was spellbound by her wedding slumber.

263 Eros espied her sleeping, and pointed her out to Bacchos, pitying Hymnos; Nemesis laughed at

[c] Mother of Amphion and Zethos by Zeus. For the Satyr-disguise *cf.* Ovid, *Met.* vi. 110.

καὶ δολόεις Διόννσος ἀδουπήτοισι κοθόρνοις
εἰς γάμον ἄψοφος εἶρπε ποδῶν τεχνήμοσι παλμῷ.
κούρης δ' ἐγγὺς ἵκανε· καὶ ἀτρέμας ἄκρον ἐρύσσας
δεσμὸν ἀσυλήτοιο φυλάκτορα λύσατο μίτρης
φειδομένῃ παλάμῃ, μὴ παρθένον ὕπνος ἐάσῃ.
Γαῖα δὲ κηώεσσαν ἀναπτύξασα λοχείην
φυταλιὴν ὤδινε, χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ,
πολλὴν δ' ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐλαφρίζουσα καλύπτρην
πλεκτὴ βοτρυόεντι κάμαξ ἐβαρύνετο καρπῷ·
καὶ λέχος ἦν πετάλοισι κατάσκιον· ἡμεριδῶν γὰρ
αὐτοφυὴς μίτρωσεν ἕλιξ εὐάμπελον εὐνήν·
καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα μετάρσιος οὖπι καρπῷ
Κυπριδίοις ἀνέμοισιν ἐσείετο βότρυς ἀλήτῃς,
ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἐπύκαζε· σελινοφόρῳ δὲ κορύμβῳ
ἱμερόεις ἐμέθυσσεν ὁμόζυγος οἰνάδος ὄρπηξ
πλεκτὸν ἀεξομένης ἐπιβήτορα κισσὸν ὀπώρης.
Καὶ δολόεις γάμος ἦεν ὀνειρείης τύπον εὐνῆς
Ὕπνον ἔχων συνάεθλον· ἐνοσφίσθη δὲ κορείης
παρθενικὴ κνώσσουσα, καὶ ἕδρακε πομπὸν Ἐρώτων
Ὕπνον ὑποδρηστῆρα μεθυσφαλέων ὑμεναίων.
πνοιὴ δ' ὑψιπόρῳ σκιρτήματι θυιάδος ὕλης
ἄστατος αὐτοβόητος ἀνέπλεκεν ὕμνον Ἐρώτων,
καὶ μέλος ἠεμόφοιτον ὀρεσσαύλων ὑμεναίων
αἰδομένοις στομάτεσσιν ἀμείβετο παρθένος Ἠχώ,
Πανιὰς ὑστερόφωνος· ὑπὲρ δαπέδου δὲ χορείων
αὐλὸς ἐπεσμαράγησεν· " Ὑμὴν· Ὑμέναιε· " λιγαίνων·
" ἱμερόεις γάμος οὗτος " ὀρεστιὰς ἴαχε πεύκη.
Ψυχὴ δ' ἠνεμόφοιτος ἀναΐξασα νομῆος
παρθένον ὑπναλέην νυχίοις ἐρέθιζεν ὀνείροις·
" Εἰσὶ καὶ ἱμείροντος Ἐρινύες, εὔγαμε κούρη·
νυμφίον εἰ φύγες Ὕμνον, ἐνυμφεύθης Διονύσῳ·

the sight. And sly Dionysos with shoes that made no noise crept soundless to his bridal, placing his footsteps with care. He came near the girl : and softly with gentle hand undid the end of the knot which guarded the girdle of innocence, that sleep might not let the maiden go.

270 Earth unfolded her teeming fragrance, and brought forth a plot of plants, to do pleasure to Dionysos. Tangled poles of spreading vine lifted a wide covering laden with clusters of grapes, and shaded the bed with its leaves ; a selfgrown arbour of vinery embowered the couch with its rich growth, and many a bunch of purple fruit swayed to and fro above it, under the Cyprian's breezes. It screened them both, while in crinkling clumps a lovely sapling of the wine-plant entangled intoxicated the wreaths of ivy which climbed over the growing fruit.

281 It was a stolen bridal, like bed in a dream with Sleep for helper. The maiden lost her maidenhood, slumbering still ; she saw Sleep as marshal of the loves, and as servant of winedeceived nuptials. The breeze, unresting, self-sounding, interwove the hymn of love with caperings, high among the branches of the jubilant forest : and the melody of the mountain bridal, passing on the winds, was answered in modest tones by maiden Echo, Pan's following voice ; dancing over the ground the pipes tootled out loudly " Hymen Hymenaios " ; the forest fir resounded, " A blessing on this bridal ! "

292 Then the soul of the herdsman, passing on the winds, started up and taunted the sleeping maiden in dreams of the night :

294 " A lover also has his avenging spirits, happy bride ! If you refused Hymnos as a bridegroom,

λοξὰ θεμιστεύεις, θαλαμηπόλε παρθένε νύμφη·
κτείνεις γὰρ ποθέοντα, καὶ οὐ γαμέοντα διώκεις.
παρθένε, χάλκεον ὕπνον ἐρασσαμένῳ πόρες Ἴμνῳ·
παρθένε, νήδυμος ὕπνος ἀπώλεσε σεῖο κορείην.
οἰκτρὸν ἴδες γελόωσα δεδουπότος αἷμα νομῆος·
οἰκτρότερον στενάχουσα τεῆς ἴδες αἷμα κορείης."

Ὣς φαμένη σκιόεντι παρείκελος ἔσσυτο καπνῷ
ψυχὴ δακρυόεσσα ποθοβλήτοιο νομῆος,
Ταρταρίην δ' ἀκίχητος ἐδύσατο παντόκον αὐλήν,
Βάκχου ζῆλον ἔχουσα μεθυσφαλέων ὑμεναίων.

Καὶ λιγυροῖς δονάκεσσι γαμήλιον ἦχον ἀράσσων,
ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτων ὑποκάρδιον, ὑμνοπόλος Πὰν
μεμφόμενον μέλος εἶπεν ἐς ἀλλοτρίους ὑμεναίους.
καί τις ἐρωμανέων Σατύρων παρὰ γείτονι λόχμῃ
θηητὴρ ἀκόρητος ἀθηήτων ὑμεναίων
Βακχείην ἀγόρευεν, ἰδὼν εὐπάρθενον εὐνήν·

" Πὰν κεροεις, ἔτι μοῦνος ἔχεις δρόμον
εἰς Ἀφροδίτην;
καὶ σὺ διωκομένης πότε νυμφίος ἔσσεαι Ἠχοῦς;
καὶ σὺ δόλον πότε τοῖον ἀοσσητῆρα τελέσσεις
ὑμετέρων ἐπίκουρον ἀνυμφεύτων ὑμεναίων;
Πὰν φίλε, καὶ σὺ γένοιο φυτοσκάφος ἀντὶ νομῆος,
ποιμενίην δ' ἀπόειπε καλαύροπα καὶ παρὰ πέτρῃ
λεῖπε βόας καὶ μῆλα· τί σοι ῥέξουσι νομῆες;
ἔγρεο, καὶ σὺ φύτευε γαμοστόλον οἶνον Ἐρώτων."

Οὔ πω μῦθος ἔληγε, καὶ ἴαχεν αἰγίβοτος Πάν·
" Αἴθε πατήρ με δίδαξε τελεσσιγάμου δόλον οἴνου·

---

[a] From Hom. *Il.* xi. 241: it seems to imply imprisoned in brazen chains, something unbreakable.

Dionysos has made you a bride! You are a crooked judge, you matchmaking maiden bride! you kill the lover, you pursue him that weds not! Maiden, a brazen sleep [a] you gave to your impassioned Hymnos: maiden, a honeyed sleep lost you your maidenhood! The dead herdsman's piteous blood you saw with a laugh; there was worse piteous groaning when you saw the blood of your maidenhood."

302 So speaking, away like misty smoke went the soul of the lovesmitten herdsman weeping, and passed beyond pursuit into the courtyard of Tartaros, allcomers' hostel, full of envy for Bacchos and his drinkdeceiving espousals.

306 Pan also piped a bridal tune on the shrill reeds, hiding secret envy deep in his heart, Pan the master of music; and made a defaming lay for the unnatural union. And one of the lovemad Satyrs in a thicket hard by, staring insatiate upon the wedding, a forbidden sight, declaimed thus, when he saw the bed of Bacchos with his fair maiden:

312 "Horned Pan, still running alone after Aphrodite? When will you too be a bridegroom, for Echo whom you chase? Will you ever bring off a trick like this, to aid and abet you in your nuptials never consummated? Become a gardener too instead of herdsman, my dear Pan; forswear your shepherd's cudgel, leave oxen and sheep among the rocks—what will herdsmen do for you? Wake up! and plant another vine, which provides love's wedding."

320 Not yet had his words ended, when goatherd Pan cried out:

321 "I wish my father had taught me the trick of that matchmaking wine! I wish I could be lord of

αἴθε νοοσφαλέος σταφυλῆς, ἅτε Βάκχος, ἀνάσσων·
καί κεν ἐμῶν ἐτέλεσσα
πολύπλανον οἶστρον Ἐρώτων
ὑπναλέην μεθύουσαν ἰδὼν δυσπάρθενον Ἠχώ.
ἰλήκοι νομὸς οὗτος, ἐπεὶ παρὰ γείτονι πηγῇ
ἀρδεύω τάδε μῆλα, φιλακρήτῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
παρθενικὰς Διόνυσος ἀθελγέας εἰς γάμον ἕλκει.
φάρμακον εὗρεν Ἔρωτος ἐὸν φυτόν· ἐρρέτω αἰγῶν,
ἐρρέτω ἡμετέρων οἰῶν γλάγος· οὐ δύναται γὰρ
εἰς πόθον ὕπνον ἄγειν ἢ παρθένον εἰς γάμον ἕλκειν.
μοῦνος ἐγώ, Κυθέρεια, βιάζομαι· ὦμοι Ἐρώτων·
Σύριγξ Πανὸς ἔφευγεν ἀνυμφεύτους ὑμεναίους
καὶ γάμον ἀρτιτέλεστον ἀνευάζει Διονύσου
αὐτομάτοις μελέεσσι· τὸ δὲ πλέον ἠθάδι μολπῇ
φθεγγομένης Σύριγγος ἀμείβετο σύνθροος Ἠχώ.
νυμφιδίης Διόνυσε μέθης θελξίμβροτε ποιμήν,
ὄλβιος ἔπλεο μοῦνος, ἀναινομένης ὅτι νύμφης
εὗρες ἀοσσητῆρα γαμοστόλον οἶνον Ἐρώτων."
Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε δυσίμερος ἀχνύμενος Πάν,
ζῆλον ἔχων καὶ ἔρωτα[1] τελεσσιγάμοιο Λυαίου.
Καὶ τελέσας φιλότητα καὶ εἰνοδίης πόθον εἰνῆς
ἀφράστῳ Διόνυσος ἀηχώρητο πεδίλῳ.
νύμφη δ' ἐγρομένη ποταμηῒδι μέμφετο πηγῇ,
Ὕπνῳ[2] χωομένη καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ,
ὄμβρῳ δακρυόεντι κατάρρυτος· ἀχνυμένη δὲ
ἔκλυε Νηιάδων γαμίης ἔτι λείψανα μολπῆς,
καὶ λεχέων κήρυκα ποθοβλήτοιο Λυαίου
ἡμερίδων πετάλοισι κατάσκιον εἶδε χαμεύνην
νεβρίσι νυμφιδίῃσι πυκαζομένην Διονύσου,

[1] δυσέρωτα Graefe, ἐς ἔρωτα Koechly.
[2] Ὕπνῳ for Ὑμνῳ, H. J. R. This misprint was corrected also by Maas. See Critical Introduction.

the mindtripping grape, like Bacchos ! Then I should have seen that cruel maiden Echo, asleep and well drunken ! then I should have achieved my love, which like a gadfly sends me gadding afar ! Farewell to this pasturage ! for while I water my sheep here by a neighbouring spring, Dionysos draws intractable nymphs to marriage by means of his tipplers' river ! He has invented a medicine for Eros —his plant : away with the goat's milk, away with the milk of my ewes ! for that cannot bring sleep to desire, nor a maiden to marriage. I alone, Cythereia, must suffer. Alas for love ! Syrinx escaped from Pan's marriage and left him without a bride, and now she cries Euoi to the newly-made marriage of Dionysos with melodies unasked : while Syrinx gives voice, and to crown all, Echo chimes in with her familiar note. O Dionysos, charmer of mortals, shepherd of the bridal intoxication ! you alone are happy, because when the nymph denied, you found out wine, love's helper to deck out the marriage ! "

339 Such were the words of Pan, in sorrow for his thwarted desire, and in envy and love of Lyaios, the achiever of marriage.

341 And Dionysos, having achieved his love, and the desires of that wayside bed, rose up with unnoted boot. But the nymph awaking reproached the river spring, indignant against Hypnos and Cypris and Dionysos, bathed in a flood of tears ; in her pain, she heard still the remnants of the Naiads' nuptial song ; and she saw that bed, herald of the couch of lovesick Lyaios, shadowed over with garden vine-leaves, and piled thick with the bridal fawnskins of Dionysos, which gives its own message of Lyaios's

κρυπταδίων λεχέων αὐτάγγελον· εἶδε καὶ αὐτὴν
μίτρην παρθενίην γαμίης πλήθουσαν ἐέρσης.
καὶ ῥοδέας ἐχάραξε παρηΐδας, ἀμφοτέρους δὲ
μηρούς πληξαμένη κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ·
"Ὤμοι παρθενίης, τὴν ἥρπασεν Εὔιον ὕδωρ·
ὤμοι παρθενίης, τὴν ἥρπασεν ὕπνος Ἐρώτων·
ὤμοι παρθενίης, τὴν ἥρπασε Βάκχος ἀλήτης.
ἐρρέτω Ὑδριάδων δολόεν ποτόν, ἐρρέτω εὐνή.
Νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυάδες, τίνα μέμφομαι; ἠμετέρην γὰρ
Ὕπνος, Ἔρως, δόλος, οἶνος ἐληίσαντο κορείην.
παρθενικὰς ἀπέειπε καὶ Ἄρτεμις· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
τίπτέ μοι οὐ φυγόδεμνος ὅλον δέμας ἔννεπεν Ἠχώ;
τίπτέ μοι εἰς ἐμὸν οὖας, ὅσον μὴ Βάκχον ἀκοῦσαι,
οὐ Πίτυς ἐψιθύριζε καὶ οὐκ ἐφθέγξατο Δάφνη·
' παρθενική, πεφύλαξο πιεῖν ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ ';"
Ἔννεπε, καὶ πολύδακρυν
ἀνέβλυσεν ὄμβρον ὀπωπῆς.
καί ποτε μὲν μενέαινε κατ' αὐχένος ἄορ ἐρεῦσαι,
ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτοκύλιστος ἀπ' οὔρεος ἤθελε πίπτειν
ὑστατίῃ προκάρηνος ὀλισθήσασα κονίῃ·
καὶ γαμίης μενέαινεν ἀιστῶσαι πόμα πηγῆς,
εἰ μὴ ἀμειψαμένη πρωτέρη χύσις ἱκμάδα Βάκχου
λευκὸν ὕδωρ κελάρυζε καὶ οὐκέτι χεῦμα Λυαίου.
καὶ Κρονίδην ἱκέτευε καὶ Ἄρτεμιν, ὄφρα τελέσσῃ
αὔλια Νηιάδων κεκονιμένα διψάδι χέρσῳ.
πολλάκι δ' ὄμμα τίταινε δι' οὔρεος, εἴ που ἐφεύροι
ἴχνιον ἀστήρικτον ἀθηήτου Διονύσου,
ὄφρα βάλῃ τόξοισι γυνὴ θεόν, ὄφρα δαμάσσῃ
δαίμονα βοτρυόεντα· καὶ ἤθελε μᾶλλον ἐκείνην
ἄμπελον εὐναίην φλογερῷ πυρὶ πᾶσαν ἀλέσσαι.
πολλάκι δ' ἀθρήσασα δι' οὔρεος ἴχνια Βάκχου

lovestricken passion, which told the tale of the furtive bed ; she saw her own maiden zone wet with the wedding dew. Then she tore her rosy cheeks, and slapt both thighs, and moaned with piercing voice :

354 " Alas for maidenhead, stolen by the Euian water ! alas for maidenhead, stolen by the sleep of love ! Alas for maidenhead, stolen by that vagabond Bacchos ! A curse on that deceitful water of the Hydriads, a curse on that bed ! Hamadryad nymphs, whom shall I blame ? for Sleep, Eros, trickery and wine, are the robbers of my maiden state ! Artemis has deserted her own maidens. But Echo herself the enemy of the bed—why did not Echo tell me the whole scheme ? Why did not Pine whisper in my ear, too low for Bacchos to hear ? why did not Daphne the Laurel speak out—' Maiden, beware, drink not the deceiving water ! ' ? "

365 She spoke, and flooded her face with a shower of tears. And now she thought to set a sword in her throat, again she would have cast herself rolling off a cliff, to fall headlong in the dust at last ; she thought to destroy the nuptial fountain of which she had drunk, but already the stream had got rid of its Bacchic juice, and bubbled out clear water, no longer the liquid of Lyaios. Then she besought Cronides and Artemis to fill the Naiads' grottoes with dust and thirsty soil. Often she strained her eye over the mountains, if anywhere she might find an unsteady footstep of unseen Dionysos, that she might shoot him with her arrows, a woman shoot a god ! that she might vanquish the deity of the grapes ; yet more she desired to destroy with blazing fire all that marriage-vine. Often, when she saw tracks of

ἠερίας τόξευεν ὀιστεύουσα θυέλλας·
πολλάκι δ' ἔγχος ἄειρε, καὶ εἰς σκοπὸν ἀντίον ἔστη,
ὄφρα δέμας πλήξειεν ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου·
ἀλλὰ μάτην προέηκε καὶ οὐκ ἐτύχησε Λυαίου,
καὶ ποταμῷ κεχόλωτο καὶ ὤμοσε, μή ποτε πηγῆς
χείλεσι διψαλέοισι πιεῖν ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ·
ὤμοσε καὶ κατὰ νύκτας ἔχειν ἄγρυπνον ὀπωπήν,
ὤμοσε μὴ γλυκὺν ὕπνον ἐν οὔρεσιν ἄλλον ἰαύειν.
καὶ σκύλακας νεμέσησε φυλάκτορας, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
οὐ τότε θωρήσσοντο γυναιμανέοντι Λυαίῳ.
δίζετο δ' ἀγχονίοιο μετάρσιον ἄλκαρ ἀλήθου
θλιβομένη σφιγκτῆρι περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ,
μῶμον ἀλευομένη φιλοκέρτομον ἤλικος ἥβης.
ἀρχαίην δ' ἀέκουσα λίπεν θηροτρόφον ὕλην,
αἰδομένη μετὰ λέκτρα φανήμεναι ἰοχαίρῃ.

Καὶ ζαθέης ῥαθάμιγγι γονῆς πλησθεῖσα Λυαίου
γαστέρι φόρτον ἄειρε· τελειομένης δὲ λοχείης
θῆλυν ἐμαιώσαντο τόκον ζωθαλπέες Ὧραι,
καὶ δρόμον ἐννεάκυκλον ἐπιστώσαντο Σελήνης·
ἐκ δὲ γάμου Βρομίοιο θεόσσυτος ἤνθεε κούρη,
ἣν Τελετὴν ὀνόμηνεν ἀεὶ χαίρουσαν ἑορταῖς,
κούρην νυκτιχόρευτον, ἑφεσπομένην Διονύσῳ,
τερπομένην κροτάλοισι καὶ ἀμφιπλῆγι βοείῃ.

Καὶ πόλιν εὐλάιγγα φιλακρήτῳ παρὰ λίμνῃ
τεῦξε θεὸς Νίκαιαν, ἐπώνυμον ἣν ἀπὸ νύμφης
Ἀστακίης ἐκάλεσσε καὶ Ἰνδοφόνον μετὰ νίκην.

[a] An epithet or name of Bacchos, *i.e.* "the Brawler (?)." "Noisy one."

Bacchos over the mountains, she let off storms of arrows into the air ; often she lifted her lance, and cast at a mark, hoping to strike the body of unwounded Dionysos : but in vain she cast, and hit no Lyaios. And she was angry with the river, and swore never to drink the deceitful water of the fountain with thirsty lips ; swore to keep her eyes awake through the night, swore not to enjoy sweet sleep again on the mountains. She blamed also the watchdogs, because not even they then attacked the womanmad Lyaios. She sought a remedy in death by the hanging noose, and encircled her neck with a choking throttling loop, to avert the malice of her mocking yearsmates. Unwilling she left the ancient beastbreeding forest, being ashamed after that bed to show herself to the Archeress.

395 Now lined with the divine dew, the seed of Lyaios, she carried a burden in her womb ; and when the time came for her delivery, the lifewarming Seasons played the midwives to a female child, and confirmed the nine-circled course of Selene. From the marriage of Bromios [a] a god-sent girl grew to flower, whom she named Telete, one ever rejoicing in festivals, a night-dancing girl, who followed Dionysos, taking pleasure in clappers and the bang of the double oxhide.

And the god built a city of fine stone beside the tipplers' lake, Nicaia, City of Victory, which he named after the nymph Astacia and for the victory which brought the Indians low.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΠΤΑΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Ἑβδομάτῳ δεκάτῳ πρωτάγριον Ἄρεα μέλπω
καὶ ῥόον οἰνωθέντα μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο.

Οὐδὲ φιλακρήτοιο μέθης πεπεδημένον ὕπνῳ
ζωγρήσας ἀτίνακτον ἀνουτήτων γένος Ἰνδῶν
ληθαίοις Διόνυσος ἐπέτρεπε δῆριν ἀήταις·
ἀλλὰ πάλιν Φρύγα θύρσον ἐκοίφισεν· ὑψιλόφου γὰρ
εἰς ἑνοπὴν καλέοντος ἐπείγετο Δηριαδῆος,
παιδὸς Ἀμαζονίης δολίην ἄμνηστον ἐάσας
οἰνοβαρῆ φιλότητα καὶ ὑπναλέους ὑμεναίους.
Καὶ θεὸς ἡγεμόνευε, Διὸς κήρυκα γενέθλης
οὐρανίην ἀκτῖνα φέρων στίλβοντι προσώπῳ·
ἀμφὶ δὲ Λύδιον ἅρμα Γιγαντοφόνου Διονύσου
θυρσοφόροι στίχες ἦσαν, ἐμιτρώθη δὲ μαχηταῖς
μεσσοφανὴς ἑκάτερθε, καὶ ἀντήστραπτεν Ὀλύμπῳ·
κάλλεϊ δ' ἔκρυφε πάντας· ἰδὼν δέ μιν ἦ τάχα φαίης
Ἥλιον πυρόεντα πολυσπερέων μέσον ἄστρων.
καὶ στρατιῆς ἀσίδηρον ἄναξ ὥπλισσεν Ἐνυώ,
οὐ ξίφος, οὐ μελίην θανατηφόρον, ἀντὶ δὲ χαλκοῦ
κισσὸν ἔχων ἄρρηκτον ἐὸν δόρυ· καί μιν ἑλίσσων
Ἀσίδος ἐν πολίεσσι, καὶ Ἀσίδος ἐν χθονὶ πήξας
ἄγριον ἠνιόχευε Κυβηλίδος ἅρμα θεαίνης

[a] Goddess of Warfare; here as often means simply war.

BOOK XVII

In the seventeenth, I celebrate war's firstfruits, and the waters of a honey-trickling river turned to wine.

After he had made captive the Indian nation, shackled in sleep by their potations, immovable, without a wound, Dionysos did not commit his quarrel to the forgetful winds, but once more lifted his Phrygian thyrsus ; for he went in haste at the challenge of highcrested Deriades, and left forgotten behind him the trick he had played on the Amazonian girl, the drunken passion and the drowsy nuptials.

8 The god led the van, wearing a heavenly radiance on his shining face, to proclaim him the son of Zeus. Around the Lydian chariot of giantslaying Dionysos were lines of thyrsus-bearers ; he was ringed about with warriors on either side, conspicuous in the midst, and shone in splendour like another heaven. In beauty he threw all into the shade : to see him you might have said it was fiery Helios in the midst of farscattered stars. The lord of the host had brought Enyo [a] without the steel trappings of war ; for he carried no sword and no deathdealing ashen lance, but for bronze he had his own invincible spear, the ivy ; this he wielded in the cities of Asia, this he planted in the soil of Asia, as he drove the savage

ἡμερίδων τελαμῶνι, κατάσκιον ἥλικι κισσῷ,
ἀνθοκόμῳ μάστιγι μετήλυδα δίφρον ἰμάσσων·
Ἠώῃ δ' ἐμέθυσσε Μαρωνίδι γαῖαν ὀπώρῃ.
καὶ Βρομίῳ συνάεθλος ὅλος στρατὸς ἔρρεε Βάκχων,
θάρσος ἔχων προτέροιο μόθου χάριν, ὁππότε δισσῷ
ἡδυμανὴς ἀσίδηρος ὁμόζυγι πήχεϊ μάρψις
ἔμφρονα νεκρὸν ἄναυδον, ἐνόπλιον Ἰνδὸν ἀείρων,
Σειληνὸς βαρύγουνος ἐχάζετο νωθρὸς ὀδίτης·
ὁππότε κωμάζουσα ποδῶν διδυμάοσι ῥυθμῷ
Βακχιὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπεκροτάλιζε Μιμαλλών
Ἰνδὸν ἔτι κνώσσοντα, περισφίγξασα δὲ δειρὴν
ληίδα θηρεύουσα μάχης αὐτόσσυτον ἄγρην. . . .
Ἐκ πόλιος δὲ πόληα μετήιεν, ἀγχιπόρου δὲ
ἦλυθεν εἰς Ἀλύβης πέδον ὄλβιον, ὁππόθι γείτων
χεύμασιν ἀφνειοῖσι Διπετὲς οἶδμα κυλίνδων
Γεῦδις ἐχεκτεάνων ὑδάτων λευκαίνεται ἀλκῷ,
ἀργυρέου δαπέδοιο περιξύων κενεῶνα.
Ἔνθα διαστείχοντα βαθυπλούτῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ
βουκεράοις Σατύροισιν ὁμήλυδα πεζὸν ὀδίτην
Βάκχον ἀνὴρ ἄγραυλος ἐρημάδι δέκτο καλιῇ,
Βρόγγος, ἀδωμήτων ὀρεσίδρομος ἀστὸς ἐναύλων,
Γηγενέων ἀχάρακτον ὑπὸ κρηπῖδα θεμέθλων
ναίων οἶκον ἄοικον· ἐνφροσύνης δὲ δοτῆρα
αἰγὸς ἀμελγομένης κεράσας χιονωπὸν ἔέρσην
ξεινοδόκος γλαγόεντι ποτῷ μειλίξατο ποιμὴν
εἴδασιν οὐτιδανοῖσι καὶ ἀγραύλοισι κυπέλλοις,
καὶ μίαν εἰροπόκων οἰῶν ἀνελύσατο μάνδρης,
ὄφρά κε δαιτρεύσειε θυηπολίην Διονύσῳ·

---

[a] A choice wine. See xi. 121.

[b] See xi. 36, xliii. 417 : a river in N. of Asia Minor where silver was found. Hom. *Il.* ii. 857.

car of divine Cybele, with a broad rein of grape-vine, under the shadow of ivy, the vine's fellow, touching up his travelling team with a blossoming whip—he made drunken the regions of the East with the Maronian [a] fruit. To share the enterprise of Bromios came the whole company of Bacchoi, full of confidence from the first battle, when Seilenos happy-mad, unarmed, picked up in his linked arms a living corpse unspeaking, an Indian in full armour, and marched off heavy-kneed, a sluggish wayfarer : when the Bacchant Mimallon woman, unveiled and revelling, and bounding in cadence on her two feet, rattled her cymbals over an Indian still asleep, and running a rope round his neck hurried away, with the war-plunder that she had been seeking thrown into her hands.

32 From city to city he went, till he came not far off to the rich country of the Alybe,[b] where neighbouring Geudis rolls the wealthy waves of its heaven-sent flood white with the current of its watery treasures, and cuts a hollow through the silvern soil.

37 There as the company of footmen with the horned Satyrs travelled beside the richly stored rocks, Bacchos on his march was entertained by a countryman in a lonely hut, Brongos, dweller in the highland glens where no houses are built. Beside the unquarried wall of these giant strongholds he dwelt, in a house that was no house. The hospitable shepherd milked a goat, and drew a potion snowy-white, to seek the favour of the giver of jolly good cheer with his milky draught in country cups, with common vittles. He brought out a fleecy sheep from the fold, as an offering for

ἀλλὰ θεὸς κατέρυκε· γέρων δ' ἐπεπείθετο Βάκχου
νεύμασιν ἀτρέπτοισιν, ὃν δ' ἄψαυστον ἐάσας
ποιμενίην τινὰ δαῖτα θελήμονι θῆκε Λυαίῳ,
τεύχων δεῖπνον ἄδειπνον ἀδαιτρεύτοιο τραπέζης,
οἷα Κλεωναίοιο φατίζεται ἀμφὶ Μολόρκου
κεῖνα, τά περ σπεύδοντι λεοντοφόνους ἐς ἀγῶνας
ὥπλισεν Ἡρακλῆι· χύδην δ' ἐπέβαλλε τραπέζῃ
εἰν ἁλὶ νηχομένης φθινοπωρῖδος ἄνθος ἐλαίης
Βρόγγος, ἔχων μίμημα φιλοστόργοιο νομῆος,
πλεκτοῖς ἐν ταλάροις νεοπηγέα τυρὸν ἀείρων,
ἰκμαλέον, τροχόεντα· θεὸς δ' ἐγέλασσε δοκεύων
ἀγρονόμων λιτὰ δεῖπνα, φιλοξείνῳ δὲ νομῆι
ἵλαον ὄμμα φέρων ὀλίγης ἔψαυσε τραπέζης
δαρδάπτων ἀκόρητος· ἀεὶ δ' ἐμνώετο κεἴνης
εἰλαπίνην ἐλάχειαν ἀναιμάκτοιο τραπέζης
μητρὸς ἑῆς παρὰ δόρπον, ὀρεσσαύλοιο Κυβήλης.
καὶ κραναοὺς πυλεῶνας ἐθάμβεε κυκλάδος αὐλῆς,
πῶς φύσις ἐργοπόνος δόμον ἔγλυφε,
πῶς δίχα τέχνης
ἀντιτύποις κανόνεσσιν ἐτορνώθησαν ἐρίπναι.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε Βάκχος ἄναξ
νομίης ἐκορέσσατο φορβῆς,
δὴ τότε δαιμονίῳ δεδονημένος ἄσθματι Βάκχου
ἀγρονόμος σύριζεν ἐθήμονι Πανὸς ἀοιδῇ
Βρόγγος, ἐπιθλίβων διδυμόθροον αὐλὸν Ἀθήνης,
ὑμνείων Διόνυσον· ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετο μολπῇ,
καὶ κεράσας κρητῆρι νεόρρυτον ἰκμάδα ληνοῦ·
" Δέξο, γέρον, τόδε δῶρον,
ὅλης ἄμπαυμα μερίμνης·
οὐ χατέεις δὲ γάλακτος ἔχων εὐόδμον ἔερσην,
νέκταρος οὐρανίου χθόνιον τύπον, οἷον ἀφύσσων

Dionysos, but the god stayed him. The old man obeyed the immutable bidding of Bacchos, and leaving the sheep untouched he set shepherd's fare before willing Lyaios. So he served a supper no supper, board without beef, such as they say in Cleonai Molorcos once provided for Heracles on his way to fight the lion. Brongos like that kind-hearted shepherd set on the board plenty of the autumn fruit of the olive swimming in brine, and brought fresh curdled cheese in wickerwork baskets,[a] juicy and round. The god laughed when he saw the countryman's light supper, and turning a gracious eye on the hospitable shepherd, he partook of the humble fare, munching greedily. All the time he was reminded of the frugal banquet on that bloodless table, when there was a meal for his Mother, Cybele of the highlands. And he wondered at the stone doors of the round courtyard, how industrious nature had carved a house, how without art the cliffs were rounded in answering proportion.

67 But when Lord Bacchos had eaten his fill of shepherd's fare, then Brongos the countryman was moved by the divine inspiration of Bacchos ; he played Pan's wellknown tune on his pipes, and pressed his fingers on Athena's double tube in honour of Dionysos ; who was pleased at heart with the music, and mixing the new liquor of the winepress in the bowl, he said :

74 " Accept this gift, gaffer, to drink all cares away ! You want no more milk when you have this fragrant dew, the image of heavenly nectar brought down to

[a] These baskets of thin close plaiting are still used in Greek lands for cheese ; and the olives " swimming in brine " are called κολυμβάδες " swimmers."

Ζῆνα μέγαν κατ' Ὄλυμπον ἐυφραίνει Γανυμήδης.
ἀρχαίου δὲ γάλακτος ἔα πόθον· ἀρτιτόκων γὰρ
μαζῶν θλιβομένων χιονώδεες ἱκμάδες αἰγῶν
ἀνέρας οὐ τέρπουσι καὶ οὐ λύουσι μερίμνας."
Ὡς εἰπὼν νομίης ξεινήια δῶκε τραπέζης
μητέρα λυσιπόνοιο μέθης εὔβοτρυν ὀπώρην·
καί μιν ἄναξ ἐδίδαξε φιλάνθεμον ἔργον ἀλωῆς
κλήματα γυρώσαντα φυτῶν εὐαλδέι βόθρῳ,
γηραλέου τμήξαντα τεθηλότος ἄκρα κορύμβου,
βότρυος οἰνοτόκοιο νέους ὄρπηκας ἀέξειν.
Καλλείψας δὲ νομῆα καὶ ἀγριάδος ῥάχιν ὕλης
εἰς ἑτέρην ἔσπευδεν ὀρειάδα φίλοπιν Ἰνδῶν·
καὶ Σατύρων ὁμόφοιτον ὀρίδρομον ἴχνος ἐπείγων
ἀμφιπόλοις παλίνορσος ὁμίλεε θυιάσι Βάκχαις.
διψώων δὲ φόνοιο καὶ εὐθύρσοιο κυδοιμοῦ,
Τυρσηνῆς βαρύδουπον ἔχων σάλπιγγα θαλάσσης,
πομπὸν Ἐνυαλίοιο μέλος μυκήσατο κόχλῳ,
λαὸν ἀολλίζων· βριαροὺς δ' ἐμέθυσσε μαχητάς,
θερμοτέροις ἐς Ἄρηα νοήμασιν ἀνέρας ἕλκων
Ἰνδῴης ὀλετῆρας ἀβακχεύτοιο γενέθλης.
Τοὺς μὲν ἄναξ Διόνυσος
ἐκόσμεεν εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν·

---

[a] Dionysos was a very poor vinedresser. He is trying to describe to the old shepherd how to plant layers, as they are technically called. He tells him to choose the top shoots (ἄκρα) of an old vine, which is doubly wrong, for the vine should not be old and the top shoots are condemned by the best ancient writers as less fertile; he then would have him cut them off at once, whereas the approved method (see Anatolios in the *Geoponica* v. 18) is as follows: "We dig a trench a foot deep, and then bend down, but do not cut off, a shoot from the (full-grown) vine, which we insert in the trench and cover with earth, leaving a portion of the shoot visible above ground, so that part of it, remaining connected

earth, like that which Ganymedes ladles out to rejoice great Zeus in Olympos. Forget your wish for your old-fashioned milk : the snowy-white drops pressed from the udders of goats that have just kidded do not make men happy or drive their cares away."

81 So saying, he gave his gift of gratitude for the shepherd's table, the fine fruitage of grapes, the mother of wine, sorrow's comforter.[a] And the Lord taught him the flowerloving work of the vineyard—to bend the slips of the plants over into fertilizing pits, and to cut the top shoots of an old vine, that new shoots of winegendering grapes may grow.

87 Leaving the herdsman and the ridge of the wild forest, he now hasted to a new conflict with Indians in the mountains. Bidding the Satyrs who were with him to go on at full speed by the upland tracks, he joined himself again to his wild attendant Bacchants. Thirsting for blood and battle under his thyrsus, he took in hand the loudbraying trumpet of the Tyrhenian Sea,[b] and boomed a note on his conch for battle as he gathered the people. He intoxicated the stout warriors, and drew the men on to war with hotter spirit, to destroy the race of Indians that knew not Bacchos.

97 So Lord Dionysos marshalled these for the

with the vine, shall suck nourishment as if from its mother's breast, while part is nurtured in the earth, and so it takes root under the care of two mothers." Or, if Nonnos means Brongos to take slips (*κλήματα*, from the vine, he should cut them without bending them) (*γυρώσαντα*) at all, to avoid bruising their fibres. Perhaps "prune the topshoots, but don't plant them" (Lind).

[b] The Etruscans (Rasena, hellenized into *Τυρσηνοί*, *Τυρρηνοί*) were said to have invented trumpets. Nonnos apparently makes Dionysos's war-conch come from their coast as an appropriate place.

Ἀστράεις δ' ἀκίχητος ἰὼν ἤγγειλεν Ὀρόντῃ
Ἰνδῶν δοῦλα γένεθλα καὶ ἴαχε πειθάδι φωνῇ·
" Γαμβρὲ δοριθρασέος μενεδήιε Δηριαδῆος,
κλῦθι, καὶ εἰσαΐων μὴ χώεο· καί σε διδάξω
νίκην φαρμακόεσσαν ἀθωρήκτου Διονύσου.
Ἰνδοῖς καὶ Σατύροισιν ἓν μόθος· ἔβρεμε δοχμὴ
Βασσαρίδων, καὶ λαὸς ἐμὸς κεκόρυστο Λυαίῳ
ἀστράπτων σακέεσσιν, ἀκοντοφόρους δὲ δοκεύων
Λυδὸς ἀνὴρ πολύιδρις ἐμοὺς ἔφριξε μαχητάς·
ἵστατο δ' ἀπτολέμων Σατύρων πρόμος,
οὐ δόρυ χάρμης
χειρὶ φέρων, οὐ γυμνὸν ἔχων ξίφος, οὐδ' ἐπὶ νευρῇ
εἰς σκοπὸν ἰθυκέλευθον ὑπηνέμιον βέλος ἕλκων·
ἀλλὰ κέρας βοὸς εἶχεν, ἐνὶ γλαφυρῇ δὲ κεραίῃ
φάρμακον ὑγρὸν ἄειρε, καὶ ἀργυρέου ποταμοῖο
εἰς προχοὰς δολόεσσαν ὅλην κατέχευεν ἐέρσην
ἰκμάδι φοινίξας γλυκερὸν ῥόον· ἐκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
καύματι διψώοντες, ὅσοι πίον αἴθοπες Ἰνδοί,
ἔμφρονα λύσσαν ἔχοντες ἀνεκρούσαντο χορείην·
καί σφισι λοίγιος ὕπνος ἐπέχραεν, ἀκλινέες δὲ
ἄσχετα βακχευθέντες ἐπευνάζοντο βοείαις·
ἄλλοι δ' ἀστορέεσσι κατεκλίνοντο χαμεύναις
νωθρὸν ἐπιτρέψαντες ἀκοιμήτῳ δέμας ὕπνῳ,
Βάκχαις ἀδρανέεσσιν ἐλώρια καὶ Διονύσῳ.
τοὺς δὲ δίχα πτολέμοιο καὶ εὐθήκτοιο σιδήρου
δούλιον εἰς ζυγόδεσμον ἐληίσσαντο γυναῖκες
βριθομένοις μελέεσσι, καὶ ἀντιβίων ὑπὲρ ὤμων
ὡς νέκυες ζώοντες ἐλαφρίζοντο μαχηταί,
οἱ μὲν ἔτι βλύζοντες ἐπίκλοπον ἰκμάδα Βάκχου
ἀπτολέμοις Σατύροισιν ἐδουλώθησαν ἀνάγκῃ,

Indian War. But Astraëis went unpursued to Orontes, and told him the Indian tribes were enslaved, speaking with sorrowful voice :

100 " Hear me, battle-staunch goodfather of spear-bold Deriades ! and while you listen be not angry ; and I will tell you the drugged victory of Dionysos unarmed ! Indians and Satyrs came to blows : bang went the Bassarids' hands, and my people armed them against Lyaios with flashing shields. The cunning man of Lydia shivered to see my warriors lance in hand ; he stood at the head of his unwarlike Satyrs, bearing no warspear in his hand, holding no naked sword, no arrow on string drawn at the mark to fly straight through the air. What he held was an oxhorn, and in the hollow of that horn a distilled drug ; he lifted it and poured out all the deceitful dew into the stream of the silvery river, and turned the water sweet and red with the juice. The swarthy Indians thirsting in the heat of the battle drank, and all that drank went mad, though still in their senses, and struck up a dance. Then a fatal sleep came over them : unrouted, after the wild revel they fell asleep on their leathern shields. Others lay along the unbedded earth, committing their sluggish bodies to unresting sleep, at the mercy of Dionysos and his weak women. These, without war and the sharp blade, were dragged captive with loaded limbs by the women to fetters and slavery with heavy limbs. Warriors were slung over the shoulders of their foes like living corpses ; others, still sputtering the deceitful sap of Bacchos, unwarlike Satyrs made their slaves by main force when maddened by the drugged

[1] ἔβρεμε δ' ἠχὴν L, δ' ὀχὴν M, δοχὴν F corr. δοχμὴ : Ludwich δ' αἰχμή.

χεύματι φαρμακόεντι μεμηνότες. ἐκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
μοῦνος ἐγὼ λιπόμην, φονίης ἔτι νῆις ἐέρσης,
χείλεσιν ἀβρέκτοισι φυγὼν ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ.
ἀλλὰ ποτὸν πεφύλαξο, δορυσσόε, μὴ μετὰ νίκην
κερδαλέην ἀσίδηρον ἀναιμάκτοιο Λυαίου
ζωγρήσῃ δόλος ἄλλος ἐν Ἄρεϊ λείψανον Ἰνδῶν."
Ὣς φαμένου βαρύμηνις
ἐχώσατο μᾶλλον Ὀρόντης,
καὶ ταχὺς εἰς μόθον ἦλθε παλίνδρομος· ἡμιτελὴς γὰρ
ἦεν ἀγών, ἑτέρης δὲ θεμείλια πήγνυτο χάρμης.
Ὄφρα μὲν Ἰνδὸν ὅμιλον
ὁρίδρομος ὥπλισεν Ἄρης,
τόφρα δὲ Βασσαρίδις πολυκαμπέος ὑψόθι Ταύρου
εἰς μόθον ἠπείγοντο, συνεστρατόωντο δὲ Βάκχοι
ὁπλοφόροι καὶ Φῆρες ἀτευχέες· οἱ μὲν ἀναύλων
ῥηξάμενοι κρηπῖδας ἐκοίφισαν, οἱ δὲ κολώνης
ὑψιτενῆ πρηῶνα· καὶ ἀρχομένοιο κυδοιμοῦ
ἔχραον ἀντιβίοισι· πολυσχιδέες δὲ χαράδραι
Ἰνδῴοις ἑλικηδὸν ὁιστεύοντο καρήνοις.
καὶ ποσὶ λεπταλέοισιν ἐπισκαίροντες ἐρίπνῃ
Πᾶνες ἐθωρήσσοντο μεμηνότες, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
μάρψας εὐπαλάμῳ βεβιημένον αὐχένα δεσμῷ
δήιον αἰγείῃσιν ἀνέσχισεν ἀνέρα χηλαῖς,
σὺν βριαρῷ θώρηκι μέσον κενεῶνα χαράσσων·
ὃς δὲ τανυπτόρθων κεράων εὐκαμπέσιν αἰχμαῖς
ὄρθιον ἁρπάξας τετορημένον Ἰνδὸν ἀλήτην
μεσσοπαγῆ κούφιζεν, ἐς ἠερίας δὲ κελεύθους
δισσαῖς ὑψιπότητον ἀνηκόντιζε κεραίαις,
κύμβαχον αὐτοκύλιστον· ἀμαλλοφόροιο δὲ Δηοῦς
ἄλλος ἐῇ παλάμῃ δονέων καλαμητόμον ἅρπην,
ὡς στάχυν ὑσμίνης, ὡς δράγματα δηιοτῆτος,

river. From the battle I alone was left ; for I had not touched the deadly dew, I left the deceitful water with unwetted lips. Eschew that potion, my shakespear ! After this cheating victory of Lyaios without a blow, without blood, let not some other trick in the war capture what is left of the Indians ! "

133 Orontes furious already was more angry than ever at these words, and quickly returned to the battlefield ; for the conflict was only half done, and the foundations were being laid for a second combat.

136 While Ares was arming the Indian host along the mountains, the Bassarids up in the winding glens of Tauros were hastening to the battle, and with them marched Bacchoi with arms and the Pheres [a] without arms. These last began the battle by attacking the enemy ; they tore up the foundations of the ravines and cast them, or some crag from the top of the hills. Showers of splintered rocks were hurled rolling on the heads of the Indians. The Pans madly made battle skipping with light foot over the peaks. One of them gript an enemy's neck tight in encircling hands, and ript him with his goat's-hooves, tearing through flank and strong corselet together. Another caught a fugitive Indian and ran him through his middle where he stood, then lifting him on the curved points of his two longbranching antlers, sent him flying high through the airy ways, rolling over himself like a tumbler. Another waved in his hand the strawcutting sickle of sheafbearing Deo, and reaped the enemy crops with clawcurved blade, like cornears of conflict, like gavels of the battle-

[a] The Centaurs. See xiv. 143.

δυσμενέων ἤμησε γονὰς γαμφώνυχι χαλκῷ,
τεύχων κῶμον Ἄρηι, θαλύσια καὶ Διονύσῳ,
τέμνων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα· καὶ ὥρεγε μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ
καμπύλον ἀνδρομέῃ πεπαλαγμένον ἄορ ἐέρσῃ,
λοιβὴν αἱματόεσσαν ἐπισπένδων Διονύσῳ,
καὶ Μοίρας ἐμέθυσσεν ἐννάλιον πόμα λείβων·
ἄλλου δ' ἱσταμένου δεδραγμένος αἰγίβοτος Πάν,
χερσὶν ὁμοπλεκέεσσιν ἐπ' αὐχένι δεσμὸν ἑλίξας,
δῆιον εὐθώρηκα μετεστυφέλιξε κεραίῃ,
δισσοτόμῳ γλωχῖνι δαϊζομένου κενεῶνος·
ἄλλος ἐπαΐσσοντα καλαύροπι φῶτα δαΐζων
μεσσόθεν ὀφρυόεντα διέθλασεν ἄκρα μετώπου.[1]
Καὶ θρασὺς Ἰνδῴην στρατιὴν θάρσυνεν Ὀρόντης
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων ὑψήνορι φωνῇ·
" Δεῦτε, φίλοι, Σατύροισιν ἀναστήσωμεν Ἐννώ·
Ἄρεα μὴ τρομέοιτε φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου·
μηδέ τις ὑμείων πιέτω ξανθόχροον ὕδωρ,
μὴ γλυκερῆς δολόεντα μεμηνότα φάρμακα πηγῆς,
Ἰνδῶν αἰνομόρων δεδαϊγμένα χειρὶ Λυαίου
μὴ μετὰ τόσσα κάρηνα καὶ ἡμέας ὕπνος ἁλέσσῃ.
δεῦτε, πάλιν μαχόμεσθα πεποιθότες· ἀπτόλεμος δὲ
ἀμφαδίην πότε Βάκχος ἐμὴν στήσειεν Ἐννώ;
εἰ δύναται, μενέτω με φυγὰς πρόμος, ὄφρα δαείῃ,
οἵους Δηριάδης προμάχους ἐς Ἄρηα κορύσσει.
μαρνάσθω πετάλοισιν, ἐγὼ δ' αἴθωνι σιδήρῳ.
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχοντι τί μοι ῥέξειε κορύμβοις
Λυδὸς ἀκοντίζων δρυόεν βέλος; ἀλλὰ μαχητὴν
σφιγγόμενον βαρύδεσμον ἀνάλκιδα τοῦτον ἐρύσσω
θηλυμανῆ Διόνυσον, ὀπάονα Δηριαδῆος·
οὗτος ὁ θῆλυν ἔχων ἁπαλὸν χρόα, πάντας ἐάσας

[1] After 167 Marcellus would insert xxi. 118-119.

field. There was a revel for Ares, there was harvest-home for Dionysos, when the enemy's heads were cut! He offered the curved blade to watching Bacchos, dabbled with human dew, and so poured a bloodlibation to Dionysos, and made the Fates drunken with the battlecup he filled for them. Another man was standing, when one goatfoot Pan twined both hands interlacing about his neck, and struck his wellcorseleted enemy with his horn, tearing his flank with the double point. Another met a fellow rushing on him with a blow from his cudgel, and smashed his forehead right between the ends of his eyebrows.

168 Now bold Orontes encouraged his Indian army, and with proud voice poured out these threatening words:

170 "This way, friends, open fight against the Satyrs! Fear not the warfare of Shirkbattle Dionysos! Not a man of you must drink of the yellow water, not one be tricked by the sweet fountains of madness with its maddening drug! Or sleep will destroy you also, after the cruel fate of our Indians, after so many heads have been brought low by Lyaios's hand! This way! Let us fight again and fear not! Could unwarlike Bacchos ever hold front against me in open field? If he is able, let the runaway champion stand up to me, that I may teach him what champions Deriades arms for the fray! Let him fight with leaves, I will use flashing steel! While I hold a metal spear, what can a Lydian do to me with a bunch of twigs, a volley of vegetables? This warrior! I will truss up the feeble coward in heavy fetters and drag him along, this womanmad Dionysos, to be a lackey for Deriades. You there, you with the

Ἰνδοὺς τοσσατίους ἐνὶ μάρναο μοῦνον Ὀρόντῃ.
ἡδὺς ὁ δινεύων κεχαλασμένα βόστρυχα χαίτης,
ἡδὺς ὁ Βασσαρίδων ἐρόεις πρόμος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐταὶ
κάλλεϊ τοξεύουσι καὶ οὐ βελέεσσι γυναῖκες,
σὰς προπόλους Ἰνδοῖσι γυναιμανέεσσι συνάψω
ἑλκομένας ἐπὶ λέκτρα δορικτήτων ὑμεναίων."
Ὣς εἰπὼν προμάχοισιν
ἐπέδραμε θερμὸς Ὀρόντης,
Ἄρεος ἀμώων διφυὲς θέρος· οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
τοσσατίου προμάχοιο μένειν ἀντίξοον ὁρμήν,
οὐ θρασὺς Εὐρυμέδων πυρόεις, οὐ σύγγονος Ἄλκων·
φεῦγε γὰρ Ἀστραῖος, Σατύρων πρόμος,
οὐδέ τις αὐτῶν
Σειληνῶν παρέμιμνεν. ἀελλήεντι δὲ ταρσῷ
γαμβρὸς ἐριπτοίητος ἐμαίνετο Δηριαδῆος
ἀντία Κενταύρων ἀνεμώδεα λᾶον ἀείρων,
καὶ τύχεν Ὑλαίοιο· δασυστέρνου δὲ νομῆος
ἔθλασεν ἄκρα μέτωπα βαλὼν μυλοειδέι πέτρῳ,
καὶ σκέπας ἐστυφέλιξε χαραδρήεντι βελέμνῳ,
ψευδαλέον μίμημα τετυγμένον ἠθάδι γύψῳ,
ἀντίτυπον πήληκος ἀληθέος ἔρκος ὀπωπῆς·
καὶ τὸ μὲν ἐν χθονὶ πῖπτε πολυσχιδές, αἵματι τέφρῃ
εἴκελον, ἀργυφέῃ δὲ πέλεν κόνις· αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμινον
ἔγχεϊ πετρήεντι πέδον πήχυνεν ἀγοστῷ.
Κενταύρου δ' ἑτέροιο δι' εὐκεράοιο καρήνου
ἀμφιτόμῳ βουπλῆγι τυχὼν λασίοιο μετώπου
ταυρείην ἐπίκυρτον ἀπηλοίησε κεραίην·
καὶ πολὺς εἰς χθόνα πῖπτεν, ἐπισκαίρων δὲ καρήνῳ
ἡμιθανὴς κεκύλιστο, καὶ οὔασι τύπτε κονίην·
καὶ δέμας ὀρθώσας πυμάτῳ βακχεύετο ταρσῷ,
εἰλιπόδην ἀγέλαστον ἔχων ὀρχηθμὸν ὀλέθρου·

soft skin of a woman! Leave all those Indians and fight a duel with one, Orontes. Simple soul! how he waves those long flowing locks round and round! A simple soul is the charming champion of the Bassarids! yes, the women do just the same—pretty looks are the shafts in their quiver. I will match your championesses with amorous Indians—they shall be hauled off to bed as brides won by the spear!"

192 With these words Orontes dashed hot upon the front ranks, reaping a harvest in both kinds.[a] Not one of all that wide front durst abide the adverse onset of so mighty a champion — not bold fiery Eurymedon, not Alcon his kinsman: Astraios chief of the Satyrs was in flight, none of the Seilenoi themselves would stand. With stormy foot Deriades' goodson rushed in, raging, lifted a boulder in the air and let fly at the Centaurs, and hit Hylaios: the stone, a very millstone, crushed the forehead of the shaggybreast shepherd; the missile torn from the rock smashed his headpiece, a sham imitation made of the familiar chalk like a real helmet guarding the face, which fell to the ground like a glowing cinder in many pieces and whitened the dust, while the creature crushed by this stony spear threw his arms along the ground. Next he struck the hairy front of another Centaur with a two-bladed axe, and shore away the curving horn from his bull's-head. He fell in a great heap on the ground, and rolled headlong tumbling about half dead and brushing the dust with his ears; then lifting his body on his feet, with a last wild effort he danced a stumbling hideous dance of death: the

[a] Men and women.

καὶ κτύπον ἐσμαράγησε πέλωρ, ἅτε ταῦρος ἰάλλων
τρηχαλέον μύκημα σεσηρότος ἀνθερεμῶνος,
κρᾶτα τυπείς.

Ἑλίκην δὲ βαλὼν ἄστοργος Ἐρεμβεὺς
στήθεϊ χαλκὸν ἔλασσε, καὶ ἀργυφον ἄντυγα μαζοῦ
αἵματι φοινίσσοντι κατέγραφε κυανέῃ χείρ·
τὴν δὲ κονιομένην ἑτέρῃ ξύνωσαν ἀνίῃ
πέπλον ἀναστείλαντες ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀῆται·
καὶ χροὸς ἔβλυε λύθρον ἐπήρατον· αἰδομένη δὲ
δεξιτερῇ συνάγειρεν ἐὸν φεύγοντα χιτῶνα,
γυμνὰ φυλασσομένη χιονώδεος ὄργια μηροῦ.

Καὶ θεὸς ἀθρήσας δηίων ἑτεραλκέα νίκην
καὶ Σατύρους πτώσσοντας ἐπεσμαράγησε κυδοιμῷ,
ὡς στρατὸς ἐννεάχιλος ἐριγδούπων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
συμφερτοῖς στομάτεσσι χέων ἀντίκτυπον ἠχώ.
καὶ Βρομίῳ ταχύγουνος ἐμάρνατο μοῦνος Ὀρόντης,
θνητὸς ἐών, βροτέῃ δὲ θεὸν προκαλίζετο φωνῇ.
ἄμφω δ' εἰς μόθον ἦλθον ὁμήλυδες, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ἔγχος ἔχων, ὁ δὲ θύρσον ἀκαχμένον.

ἄκρα δὲ Βάκχου
κρατὸς ἀνουτήτοιο βαλὼν ὑπέροπλος Ὀρόντης
θηγαλέην Βρομίοιο μάτην ἤρασσε κεραίην·
οὐ γὰρ ἄναξ Διόνυσος ἀδηλήτοιο καρήνου
ταυροφυῆ τύπον εἶχε Σεληναίοιο μετώπου
τεμνόμενον βουπλῆγος ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ,
ὡς κερόεις Ἀχελῷος ἀείδεται, οὔ ποτε κόψας
Ἡρακλέης κέρας εἶλε γαμοστόλος· ἀλλὰ Λυαῖος

---

[a] Orontes. The Eremboi are an Arabian tribe in Hom. *Od.* iv. 84.

[b] Again an echo of Hom. *Il.* v. 860 ff.

monster let out a harsh roaring sound, like a bull struck on the skull which bellows horribly with grinning jaws.

217 The pitiless Erembeus [a] now struck Helice, and drove his blade into her chest: the black hand scored the white circle of her breast with red blood. She rolled in the dust, and the hurtling winds taught her a second sorrow by lifting her robe. As her lovely gore welled up over the skin, she modestly smoothed the errant vesture with her right hand, guarding the bare secrets of the snowy-white thigh.

225 The god, seeing victory pass to the enemy, and the Satyrs cowed, uttered a loud cry in the turmoil, like an army of nine thousand men pouring defiant shouts with united voices from thunderous throats.[b] Now Orontes fought alone quicknee against Bromios, and he a mortal, challenging with human voice a god. Both advanced together to the encounter, one with a spear, one with a pointed thyrsus. Orontes proud of his armament struck Bacchos on the top of his head, but wounded him not; he grazed the sharp horn of Bromios all for nothing. For Lord Dionysos wore on that invulnerable head nothing like the shape of the bullfaced moon [c] which can be cut by the devastating steel of the slaughterer's axe, as they sing of horned Acheloös,[d] when Heracles cut off his horn and took it to adorn his wedding. No, Lyaios wore the heavenly image

[c] Not just a pair of curved horns like a bull, but a disk between the horns.

[d] Acheloös the river-god and Heracles both wooed Deïaneira daughter of Oineus; they fought for her, and Heracles, wrestling with the god in his bull-shape, broke off one of his horns, whereat Acheloös yielded, and Heracles married Deïaneira.

οὐράνιον μίμημα βοώπιδος εἶχε Σελήνης,
δαιμονίης ἄρρηκτον ἔχων βλάστημα κεραίης,
ἀντιβίοις ἀτίνακτον· ὁ δὲ θρασὺς ἀντία Βάκχου
ἠερίῃ βαρύδουπος ὁμοίιος Ἰνδὸς ἀέλλῃ
δεύτερον ἠκόντιζεν, ἀνεγνάμφθη δέ οἱ αἰχμὴ
νεβρίδος ἀψαμένῃ μολίβου τύπον. ἀντιτύπου δὲ
πέμπων οἰνοπα θύρσον ἐπὶ πλατὺν ὦμον Ὀρόντου
Βάκχος ἑκὼν ἀφάμαρτεν· ἐπεγγελόων δὲ Λυαίου
ἔγχεϊ κισσήεντι θεημάχος εἶπεν Ὀρόντης·
" Οὗτος ὁ θῆλυν ὅμιλον
ἐμαῖς στρατιῇσι κορύσσων,
εἰ δύνασαι, πολέμιζε γυναικείῳ σέο θύρσῳ,
εἰ δύνασαι, προμάχιζε·
καί, εἰ μερόπων φρένα τέρπεις
πανδαμάτωρ, ἕνα μοῦνον ἀθελγέα θέλξον Ὀρόντην.
ἴστασο δηριόων, καὶ γνώσεαι, οἷον ἀέξει
ὄρχαμον ἀλκήεντα γέρων ἐμὸς Ἰνδὸς Ὑδάσπης.
οὐ Φρυγίης γενόμην, ὅθεν ἄρσενές εἰσι γυναῖκες,
ἄσπορον ἀμήσαντες ἀνυμφεύτου στάχυν ἥβης·
οὐ θεράπων ἀσίδηρος ἀνάλκιδός εἰμι Λυαίου.
φάρμακα σοὺς προμάχους οὐ ῥύσεται· ὑμετέρας δὲ
θυιάδας ἀμφιπόλους λήισσομαι, ἐκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
Σειληνοὺς θεράποντας ἐμῷ βασιλῆι κομίσσω,
σοὺς Σατύρους πτώσσοντας
ἐμῷ δορὶ πάντας ὀλέσσω."
Εἶπεν ὁμοκλήσας στρατιῆς πρόμος· εἰσαΐων δὲ
Βάκχος ἄναξ κεχόλωτο, καὶ ἀμπελόεντι κορύμβῳ
τύψε κατὰ στέρνου πεφιδημένος· οὐτιδανῷ δὲ
ἄνθεϊ βοτρυόεντι τυπεὶς ἐσχίζετο θώρηξ·
οὐδὲ καλυπτομένου χροὸς ἥψατο Βακχιὰς αἰχμή,
οὐ δέμας ἄκρον ἄμυξε· σιδηρείου δὲ χιτῶνος
ῥηγνυμένου βαρύδουπος ἐχάζετο γυμνὸς Ὀρόντης·

of the cow's-eye moon, a growth of divine horns which cannot be broken, which enemies cannot shake. The bold Indian facing Bacchos, heavy-thundering like a tempest in the sky, again cast a spear, but the point when it touched the fawn-skin crumpled up like lead. Bacchos in his turn let fly his purple thyrsus at the broad shoulder of Orontes, and missed on purpose. Then fightgod Orontes laughed aloud at the ivyswathed lance, and said :

249 " You that array a crowd of women against my armies, fight if you can with your womanish thyrsus ! Play the champion if you can ! And if you delight the heart of all mankind, allconquering, now charm one only whom nothing can charm—Orontes ! Stand and fight ! you shall see what a prime hero my ancient father Indian Hydaspes [a] has produced ! I was not born in Phrygia, where the men are women,[b] who have reaped the corn of youth without seed and without wedlock. I am no unarmed servant of Lyaios the weakling. Drugs will not save your champions ; your crazy women I will lead captive, your Seilenoi I will bring from battle as servants for my king, your Satyrs I will destroy, all cowering before my spear ! "

262 So cried in defiance the leader of the host. Lord Bacchos was angry when he heard him, and with a vine cluster he tapped him gently on the chest. This tap of an insignificant vinegrown bloom split his breastpiece. The god's pike did not touch the protected flesh, did not scratch his body ; but the coat of mail broke and fell with a heavy clang—

[a] The river Jhelum.
[b] The emasculate attendants of Cybele.

'Ηώην δ' ἐπὶ πέζαν ἑὰς ἐτίταινεν ὀπωπάς
ἀντιπόρῳ Φαέθοντι καὶ ὑστατίην φάτο φωνήν·
" 'Ηέλιε, φλογεροῖο δι' ἄρματος αἰθέρα τέμνων,
γείτονα Καυκασίην ὑπὲρ αὔλακα φέγγος ἰάλλων
στῆσον ἐμοὶ σέο δίφρα, καὶ ἔννεπε Δηριαδῆι
'Ινδῶν δοῦλα γένεθλα καὶ αὐτοδάικτον 'Ορόντην
καὶ θύρσους ὀλίγους ῥηξήνορας, εἰπὲ καὶ αὐτοῦ
νίκην φαρμακόεσσαν ἀπειρομόθου Διονύσου,
καὶ ῥόον οἰνωθέντα νοοσφαλέος ποταμοῖο·
εἰπὲ δέ, πῶς ἀκάμαντα
σιδηροφόρων στρατὸν 'Ινδῶν
λεπταλέοις πετάλοισι διασχίζουσι γυναῖκες.
εἰ δὲ τεῆς Κλυμένης μιμνήσκεαι εἰσέτι λέκτρων,
ῥύεο Δηριαδῆα, τεῆς βλάστημα γενέθλης,
'Αστρίδος αἷμα φέροντα φατιζομένης σέο κούρης.
οὐ πιθόμην Βρομίῳ θηλύφρονι· μάρτυρας ἕλκω
ἠέλιον καὶ γαῖαν ἀτέρμονα καὶ θεὸν 'Ινδῶν,
ἁγνὸν ὕδωρ. σὺ δὲ χαῖρε, καὶ ἵλαος ἔσσο κυδοιμῷ
'Ινδῶν μαρναμένων, καὶ ὀλωλότα θάψον 'Ορόντην."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ξίφος εἵλκε, μέσῃ δ' ἐνὶ γαστέρι πήξας
αὐτοφόνῳ βαρύποτμος ἐπεσκίρτησε σιδήρῳ·
καὶ ποταμῷ κεκύλιστο καὶ οὔνομα δῶκεν 'Ορόντῃ.

---

[a] This time Nonnos is not imitating Homer, but Sophocles; *cf.* Soph. *Ai.* 845 ff.

[b] Clymene was the mortal love of Helios, who bore him Phaëthon (the boy who tried to drive the solar chariot; Nonnos somewhat confusingly uses the name often, as 270, for the Sun himself). Nonnos, to provide his Indian king with a solar genealogy, names one of her daughters Astris (" sidereal maiden ") and marries her to Hydaspes (*cf.* xxvi. 352), by whom she has a son, Deriades, king of the Indians.

[c] A name invented by Nonnos.

Orontes was naked! He stept back and turned his gaze to the eastern expanse, and uttered his last words to Phaëthon opposite :

271 " O Helios,[a] cutting the air in your fiery chariot, pouring your light on the Caucasian plowland so near, stay your car I pray, and announce to Deriades how the Indian peoples are slaves, how Orontes has destroyed himself, how the little thyrsus has broken our men! Describe also the drugged victory of unwarlike Dionysos, the winesoaked stream of the delirious river. Tell how women with light bunches of leaves scatter the untiring host of steelclad Indians. And if you have not forgotten your Clymene's [b] bed, protect Deriades, a sprout of your own stock, who has in him the blood of Astris [c] said to be your daughter. I never obeyed Bromios the womanhearted. I bring as witnesses the Sun,[d] and the boundless Earth, and India's god, holy Water.

" And now farewell. Be gracious on the battlefield to the fighting Indians, and bury Orontes dead."[e]

287 He spoke, and drew his sword, fixt it against his belly and leapt upon the blade, selfslain, a cruel fate ; then rolled into the river and gave it his name Orontes.

[d] It is abundantly evident that Nonnos knew nothing of Indian culture or religion, except that he had perhaps heard of the cult of the Ganges or other sacred rivers. He therefore makes the regular assumption, that being barbarians, they would worship the visible gods, Sun and Earth. See Rose in *Harvard Theol. Rev.* xxx. (1937), p. 173, and references there.

[e] Pausanias, viii. 29. 4, says that the Romans diverted the course of the river, and found in the old bed a clay coffin eleven ells long, with a human figure in it of equal length. The oracle of Claros appealed to declared this to be Orontes.

Καί οἱ, ἔτι πνείοντα καὶ ἀσπαίροντα δοκεύων,
Βάκχος ἄναξ ἀγόρευε χέων φιλοκέρτομον ἠχώ·
" Κεῖσο, νέκυς, ξείνοισιν ἐν ὕδασιν· ὑμέτερον δὲ
Δηριάδην θνήσκοντα πατὴρ κρύψειεν Ὑδάσπης.
ὑμέας ἀμφοτέρους ἑκυρὸν καὶ γαμβρὸν ὀλέσσω,
ἀντὶ δορὸς φονίοιο καὶ εὐθήκτοιο μαχαίρης
σείων Εὔια θύρσα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ἀκωκήν.
ἀλλὰ δαφοινήεντι κατακτείνων σε σιδήρῳ
οὐ πίες ἁβρὰ ῥέεθρα μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο·
καὶ ποταμός σε κάλυψε, καὶ ἤμβροτες ἠδέος οἴνου.
ἦν ἐθέλῃς, πίε μοῦνος ὅλον ῥόον· ἀλλὰ ῥεέθρων
οὐ χατέεις ποταμοῖο πιὼν Ἀχερούσιον ὕδωρ
λοίγιον· ἀνδροφόνῳ δὲ ῥόῳ καὶ χεύματι πικρῷ
γαστέρα κυμαίνουσαν ἔχων ἐγκύμονα Μοίρης
γεύεο Κωκυτοῖο, καί, ἦν ἐθέλῃς, πίε Λήθην,
Ἄρεος ὄφρα λάθοιο καὶ αἱμιλέοιο σιδήρου."
Ἔννεπε κερτομέων διερὸν νέκυν. οἰδιλέος δὲ
κύμασιν ἀσταθέεσσιν ἐσύρετο νεκρὸς Ὀρόντης·
καὶ ψυχροῖς μελέεσσι διαπλώοντα ῥεέθρῳ
ἄπνοον ἠρεύγοντο νέκυν ποταμηΐδες ὄχθαι.
τὸν μὲν ἑταρχύσαντο καὶ ἔστενον αἰλινα Νύμφαι,
Νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυάδες,
χρυσέης παρὰ πυθμένα δίφρης
ἀμφὶ ῥοὰς ποταμοῖο, καὶ ἔγραφον ὑψόθι δίνδρου·
" Βάκχον ἀτιμήσας στρατιῆς πρόμος ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
αὐτοφόνῳ παλάμῃ δεδαϊγμένος Ἰνδὸς Ὀρόντης."
Οὐδὲ μόθου τέλος ἦεν ἀτερπέος· ἡμιτελὴς γὰρ
ἦεν ἀγὼν καὶ δῆρις ἀνήνυτος· ὑψιφανὴς δὲ
Ἰνδὸς Ἄρης ἀλάλαζε· παλιντόστῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Λυδὸν ἐρευγομένη μανιώδεος ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς
Βακχιὰς εἰς μόθον ἄλλον ἐκώμασε θυιὰς Ἐνυώ,
δήιον ἀνδροφόνοισιν ἀκοντίζουσα κορύμβοις.

290 Lord Bacchos looked on him yet breathing and struggling, and addressed him in contemptuous words :

292 " Lie there, you corpse, in foreign waters ; and may your father Hydaspes cover dying Deriades. I will destroy you both, goodfather and goodson, shaking my Euian thyrsus with point wreathed in vine, instead of bloodstained spear and wellsharpened sword. But you killed yourself with gory steel, and so you never drank the luxurious water of the honey-distilling river ; a river has covered you, but you missed the delicious wine. Drink up the whole river alone, if you like ; but you shall have river-water enough when you drink the fatal water of Acheron. Your belly swells already with the bitter water of a murdering stream, and teems quick with Fate ; but taste of Cocytos, and drink Lethe if you like, that you may forget Ares and the bloody steel."

306 So he addressed the soaking corpse in contempt. But the dead body of Orontes was carried away swollen by the restless waters, until the stream vomited out the floating corpse upon the bank breathless and cold. There the Nymphs gave it burial and sang their dirges, the Hamadryad Nymphs, beside the stem of a golden laurel on the bank of the river stream, and inscribed upon the trunk above—" Here lies Indian Orontes, leader of the host, who insulted Bacchos and slew himself with his own hand."

315 But the cruel mellay was not ended yet : the struggle was only half done, the conflict unfinished. Indian Ares appeared on high and shouted loud ; Bacchos's mad Enyo marshalled them for another bout, belching a load of frenzied Lydian threats in the renewed battle, hurling on the foe volleys

Ἄρεϊ βακχευθεῖσα· φιλοπτόρθου δὲ Λυαίου
δυσμενέες δρυόεντι κατεκτείνοντο σιδήρῳ
φοίνιον ἕλκος ἔχοντες· ἀθωρήκτοιο δὲ Βάκχης
ἔγχεϊ βοτρυόεντι δαϊζομένοιο σιδήρου
Ἰνδοὶ χαλκοχίτωνες ἐθάμβεον ὀξέϊ κισσῷ
στήθεα γυμνωθέντα νεούτατα· ῥηίτεροι γὰρ
ἀσκεπέων θώρηκος ὀιστεύοντο φορῆες.
ἄλλων δ' ἄλλος ἔην φόνος ἄσπετος, ὧν ὑπὸ λίθρῳ
σχιζόμενοι πετάλοισιν ἐφοινίσσοντο χιτῶνες
μαρναμένων, ὅθι Ταῦρος· ἐκυκλώσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
ἀκλινέες στεφανηδὸν ὁμοζυγέων στίχας Ἰνδῶν.
καὶ θρασὺς αὐλὸς ἔμελπε φόνου μέλος·
ἐν δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Βάκχοι μὲν θεράποντες ἀπειρομόθου Διονύσου
τυπτόμενοι πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀμφιτόμοισι μαχαίραις
πάντες ἔσαν πυργηδὸν ἀπήμονες· ἀβροκόμοι[1] δὲ
δυσμενέες λεπτοῖσι κατεκτείνοντο πετήλοις·
ἐξείης δ' ἐπέπηκτο τανυπτόρθοις ἐνὶ δένδροις
Ἰνδῶν πυκνὰ βέλεμνα, καὶ ἔγχεϊ νύσσετο πεύκη
τηλεπόρῳ, βέβλητο πίτυς, τοξεύετο δάφνη,
Φοίβου δένδρον ἐοῦσα, καὶ αἰδομένοις ἐνὶ φύλλοις
πεμπομένων ἐκάλυπτε τανυπτερύγων νέφος ἰῶν,
μή μιν ἴδῃ βελέεσσιν ὀιστευθεῖσαν Ἀπόλλων.
καὶ γυμνῇ παλάμῃ σακέων δίχα, νώσφι σιδήρου,
Βάκχη ῥόπτρα τίνασσε, καὶ ἤριπεν ἀσπιδιώτης·
τύμπανα δ' ἐσμαράγησε, καὶ ὠρχήσαντο μαχηταί·
κύμβαλα δ' ἐκροτάλιζε, καὶ αὐχένα κύφε Λυαίῳ
Ἰνδὸς ἀνὴρ ἱκέτης. ὀλίγῳ δ' ἐνὶ δέρματι ναβρῶν
ἀρραγέες γλωχῖνες ἐδοχμώθησαν ἀκόντων·
χαλκοβαρὴς δ' ἄγναμπτος ἐτέμνετο φυλλάδι πήληξ.
καί τις Ἀρειμανέων Σατύρων πρόμος ἀνέρα βάλλων

[1] αἰδοκόμοι or ἀνδοκόμοι L. in text, Ἰνδοκόμοι written above;

of deadly garlands, furious for war. The enemies of vineloving Lyaios were slain with bloody wounds from the wooden steel. Bronze-clad Indians marvelled, when steel was cleft by the viny spear of an unarmed Bacchant woman, and their chests were bared and freshly wounded by the sharp ivy; for those who wore the corselet were shot down more easily than the unprotected. Death took many shapes in that indescribable carnage on the Tauros, where the coats of the fighting men were sliced open by twigs and reddened with gore. The Bacchant women unconquerable surrounded in a ring the Indians huddled together, and the bold hoboy sang the call to kill. In that combat the Bacchoi, servants of unwarlike Dionysos, stood like a stone wall unhurt all by the blows of axes and two-edged swords; but their curlyheaded enemies were killed by little bunches of leaves. There were the Indian shafts stuck thick in rows on the tall-branching trees. The fir was pricked by the far-hurled spear, the pine was hit, the laurel though Phoibos's tree was pierced by shots, and hid under its leaves in shame the cloud of feathered arrows flying upon it, that Apollo might not see how the shots hit it. A Bacchant woman without shield and without steel, shook her rattle with naked hand, and a shielded man fell; the drums banged, and the warriors danced; the cymbals clanged, and a man of India bent his neck to beg mercy of Lyaios. On a little fawnskin the unbreakable points of the arrows were bent; the heavy helmet of unyielding metal was cut through by a leaf. A leader of the warmad Satyrs threw

---

ἁβροκόμοι Ludwich, and other conjectures. Graefe suggests *Ἰνδογόνοι*.

Εὔια ῥῖπτε πέτηλα, νεουτήτου δὲ φορῆος
χάλκεος ἀμπελόεντι χιτὼν ἐσχίζετο κισσῷ.
ἀθρήσας δὲ τάλαντα μάχης ἑτεραλκέι ῥιπῇ
νίκην Ἰνδοφόνοιο προθεσπίζοντα Λυαίου
Ἀστράεις ἀκίχητος ἐχάζετο, πότμον ἁλύξας,
ἐγχείην τανύφυλλον ὑποπτήσσων Διονύσου.
Τόφρα δ' Ἀρισταῖος φυσίζοα φάρμακα πάσσων
Βασσαρίδων ὅλον ἕλκος ἀκέσσατο Φοιβάδι τέχνῃ,
τῆς μὲν ἐπὶ πληγῇσι βαλὼν Κενταυρίδα ποίην.
τῆς δὲ βαρυνομένης φονίην ἐκάθηρεν ἐέρσην
αἷμα περιθλίβων· κινυρὴν δ' ἰήσατο Βάκχην
συντρίψας βοτάνας πολυειδέας ἕλκεσι κούρης,
ἢ ποδὸς ἢ παλάμης ἢ στήθεος ἢ κενεῶνος.
ἄλλου δὲ προμάχου φονίῳ βληθέντος ὀιστῷ
εἷλκε θοὴν γλωχῖνα, καὶ ἕλκεα χειρὶ πιέζων
αἱμαλέην κατὰ βαιὸν ἀνηκόντιζεν ἐέρσην·
ἄλλῳ χεῖρα πέλασσε, καὶ ἕλκεος ἄκρα χαράξας
ἰῷ φαρμακόεντι σεσηπότα τάμνε μαχαίρῃ,
ἀκροτάτῃ παλάμῃ πεφιδημένα δάκτυλα βάλλων·
καὶ χλοερῷ συνέμιξε βιαρκέος ἄνθεϊ γαίης
δαιδαλέας ὠδῖνας ἀλεξικάκοιο μελίσσης,
χειρὶ περιρραίνων ὀδυνήφατον ἰκμάδα Βάκχου·
ἄλλους δ' οὐταμένους ἰήσατο Φοιβάδι φωνῇ,
φρικτὸν ὑποτρύζων πολυώνυμον ὕμνον ἀοιδῆς,
πατρῴης νοέων ζωαρκέος ὄργια τέχνης.
Ὣς ὁ μὲν αἰόλον ἕλκος ἀκέσσατο. μαρναμένων δὲ
ἤδη βαρβαρόφωνος ἐπαύσατο θῆλυς Ἐνυώ.
καὶ πολέας ζώγρησαν ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο μαχητὰς
Βασσαρίδες· πολλοὶ δὲ λελοιπότες οὔρεα Ταύρου

[a] Incantations contained all possible names to be sure of getting the right one. There are many examples extant from ancient days, and the practice continues still. See *Definitionum*

Euian leafage and hit a man : his coat of mail was split by the ivy and vine, and the wearer was wounded. Astraëis saw the scale of war was dipping to one side and foretelling the victory of Lyaios the Indianslayer, so he fled untouched and saved his life, cowed by the long leafy spear of Dionysos.

357 Then Aristaios spread lifegiving simples on all the wounds of the Bassarids, and healed them by the art of Phoibos. For one he put centaury-plant on the cuts ; for another in distress, he pressed with his fingers about the blood and cleaned away the gory dew. If a Bacchant whimpered, he pounded all manner of herbs to heal the girl's wounds, of foot or hand or breast or flanks as it might be. If a warrior had been struck and blood drawn by an arrow, he pulled out the sharp point, and squeezing the wound with his hand discharged the drops of blood little by little. Another struck by a poisoned arrow he laid hold of, and lanced the wound cutting out the infected surface, with just a touch of the hand and gentle fingers. He mingled the artistic produce of the healbane bee with fresh flowers of the lifesufficing earth, and poured in Bacchos's painkilling sap. Other wounded men he made whole by some charm of Phoibos, humming over an awful ditty full of names [a] which he knew among the secrets of his father's life-saving art.

375 So he cured the diverse kinds of wounds. By this time the barbarian goddess Enyo had quieted her voice among the fighters, and the Bassarids had led away from the battlefield their crowd of captive warriors ; many more of the enemy had left the

Tabellae, Audollent, Paris, 1904. The translator has a MS. of modern ones, written in 1790.

δυσμενέες νόστησαν ἐς Ἰνδῴης κλίμα γαίης
ἐλπίσιν ἀπρήκτοισιν ἐς οἰκία Δηριαδῆος,
ἀμφιλαφεῖς ἐλατῆρες ἀμετροβίων ἐλεφάντων.
καὶ Σατύρους μετὰ δῆριν ἐποίνιον εἰς χορὸν ἕλκων
Πὰν νόμιος κελάδησε, χέων ἐπινίκιον ἠχώ.
Καὶ Βλέμυς οὐλοκάρηνος,
Ἐρυθραίων πρόμος Ἰνδῶν,
ἱκεσίης κούφιζεν ἀναίμονα θαλλὸν ἐλαίης,
Ἰνδοφόνῳ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνων Διονύσῳ.
καὶ θεός, ἀθρήσας κυρτούμενον ἀνέρα γαίῃ,
χειρὶ λαβὼν ὤρθωσε, πολυγλώσσῳ δ' ἅμα λαῷ
κυανέων πόμπευεν ἐρύκων[1] τηλόθεν Ἰνδῶν,
κοιρανίην στυγέοντα καὶ ἤθεα Δηριαδῆος,
Ἀρραβίης ἐπὶ πέζαν, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτονι πόντῳ
ὄλβιον οὖδας ἔναιε καὶ οὔνομα δῶκε πολίταις·
καὶ Βλέμυς ὠκὺς ἵκανεν ἐς ἑπταπόρου στόμα Νείλου,
ἐσσόμενος σκηπτοῦχος ὁμόχροος Αἰθιοπήων·
καί μιν ἀειθερέος Μερόης ὑπεδέξατο πυθμήν,
ὀψιγόνοις Βλεμύεσσι προώνυμον ἡγεμονῆα.

[1] Ludwich later retracted ἐρύκων and read Ἐρυθραίων ἐκὰς with g.

Tauros mountains and returned, their hopes unfulfilled, to the mansion of Deriades in the Indian regions, crowds of men driving their longlived elephants. And herdsman Pan sang loudly, pouring out his victorious note, drawing on the Satyrs to dance drunkenly after their war.

385 Now woollyhead Blemys,[a] chief of the Erythraian Indians, bent a slavish knee before Dionysos Indianslayer, holding the suppliant's unbloodied olivebranch. And the god when he saw the man bowed upon the earth, took his hand and lifted him up,[b] and sent him far away with his polyglot people, putting a distance between him and the swarthy Indians, now hating the lordship and the manners of Deriades, away to the Arabian land, where beside the sea he dwelt on a rich soil and gave his name to his people. Blemys quickly passed to the mouth of sevenstream Nile, to be the sceptred king of the Ethiopians, men of colour like his. The ground of Meroë [c] welcomed him, where it is always harvest, a chieftain who handed down his name to the Blemyes of later generations.

[a] The Blemyes were an Ethiopian tribe south of Egypt. India and Ethiopia were often confused, especially by later writers. Erythraian means by the Red Sea.

[b] The formal acceptance into protection.

[c] Bakarawia.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΟΚΤΩΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Ὀκτωκαιδεκάτῳ Στάφυλος καὶ Βότρυς ἱκάνει,
εἰς θαλίην καλέοντες ὀριδρομον υἷα Θυώνης.

Ἤδη δὲ πτερόεσσα πολύστομος ἵπτατο Φήμη
Ἀσσυρίης στίχα πᾶσαν ὑποτροχόωσα πολήων,
οὔνομα κηρύσσουσα κορυμβοφόρου Διονύσου,
καὶ θρασὺν Ἰνδὸν Ἄρηα καὶ ἀγλαόβοτρυν ὀπώρην.
Καὶ Στάφυλος Σατύρων
στρατιὴν ἀσίδηρον ἀκούων
ὄργιά τ' ἀμπελόεντα καὶ Εὔια θύσθλα Λυαίου
Βάκχον ἰδεῖν μενέαινε· καὶ υἱέα Βότρυν ἐπείγων
κοίρανος Ἀσσυρίων ἀνεμώκεος ἰφθίμοιο δίφρου
ἥντετο βοτρυόεντι παρερχομένῳ Διονύσῳ.
τὸν μὲν ἰδὼν ἐπιόντα καὶ ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀπήνην
πορδαλίων τε λέπαδνα καὶ ἠνία φαιδρὰ λεόντων
Βότρυς ἀκερσικόμης ἀνεσείρασεν ἅρμα τοκῆος·
καὶ Στάφυλος σκηπτοῦχος ἑοῦ κατεπήλατο δίφρου
πορδαλίων στατὸν ἴχνος ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου·
καὶ ποδὸς ὀκλάζοντος ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἴχνος ἐρείδων,
θαλλὸν ἐλαιήεντα θεουδέι χειρὶ τιταίνων . . .
καὶ φιλίῳ Διόνυσον ἄναξ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·
" Πρὸς Διὸς ἱκεσίοιο, θεοῦ, Διόνυσε, τοκῆος,
πρὸς Σεμέλης θεόπαιδος, ἐμὸν μὴ παῖδα παρέλθῃς.

---

[a] " Grape-cluster-man." [b] " Bunch-of-grapes."

BOOK XVIII

In the eighteenth come Staphylos and Botrys, inviting the mountainranging son of Thyone to a feast.

MEANTIME manytongued Rumour was on the wing; and she flew along the whole line of Assyrian cities, proclaiming the name of Dionysos with his gift of the vine, the glorious fruit of grapes, and his bold warfare with the Indians.

5 Now Staphylos [a] heard of the unweaponed host of Satyrs, the holy secrets of the vine and the Euian gear of Lyaios. He wished therefore to see Bacchos; and the Assyrian prince brought his son Botrys [b] high in a windswift chariot, and met the advancing god of the vine. Botrys Longhair checked his father's car when he saw Dionysos approaching in his silver-wheeled wagon, the panthers in their yokestraps and the lions with shining reins; and Staphylos the sceptred king leapt out of the car when he saw the panthers of Dionysos halt. He sank to the ground on bended knee, and held out an olivebranch with reverent hand. Then the prince addressed Dionysos in conciliating words of friendship:

18 "In the name of Zeus the suppliant's god, your own father, Dionysos, in the name of Semele the young god's mother, disregard not my son! I have

ἔκλυον, ὡς ὑπέδεκτο τεὸν γενετῆρα Λυκάων,
αὐτὸν ὁμοῦ μακάρεσσι, καὶ υἷέα χειρὶ δαΐξας
Νύκτιμον ἀγνώσσοντι τεῷ παρέβαλλε τοκῆι,
καὶ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης,
Ἀρκαδίης παρὰ πέζαν· ὑπὲρ Σιπύλου δὲ καρήνων
Τάνταλος, ὡς ἐνέπουσι, τεὸν ξείνισσε τοκῆα,
δαιτρεύσας δ' ἑὸν υἷα θεοῖς παρέθηκεν ἐδωδήν·
καὶ Πέλοπος πλατὺν ὦμον, ὅσον θοινήσατο Δηώ,
μορφώσας ἐλέφαντι, νόθῳ τεχνήμονι κόσμῳ,
υἷέα δαιτρευθέντα πάλιν ζώγρησε Κρονίων,
ἔμπαλιν ἀλλήλοις μεμερισμένα γυῖα συνάπτων.
ἀλλά τί σοι, Διόνυσε, Λυκάονα παιδοφονῆα
ξεινοδόκον μακάρων, καὶ Τάνταλον ἠροφοίτην
νεκταρέων ὀνόμηνα δολόφρονα φῶρα κυπέλλων,
δῆμιον ἀμβροσίης καὶ νέκταρος ἄνδρα πιφαύσκων;
Ζῆνα καὶ Ἀπόλλωνα μιῇ ξείνισσε Μακελλώ[a] . . .
καὶ Φλεγύας ὅτε πάντας ἀνερρίζωσε θαλάσσῃ
νῆσον ὅλην τριόδοντι διαρρήξας ἐνοσίχθων,
ἀμφοτέρας ἐφύλαξε καὶ οὐ πρήνιξε τριαίνῃ.

[1] τραπέζῃ seems to have ended the line, and another, ending Μακελλώ, contained details.

---

[a] While Lycaon and Tantalos are well known (see Rose, *Handb. of Gk. Myth.*, p. 280, note viii. 81), Macello is heard of elsewhere only in the scholiast (one of the greatest liars extant) on Ovid's *Ibis* 475, so far as his corrupt spelling of the name enables one to decide whom he means. On the authority, as he alleges, of Nicander the Alexandrian poet, this worthy tells us that she was a daughter of Damon king or chief of, apparently, the Telchines, and that because she had entertained Zeus hospitably she was spared when the god destroyed the Telchines (if it was they) for poisoning the seed-corn. The most curious thing about her is that she is pretty obviously a Latin invention, made up from *macellum*,

heard how Lycaon entertained your father himself with the Blessed, how he cut up his son Nyctimos with his own hand and served him up to your father unknowing and touched one table with Zeus Almighty, in the land of Arcadia. Again, on the heads of Sipylos, I have heard how Tantalos received your father as his guest, butchered his own son and set him before the gods at dinner; how Cronion fitted together again the separated limbs and restored to life the butchered son, replacing the broad shoulder of Pelops—the only part which Deo had eaten—by a makeshift artificial shape of ivory.

29 *a* "But why, Dionysos, have I named to you Lycaon the Sonmurderer who entertained the Blessed, or Tantalos visitor of the skies, who planned the crafty theft of the cups of nectar—why mention the ravisher of nectar and ambrosia? Macello entertained Zeus and Apollo at one table . . . and when Earthshaker had shattered the whole island with his trident and rooted all the Phlegyans at the bottom of the sea, he saved both women and did not strike them down with the trident.

a market. Nonnos, it would seem, connects her with the Phlegyes, an impious people who lived on an island and for their sins were destroyed by Poseidon, and their part of the island with them (Servius on *Aen.* vi. 618, citing Euphorion, frag. 115 Powell, as his authority). But there is certainly something missing in the text and the sense may have been: "Macello entertained Zeus and Apollo at the same hospitable table, and had her reward, for she was spared when her wicked countrymen, the Telchines (?), were destroyed; X. and her daughter (sister, mother; *ἀμφοτέρας* in 38 shows that two women are mentioned) did a similar favour to Poseidon, and so he did not hurt them when he drowned the rest of the Phlegyes." Staphylos's point is that as these people were rewarded for their piety, so he hopes to be.

καὶ σύ, φέρων μίμημα τεοῦ ξενίοιο τοκῆος,
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν ἐμῶν ἐπίβηθι μελάθρων·
δὸς χάριν ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ Βότρυϊ καὶ γενετῆρι."
Ὣς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν· ἑῷ δ' ἐποχήσατο δίφρῳ,
ὀλβίζων ἑὸν οἶκον, ἐφεσπομένου Διονύσου·
καὶ θρασὺς ἱππείην ἀνεκούφισε Βότρυς ἰμάσθλην,
Ταυρείην δ' ἑλικηδὸν ἐρημάδα πέζαν ὁδεύων
ἤλασε πάτριον ἅρμα, καὶ ἡγεμόνευε Λυαίῳ
Ἀσσυρίην ἐπὶ γαῖαν· ἐπαυχενίοις δὲ λεπάδνοις
χρύσεα Μυγδονίοιο δεδεγμένος ἡνία δίφρου
ἡνίοχος Βρομίοιο Μάρων, ἀκόρητος ἰμάσθλης
θηρονόμου μάστιγος ἀφειδέα ῥοῖζον ἰάλλων,
πορδαλίων ἤλαυνεν ἀελλήεσσαν ἀπήνην·
καὶ Σάτυροι προθέοντες ἀνεκρούσαντο χορείην,
ἀμφιπερισκαίροντες ὀρίδρομον ἅρμα Λυαίου·
πολλὴ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φιλάνθεμος ἔτρεχε Βάκχη
δύσβατον οἶμον ἔχουσα βατῷ ποδί,
καὶ πτύχα πέτρης
στεινὴν κλιμακόεσσαν ἐμέτρεεν ὠκέι ταρσῷ,
καὶ παλάμῃ κροτάλιζε καὶ εὐρύθμοισι πεδίλοις,
μόχθον ὑποκλέπτουσα βαθυκρήμνοιο κελεύθου,
οἰστρομανὴς· καὶ Πᾶνες ἐθήμονος ἰφθίμοιο πέτρης
ποσσὶν ἐυκνήμισιν ἐπωρχήσαντο κονίῃ,
ἀστιβέος πρηῶνα διαστείχοντες ἐρίπνης.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε νισσομένοισι φάνη βασιλήιος αὐλὴ
τηλεφανὴς στίλβουσα λίθων ἑτερόχροϊ κόσμῳ,
εὐχαίτης τότε Βότρυς ὄχον πατρῷον ἐάσας
εἰς δόμον ὠκυπέδιλος ἔβη, προκέλευθος ὁδίτης,
ἐντύνων ἅμα πάντα, φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
ὤπλισε πιαλέης ἑτερότροπα δεῖπνα τραπέζης.

39 " Do you now follow the example of your Father the Friend of Guests : enter my mansion for one day. Grant this grace to us both, to Botrys and to his father."

42 He won the god's consent, and drove on with his car, blessing the happiness of his house, while Dionysos followed. Bold Botrys raised his whip, and drove his father's car by winding ways through the wilderness of Mount Tauros, until he guided Lyaios into the Assyrian land. Meanwhile Maron the god's charioteer took up the golden reins of the Mygdonian chariot, and drove the team of stormswift panthers with yokestraps on their necks, sparing not the whip, but whizzing a lavish lash to manage the beasts. Satyrs ran in front, striking up a dance and skipping round and round the hillranging car of Lyaios ; troops of flowerloving Bacchant women ran on this side and that side, treading the rough tracks afoot, climbing with quick feet the narrow steps of the mountain-side, while their shoes beat in time with their rattling hands—thus they beguiled the labour of the steep stony path, stung with madness. And the Pans, high on their familiar rocks, danced in the dust with nimble feet, passing over the headlands of those untrodden precipices.

62 But when they arrived, and the royal palace became visible, shining afar with checkered patterns of stone, then longhaired Botrys left his father's carriage and went swiftshoe into the house, vancourier of the company : he made all ready, and with attentive care prepared the diversified dishes of a rich banquet.

Ὄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βότρυς ἐκόσμεε δαῖτα Λυαίῳ, 67
τόφρα δὲ ποικιλόδωρος ἄναξ ἐπεδείκνυε Βάκχῳ 69
κάλλεα τεχνήεντα λιθοστρώτοιο μελάθρου, 70
τῶν ἄπο μαρμαρέη πολυδαίδαλος ἔρρεεν αἴγλη,
σύγχροος ἠελίοιο καὶ ἀντιτύποιο σελήνης·
τοῖχοι δ' ἀργυρέοισιν ἐλευκαίνοντο μετάλλοις,
καὶ μερόπων σπινθῆρας ἐπαστράπτουσα προσώπῳ
λύχνις ἔην, λύχνοιο φερώνυμος· εἶχε καὶ αὐτὴν 75
οἶκος ἐρευθιόωντι κεκασμένος αἴθοπι πέτρῳ
οἰνωπὴν ἀμέθυστον ἐρειδομένην ὑακίνθῳ·
αὐγὴν δ' αἰθαλόεσσαν ἀπέπτυεν ὠχρὸς ἀχάτης,
καὶ φολίδων στικτοῖσι τύποις ἀμάρυσσεν ὀφίτης·
Ἀσσυρίη δὲ μάραγδος ἀνήριγεν ἔγχλοον αἴγλην. 80
κιονέῃ δὲ φάλαγγι περιστρωθέντα μελάθρων
χρύσεα δουρατέης ἐρυθαίνετο νῶτα καλύπτρης
ἀφνειοῖς ὀρόφοισι· πολυσχιδέων δὲ μετάλλων
φαιδρὸν ἐυψήφιδι πέδον ποικίλλετο τέχνῃ·
καὶ πυλεὼν περίμετρος ἐυγλύπτῳ τινὶ δούρῳ 85
λεπτοφυῆ τύπον εἶχε νεοπρίστων ἐλεφάντων.

Τοῖα γέρων σκηπτοῦχος ἐδείκνυε μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ·
καὶ μόγις ἶχνος ἔκαμψεν ἔσω θεοδέγμονος αὐλῆς
χειρὸς ἔχων Διόνυσον· ὁ δὲ βραδυπειθέι ταρσῷ
πλαζομένην ἑλικηδὸν ἐὴν ἐτίταινεν ὀπωπήν· 90
καὶ θεὸς ἀστερόεσσαν ἐθάμβεεν ἤνοπι κόσμῳ
ξεινοδόκου βασιλῆος ἰδὼν χρυσήλατον αὐλήν.

Ἀμφιπόλους δ' οἵστρησεν ἄναξ
καὶ δμῶας ἐπείγων,
ταύρων ζατρεφέων ἀγέλην καὶ πώεα μήλων
δαιτρεύειν Σατύροισι βοοκραίρου Διονύσου. 95
καὶ Σταφύλου σπεύδοντος ἔην ταχυεργὸς ἀπειλὴ

---

[a] Since Homer in the *Odyssey* describes the palace of

67 "While Botrys was yet arranging the feast for Lyaios, the king of magnificent bounty displayed to Bacchos the artist's hand in the stonework of his hall, from which poured a shining brightness of many colours and shapes like the sun and his reflecting moon. The walls were white with solid silver. There was the lychnite, which takes its name from light, turning its glistening gleams in the faces of men. The place was also decorated with the glowing ruby stone, and showed winecoloured amethyst set beside sapphire. The pale agate threw off its burnt sheen, and the snakestone sparkled in speckled shapes of scales; the Assyrian emerald discharged its greeny flash. Stretched over a regiment of pillars along the hall the gilded timbers of the roof showed a reddish glow in their opulent roofs. The floor shone with the intricate patterns of a tessellated pavement of metals; and the huge door with a baulk of wood delicately carved looked like ivory freshly cut.

87 Such were the sights which the old monarch displayed to watchful Bacchos. He could hardly manage to move through the hall with his divine guest, holding Dionysos by the hand; the other followed with slow obedient foot, and turned his wandering gaze to each thing in order. The god was amazed at the hospitable king's hall, embellished with gold and starry with glittering decorations.

93 The king harried his servants and stirred up his serfs, to slaughter a herd of fine fat bulls and flocks of sheep for the Satyrs of bullhorn Dionysos. Then there was quick work, under the menaces of busy

Menelaos and, more elaborately, that of Alcinoös, there must be a description here of the palace where Dionysos is to be entertained; the details are not Homeric.

δμωσὶν ἀμοιβαίοισιν· ἐπερρώοντο δὲ παλλοὶ
εἰλαπίνης δρηστῆρες· ἐδαιτρεύοντο δὲ ταῦροι
καὶ νομάδων οἰῶν λιπαραὶ στίχες. ἦν δὲ χορείη·
καὶ δόμον εὐφόρμιγγα θυώδεες ἔπνεον αὔραι,
εὐόδμου δὲ πόληος ἀνεκνίσσωσαν ἀγυιάς·
ἀμφιλαφεῖς δ' ἐμέθυσσαν ὅλον δόμον ἱκμάδες οἴνου.
κύμβαλα δ' ἐπλατάγησε, παρ' εὐκελάδῳ δὲ τραπέζῃ
Παιάδες σύριγγες ἐβόμβεον, ἔβρεμον αὐλοὶ
συμπλεκέες, καὶ κύκλος ἐριγδούποιο βοείης
διχθαδίοις πατάγοισιν ἐπεσμαράγησε μελάθρῳ,
καὶ κτύπος ἦν κροτάλων ἐπιδόρπιος.

ἐν δ' ἄρα μέσσῳ
οἰνοβαρὴς τρομεροῖο φέρων ποδὸς ἄστατον ὁρμὴν
ἤιεν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα Μάρων, δεδονημένος οἴστρῳ,
ὄρθιον ἐκ δαπέδοιο παλίσσυτον ἴχνος ἐλίσσων,
χεῖρας ἑὰς διδύμων Σατύρων ὑπὲρ ὦμον ἐρείσας
μεσσοφανὴς· ἑτέρου δὲ ποδὸς κουφίζετο παλμῷ
ἀλλοτρίῳ, ξανθωπὸν ἔχων χρόα, μεσσόθι πέμπων
πορφυρέας ἀκτῖνας ὅλῳ στιλβοντι προσώπῳ,
ἀντίτυπον μίμημα Σεληναίῃσι κεραίαις,
λαιῇ μὲν νεόδαρτον ἐθήμονος ἔγκυον οἴνου
αὐχενίῳ ζωστῆρι περίπλοκον ἀσκὸν ἀείρων,
δεξιτερῇ δὲ κύπελλον· ἐκυκλώσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
γηραλέον σκαίροντα ποδῶν ἑτεραλκέι ταρσῷ,
οἷα πεσεῖν μέλλοντα τινασσομένοιο καρήνου,
οὔ ποτε πεπτηῶτα. μεθυσφαλέες δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
ἀμφίπολοι καὶ δμῶες ἐβακχεύοντο χορείῃ,
γευσάμενοι πρώτιστον ἀήθεος ἡδέος οἴνου.

Καὶ Σταφύλου βασιλῆος ἀριστώδινα γυναῖκα
Βακχιὰς ἀμπελόεσσα Μέθην ἐμέθυσσεν ἐέρσῃ·
ἡ δὲ καρηβαρέουσα πιεῖν πάλιν ἤτεε Βάκχας,

Staphylos with relays of serfs. A crowd of servants were hard at it preparing the banquet, bulls were butchered and processions of fat sheep from the pasture. There was dancing too ; fragrant air was wafted through a house full of harping, the streets of the city were filled with sweet steamy odours, ample streams of wine made the whole house carouse. Cymbals clanged, panspipes whiffled about the melodious table, double hoboys were drooning, the round of the loudthrumming drum made the hall ring again with its double bangs, there were castanets rattling over that supper !

107 And there in the midst came Maron, heavy with wine, staggering on unsteady feet and moving to and fro as frenzy drove him. He threw his arms over the shoulders of two Satyrs and supported himself between them, then climbed right up from the ground twisting his legs about them. So he was lifted by the dancing feet of others, with red skin, his whole face emitting ruddy rays and shining between them, the very image of the crescent moon. In his left hand he held a newly flayed skin teeming with the inevitable wine and tied at the neck with a cord ; in his right a cup. Bacchant women were all round the old creature as he skips on other men's feet, with lolling head, every moment threatening to fall but never down. Servants and serfs alike were rolling drunk and danced wildly about, after tasting for the first time the delicious wine they never had before.

124 Methe [a] also, the wife of King Staphylos, mother of a noble son, was made drunken by the winedew of Bacchos. With heavy head she begged

[a] "Drunkenness."

οἰνοδόκον κρητῆρα περισκαίρουσα Λυαίου·
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐλέλιζε μετήλυδα δίζυγι παλμῷ,
ὤμῳ ἐπικλίνουσα κόμην ἑτεραλκέι ῥιπῇ
ἄστατος, ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλίντροπος· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
πυκνὰ πεσεῖν μέλλουσαν ὀλισθηροῖσι πεδίλοις
θυιάδα χερσὶ λαβοῦσα Μέθην ὠρθώσατο Βάκχη.
καὶ Στάφυλος μεμέθυστο· φιλακρήτῳ δὲ κυπέλλῳ
Βότρυος οἰνωθέντος ἐφοινίσσοντο παρειαί·
καὶ πάις ἀρτιγένειος ἅμα Σταφύλῳ γενετῆρι
ἁπλεκέας πλοκαμῖδας ἀήθεϊ δήσατο κισσῷ
μιτρώσας στεφανηδόν· ἐπ' ἴχνεσι δ' ἴχνος ἀμείβων
ποσσὶν ὁμοζήλοισιν ἕλιξ ὠρχήσατο Βότρυς,
δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο μετήλυδα ταρσὸν ἑλίσσων·
καὶ Στάφυλος σκίρτησε ποδῶν βητάρμονι παλμῷ,
καμπύλον ἴχνος ἄγων τροχαλῷ κυκλούμενον ὅλκῳ,
Βότρυος ὀρχηστῆρος ἐπ' αὐχένι πῆχυν ἐρείσας·
καὶ ποτὸν εὐφήμησε χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου
ἄστατος, ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα καθειμένα βόστρυχα σείων
ὤμῳ ἐπαΐσσοντα· Μέθη δ' ἐχόρευκε καὶ αὐτή,
πῆχυν ἐπικλίνουσα καὶ υἱέι καὶ παρακοίτῃ,
μεσσατίη Σταφύλου καὶ Βότρυος· ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
τερπωλὴν τριέλικτον ὁμοπλέκτοιο χορείης.
καὶ Πίθος ὠμογέρων, πολιὴν ἀνέμοισι τινάσσων,
χεύματος ἡδυπότοιο βεβυσμένος ἄχρις ὀδόντων
οἰνοβαρὴς ἐχόρευε, μεθυσφαλὲς ἴχνος ἑλίσσων·
καὶ γλυκεραῖς λιβάδεσσιν ἐρευγομένων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ξανθὴν ἀφριόωσαν ἐὴν λεύκαινεν ὑπήνην.
Καὶ πίον εἰς ὅλον ἦμαρ·
ἀφυσσομένων δὲ κυπέλλων
Ἑσπερίην χθόνα πᾶσαν ὑπόσκιος ἔσκεπεν ὄρφνη
ἀκροκελαινιόωσα, καὶ αἰόλα φέγγεϊ λεπτῷ

the Bacchants for more drink, dancing round the full mixingbowl of Lyaios. She rolled her head moving this way and that way, shook the hair over her shoulders unsteadily, dipping her head first here, then there, on one side and the other again and again, ever on the point of falling on her slippery feet, until a Bacchant's hands caught the wild creature and held her up. Staphylos too was drunk; the cheeks of drunken Botrys were red from his tippling cup; still a boy with the down on his face, he with Staphylos his father bound his loosened locks with the unfamiliar ivy and wreathed it like a garland. Then interchanging step with step Botrys danced about with ready feet, changing feet right after left; and Staphylos went skipping in dancing movement, carrying his feet round and round in a running step, with one arm thrown round the neck of dancing Botrys. Staggering he blest the potion of danceweaving Dionysos, and shook his long hair falling over his shoulder from side to side. Methe was dancing too, with an arm round son and husband both, between Staphylos and Botrys. There was a sight to see, the triple-entwined delight of a close-embracing dance! And Pithos,[a] hale old man, shaking his hoary locks in the wind, stuffed to the teeth with the delicious potation, danced heavy with wine, and twirled a drink-tottering foot; he whitened his yellow beard with foam from the sweet libations that ran out from his throat.

154 So they drank the whole day long. Cups were still being filled when shadowy darkness grew black at the fringe, and covered all the western lands,

[a] "Wine-jar."

ἄστρα καταυγάζων ἐμελαίνετο δίχροος ἠήρ,
δυομένου Φαέθοντος ὑπὸ σκιοειδέι κώνῳ,
βαιὸν ὀπισθοκέλευθον ἔχων ἔτι λείψανον Ἠοῦς·
καὶ ζόφον ἐχλαίνωσεν ἑῷ χροΐ σιγαλέη νύξ
οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντι διαγράψασα χιτῶνι.
οἱ δὲ μετὰ κρητῆρα μέθης, μετὰ δεῖπνα τραπέζης
Βότρυς ὁμοῦ γενετῆρι καὶ οἰνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ
κεκριμένοι στοιχηδὸν ἐνστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
ὕπνου δῶρον ἔλοντο καὶ ὠμίληταν ὀνείρους.

Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥοδέοις ἀμαρύγμασιν ἄγγελος Ἠοῦς
ἀκροφαὴς ἐχάραξε λιπόσκιον ὄρθρος ὁμίχλην,
εὐχαίτης τότε Βάκχος ἑὸς ἄνθορεν εἰνῆς,
ἐλπίδι νικαίῃ δεδονημένος· ἐννύχιος γὰρ
Ἰνδῴην ἐδάιζε γονὴν κισσῶδει θύρσῳ,
ὑπναλέης μεθέπων ἀπατήλιον εἰκόνα χάρμης.
καὶ κτύπον εἰσαΐων Σατύρων καὶ δοῦπον ἀκόντων
φλοῖσβον ὀνειρείης ἀπεσείσατο δηιοτῆτος,
ὕπνον ἀποσκεδάσας πολεμήιον· εἶχε δὲ θυμῷ
μαντιπόλου φόβον αἰνὸν ἀπειλητῆρος ὀνείρου·
μιμηλῆς γὰρ ὄπωπε μάχης ἴνδαλμα Λυκούργου
ἐσσομένων προκέλευθον, ὅτι θρασὺς ἔνδοθι λόχμης
δύσμαχος ἐκ σκοπέλοιο λέων λυσσώδει λαιμῷ
Βάκχον ἔτι σκαίροντα καὶ οὐ ψαύοντα σιδήρου
εἰς φόβον ἐπτοίησε, καὶ ἤλασεν ἄχρι θαλάσσης
κρυπτόμενον πελάγεσσι, πεφυζότα θηρὸς ἀπειλήν·
καὶ φόβον ἄλλον ὄπωπε, λέων θρασὺς ὅττι γυναῖκας
θυρσοφόρους ἐδίωκε, κεχηνότος ἀνθερεῶνος,

---

[a] From the earth.

[b] Since it is the wrong end of the day for "dawn" to be literal, Nonnos presumably means the afterglow, which he

when the twilight air darkened and lit up the spangled stars with faint light, when Phaëthon set under the cone of shadow [a] and left on his way behind a small trace yet of the day,[b] when silent Night shrouded the west in her own colour, and scored the sky across with her own starry cloak. Then after the tipsy bowl and after the feast of the table, Botrys together with his father, and Dionysos dispenser of wine, went off in a line, each to his separate wellstrown bed ; they took the boon of sleep, and had traffic with dreams.

166 But when the morning twilight, shining messenger of Dawn,[c] cut through the edge of fading mist with rosy sparkles, then long-haired Bacchos leapt up early from his bed, shaken by the hope of victory. For in the night he had destroyed the Indian race with his ivytwined thyrsus, busy in the illusive image of a dream-battle. The noise of Satyrs and the rattle of javelins falling on his ears, shook off the din of his dreamland warfare and scattered that warlike sleep. But dreadful fear was in his heart that the dream foreboded some threatening danger. For in this unreal spectacle he had seen an image of his battle with Lycurgos,[d] prophetic of things to come. In a forest, a bold formidable lion leapt from a rock with deathly jaws upon Bacchos, while he was dancing and still without weapons, and scared him to flight, driving him down to the sea where he hid under water, fleeing from the dangerous beast. He saw another terror besides—how the bold lion chased the thyrsus-bearing women with gaping

thinks of as a sort of evening-dawn (as we speak of morning-twilight). But elsewhere ἠώς seems to be simply a day.

[c] Perhaps false dawn is meant ; ὄρθρος is usually the dark period before dawn.

[d] See xx. 188 ff.

αἱμάσσων ὀνύχεσσι, χαρασσομένων δὲ γυναικῶν
μύστιδος ἐκ παλάμης ἐκυλίνδετο θύσθλα κονίῃ,
κύμβαλα δ' ἐν χθονὶ κεῖτο·
μεταστρεφθεῖσα δὲ Βάκχη
δεσμὰ λεοντείοισιν ἐπεσφήκωσε γενείοις
σειρὴν ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐπισφίγξασα καρήνῳ,
ἀγχονίῳ δὲ λέοντος ἐπέπλεκεν αὐχένα δεσμῷ·
θηρὶ δὲ θῆλυς ὅμιλος ἐπέδραμεν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
καὶ βλοσυροὺς ἐχάραξε πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἀκάνθαις·
καὶ μόγις εἰλικόεντι περιζωσθέντα κορύμβῳ
Ἄρτεμις ἐζώγρησεν· ἀπ' αἰθερίοιο δὲ κόλπου
ἀστεροπὴ πυρόεσσα καταΐξασα προσώπου
θῆρα παλινδίνητον ἐθήκατο τυφλὸν ὀδίτην.

Τοῖον ὄναρ Διόνυσος ἐσέδρακεν· ἐκ λεχέων δὲ
ὀρθὸς ἐὼν ἔνδυνε φόνῳ πεπαλαγμένον Ἰνδῶν
χάλκεον ἀστερόεντα κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα,
καὶ σκολιῷ μίτρωσε κόμην ὀφιώδεϊ δεσμῷ,
καὶ πόδας ἐσφήκωσεν ἐρευθιόωντι κοθόρνῳ,
χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἄειρε, φιλάνθεμον ἔγχος Ἐνυοῦς·
καὶ Σάτυρον κίκλησκεν ὀπάονα. θεσπεσίην δὲ
Βακχείων στομάτων ἀίων ἀντίκτυπον ἠχώ
κοίρανος ἔγρετο Βότρυς, ἑὸν δ' ἔνδυνε χιτῶνα·
καὶ Πίθον ὑπνώοντα . . .
Μέθη δ' ὡς ἔκλυε φωνῆς,
κρᾶτα μόγις κούφιζε, βαρυνομένου δὲ καρήνου
ὀκναλέη πάλιν εὗδε· καὶ ὄρθριον εἰσέτι νύμφη
μίμνεν ἀμεργομένη γλυκερώτερον ὕπνον ὀπωπαῖς,
ὀψὲ δὲ λέκτρον ἔλειπεν ἑῷ βραδυπειθέι ταρσῷ.

Καὶ Στάφυλος φιλόβοτρυς ἐφωμάρτησε Λυαίῳ
εἰς ὁδὸν ἐσσυμένῳ ξεινήια δῶρα τιταίνων,
χρύσεον ἀμφιφορῆα σὺν ἀργυρέοισι κυπέλλοις,
οἷς πάρος αἰὲν ἔπινεν ἀμελγομένων λάγος αἰγῶν·

throat and gored them with his claws ; as the women were torn, their gear fell from their mystic hands and rolled in the dust, their cymbals lay on the ground. Then a Bacchant turned, and muzzled the lion's jaws by tying a string of vineleaves over his head, and wreathed his neck lightly in a noose. Then crowds of women ran up to the beast one upon another, and scratched with brambles the ugly pads and paws. At last Artemis saved him alive with difficulty, entangled in the clustering meshes ; and from the bosom of the sky a flash of lightning shot into the beast's face, and made him a blind vagabond of the roads.

196 Such was the dream Dionysos had seen. Rising from his bed, he donned about his chest the star-spangled corselet of bronze stained with Indian blood, and entwined his hair with a circlet of writhing snakes, and wedged his feet in the reddened boots, took thyrsus in hand—that flowery spear of Enyo—and called a servant Satyr. Prince Botrys, hearing the echoing call from the divine lips of Bacchos hard by, roused himself, put on his own dress, and called to sleeping Pithos. When Methe heard the voice, she reluctantly lifted her heavy head, and letting it fall lazily, went to sleep again ; all through the morning the queen still remained with her eyes gathering the most sweet bloom of sleep. At last she left her bed with slow unwilling foot.

210 Staphylos the grapelover attended upon Lyaios, offering him the guest's gifts as he was hasting for his journey : a two-handled jar of gold with silver cups, from which hitherto he used always to quaff

καὶ πόρε ποικίλα πέπλα, τά περ παρὰ Τίγριδος ὕδωρ
νήματι λεπταλέῳ τεχνήσατο Περσὶς Ἀράχνη.
καὶ Βρομίῳ πολύδωρος ἄναξ ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν·
" Μάρναό μοι, Διόνυσε, καὶ ἄξια ῥίζε τοκῆος·
δεῖξον, ὅτι Κρονίδαο φέρεις γόνος· ἀρτιβαλὴς γὰρ
Γηγενέας Τιτῆνας ἀπεστιφέλιξεν Ὀλύμπου
σὸς γενέτης ἔτι κοῦρος· ἐπείγεο καὶ σὺ κυδοιμῷ
Γηγενέων ὑπέροπλον ἀιστῶσαι γένος Ἰνδῶν.
μέμνημαί τινα μῦθον, ὃν ἡματέρῳ γενετῆρι
Ἀσσύριός ποτε Βῆλος, ἐμῆς πολιοῦχος ἀρούρης,
πατροπάτωρ ἐμὸς εἶπεν, ἐγὼ δέ σοι αὐτὸς ἐνίψω·
κουφίζων Κρόνος ὑγρὸς ἀμερσιγάμου γένυν ἅρπης,
ὁππότε μητρώῃσιν ἐπεσσυμένοιο χαμεύνοις
τάμνεν ἀνυμφεύτων στάχυν ἅρσενα πατρὸς ἀρότρων.
Τιτήνων προκέλευθος, ἐμάρνατο σεῖο τοκῆος,
καὶ Κρόνος εὐρυγένειος ἀνερρίπιζεν Ἐννὼ
ἔγχεα παχνήεντα κατὰ Κρονίωνος ἀλλων,
ψυχρὸν ἀκοντίζων διερὸν βέλος· ὀξυτενεῖς δὲ
ἠερόθεν πέμποντο χαλαζήεντες ὀιστοί.
καὶ πλέον Ἠελίοιο κορύσσετο πυρσοφόρος Ζεὺς
θερμοτέρῳ σπινθῆρι λύων πετρούμενον ὕδωρ
ὠμοβόρους δὲ λέοντας ἐπὶ κλόνον Ἰνδὸν ἰμάσσων,
μὴ τρομέοις ἐλέφαντας, ἐπεὶ τεὸς ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
Κάμπην ὑψικάρηνον ἀπηλοίησε κεραυνῷ,
ἧς σκολιὸν πολύμορφον ὅλον δέμας· ἀλλοφυὴ γὰρ

---

[a] The " Persian Arachne " means simply the skilful Persian weavers. Arachne, the skilled weaver who tried to rival Athena, is as natural a metonymy for " weaving " as " Demeter " for " corn," " Ares " for " war " and so on.

[b] " Icy " spears are not mythological but astrological; Saturn is the cold planet. Jupiter on the contary is hot.

the milk of milch-goats ; and he brought embroidered robes, which Persian Arachne [a] beside the waters of Tigris had cleverly made with her fine thread. Then the generous king spoke to Bromios :

217 " Fight away, Dionysos, and do deeds worthy of your sire ! Show that you have the blood of Cronides in you ! For your father in his first youth battered the earthborn Titans out of Olympos, when he was only a boy : on then and do your part in the struggle, destroy the overweening nation of earthborn Indians ! I remember a tale which once my father heard from his father, Assyrian Belos the sovereign of my country ; this I will tell to you.

223 " Cronos still dripping held the emasculating sickleblade, after he had cut off the manly crop of his father's plow and robbed him of the Mother's bed to which he was hastening, and warred against your sire at the head of the Titans. Broadbeard Cronos fanned the flame of Enyo as he cast icy spears [b] against Cronion, shooting his cold watery shafts : sharp pointed arrows of hail were shot from the sky. But Zeus armed himself with more fires than Helios, and melted the petrified water with hotter sparks. Whip up now ravening lions to the Indian War ; fear not their elephants ! For your Zeus ruling in the heights destroyed highheaded Campe [c] with a thunderbolt, for all the many crooked shapes of her whole body.

[c] Campe (the name usually means a caterpillar) was a monster which, in some later accounts of the war between Zeus and Cronos (reflected in Apollodoros i. 6), was set to guard the Hundred-handed giants and the Cyclopes in Tartaros. When Zeus needed their help, he freed them by killing Campe. Nonnos's description of her is based upon that of Typhoeus in Hesiod, *Theog.* 820 ff.

λοξὴν αὐτοέλικτον ἀνερρίπιζον Ἐννὼ
χίλιοι ἑρπηστῆρες ἐχιδναίων ἀπὸ ταρσῶν
ἰὸν ἐρευγομένων δολιχόσκιον· ἀμφὶ δὲ δειρὴν
ἤνθεε πεντήκοντα καρήατα ποικίλα θηρῶν·
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐβρυχᾶτο λεοντείοισι καρήνοις
Σφιγγὸς ἀσημάντοιο τύπῳ βλοσυροῖο προσώπου,
ἄλλα δὲ καπρείων ἀνεκήκιεν ἀφρὸν ὀδόντων,
συμφερτῇ δὲ φάλαγγι πολυσκυλάκων κεφαλάων
Σκύλλης ἰσοτέλεστον ἔην μίμημα προσώπου·
καὶ χροῒ μεσσατίῳ διφυὴς ἀνεφαίνετο νύμφη
ἰοβόλοις κομόωσα δρακοντείοισι κορύμβοις·
τῆς μὲν ἐπὶ στέρνοισιν ἐς ἀκροτάτην πτύχα μηρῶν
κητείαις φολίδεσσι νόθη τρηχύνετο μορφὴ
ὑψιτενής· ὄνυχες δὲ πολυσπερίων παλαμάων
λοξὸν ἐδοχμώσαντο τύπον γαμφώνυχος ἅρπης·
ἐξ ὑπάτου δὲ τένοντος ἀμαιμακέτων διὰ νώτων
σκορπίος αὐτοέλικτος ἐπήορος αὐχένος οὐρῇ
εἵρπε χαλαζήεντι τεθηγμένος ὀξέϊ κέντρῳ.
τοίη ποικιλόμορφος ἕλιξ κυφίζετο Κάμπη,
καὶ χθόνα δινεύουσα καὶ ἠέρα καὶ βυθὸν ἅλμης
ἵπτατο κυανέων πτερύγων ἑτερόζυγι παλμῷ,
λαίλαπας αἰθύσσουσα καὶ ὁπλίζουσα θυέλλας.
Νύμφη Ταρταρίη μελανόπτερος· ἐκ βλεφάρων δὲ
τηλεπόρους σπινθῆρας ἀνήρυγε φοιταλέῃ φλογί.
ἀλλὰ τόσην κτάνε θῆρα πατὴρ τεὸς αἰθέριος Ζεύς,
καὶ Κρονίην νίκησεν ἐχιδνήεσσαν Ἐννώ.
γίνεο καὶ σὺ τοκῆι πανείκελος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸν
Γηγενέων ὀλετῆρα μετὰ Κρονίδην σὲ καλέσσω,
δῆιον ἀμήσαντα χαμαιγενέων σπάχιν Ἰνδῶν.
σοὶ μόθος οὗτος ἔοικεν ὁμοίιος· ἀρχέγονον γὰρ
σὸς γενέτης Κρονίοιο προασπιστῆρα κυδοιμοῦ
ἠλιβάτοις μελέεσσι κεκασμένον υἱὸν ἀρούρης

238 "A thousand crawlers from her viperish feet, spitting poison afar, were fanning Enyo to a flame, a mass of misshapen coils. Round her neck flowered fifty various heads of wild beasts: some roared with lion's heads like the grim face of the riddling Sphinx; others were spluttering foam from the tusks of wild boars; her countenance was the very image of Scylla with a marshalled regiment of thronging dogs' heads. Doubleshaped, she appeared a woman to the middle of her body, with clusters of poison-spitting serpents for hair. Her giant form, from the chest to the parting-point of the thighs, was covered all over with a bastard shape of hard sea-monsters' scales. The claws of her wide-scattered hands were curved like a crooktalon sickle. From her neck over her terrible shoulders, with tail raised high over her throat, a scorpion with an icy sting sharp-whetted crawled and coiled upon itself.

257 "Such was manifoldshaped Campe as she rose writhing, and flew roaming about earth and air and briny deep, and flapping a couple of dusky wings, rousing tempests and arming gales, that blackwinged nymph of Tartaros: from her eyelids a flickering flame belched out far-travelling sparks. Yet heavenly Zeus your father killed that great monster, and conquered the snaky Enyo of Cronos. Show yourself like your father, that I may call you also destroyer of the earthborn next to Cronides, when you have reaped the enemy harvest of earthborn Indians.

268 "Your battle seems like his; for your father in the conflict with Cronos brought low that champion of warfare with towering limbs, that excellent son

Ἰνδὸν ἀπεπρήνιξεν, ὅθεν γένος ἔλλαχον Ἰνδοί·
Ἰνδῷ σὸς γενέτης, σὺ δὲ μάρναο Δηριαδῆι.
γίνεό μοι καὶ Ἄρηι πανείκελος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
τηλίκον ἐπρήνιξε θεημάχον υἱὸν Ἐχίδνης,
φρικτὸν ἀποπτύοντα δυσειδέος ἰὸν Ἐχίδνης,
ὃς λάχε διπλόον εἶδος ὁμόζυγον, ἔνθοθι λόχμης
μητρώης δονέων ἑλικώδεα κύκλον ἀκάνθης·
τὸν Κρόνος ἄπλετον εἶχε καταιχμάζοντα κεραυνοῦ,
Ἄρεα συρίζοντα ποδῶν ὀφιώδεϊ ταρσῷ,
ὁππότε κουφίζων παλίμας ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα μαζοῦ
Ζηνὶ τεῷ πολέμιζεν, ἐν ἠερίῃ δὲ κελεύθῳ
στοιχάδας ὑψιλόφῳ νεφέλας ἔστησε καρήνῳ,
καὶ σκολιαῖς ὄρνιθας ἐπιπλαγχθέντας ἐθείραις
πολλάκι συμμάρψας πολυχανδέι δαίντο λαιμῷ·
τοῦτον ἀριστεύοντα τεὸς κτάνε σύγγονος Ἄρης.
Ἄρεος οὐ καλέω σε χερείονα· καὶ γὰρ ἐρίζοις
πᾶσι Διὸς τεκέεσσιν, ἐπεὶ φονίῳ σέο θύρσῳ
τόσσον ἀριστεύεις, ὅσσον δορὶ μάρναται Ἄρης,
καὶ τελέεις, ἅτε Φοῖβος, ἀέθλια. θηροφόνον δὲ
υἱὸν ἐγὼ Διὸς ἄλλον ἐμῷ ξείνισσα μελάθρῳ·
χθιζὰ γὰρ εἰς ἐμὸν οἶκον ἐΰπτερος ἦλυθε Περσεὺς
γείτονα Κωρυκίοιο διαυγέα Κύδνον ἐάσας,
ὡς σύ, φίλος, καὶ ἔφασκεν ἐπώνυμον ὠκέι ταρσῷ
ἀνδράσι πὰρ Κιλίκεσσι νεόκτιτον ἄστυ χαράξαι·
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἠέρταζεν ἀθηήτοιο Μεδούσης
Γοργόνος ἄκρα κάρηνα, σὺ δ' οἴνοπα καρπὸν ἀείρεις,

[1] MSS. and Ludwich μηροῦ: μαζοῦ H. J. R., *cf.* xxii. 328.

[a] The giant Indos seems to have been invented for the occasion. Greeks, especially in later times, were very free with such stop-gap ancestors of peoples whose history they did not know, as Italos king of the Italians, Iudaios and Hierosolymos leaders of the Jews, and so forth. For some

of the soil, Indos, whence the Indians are sprung: your father fought Indos,[a] you fight Deriades. Show me yourself like Ares, for he also brought low such another, Echidna's son, the gods' enemy, spitting the horrible poison of hideous Echidna. He had two shapes together, and in the forest he shook the twisting coils of his mother's spine. Cronos used this huge creature to confront the thunderbolt, hissing war with the snaky soles of his feet; when he raised his hands above the circle of the breast and fought against your Zeus, and lifting his high head, covered it with masses of cloud in the paths of the sky. Then if the birds came wandering into his tangled hair, he often swept them together into his capacious throat for a dinner. This masterpiece your brother Ares killed! I do not call you less than Ares; for you could challenge all the sons of Zeus; since with your bloodstained thyrsus you are a masterpiece as much as Ares warring with his spear, and your exploits are equal to Phoibos.

289 "Another destroyer of monsters, another son of Zeus I have entertained in my mansion. The other day Perseus came flying on wings to my house. He had lately left translucent Cydnos, the neighbour of Corycion, like you, my friend, and said he had marked out a newfounded city in Cilicia named after his own quick foot.[b] He carried the head which had topped Gorgon Medusa whom no eye may see; and you carry the winefruit, that messenger of hearty

reason one of them, Corinthos son of Zeus, the founder of Corinth, won no favour except among his own people, and passed into a proverb for nonsensical tiresome talk.

[b] Perseus (for whom *cf.* note on viii. 100) was said to have founded Tarsos (or Tarsoi, to give the city its older name).

ἄγγελον εὐφροσύνης, βροτέης ἐπίληθον ἀνίης·
Περσεὺς κῆτος ἔπεφνεν Ἐρυθραίῳ παρὰ πόντῳ,
καὶ σὺ κατεπρήιξας Ἐρυθραίων γένος Ἰνδῶν.
κτεῖνε δὲ Δηριάδην, ὡς ἔκτανες Ἰνδὸν Ὀρόντην
κήτεος εἰναλίοιο κακώτερον· ἀχνυμένην μὲν
Περσεὺς Ἀνδρομέδην, σὺ δὲ ῥύεο μείζονι νίκῃ
πικρὰ βιαζομένην ἀδίκων ὑπὸ νεύμασιν Ἰνδῶν
Παρθένον ἀστερόεσσαν, ὅπως ἕνα κῶμον ἀνάφω
Γοργοφόνῳ Περσῆι καὶ Ἰνδοφόνῳ Διονύσῳ."

Ὣς εἰπὼν παλίνορσος ἐὼ νόστησε μελάθρῳ
ἁβρὸς ἄναξ, Βρομίου ξεινηδόκος· εἰσαΐων δὲ
φθεγγομένου βασιλῆος ἐτέρπετο κέντορι μύθῳ
θυρσομανὴς Διόνυσος, ἐβακχεύθη δὲ κυδοιμῷ
οὔασι θελγομένοισι μόθον πατρῴων ἀκουών·
καὶ Κρονίδην νείκεσσε, καὶ ἤθελε μείζονα νίκην
ἐσσομένην τριτάτην, διδύμην μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν,
ζῆλον ἔχων Κρονίδαο. Φερέσπονδον δὲ καλέσσας,
οὐρανίου κήρυκος ἀπόσπορον, εἶπεν ἑλὼν αὖραις,
Ἰφθίμης σοφὸν υἷα, φίλῳ προσπτίξατο μύθῳ·

"Ὦ τέκος Ἑρμάωνος, ἐμοὶ πεφιλημένε κῆρυξ,
τοῦτο μολὼν ἄγγελον ἀγήνορι Δηριάδῃ·
'κοίρανε, νόσφι μάχης ἢ δέχνυσο δῶρα Λυαίου,
ἢ Βρομίῳ πολέμιζε καὶ ἔσσεαι ἶσος Ὀρόντῃ.'"

Εἶπε· καὶ ὠκυπέδιλος
ἀπὸ χθονὸς εἰς χθόνα βαίνων
Ἠῴην ἐπὶ πέζαν ἀταρπιτὸν ἤνυσε κῆρυξ,
σκῆπτρον ἔχων γενετῆρος· ὁ δὲ χρυσέων ἐπὶ δίφρων
βότρυν ἀερτάζων φρενοτερπέα καρπὸν ὀπώρης
ποσσὶ πολυγνάμπτοισιν ἀπ' ἄστεος ἄστεα βαίνων

---

[a] The Virgin of the Stars is the constellation Virgo, identified (for instance by Aratos, *Phaen.* 96 ff.) with Justice.

good cheer, the oblivion of mortal sorrow. Perseus killed the sea-monster beside the Erythraian Sea, and you have brought low the race of Erythraian Indians. Slay Deriades as you slew Orontes the Indian, one worse than the sea-monster. Perseus saved Andromeda in her affliction, do you save by a greater victory the Virgin of the Stars,[a] bitterly oppressed at the nod of wicked Indians, that I may offer one triumphal feast for Gorgonslayer Perseus and Indianslayer Dionysos."

306 Having spoken thus, Bromios's host the luxurious king went back to his palace; and Dionysos thyrsus-mad was delighted to hear the spurring words of the royal voice. His ears bewitched with hearing of his father's battle, he was wild for a fight, he vied with Zeus, and wished for a third and greater future victory after the double defeat of the Indians, to rival Cronides. He summoned Pherespondos,[b] one swift like the wind, the offspring of the heavenly herald, the clever son of Iphthime, and greeted him with friendly words:

316 "Son of Hermaon, herald that I love, go take this message to proud Deriades: 'Prince, accept the gifts of Lyaios without war, or fight against Bromios and you shall be like Orontes!'"

320 So he spoke, and the herald on swift shoes holding his father's rod travelled from land to land, until he made his way to the Eastern country. On a golden car, carrying the fruit of the vintage, the heartgladdening grape, he passed from city to city

Dionysos is to rescue her by overthrowing an unjust and violent people. The parallel is forced, but eased a little by the fact that Andromeda too is a constellation.

[b] One of the Satyrs, Bringlibation, *cf.* xiv. 112.

'Ασσυρίην χθόνα πᾶσαν ἑῆς ἔπλησεν ὀπώρης,
ἀγρονόμοις ὀρέγων σταφυληκόμον ἄνθος ἀλωῆς.
Ὅφρα μὲν ἀντολικοῖο παρὰ πτερὸν αἴθοπος Εὔρου
φοιταλέῳ Σύρον οὖδας ἐμέτρεεν οἴνοπι δίφρῳ,
τόφρα δὲ καὶ Σταφύλῳ μόρος ἔχραεν·
ἐν δὲ μελάθρῳ
δμῶες ἀνερρήξαντο κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα,
ἀμφίπολοι δ' ἀλάλαζον· ἐφοινίσσοντο δὲ μαζοὶ
τυπτόμενοι παλάμῃσι· πολυθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν
πενθαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι χαράσσετο κύκλα προσώπου.
'Οψὲ δὲ δὴ παλίνορσος ἐριστα φύλων ἐπὶ δίφρων
νοστήσας Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο Βότρυος αὐλήν,
μνῆστιν ἔχων Σταφύλοιο φιλοστόργοιο τραπέζης·
καὶ Πίθον ὡς ἐνόησε κατηφιόωντι προσώπῳ,
πότμον ἑοῦ Σταφύλοιο σοφῇ μαντεύσατο σιγῇ
αὐτόματος· καλέσας δὲ Μέθην ἐξείρετο μύθῳ·
" Εἰπέ, γύναι, τί παθοῦσα τεὴν ἠλλάξαο μορφήν;
αὐχμηρὴν ὁρόω σε, καὶ ἀστράπτουσαν ἐάσας·
τίς τεὸν ἔσβεσε κάλλος ἀθέσφατον; οὐκέτι πέμπεις
ἔμφυτον οἰνωπῇσι παρηίσι πορφύρεον πῦρ.
καὶ σύ, γέρον, μὴ κρύπτε,
πόθεν τάδε δάκρυα χεύεις;
τίς τάμεν, εὐρυγένειε, τεὸν πώγωνα κομήτην;
τίς πολιὴν ᾔσχυνε; τίς ἔσχισε σεῖο χιτῶνα;
καὶ σύ, φιλακρήτοιο Μέθης βλάστημα τεκούσης,
τέκνον ἐμοῦ Σταφύλοιο,
πόθεν λάχες ἄτριχα κόρσην;
τίς φθόνος ἠμάλδυνε τεὴν ἑλικώδεα χαίτην;
οὐ πλόκαμοι προχυθέντες ἐπ' ἀργυφέων σέθεν ὤμων
ἁπλεκέες Τυρίοιο μύρου πέμπουσιν ἀυτμήν,
οὐκέτι βακχευθέντος ἀφ' ὑμετέροιο καρήνου
μαρμαρυγὴν ῥοδόεσσαν ὀιστεύουσι παρειαί.

with devious feet, and filled all the Assyrian land with his fruit, as he offered to the countrymen the grape-growing flower of the vineyard.

327 While in his gadabout winechariot he traversed the Syrian soil by the wing of Euros in the glowing east, death laid a hand on Staphylos. In the palace the servants tore the garments on their bodies, the attendants cried out in lamentation ; breasts were beaten and reddened, the round cheeks of mourning women were torn with their nails as they sang the dirge.

334 It was late when Dionysos in his vinedecked car returned to Botrys's palace, remembering the amiable entertainment of Staphylos. Noticing the downcast looks of Pithos, he divined untold the fate of his friend Staphylos, proclaimed by the eloquent silence, and he called Methe and asked :

340 " Tell me, my lady, what trouble has changed your looks ? I see you disordered, and I left you radiant. Who has quenched your unspeakable beauty ? You show no longer the natural crimson glow on those cheeks once ruddy as wine ! And you, ancient sir, hide not why you shed tears. Who has cut the flowing mass of your broad beard ? Who has deranged that white hair ? Who rent your garments ? And you, son of Staphylos my friend, offspring of Methe your mother so fond of wine, why are your temples bare of the hair ? What envious hand tore the curly locks ? Your tresses no longer fall free over your shoulders, glossy like silver, breathing Tyrian frankincense, you no longer hold revel, your cheeks no longer emit a rosy sheen from your face.

πῶς φορέεις τάδε πέπλα χυτῇ ῥυπόωντα κονίῃ;
πῇ μοι ἔβη Τυρίης βασιλήια πέπλα θαλάσσης;
οὐκέτι γινώσκω σε μαραινομένοιο προσώπου.
πῇ Στάφυλος σκηπτοῦχος ἀνήλυθεν, ὄφρα νοήσω;
εἰπέ, τεὸν γενετῆρα τίς ἤρπασεν εἰς μίαν ὥρην;
γινώσκω σέο πῆμα, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις·
φωνῆς ὑμετέρης οὐ δεύομαι· αὐτόματοι γὰρ
σιγαλέον σέο πένθος ἀπαγγέλλουσιν ὀπωπαί·
γινώσκω σέο πῆμα, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις·
δάκρυα σὰς ὀδύνας μαντεύεται, αὐσταλέοι δὲ
πότμον ἐμοῦ Σταφύλοιο τεοὶ βοόωσι χιτῶνες.
ἐλπίδα δ' ἡμετέρην φθόνος ἤρπασεν· ὠσάμην γὰρ
Ἰνδῴην μετὰ δῆριν ἅμα Σταφύλῳ βασιλῆι
χερσὶν ἀερτάζειν θαλαμηπόλον ἑσπέριον πῦρ,
Βότρυος ἀγχιμάχοιο τελειομένων ὑμεναίων."

Why do you wear these robes soiled with streaks of dust? Why do I not see your royal robes of Tyrian purple? I no longer know you with this desolated countenance. Where has Prince Staphylos gone, pray let me know? Speak! who has robbed you of your father even for an hour? I understand your trouble, even if you try to hide it. I need no words from you, for your looks alone silently proclaim your mourning. I understand your trouble, even if you try to hide it. The tears reveal your pains, your disordered dress cries aloud the fate of Staphylos my friend. Envy has robbed me of my hope; for I did think that after the Indian War I should lift the evening torches in my hands, in company of King Staphylos, to wait on the consummated wedding of Botrys the comrade of my battles!"

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΝΝΕΑΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΩΝ

Ἐννεακαιδεκάτῳ Σταφύλου περὶ τύμβον ἐγείρει
Βάκχος ἐπὶ κρητῆρι θυώδεϊ τερπνὸν ἀγῶνα.

Ὡς φαμένου βαρὺ κέντρον ἔχων νεοπενθέι θυμῷ
κοῦρος ἀφωνήτῳ σφρηγίσσατο χείλεα σιγῇ,
δάκρυσιν αὐτοχύτοις νικώμενος· ὀφρὰ δὲ μήτηρ
οἰκτρὸν ἔπος κατέλεξε Μέθη χαίρουσα Λυαίῳ·
" Ὑμετέρης ἄγρυπνον ὀπιπευτῆρα χορείης,
σὸν Στάφυλον, Διόνυσε, κατεύνασε χάλκεος ὕπνος,
σὸν Στάφυλον, Διόνυσε, Χαρωνίδες ἥρπασαν αὖραι.
δισσὸν ἐμοὶ βαρὺ πένθος ἐπέχραεν· ἀμπελόεις μὲν
Βάκχος ἐμὲ προλέλοιπε,
πόσις δ' ἐμὸς ἔμπεσε νυΐσῳ·
καὶ ξυνὴν μεθέπεσκον ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἀνίην,
καὶ Σταφύλῳ θνήσκοντι καὶ οὐ παρεόντι Λυαίῳ.
ἀλλὰ τεῆς, φίλε Βάκχε, πολυρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
δός μοι σεῖο κύπελλον ἐνίπλεον, ὄφρα πιοῦσα
εὑρήσω βαρὺ πένθος ἀπενθήτῳ σέθεν οἴνῳ.
ἐλπὶς ἐμοί, Διόνυσε φιλεύιε, μοῦνον ὀπώρην,
μοῦνον ἴδω κρητῆρα, καὶ οὐκέτι δάκρυα λείβω."
Ὡς φαμένην ἐλέαιρε, κερασσάμενος δὲ κυπέλλῳ
ἱκμάδα λυσιμέριμνον ἀλεξικάκου πόρεν οἴνου

BOOK XIX

In the nineteenth, Bacchos sets up a delightful contest over the fragrant bowl about the tomb of Staphylos.

He spoke ; and the lad sealed his lips with unvoiced silence, his mind heavy with the pangs of new mourning, and gave way to a helpless flow of tears. At last Methe his mother spoke a piteous word of greeting to Lyaios :

5 " Staphylos your friend, Dionysos, the sleepless watcher of your dances, has sunk in the brazen sleep [a] : Staphylos your friend, Dionysos, Charon's winds have carried away. A double burden of sorrow fell on me : Bacchos of the vine deserted me, my husband fell into sickness, and I cherished one common pain for both, Staphylos dying and Lyaios far away. But give me, dear Bacchos, give me your cup full of your bubbling vintage ; that I may drink, and lull my heavy sorrow with your sorrowconsoling wine ! O Dionysos, my only hope, with your jubilant cry ! Let me only see the vintage, let me see the bowl, and I shed tears no more ! "

17 He heard her words with pity ; he mixed, and in a cup gave the young man and the downcast

[a] An epic phrase for death. It seems to be a metaphor from fetters, the sleep which will not let go.

παιδὶ νέῳ καὶ μητρὶ κατηφεῖ· καὶ πίον ἄμφω
τερψινόῳ ῥαθάμιγγι μελίρρυτον ὄγκον ὀπώρης·
καὶ στοναχὴν πρηνὲς Μέθη καὶ Βότρυς ἀνίην·
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπε γυνὴ θελξίφρονι Βάκχῳ·
"Ἦλθες ἐμοί, φίλε Βάκχε, φίλων φάος· οὐκέτ' ἀνίη,
οὐκέτι πένθος ἔχει με Διωνύσοιο φαέντος·
ἦλθες ἐμοί, φίλε Βάκχε, φίλον φάος· ὑμετέρῳ γὰρ
δάκρυον ἐπρήνυνα ποτῷ παιήονος οἴνου.
οὐ πόσιν, οὐ πατέρος στενάχω μόρον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοῦ
Βότρυος, ἢν ἐθέλῃς, νοσφίσσομαι· ἀμφότερον γὰρ
Βάκχον ἔχω γενετῆρα καὶ υἱέα καὶ παρακοίτην.
ἕσπομαι, ἢν ἐθέλῃς με, καὶ εἰς τεὸν οἶκον ἑκάνω·
εἶην Βασσαρίδεσσιν ὁμόστολος· ἢν δ' ἐθελήσῃς,
κουφίζω σέο θύρσα καὶ ἱμερόεσσαν ὀπώρην,
χείλεσι δ' ἡμετέροις ἐπιλήνιον αὐλὸν ἐρείσω.
χήρην μή με λίπῃς, μὴ διπλόον ἄλγος ἀέξω
καὶ φθιμένου Σταφύλοιο καὶ οἰχομένου Διονύσου.
Βότρυν ἔχεις θεράποντα· διδασκέσθω δὲ χορείας
καὶ τελετὰς καὶ θύσθλα καί, ἢν ἐθέλῃς, μόθον Ἰνδῶν·
καί μιν ἴδω γελόωντα φιλακρήτῳ παρὰ ληνῷ
ποσσὶ περιθλίβοντα τεῆς ὠδῖνας ὀπώρης.
γηραλέου δὲ Πίθου μιμνήσκεο, μή μιν ἐάσῃς
σῆς τελετῆς ἀδίδακτον ἢ ἄμμορον ἡδέος οἴνου."
Ὡς φαμένην θάρσυνε Μέθην γελόωντι προσώπῳ
Βάκχος ἄναξ καὶ τοῖα φιλακρήτῳ φάτο νύμφῃ·
"Ὦ γύναι, ἀγλαόδωρε μετὰ χρυσῆν Ἀφροδίτην,
εὐφροσύνης δώτειρα . . .
τερψίμβροτε μῆτερ Ἐρώτων,
εἰλαπίνης ψαύοντι συνειλαπίναζε Λυαίῳ·

mother that winejuice which resolves all cares and drives away all trouble. Both drank the honey-flowing stuff of the vintage with its mindsolacing drops. Methe and Botrys quieted their groaning pain; and then the woman spoke to Bacchos the heart-enchanter:

23 "You have come to me, dear Bacchos, as a great light! Grief holds me no more, pain no more, now Dionysos has appeared! You have come to me, dear Bacchos, as a great light; for by your potion of healing wine I have quieted my tears. I mourn no more for husband, no more for a father's death, even Botrys I will give up if it be your pleasure; for I have Bacchos as father and son both, aye and husband. I will go with you even to your house, if it be your pleasure. I would join the company of Bassarids. If it be your will, I will lift your sacred gear and your lovely fruit, I will press my lips to the hoboy of the winepress. Leave me not a widow, that I may not cherish a double grief, my husband perished and Dionysos gone! You have Botrys for a servant. Let him learn the dances, the sacred rites and sacred things, and if you please, the Indian War; let me see him laughing in the inebriated winepress treading hard on the offspring of your vintage! Remember old Pithos, and leave him not untaught of your rites or without a share of your delicious wine."

42 She spoke; Lord Bacchos encouraged Methe with laughing face, and thus he said to the wineloving queen:

44 "My lady, giver of glorious gifts second only to golden Aphrodite, bestower of hearty good cheer, . . . the joy of man and the mother of love, sit at the feast beside Lyaios as he touches the feast!

ἔσσο Διωνύσῳ στεφανηφόρος, ὡς Ἀφροδίτη,
ἄνθεσι μιτρωθεῖσα καὶ εὐαλδέσσι κορύμβοις·
στέμματα σῶν πλοκάμων τελέσει ζηλήμονα Νίκην.
οἰνοχόον τελέσω σε μετὰ χρυσόθρονον Ἥβην·
ἔσσεαι ἀμπελόεντι συναντέλλουσα Λυαίῳ
Βακχείων ὁμόφοιτος ὑποδρήστειρα κυπέλλων,
καί σε Μέθην καλέσουσι κόρον τερφίμβροτον οἴνου·
Βότρυν ἐμῆς καλέσω λαθικηδέα καρπὸν ὀπώρης,
καὶ σταφυλὴν φερέβοτρυν ἀπὸ Σταφύλοιο καλέσσω
ἡμερίδων ὠδῖνα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ἔρσην.
οὐδὲ Μέθης ἀπάνευθε δυνήσομαι εἰλαπινάζειν,
οὐδὲ Μέθης ἀπάνευθεν ἐγὼ ποτε κῶμον ἐγείρω."

Ὡς εἰπὼν Σταφύλοιο μεθυσφαλέος παρὰ τύμβῳ
νηπενθὴς Διόνυσος ἀπενθέα θῆκεν ἀγῶνα·
καὶ τράγον εὐπώγωνα καὶ ἄρσενα ταῦρον ἐρύσσας
διπλόα θῆκεν ἄεθλα, καὶ εὐφόρμιγγας ἐρίζειν
Πιερικῆς ἐκάλεσσεν ἀμιλλητῆρας ἀοιδῆς·
διπλόα θῆκεν ἄεθλα, καὶ ἀθλητῆρας ἐπείγων
ἵδμονας εὐκελάδοιο λύρης μειλίξατο μέθῳ·

"Ἀττικὸν ἐνθάδε κῶμον ἐγείρομεν·
ἀθλοφόρῳ γὰρ
ἀνέρι νικήσαντι λιπόχροα ταῦρον ὀπάσσω,
ἀνδρὶ δὲ νικηθέντι δασὺν τράγον ἐγγυαλίξω."

Ὡς φαμένου Βρομίοιο λυροκτύπος ἄνθορεν ἀνήρ,
Βιστονίης Οἴαγρος ἀθαλπέος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
πλῆκτρον ἔχων φόρμιγγι παρήορον· αὐτὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῷ
Ἀτθίδος ὑμνοπόλου ναέτης ἀόρουσεν Ἐρεχθεύς.
ἄμφω δ' εἰς μέσον ἦλθον ἀεθλητῆρες ἀγῶνος

---

[a] Hebe served the nectar in Olympos before Ganymede came in.

Be garlandbearer for Dionysos, even as Aphrodite, girdled with flowers and luxuriant clusters. The chaplets upon your hair shall make Victory jealous ! I will make you pourer of wine, next after Hebe [a] goldenthrone. You shall rise a satellite star for Lyaios of the vine, ever by his side to serve the Bacchanal cups, and man's joy, the surfeit of wine, shall bear your name, Methe. I will give the name of Botrys to the careconsoling fruit of my vintage, and I will call after Staphylos the carryberry bunch of grapes, which is the offspring of the gardenvines full of juicy liquor. Without Methe I shall never be able to feast, without Methe I will never rouse the merry revels."

59 Such were his words. Then beside the tomb of reeling Staphylos, Dionysos the foe of mourning held a contest where no mourning was. He brought out a bearded goat and a vigorous bull and set them both as prizes, calling to the contest combatants well able to touch the harp in Pierian music ; he set them both as prizes, and stirred up these athletes well acquainted with the melodious lute by making a courteous speech :

66 " Here we begin an Attic [b] revel. I will give the glossy bull to the man who wins the victory, and the shaggy goat I will give to the loser."

69 When Bromios had spoken, up sprang a harper, Oiagros, a man of the cold Bistonian land,[c] with the quill hanging to his harp. Hard upon him leapt up Erechtheus, a citizen of Attica the friend of music. Both moved into the midst of the assembly, com-

[b] Because at Athens (ages later) the bull was the traditional prize for the best dithyrambic chorus, the goat for the best tragedy.

[c] Part of Thrace.

φορμίγγων ἐλατῆρες· ἐμιτρώσαντο δὲ χαίτην
δαφναίοις πετάλοισιν· ἀνεζώννυντο δὲ πέπλους.
ἀρχόμενοι δ' ἐλέλιζον ἐθήμονι δάκτυλα παλμῷ
ἐκταδίης θλίβοντες ἀμοιβαίην στίχα νευρῆς
ἄκρα περισφίγγοντες, ὅπως μήτ' ὄρθιος εἴη,
μή ποτε θηλύνειε παρειμένος ἁρσενα μολπήν.
Καὶ πρότερος κλήροιο τυχὼν τεχνήμονι ῥυθμῷ
Κεκροπίης ναέτης κιθάρην ἐλέλιζεν Ἐρεχθεύς,
μέλπων πάτριον ὕμνον, ὅτι "ζαθέαις ἐν Ἀθήναις
καὶ Κελεὸς ξείνισσε βίον παμμήτορα Δηὼ
Τριπτολέμῳ σὺν παιδὶ καὶ ἀρχαίῃ Μετανείρῃ,
καί σφισι καρπὸν ὄπασσεν, ὅτε χθονὸς αὔλακα νίφων
Τριπτόλεμος σπόρον εὗρε φερεστιχέων ἐπὶ δίφρων,
καὶ Κελεοῦ φθιμένοιο νεοδμήτῳ παρὰ τύμβῳ
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισι θαλυσιὰς ἔστενε Δηώ,
ἀλλὰ παρηγορέουσα πάλιν θελξίφρονι μύθῳ
Τριπτολέμου βαρὺ πένθος ἀπέσβεσε
καὶ Μετανείρης·
οὕτω καὶ Διόνυσον ἐῷ ξείνισσε μελάθρῳ
Ἀσσυρίων σκηπτοῦχος· ἄναξ δέ οἱ ἀντὶ τραπέζης
ὤπασεν Εὔια δῶρα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην,
καὶ Σταφύλου φθιμένοιο, φιλακρήτου βασιλῆος,
υἱέα Βότρυν ἔπαυσε φιλοθρήνοιο μερίμνης,
καὶ κινυρῆς ἀλόχοιο Μέθης εὐήτησεν ἀνίην."
Τοῖα σοφὸς φόρμιζε λυροκτύπος· ἀμφὶ δὲ ῥυθμῷ
πάντες ὁμοῦ θέλγοντο· σὺν εὐθύρσῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
ἅρμενον ἱμερόφωνον ἐθάμβεον Ἀθῖδα μολπήν.
Δεύτερος αἰόλον ὕμνον ἄναξ Οἴαγρος ὑφαίνων,
ὡς γενέτης Ὀρφῆος, ὁμέστιος ἠθάδι Μούσῃ,

peting as drivers of the harp. They had entwined leaves of laurel in their hair, and girt up their robes.

[76] With wonted nimbleness, they began to twangle away, running their fingers over the tensed strings and plucking each in turn, then tightening the pegs at the end, to make sure that the pitch was not too high, and yet that it should not go flat and turn womanish the manly tune.

[80] First the lot fell to Erechtheus of Cecropia[a]; he twangled his harp, with a master's touch, for a song of his own country, and this is what he sang:

[82] How in divine Athens Celeos entertained Deo the mother of all life, with Triptolemos his son and ancient Metaneira. Then how Deo gave them the corn, when Triptolemos found out how to scatter showers of seed from his chariot laden with ears all over the furrowed soil. And when Celeos died, how harvesthome Deo lamented beside the newbuilt sepulchre with unweeping eyes, and consoling them again with heartenchanting words, quenched the heavy grief of Triptolemos and Metaneira. Even so the sceptred king of Assyria had entertained Dionysos in his palace, and the Lord had requited the table with his Euian gifts and the fruitage of the vine; then after Staphylos died, that tippling king, he took away the gloomy care of Botrys his son and soothed the sorrow of Methe his mourning wife.

[97] Such was the lay of the harper poet, and all were alike enchanted with the music; they and the god with the thyrsus admired the Attic song with the lovely tones of the fit setting.

[100] Second, my lord Oiagros wove a winding lay, as the father of Orpheus who has the Muse his boon-

[a] Athens.

δίστιχον ἁρμονίην ἀνεβάλλετο Φοιβάδι μολπῇ,
παυροεπής, λιγύμυθος, Ἀμυκλαίῳ τινὶ θεσμῷ·
" Εὐχαίτην Ὑάκινθον ἀνεζώγρησεν Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ Στάφυλον Διόνυσος ἀεὶ ζώοντα τελέσσει."

Οὔ πω κῶμος ἔληγεν, ἐπεφθέγξαντο δὲ λαοὶ
εὐφήμοις ἐπέεσσιν ὁμογλώσσων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν,
καὶ Σάτυροι σμαράγησαν ἀολλέες· ἐκ δὲ θοώκου
ἅστατος ἄλλετο Βάκχος, ἄνω καὶ ἔνερθε τινάσσων
δεξιτερήν, καὶ Βότρυς ἀνέδραμεν, εἰάδι φωνῇ
ἁρμονίην εὔρυθμον ἀοιδοπόλοιο γεραίρων·
Οἰάγρου δὲ κάρηνον ἄναξ ἐστέψατο κισσῷ,
καὶ γενέτης Ὀρφῆος ἐπιρρήσσων χθόνα ταρσῷ
ἄσμενος ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἐδέξατο μισθὸν ἀοιδῆς·
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν στοιχηδὸν ἐπεσκίρτησαν ἑταῖροι.
καὶ τράγον εὐρυγένειον, ἄχος καὶ ζήλον ἀέξων,
αἰδομέναις παλάμῃσιν ἀνείρυσεν ἀστὸς Ἀθήρης.
Εὐχαίτης δ' Ἰόβαχχος, ἀφειδέι χειρὶ κομίζων,
ἄξια θῆκεν ἄεθλα χοροπλεκέος περὶ νίκης,
γηραλέου κρητῆρα θυώδεος ἔγκυον οἴνου,
χρύσεον, ἄσπετα μέτρα κεχανδότα, διφάδι γαίῃ
ἰκμάδα τετραέτηρον ἀναβλύζοντα Λυαίου,
Ἡφαίστου σοφὸν ἔργον Ὀλύμπιον, ὅν ποτε Κύπρις
ὤπασε βοτρυόεντι κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ·
μείονα δὲ κρητῆρα μέσῳ παρέθηκεν ἀγῶνι
ἀργύρεον, στίλβοντα, περίτροχον, ὅν ποτε Βάκχῳ
δῶκεν ἄναξ Ἀλύβης ξεινήιον οἰκία ναίων,
ἀφνειὴν παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ χθονίοιο μεταλλου
ἀργυρέοις ἀγκῶσι μέλας λευκαίνετο[1] κευθμών,[2]

[1] λευκαίνετο MSS., λευκαίνεται Hermann.
[2] ἀγκών MSS. repeated from ἀγκῶσι, κεύθων Ludwich; perhaps κευθμών.

companion. Only a couple of verses he sang, a ditty of Phoibos, clearspoken in few words after some Amyclaian style [a] :

Apollo brought to life again his longhair'd Hyacinthos:
Staphylos will be made to live for aye by Dionysos.

106 Before the ceremonial was well ended, the people broke out into loud acclamations of propitious words with one voice and one tongue, and all the Satyrs roared. Bacchos leapt from his seat in haste, waving his right hand up and down ; Botrys ran up, crying Euoi and applauding the musical harmonies of the harper. The Lord crowned Oiagros's head with ivy, and the father of Orpheus stamped his foot on the ground, as he accepted with joy the untamed bull, the prize of the singing, while his companions danced round him in a row. The man of Athens carried off the bearded goat with shamed hands, full of sorrow and envy.

118 Now Iobacchos with flowing hair brought out worthy prizes in his generous hand, offered for victory in the woven dance : a mixer teeming with old fragrant wine, a golden bowl which held infinite measures, spilling on the thirsty earth Lyaios's juice of four years old. This was an Olympian work of Hephaistos the great master, which Cypris once gave to her brother Dionysos of the vine. A lesser bowl also he set before the assembly, solid silver, shining and round, which Bacchos had once received as a guestgift from the king of Alybe [b] ; who lived in the rich country where the black hole of the mines in the earth was whitened with silver nooks. Round the

[a] Spartan brevity. For Hyacinthos of Amyclai, see on x. 255.

[b] See note on xi. 36.

τοῦ περὶ χείλεος ἄκρον ἐπ' ὀμφαλόεντι[1] καρήνῳ[2]
κισσὸς ἕλιξ, χρυσέῳ δὲ πέριξ δαιδάλλετο κόσμῳ·
τοῦτον ἄγων ἔστησε βαθυννομένῳ κενεῶνι
ληνὸν ἔτι πνείοντα νεώτερον ὄγκον ὀπώρης,
γλεῦκος, ἀνυμφεύτοιο μέθης ποτόν· οὐ νέμεσις γὰρ
ἀνέρα νικηθέντα πιεῖν ἀμέθυστον ἐέρσην.

Ἀλλ' ὅτε Βάκχος ἄεθλα μέσῳ στήριξεν ἀγῶνι,
ἴδμονας ὀρχηθμοῖο καλέσσατο μάρτυρι φωνῇ·
"Ὅς τις ἀεθλεύσει κυκλούμενος ἴδμονι ταρσῷ
νικήσας τροχαλοῖο ποδὸς κρίσιν, οὗτος ἑλίσθω
καὶ χρύσεον κρητῆρα καὶ ἡδυπότου χύσιν οἴνου·
ὃς δὲ πέσῃ σφαλεροῖο ποδὸς δεδονημένος ἅλικι,
ἥσσονα δ' ὀρχήσαιτο, καὶ ἥσσονα δῶρα δαχείσθω·
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ πάντεσσιν ὁμοίως ἀθλοφόρῳ δὲ
ἀνέρι νικήσαντι χοροίτυπον ἄβρὸν ἀγῶνα
οὐ τρίποδα στίλβοντα καὶ οὐ ταχὺν ἵππον ὀπάσσω,
οὐ δόρυ καὶ θώρηκα φόνῳ πεπαλαγμένον Ἰνδῶν,
δίσκον ἐς ἰθυκέλευθον ἀκοντιστῆρας ἐγείρων·
οὐδὲ ποδωκείης τέταται δρόμος, οὐ δορὸς αἰχμὴ
τηλεφόρου· Σταφύλῳ δέ, καταφθιμένῳ βασιλῆι,
ἀνδρὶ φιλοσκάρθμῳ, φιλοπαίγμονα ταρσὰ γαραίρω·
οὐδὲ παλαισμοσύνῃ γυιαλκέι δῶρα τιταίνω,
οὐ δρόμος ἱπποσύνης, οὐκ Ἠλιάδος εἰσὶν ἀγῶνες,
οὐ δρόμος Οἰνομάου γαμβροκτόνος· ἡμετέρῃ γὰρ
νύσσα χορός, βαλβῖδες ἐπισκιρτήματα ταρσῶν,
χεὶρ τροχαλὴ καὶ σκαρθμὸς ἕλιξ,
καὶ νεῦμα προσώπου

[1] ἀμπελόεντι MSS., ὀμφαλόεντι Ludwich.
[2] καρήνῳ MSS., Ludwich, κορύμβῳ Graefe, Marcellus, Koechly.

---

[a] The poet has in mind Theocritus i. 29. If καρήνῳ can mean the top of the brim it may stand, but the scribe is

edge of the lip, on the bossy brim, was ivy twining over bunches of grapes in fine patterns of gold all round.[a] This he brought and laid before them with deep belly still breathing the winepress, stuff of a younger vintage, must, a draught of unmated potation[b]; for who would grudge a defeated man to drink of dew that cannot inebriate?

136 When Bacchos had laid his prizes before the company, he called out the masters of the dance with attesting voice:

138 "Whoso shall contend circling with expert foot and win the match of nimble steps, let him take both the golden bowl and the delicious wine that fills it; but whoso staggers and totters on moving feet, and falls, and proves the worse dancer, let him accept the worse prize. For I am not like every one else. To the prizewinner who conquers in the dainty beating of the dance, I will give no shining tripod and no swift horse, no spear and corselet stained with blood of Indians; I make no summons to marksmen for straight throwing with the quoit; this is no race for speed of foot, no sharp spear cast at a distance. In honour of Staphylos, the dead king, a man who loved the dance, I celebrate the sportive steps he loved. I offer no prizes for wrestlers with straining muscles; this is no race for horsemanship, no games of Elis,[c] this is no course of Oinomaos with death for his goodsons.[d] My turning-point is the dance, my starting-point the skipping feet, the beckoning hand, the pirouette, the nods and becks and glances

obviously careless just here. (There is no place for a "knob" on a mixer, and no mention of one either.) The bunches of grapes stand out in bosses, ὀμφαλοί, all around the rim.

[b] Without water.

[c] The Olympian Games.

[d] See note on xi. 271.

ἄστατα κινυμένοιο, καὶ αὐδήεσσα σιωπὴ
δάκτυλα δινεύουσα καὶ ὀρχηστῆρος ὀπωπήν."

Τοῖον ἔπος φαμένου κερόεις Σεληνὸς ἀνέστη,
καὶ τριγέρων βαρύθοντι Μάρων ἀνεπήλατο ταρσῷ
χρύσεον ἀστράπτοντα μέγαν κρητῆρα δοκεύων,
οὐχ ὅτι χρύσεος ἦεν ὑπέρτερος, ἀλλ' ὅτι μοῦνον
εἶχεν ἐυρραθάμιγγα παλαίτατον ὄγκον ἐέρσης
ἄκρου χείλεος ἄχρις· ἔρως δέ μιν ἡδέος οἴνου
θῆκε νέον, πολιὴν δὲ βιήσατο Βακχιὰς ὁρμή·
καὶ πόδας ἀμφελέλιζεν ἑῆς πειρώμενος ἀλκῆς,
μὴ βαρὺ γῆρας ἔπαυσε λελασμένα γυῖα χορείης.
καὶ ψυχὴν Σταφύλοιο γέρων μειλίξατο φωνῇ,
νηφάλιον λασίῳ προχέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνι·

"Εἰμὶ Μάρων, συνίεθλος ἀπενθήτοιο Λυαίου·
δακρυχέειν οὐκ οἶδα· τί δάκρισι καὶ Διονύσῳ;
κύκλα ποδῶν ἐμὰ δῶρα ταφήια σῷ παρὰ τύμβῳ·
δέξό με μειδιόωντα· Μάρων οὐκ οἶδε μερίμνας,
οὐ γόον οἶδε Μάρων, οὐ πενθάδος ὄγκον ἀνίης·
ἱμερόεις πέλε λάτρις ἀπενθήτου Διονύσου.
ἴλαθι σεῖο Μάρωνι, καὶ εἰ πίες ὕδατα Λήθης,
δὸς χάριν, ὄφρα πίοιμι παλαιγενέος χύσιν οἴνου,
Σεληνὸς δὲ νέης πιέτω νέον ὄγκον ὀπώρης.
καὶ Σταφύλῳ μετὰ πότμον, ἅτε ζώοντι, χορεύσω,
ὅττι χορὸν προβέβουλα φιλοκνίσοιο τραπέζης·
σοί, Στάφυλε, ζώοντι καὶ οὐ πνείοντι χορεύω
κῶμον ἀνακρούων ἐπιτύμβιον· εἰμὶ δὲ Βάκχου,
οὐ θεράπων Φοίβοιο, καὶ οὐ μάθον αἴλινα μέλπειν,
οἷα παρὰ Κρήτεσσιν ἄναξ ἐλίγαινεν Ἀπόλλων
δακρυχέων ἐρατεινὸν Ἀτύμνιον· Ἡλιάδων δὲ

[a] A neat turn of the proverb οὐδὲν πρὸς τὸν Διόνυσον, "nothing to do with the case."

[b] See note on xi. 130.

of the expressive face, speaking silence, which twirls the signalling fingers, and the dancer's whole countenance."

158 When he had ended his speech, up rose horned Seilenos, and antediluvian Maron got up on heavy foot, with his eyes on the great mixer of shining gold : not because the golden was the better, but because this alone contained the oldest wine and the finest stuff, filling it to the brim. His passion for this lovely wine made him young again, and the Bacchic aroma was too much for his gray hair. He twirled his feet round testing his strength, to see if heavy old age had made his limbs forget how to dance. The old man tried to appease the soul of Staphylos by the words that poured sober enough out of his shaggy beard :

169 " I am Maron, comrade of Lyaios who cannot mourn. I know not how to shed tears ; what have tears to do with Dionysos ? [a] Reels and jigs are the gifts I offer at your tomb. Accept me smiling : Maron knows no cares, Maron knows not groans, nor the burden of melancholy sorrow. He is the lovely lackey of Dionysos who cannot mourn. Be gracious to your Maron, even if you have drunk the water of Lethe ! Grant me this boon, that I may drink that store of old wine, and let Seilenos drink the new stuff of a new vintage !

178 " I will dance for Staphylos after death, as if he were living, for I rate the dance above the steamloving table. For you I dance, Staphylos, both living and not breathing, and strike up a funeral revel. I am a servant of Bacchos, not of Phoibos, and I never learnt to sing dirges, such as Lord Apollo sang in Crete shedding tears for Atymnios [b] the beloved. I am a

ξεῖνος ἐγὼ γενόμην, ἀλλότριος Ἠριδανοῖο
εἰμί, νόθος Φαέθοντος ὀλωλότος ἡνιοχῆος·
οὐ Σπάρτης ναέτης, οὐ πένθιμον ἄνθος ἀείρω
σείων ἁβρὰ πέτηλα φιλοκλαύτων ὑακίνθων.
σήμερον, εἰ Μίνωι παρήμενος ἶσα δικάζεις,
εἴτε καὶ ἀνθεμόεσσαν ἔχεις Ῥαδαμάνθυος αὐλήν,
Ἠλυσίου λειμῶνος ἐν ἄλσεσιν ἁβρὸν ὀδεύων,
κέκλυθι σεῖο Μάρωνος· ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἀντὶ κυπέλλων
ἀσπόνδοις στομάτεσσιν ἐρεύγομαι ἔμφρονα λοιβήν·
ἵλαθι σεῖο Μάρωνι, δίδου δέ μοι οἴνοπα νίκην,
νίκην πασιμέλουσαν· ἐγὼ δέ σοι ὑψόθι τύμβου
σπείσω ἐμῶν χρυσέων πρωτάγρια καλὰ κυπέλλων
ἀρχόμενος κρητῆρος ἐμῆς μετ' ἀέθλια νίκης."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐχόρευε Μάρων ἑλικώδεϊ ταρσῷ,
δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο μετήλυδα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,
σιγὴν ποικιλόμυθον ἀναιδέι χειρὶ χαράσσων·
ὀφθαλμοὺς δ' ἐλέλιζεν ἀλήμονας, εἰκόνα μίθων,
νεύματι τεχνήεντι νοήμονα ῥυθμὸν ὑφαίνων·
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐτίνασσε καὶ ἤθελε βόστρυχα σείειν,
εἰ μὴ γυμνὰ μέτωπα λιπότριχος εἶχε καρήνου.
οὐδὲ μέν, οἷα γέρων Τιτήνιον αἷμα κομίζων,
ἔγραφε φωνήεντι τύπῳ Τιτηνίδα φύτλην,
οὐ Κρόνον ἠὲ Φάνητα παλαίτερον, οὐδὲ γενέθλην
Ἠελίου Τιτῆνος ὁμόχρονον ἥλικι κόσμῳ·
ἀλλὰ λιπὼν ξύμπαντα καὶ ἀρχαίης χύσιν ὕλης
οἰνοχόον Κρονίδαο σοφῇ ποίκιλλε σιωπῇ
Ζηνὶ δέπας τανύοντα καὶ ἀθανάτων χορὸν ἄλλων
αἰὲν ἐπασσυτέροισιν ἐυφραίνοντα κυπέλλοις,
ἢ ζαθέην προχέοντα κατὰ κρητῆρος ἐέρσην·

---

[a] See note on ii. 153.
[b] See note on ii. 152, xi. 32.

stranger to the Heliads.[a] I am alien to Eridanos,[b] not connected with Phaëthon the charioteer who perished; I am no burgher of Sparta, I wear not the mourning flowers or shake the dainty petals of the lamenting iris.[c]

189 "To-day, if you sit by the side of Minos as an equal judge, or if you possess the flowery court of Rhadamanthys, and pick your dainty way in the groves and meadows of Elysium, listen to your Maron: instead of cups, without libation, I mouth out for you a drinkoffering full of sense. Be gracious to your Maron, and grant me a victory of wine, the victory to be famous among all! Then I will pour over your tomb the first spoils of my golden cups, the first lovely drops from the bowl after I win my prize for victory!"

198 So saying, Maron danced with winding step, passing the changes right over left, and figuring a silent eloquence of hand inaudible. He moved his eyes about as a picture of the story, he wove a rhythm full of meaning with gestures full of art. He shook his head and would have tossed his hair, but hair he had none; both head and face were bare. He did not what an old man of Titan blood might have done, show the Titan race in his speaking picture, not Cronos or Phanes[d] more primeval still, nor the breed of Titan Helios as old as the universe itself: no, he left all the confusion of that ancient stuff—he depicted with wordless art the cupbearer of Cronides offering the goblet to Zeus, or pouring the dew divine to fill up the bowl, and the other immortals in company ever enjoying cup after cup.

[c] *i.e.* I don't know how to keep the (mournful) Hyacinthia.
[d] See on ix. 141.

ἦν δέ οἱ ἁρμονίη γλυκερὸν ποτον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν
νέκταρ ἁρυομένην ὠρχήσατο παρθένον Ἥβην·
εἰς Σατύρους δ' ὁρόων Γανυμήδεος ἔγραφε μορφὴν
χερσὶν ἀφωνήτοισι, καὶ ὁππότε δέρκετο Βάκχας,
Ἥβην χρυσοπέδιλον ἐχέφρονι δείκνυε σιγῇ.
Τοῖα Μάρων ἐχάρασσε
πολύτροπα δάκτυλα πάλλων,
καὶ ποδὸς εὐρύθμοιο σοφὴν ἀνεσείρασεν ὁρμήν,
ἀσταθέος τελέσας πολυκαμπέα μέτρα χορείης.
ἵστατο δὲ τρομέων, δεδοκημένος ὄμματι λοξῷ,
τίς τίνα νικήσειε, τίς εἰς ἑὸν οἶκον ἱκάνοι
μείζονα καὶ πλήθοντα μέθης κρητῆρα κομίζων.
Σειληνὸς δ' ἐχόρευε· πολυστρέπτοιο δὲ τέχνης
σύμβολα τεχνήεντα κατέγραφε σιγαλέῃ χείρ.
καὶ παλάμαις τότε τοῖος ἔην τύπος, ὥς ποτε πολλὴ
υἱέι Κυρήνης ἔρις ἔμπεσε καὶ Διονύσῳ
ἀμφὶ πότου, μάκαρες δὲ συνήμον· οὐ τότε πυγμή,
οὐ δρόμος, οὐ τότε δίσκος ἀέθλια· παιδὶ δὲ Φοίβου
ὄργανα κεῖτο κύπελλα μεμηλότα καὶ Διονύσῳ
καὶ δίδυμοι κρητῆρες, ὁ μὲν χρονίου χύσιν οἴνου,
ὃς δὲ φέρων νέα δῶρα φιλοπτόρθοιο μελίσσης·
καὶ Κρονίδης ἐκάθητο δικασπόλος, ἀθλοφόροις δὲ
ἄβρὸς ἀγὼν τετάνυστο μελισταγέος περὶ νίκης·
ὄργανα κεῖτο κύπελλα·
καὶ, ὡς χρυσόπτερος Ἑρμῆς,
αὐτὸς Ἔρως ἐρόεις ἐναγώνιος εἰς μέσον ἕστη,
χειρὶ μιῇ καὶ κισσὸν ἔχων καὶ θαλλὸν ἐλαίης,
Βάκχῳ κίσσινον ἄνθος, Ἀρισταίῳ δὲ προτείνων
στέμμασι Πισαίοισιν ἐοικότα θαλλὸν ἐλαίης,
Παλλάδος ἀγνὸν ἄγαλμα. μελικρήτῳ δὲ κυπέλλῳ

His poet's theme was the sweet potion. Aye, he danced also the maiden Hebe herself drawing the nectar ; when he looked at the Satyrs, with voiceless hands he acted Ganymedes, or when he saw the Bacchant women, he showed them goldenshoe Hebe in a picture having sense without words.

219 So Maron sketched his designs in pantomime gestures, lifting rhythmic feet with the motions of an artist, as he trod the winding measures of his unresting dance. Then he stood still trembling, and watched with shifty eye who should beat whom, who would go home with the larger bowl full of wine.

225 Now Seilenos danced : his hand without speech traced the cues of his art in all their intricate mazes. This is what he acted with gesturing hands : how once a great quarrel arose between Cyrene's son [a] and Dionysos over their cups, and the Blessed gathered together. There was no boxing, no running, no quoit in that contest : cups were the well-used tools ready for Phoibos's son and Dionysos, and a couple of mixingbowls, one containing old wine, one with the gift of the sprigloving bee all fresh. Cronides sat in the seat of judgement. The competitors had before them a luscious match for a honeydrop victory ; cups were the tools ; and like another Hermes [b] with golden wings, lovely Eros himself came forward to preside in the ring, holding in one hand both ivy and an olive-branch. He offered to Bacchos the flowering ivy, to Aristaios the olive-branch like the garlands of Pisa,[c] the holy ornament of Pallas.

[a] Aristaios : see v. 215, 292, xiii. 253.
[b] Hermes presided at all contests.
[c] The victor's garland at Olympia.

πρῶτος Ἀρισταῖος κεράσας ὠδῖνα μελίσσης
ὤρεγεν ἀθανάτοισι σοφὸν ποτόν, ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
εὐφραίνων, καὶ ἕνειμε δέπας στοιχηδὸν ἑκάστῳ·
τοῖσι μὲν ἀρχομένοισιν ἐυρραθάμιγγος ἐέρσης
ὀξύτατος κόρος ἔσκεν, ἀρυομένων δὲ κυπέλλων
τὸ τρίτον ἠρτήσαντο, καὶ οὐχ ἥφαντο τετάρτου,
καὶ μέλιτος μέμψαντο ταχὺν κόρον· ἡδυπότου δὲ
ἀβροχίτων Διόνυσος ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσων
κούφισε δισσὰ κύπελλα καὶ ὤρεγε δίζυγι παλμῷ
τὸ πρῶτον Κρονίδῃ, τὸ δὲ δεύτερον ὤπασεν Ἥρῃ,
πατροκασιγνήτῳ τρίτατον δέπας ἐννοσιγαίῳ·
ἑξείης δ' ἅμα πᾶσι θεοῖς καὶ Ζηνὶ τοκῆι
τερπομένοις ἐκέρασσε, κατηφιόωντι δὲ μούνῳ
μειδιόων ἐτίταινε δέπας ζηλήμονι Φοίβῳ·
οἱ δὲ πολυσπερέεσσι νόον θέλγοντο κυπέλλοις,
δυψαλέοι δ' ἔτι μᾶλλον ἀεὶ γίνοντο πιόντες,
καὶ πάλιν ἤτεον ἄλλο, καὶ οὐ κόρος ἔσκε κυπέλλων.
ἀθάνατοι δ' ὀλόλυξαν, ἐπετρέψαντο δὲ Βάκχῳ
οἰνάδος ἡδυπότοιο φέρειν πρεσβήια νίκης·
καὶ μεθύων ἀκίχητος Ἔρως, ὀχετηγὸς ἀγῶνος,
κισσῷ βοτρυόεντι κόμην ἔστεψε Λυαίου.

Τοῦτο σοφῇ παλάμῃ κεράσας Σειληνὸς ὑφαίνων
δεξιτερὴν μὲν ἔπαυσε, πολυσκάρθμῳ δὲ ποδοῖν
ἐκ χθονὸς ἠώρητο καὶ ἠέρι πέμπεν ὀπωπάς,
πῇ μὲν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ὁμόζυγα ταρσὰ συνάπτων,
πῇ δὲ διαζεύξας ἑτεραλκέι πάλλετο τέχνῃ,
ἄλλοτε πουλυέλικτος ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο χορεύων
ὀρθὸς ἐπὶ πτέρναις ἑλικώδεϊ σείετο παλμῷ·

---

[a] That is, in the mixing-bowl. Honey with water and milk was familiar as an offering to the underworld deities, and

241 First Aristaios made his mixture [a] with the travail of the bee, and offered the immortals his mingled honey in the cup, a potion cleverly compounded ; he passed the goblet to each in turn one after another, and made their hearts glad. But after a first taste of the bubbling liquid, surfeit came at once : a third cup was filled and declined, and they would not touch a fourth. They found fault with the honey for this quick surfeit. Then richly-clad Dionysos drew from his mixer, full of sweet drink, lifted two cups and offered one with each hand, the first to Cronides, the second to Hera, then a third goblet to Earthshaker his father's brother. Then he mixed for the gods one and all with Father Zeus; they were all delighted, except disconsolate Phoibos alone, who was jealous, and the god smiled as he handed him the goblet. They enchanted their minds with cups in great abundance ; drinking made them thirstier than before, they asked again for more, and could not get enough. Then the immortals loudly cheered, and gave Bacchos the chief prize for his delicious potion of wine. And Eros the ever-out-of-reach, the conductor of the game, drunken himself, crowned the hair of Lyaios with a vine-and-ivy garland.

263 So horned Seilenos wove his web with neat-handed skill, and his right hand ceased to move. Then fixing his gaze on the sky, he leapt into the air with bounding shoe. Now he clapt both feet together, then parted them, and went hopping from foot to foot ; now over the floor he twirled dancing round and round upright upon his heels and spun in a

this was called *μελίκρητον*. Nonnos seems vaguely to have known that some kind of drink could be made of honey, but imagined that it was simply *μελίκρητον*, an ancient *eau sucrée*, and seems never to have heard of mead.

δεξιτερῷ δ' ἄγναμπτος ἐπεστηρίζετο ταρσῷ
δάκτυλον ἄκρον ἔχων ἑτέρου ποδός, ἢ γόνυ κάμψας
συμφερταῖς παλάμῃσιν ἢ ἐκταδίην στίχα μηρῶν
Σειληνὸς βαρύγουνος, ἔχων ποδὸς ὄρθιον ὁρμήν·
καὶ πόδα λαιὸν ἄειρεν ἐπὶ πλευροῖο καὶ ὤμου
κουφίζων ἑλικηδόν, ὀπισθοτόνῳ δ' ὑπὸ τέχνῃ
καμπύλον ἠώρησεν ἐπ' αὐχένι ταρσὸν ἑλίξας·
καὶ βαλίῃ στροφάλιγγι παλιντόκου χορείης
ὕπτιος αὐτοέλικτος ἐκάμπτετο κυκλάδι τέχνῃ
πεπταμένην ἐπίκυρτον ἐς ἠέρα γαστέρα φαίνων,
τὴν αὐτὴν στεφανηδὸν ἀτέρμονα νίσσαν ἀμείβων·
καὶ κεφαλὴ πεφόρητο παρήορος, οἷά περ αἰεὶ
ἁπτομένη δαπέδοιο καὶ οὐ φαίνουσα κονίης·
καὶ ποδὶ λαχνήεντι πέδον Σειληνὸς ἀμύσσων
ἄστατος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα ποδῶν βακχεύετο παλμῷ.
καὶ τότε γούνατα κάμνε, τινασσομένου δὲ καρήνου
ὕπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησεν ἀρούρῃ·
καὶ ποταμὸς μορφοῦτο· δέμας δέ οἱ ἔβλυεν ὕδωρ
χεύμασιν αὐτομάτοισιν· ἀμειβομένου δὲ μετώπου
εἰς προχοὴν ἐπίκυρτον ἐκυμαίνοντο κεραῖαι,
καὶ ῥόθιον κορυφοῦτο κυκώμενον ὕφι καρήνου,
καὶ βυθὸς ἰχθυόεις ψαμάθῳ κοιλαίνετο γαστήρ·
Σειληνοῦ δὲ χυθέντος ἀμειβομένῃ πέλε χαίτῃ
εἰς θρύον αὐτοτέλεστον· ὑπὲρ ποταμοῖο δὲ γείτων
ὀξυτενὴς σύριζε δόναξ δεδονημένος αὔραις
αὐτοφυής. γλυκερὴν δὲ Μάρων ἀνεδήσατο νίκην,
ἀγκὰς ἔχων κρητῆρα βεβυσμένον ἡδέος οἴνου·
Σειληνοῦ δὲ χυθέντος ἀέθλιον, οἷά τε λοιβήν,
ἀργύρεον κρητῆρα λαβὼν ἔρριψε ῥείθροις,
καὶ προχοὰς ἐμέθυσσε χοροπλεκέος ποταμοῖο,
χῶρος ὅθεν κρητῆρος ἐπώνυμος, ἡδυπότου δὲ

circling sweep. He stood steady on his right foot holding a toe of the other foot, or bent his knee and caught it in his clasped hands, or held an outstretched thigh with the other leg upright, the heavyknee Seilenos ! He lifted the left foot coiling up to the side, to the shoulder, twining it behind him and holding it up until he brought the sole round his neck. Then with a quick turn of the backswerving dance, he artfully bent himself over, face up, in a hoop, showing his belly spread out and curved up towards the sky, while he spun round and round on one unchanging spot. His head hung down as he moved, as if it were always touching the ground and yet not grazing the dust. So Seilenos went scratching the ground with hairy foot, restlessly moving round and round in his wild caperings.

285 At last his knees failed him ; with shaking head he slipt to the ground and rolled over on his back. At once he became a river : his body was flowing water with natural ripples all over, his forehead changed to a winding current with the horns for waves, the turbulent swell came to a crest on his head, his belly sank into the sand, a deep place for fishes. As Seilenos lay spread, his hair changed into natural rushes, and over the river his pipes made a shrill tune of themselves as the breezes touched them.

295 But Maron crowned himself with the sweets of victory, and held in his arms the mixer stuffed with delicious wine ; he took the silver bowl, the prize of Seilenos now a flood, and threw it into the river as a libation, where it intoxicated the currents of the dancing river. And so the place was named from the Mixer, and men still speak of the Euian water

Σειληνοῦ κελάδοντος ἀκούεται Εὔιον ὕδωρ.
καί τινα μῦθον ἔλεξε Μάρων ποταμηίδι πηγῇ·
" Οὔ σε Μάρων, Σειληνέ, βιάζεται· εἰς σὲ δὲ ῥάψω
οἶνον ἐρευθιόωντα καὶ οἰνοδόκον σε καλέσσω.
δέξο, μέθης ἀκόρητε, τεὸν μέθυ, δέχνυσο Βάκχου
ἀργύρεον κρητῆρα, καὶ ἔσσεαι ἀργυροδίνης.
εἰλιπόδη Σειληνέ, καὶ ἐν προχοῇσι χορεύεις,
σεῖο ποδῶν στροφάλιγγα καὶ ἐν ῥοθίοισι φυλάσσεις,
εἰσέτι κωμάζεις διερὸν τύπον· ἀλλὰ σὺ Βάκχαις
ἵλαθι καὶ Σατύροισι καὶ οἰνοδότῃσιν ὀπώραις,
Σειληνοὺς δὲ φύλασσε, τεῆς βλάστημα γενέθλης·
ἀκροπότῃ δὲ Μάρωνι χαρίζεο, μηδέ σε νίκης
ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτοντα καὶ ἐν ποταμοῖσι νοήσω.
ὕδασι μᾶλλον ἄεξε Μαρωνίδος οἶνον ὀπώρης·
ἔσσο καὶ ἐν ποταμοῖσιν ὁμοφρονέων Διονύσῳ.
νήπιε, τίς σε δίδαξεν ἀριστέροισιν ἐρίζειν;
Σειληνὸς πάλιν ἄλλος, ὑπέρβιον αὐλὸν ἀμείβων,
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε καὶ εἰς ἔριν ἤλυθε Φοίβῳ·
ἀλλά ἑ γυμνώσας λασίου χροός, ἔρνεϊ δήσας,
ἔμπνοον ἀσκὸν ἔθηκε, καὶ ὑψόθι πολλάκι δένδρου
ἐνδόμυχος κόλπωσε τύπον μιμηλὸν ἀήτης,
οἷα πάλιν μέλποντος ἀσιγήτοιο νομῆος·
καί μιν ἐποικτείρων μορφώσατο Δελφὸς Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ ποταμὸν ποίησεν ὁμώνυμον· εἰσέτι κείνου
Σειληνοῦ λασίοιο φατίζεται ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ,
καὶ κτύπον ἠεμόφοιτον ἐρεύγεται, οἷά περ αἰεὶ
ἀντιτύποις δονάκεσσι μελιζομένου Φρυγὸς αὐλοῦ.
καὶ σὺ δέμας μετάμειψας ἀρείονι νείκος ἀνάψας

---

[a] No such river or place is known ; but Crater may well have been the name of some mountain tarn, compare the Devil's Punchbowl.

of murmuring Seilenos full of sweet drink.[a] Then Maron addressed these words to the running stream :

303 " Maron does you no harm, Seilenos. I will cast the ruddy wine into you and call you the Cellarer. Accept your drink, tippler never satisfied, accept the silver bowl of Bacchos, and you shall have silvery eddies. Seilenos Twirlthefoot, you dance even in your current, you keep the spinning of your feet even in your waves, you revel still in your watery shape. Then be gracious to Bacchants and Satyrs and winegiving vintage, and guard the Seilenoi of your own race. Be generous to Maron who drinks no heeltaps, and let me never see that you still keep a secret grudge among the rivers. Rather let your waters increase the wine of Maron's vintage, and be of one mind with Dionysos even among the rivers.

315 " Foolish one, who taught you to strive with your betters ? Another Seilenos there was,[b] fingering a proud pipe, who lifted a haughty neck and challenged a match with Phoibos ; but Phoibos tied him to a tree and stript off his hairy skin, and made it a windbag. There it hung high on a tree, and the breeze often entered, swelling it out into a shape like his, as if the shepherd could not keep silence but made his tune again. Then Delphic Apollo changed his form in pity, and made him the river which bears his name.[c] Men still speak of the winding water of that hairy Seilenos, which lets out a sound wandering on the wind, as if he were still playing on the reeds of his Phrygian pipe in rivalry.

328 " So you also have changed your shape by challenging one better than you, just like the earlier

[b] Marsyas the Satyr ; see i. 42.
[c] A river flowing into the Maeander.

Σειληνῷ προτέρῳ πανομοίιος. ἀλλὰ σὺ νύμφην
μηκέτι μαστεύσειας ἀσάμβαλον ἠθάδα Βάκχην,
Βάκχην λυσιέθειραν ὀρειάδα· λυσικόμων γὰρ
Νηιάδων ἀπέλεθρος ἐυφραίνει σε γενέθλη.
μηκέτι μαστεύσῃς ὀφιώδεα δεσμὰ Λυαίου,
ἐγχέλυας μεθέπων σκολιὴν ὠδῖνα ῥεέθρων,
καὶ στικταῖς φολίδεσσιν ἀρηρότες ἀντὶ δρακόντων
ἰχθύες ὑμετέροισιν ἐφερπύζουσι ῥεέθροις.
εἰ δὲ σὺ βοτρυόεντος ἐνοσφίσθης Διονύσου,
μᾶλλον ἐπολβίζω σε· σὺ γὰρ καὶ βότρυν ἀέξεις·
τί πλέον ἤθελες ἄλλο τεῶν θρεπτῆρα ῥοάων
Ζῆνα φέρων μετὰ Βάκχον, ὅλης γενετῆρα γενέθλης;
ἀντὶ τεῶν Σατύρων ποταμῶν στίχες· ἀντὶ δὲ ληνοῦ
Ὠκεανοῦ κελάδοντος ὑπὲρ νώτοιο χορεύεις.
εἴκελον εἶδος ἔχεις καὶ ἐν ὕδασιν· οὐ νέμεσις δὲ
Σειληνὸν κομόωντα βοοκρεί̈οισι μετώποις
ταυρείην κερόεσσαν ἔχειν ποταμηίδα μορφήν."
Εἶπε Μάρων· καὶ πάντες ἐθάμβεον ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ
Σειληνοῦ ζαχύτοιο κυβιστητῆρος ἰδόντες,
ἰσοφυὲς μίμημα πολιηγάμπτου ποταμοῖο.

---

[a] In his capacity of weather-and-rain god.

Seilenos. You must no longer seek a barefoot Bacchant for your bride as before, that Bacchant of the mountains with flowing locks ; you have now for your pleasure the innumerable tribe of Naiads with flowing hair. Seek no longer the snaky wreaths of Lyaios ; eels are what you have to do with, the wriggling travail of the streams, and instead of serpents there are fishes with closefitted speckled scales crawling in your streams. And if you have parted from Dionysos and his grapes, I hold you the happier; for you really make the grapes to grow ! What more could you want, when you have after Bacchos now Zeus [a] to feed your streams, the Father of all creation ? Instead of your Satyrs you have your regiments of rivers ; instead of the winepress you dance on the back of murmuring Ocean. Even in the waters you are like what you were : it is proper that Seilenos, once proud of his horned forehead, as a river should have the horned shape of a bull." [b]

346 So Maron spoke ; and all wondered to see the winding waters of Seilenos the tumbling flood, the ever-turning river which was his very likeness.

[b] Rivers were represented in this shape.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστὸν μεθέπει φονίου βουπλῆγα Λυκούργου,
εἰς βυθὸν ἰχθυόεντα διωκομένου Διονύσου.

Λῦτο δ' ἀγών· Σάτυροι δὲ σὺν εὐθύρσῳ Διωνύσῳ
Βότρυος ἀφνειοῖσιν ἐναυλίζοντο μελάθροις.
τοῖσι δὲ δαινυμένοις ἐπεκώμασαν οἰνάδες Ὧραι·
καὶ κτύπος ἦν τυπάνων ἐπιδόρπιος, ἀξὺ δὲ σύραγξ
ἀμφιλαφὴς ἐλίγαινεν, ἀρυόμενοι δὲ κυπέλλοις
οἰνοχόοι μογέεσκον ἀλωφήτῳ παρὰ δείπνῳ·
καὶ πλέον αἰτίζεσκον ὀπάονας οἶνον ἀφύσσειν
δαιτυμόνες σαίνοντες· ἀνεσκίρτησε δὲ Βάκχῃ
κύμβαλα δινεύουσα, φιλοσκάρθμοιο δὲ κούρης
ἅπλοκος ἀκρήδεμνος ἐσείετο βόστρυχος αὔραις.
Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις, καλέσας Σταφύλοιο γυναῖκα,
αὐχμὸν ἀποσμήξας ἐπεκόσμεεν οἰνοπι πέπλῳ·
καὶ Πίθον εὐρυγένειον ὅλον ῥυπόωντα καθήρας
ἀργεννῷ παλίνορσος ἀνεχλαίνωσε χιτῶνι,
ῥίψας πένθιμα πέπλα χυτῇ πεπαλαγμένα τέφρῃ·
οὐκέτι δ' αὐτοχύτοισι παρήια δάκρυσι δεύων
Βότρυς ἀνεστενάχιζε, Διωνύσῳ δὲ πιθήσας
φωριαμοὺς ὤιξε θυώδεας· οἰγομένων δὲ
μαρμαρυγὴ σελάγιζε πολυγλήνων ἀπὸ πέπλων·
κεῖθεν ἑλὼν Σταφύλου βασιλήια φαιδρὰ τοκῆος

BOOK XX

The twentieth deals with the pole-axe of blood-thirsty Lycurgos, when Dionysos is chased into the fishy deep.

The Games were over ; the Satyrs with Dionysos of the thyrsus spent the night in the opulent halls of Botrys. The Seasons of the vintage joined in the banqueters' revels : there was banging of drums at that supper, the panspipes filled the place with their shrill tones ; the servers were busy ladling wine into the cups at the unresting feast, and the banqueters ever kept coaxing the servants to draw more wine. The Bacchant leapt high, waving her cymbals, while the hair of the dancing girl shook in the breezes without ribbon and without veil.

11 The vinegod called the wife of Staphylos, wiped away the dirt and adorned her with a wine-coloured robe. He cleansed broadbeard Pithos from the dirt which covered him, and threw away the mourning clothes soiled with smears of ashes, then dressed him again in a gleaming-white frock. Botrys lamented no longer or wetted his cheeks with helpless welling tears, but at Bacchos's bidding opened his scented coffers ; as they opened, sparkling gleams came from robes covered with gems. From these he took out and donned the brilliant royal garb of Staphylos his

δύσατο πορφυρέῳ πεπαλαγμένα φάρεα κόχλῳ,
καὶ θαλίης ψαύοντι συνειλαπίναζε Λυαίῳ.
Τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισιν ἀνέδραμεν Ἕσπερος ἀστὴρ
φέγγος ἀναστείλας χοροτερπέος ἠριγενείης.
δαιτυμόνων δὲ φάλαγγες ἀμοιβαδὶς ἔνδοθεν αὐλῆς
ὕπνου δῶρον ἔλοντο βαθυστρώτων ἐπὶ λεκτρων.
καὶ Πίθος ἄγχι Μάρωνος ἀνὴρ εἰς μίαν εὐτὴν,
νεκταρέης εὐόδμοιο ἀναβλύζων πόμα ληνοῦ,
ἀλλήλους δ' ἐμέθυσσαν ἴσην πέμποντες ἀυτμὴν
πάννυχον. Εὐπετάλη δέ, τιθηνήτειρα Λυαίου,
δαλὸν ἀναψαμένη καὶ Βότρυϊ καὶ Διονύσῳ
δισσὴν ἀμφοτέροις ἁλιπόρφυρον ἔντυεν εὐτὴν·
γείτονι δ' ἐν θαλάμῳ Σατύρων δίχα, νόσφι Λυαίου,
ἀμφίπολοι στορέσαντο λέχος χρύσειον ἀνάσσῃ.
Βάκχῳ δ' ἤλθεν ὄνειρος, Ἔρις πολέμοιο τιθήνη,
ἅρμασι μιμηλοῖσιν ἐφορμήσσουσα λεόντων,
Ῥείης εἶδος ἔχουσα, φιλοκροτάλοιο θεαίνης·
καὶ Φόβος ἡνιόχευεν ὀνειρείων ζυγὰ δίφρων
ἀντιτύποις μελέεσσι νόθος μορφούμενος Ἄττις,
καὶ θρόον ὀξὺν ἔχων ἀπαλόχροος ἅρσενι μορφῇ
ἡνίοχον Κυβέλης ἀπεμάξατο θήλεϊ φωνῇ·
Βάκχου δ' ὑπναλέοιο παρεστηκυῖα καρήνῳ
φοιτὰς Ἔρις νεμέσησε, καὶ ἐγρεμόθῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
" Ὑπνώεις, Διόνυσε θεηγενές· εἰς ἀνοπὴν δὲ
Δηριάδης καλέει σε, καὶ ἐνθάδε κῶμον ἐγείρεις·
μητρυιὴ δ' ὀρόωσα τεὴν φύξηλιν Ἐνυὼ
Ἥρη κερτομέει σε, σὺ δὲ στρατὸν εἰς χορὸν ἕλκεις.
αἰδέομαι Κρονίωνι φανήμεναι, ἅζομαι Ἥρην,
ἅζομαι ἀθανάτους, ὅτι μὴ κάμες ἄξια Ῥείης·

---

* See xi. 121.

father, steeped in purple dye, and joined Lyaios at table to touch the feast.

23 While they were amusing themselves, the star of evening rose and rolled away the light of dance-delighting day. The troops of banqueters one after another took the boon of sleep, on piles of bedding in the hall. Pithos entered one bed with Maron,[a] with drops still on his lips of the fragrant potion from the nectarean winepress ; and breathing out the same breath they intoxicated each other all night long. Eupetale [b] the nurse of Lyaios lit a torch, and prepared a double bed strewn with sea-purple, for both Botrys and Dionysos. In a neighbouring room, away from the Satyrs and apart from Bacchos, the servants laid a golden bed for the queen.

35 A dream came to Bacchos—Discord the nurse of War, in the shape of Rheia the loverattle goddess, seated in what seemed to be her lionchariot. Rout drove the team of this dreamchariot, in the counterfeit shape of Attis with limbs like his ; he formed the image of Cybele's charioteer, a softskinned man in looks with shrill tones like the voice of a woman. Gadabout Discord stood by the head of sleeping Bacchos, and reproached him with brawlinciting voice :

44 " You sleep, godborn Dionysos ! Deriades summons you to battle, and you make merry here ! Stepmother Hera mocks you, when she sees your Enyo on the run, as you drag your army to dances ! I am ashamed to show myself before Cronion, I shrink from Hera, I shrink from the immortals, because your doings are not worthy of Rheia. I avoid Ares,

[b] Leafy, an invented name. Bacchos must have his nurse as Odysseus had, Hom. *Od.* i. 428.

Τιτήνων δ' ὀλετῆρα, προασπιστῆρα τοκῆος,
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἔχοντα κατ' οὐρανὸν Ἄρεα φεύγω,
ἀσπίδα κουφίζοντα διάβροχον ἠθάδι λίθρῳ·
καὶ γνωτὴν σέο μᾶλλον, ἀριστογόνοιο τοκῆος
αὐτοτελῆ γονόεντος ἀμήτορα παῖδα καρήνου,
Παλλάδα δειμαίνω κορυθαιόλον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
μέμφεται ἄρσενα Βάκχον ἀεργέα θῆλυς Ἀθήνη·
εἵκαθεν αἰγίδι θύρσος, ἐπεί ποτε Παλλὰς ἀγήνωρ
αἰγίδα κουφίζουσα πύλας ἔστεψαν Ὀλύμπου,
Τιτήνων σκεδάσασα θυελλήεσσαν Ἐνυώ,
πατρῴου δ' ἐγέραιρε σοφὴν ὠδῖνα καρήνου·
καὶ σὺ Διὸς γονόεσσαν ἐπαισχύνεις πτύχα μητροῦ.
ἠνίδε, πῶς γελόωσι καὶ Ἑρμείας καὶ Ἀπόλλων,
ὃς μὲν ἀερτάζων δίδυμον βέλος εἰσέτι λίθρῳ
ὑψιλόφων τεκέων πεπαλαγμένον Ἰφιμεδείης,
ὃς δὲ καταφθιμένοιο πολυβλεφάροιο νομῆος
ῥάβδον ἔχων ὀλέτειραν· ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὸν αἰθέρα φεύγω
μῶμον ἀλυσκάζουσα φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου.
θύρσους δ' ἠρεμέοντας ὀπιπεύουσα Λυαίου
μέμφεται ὀρχηστῆρι φιλοσκοπέλῳ Διονύσῳ
παρθένος ἰοχέαιρα, κυβερνήτειρα δὲ δίφρου
οὐτιδανῶν ἐλάφων, βαλίων ὀλέτειρα λαγωῶν,
μέμφεται οὐρεσίφοιτος ὀρειάδος ἐγγύθι Ῥείης
πορδαλίων ἐλατῆρι καὶ ἠνιοχῆι λεόντων.
παιδὸς ἐμοῦ Διὸς οἶκον ἀναίνομαι· ἐν γὰρ Ὀλύμπῳ
ἄζομαι αὐχήεσσαν ἀγαλλομένην ἔτι Λητώ,
ἰὸν ἐμοὶ τανύουσαν ἑῶν χραισμήτορα λέκτρων,
Γηγενέος Τιτυοῖο ποθοβλήτοιο φονῆα.
καὶ διδύμαις ὀδύνῃσιν ἰμάσσομαι, ὅττι δοκεύω
ἀχνυμένην Σεμέλην καὶ ἀγήνορος ἀστέρα Μαίης.

destroyer of the Titans, his father's champion, who lifts a proud neck in heaven, still holding that shield ever soaked with gore ; and I fear your sister still more, selfbred daughter of a father of fine progeny, unmothered child of her father's head, flashhelm Pallas, because Athena too blames Bacchos idle, the woman blames the man ! Thyrsus yielded to goatskin,[a] since once upon a time valiant Pallas holding the goatskin defended the gates of Olympos, and scattered the stormy assault of the Titans, thus honouring the dexterous travail of her father's head —but you disgrace the fruitful pocket in Zeus's thigh ! Look how Hermeias and Apollo laugh—one brandishing two arrows yet stained with the gore of Iphimedeia's hightowering sons,[b] the other holding the rod which destroyed the dead shepherd of many eyes.[c] Indeed I must leave my own heaven to avoid reproach for battleshy Dionysos. The Virgin Archeress[d] denounces Dionysos the dancer, the friend of mountains, when she sees him leaving his thyrsus alone; she drives only a weak team of stags, she kills only running hares, she ranges the mountains beside Rheia of the mountains, and she denounces one who drives leopards and manages lions ! I disclaim the house of my own son Zeus; for in Olympos I shrink from Leto, still a proud braggart, when she holds up at me the arrow that defended her bed and slew Tityos the lustful giant.[e] I am tortured also with double pain, when I see sorrowing Semele and

[a] The aegis, a cape of goatskin worn by Zeus and lent to Athena.

[b] Otos and Ephialtes. See line 81 below, and ii. 301.

[c] Argos. See i. 341.

[d] Artemis.

[e] See ii. 307.

οὐ σὺ Διὸς τεκέεσσιν ὁμοίιος· οὐ κτάνες ἐῷ
Ὦτον ἀπειλητῆρα καὶ ὑψιπόδην Ἐφιάλτην,
οὐ Τιτυὸν πτερόεντι τεῷ κατέπεφνες ὀιστῷ,
οὐ θρασὺν Ὠρίωνα δυσίμερον, οὐ πρόμον Ἥρης
Ἄργον, ἀεξικάκοιο βοοσκόπου υἱὸν ἀρούρης,
Ζηνὸς ὀπιπευτῆρα βοοκραίρων ὑμεναίων·
ἀλλὰ παρὰ Σταφύλῳ καὶ Βότρυϊ κῶμον ὑφαίνεις,
ἀκλειὴς ἀσίδηρος ἐποίνιον ὕμνον ἀείδων·
αἰσχύνεις Σατύρων χθόνιον γένος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
Βακχιάδος ψαύοντες ἀναιμάκτοιο χορείης
Ἄρεος ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐπετρέψαντο κυπέλλοις.
ἔστι καὶ εἰλαπίνη μετὰ φύλοπιν, ἔστι χορεύειν
Ἰνδῴην μετὰ δῆριν ἐσω Σταφύλοιο μελάθρων·
πηκτίδες ἄψ αὖουσιν ἐναλίην μετὰ νίκην·
νόσφι πόνων οὐκ ἔστιν ἀνέμβατον αἰθέρα ναίειν·
οὐ πέλε ῥηιδίη μακάρων ὁδός· ἐξ ἀρετῆς δὲ
ἀτραπὸς Οὐλύμποιο θεόσσυτος εἰς πόλον ἕλκει.
τέτλαθι καὶ σὺ πόνους πολυειδέας· οὐρανίην γὰρ
Ἥρη σοὶ κοτέουσα Διὸς μαντεύεται αὐλήν."
Ὣς φαμένη πεπότητο.
θεὸς δ' ἀνεπήλατο λέκτρων,
φρικτὸν ἔχων ἔτι δοῦπον ἀπειλητῆρος ὀνείρου . . .
Καὶ θρασὺς ἄνθορε Βότρυς, ἑὸν δ' ἐνδύνε χιτῶνα
Σιδονίης ἀκτῖνας ἀκοντίζοντα θαλάσσης,
καὶ χρυσέῳ συνέεργεν ἀρηρότα ταρσὰ πεδίλῳ·
ὤμοις δ' ἀκαμάτοις διμερῆ κληῖδα φυλάσσων
φαιδρὸν ἁλιχλαίνων περονήσατο φᾶρος ἀνάκτων,
πατρῴην λαγόνεσσι βαλὼν ὑφήνορα μίτρην,

---

[a] One of the Pleiades, mother of Hermes.
[b] See on iv. 338. Here Nonnos follows the account which makes Artemis herself kill Orion.

proud Maia [a] among the stars. You are not like a son of Zeus. You did not slay with an arrow threatening Otos and hightowering Ephialtes, no winged shaft of yours destroyed Tityos, you did not kill that unhappy lover bold Orion,[b] nor Hera's guardian Argos, the cowkeeper, a son of the earth so fertile in evil, the spy on Zeus in his weddings with horned cattle ! No, you weave your web of merriment with Staphylos and Botrys, inglorious, unarmed, singing songs over the wine ; you degrade the earthy generation of Satyrs, since they also have touched the bloodless Bacchanal dance and drowned all warlike hopes in their cups. There may be banquet after battle, there may be dancing after the Indian War in the palace of Staphylos ; viols may let their voice be heard again after victory in the field. But without hard work it is not possible to dwell in the inaccessible heavens. The road to the Blessed is not easy ; noble deeds give the only path to the firmament of heaven by God's decree.[c] You too then, endure hardship of every kind. Hera for all her rancour foretells for you the heavenly court of Zeus."

99 She spoke, and flew away. The god leapt from his bed, with the terrible sound of that threatening dream still in his ears.

101 Bold Botrys also leapt up, and put on his tunic shooting gleams of the Sidonian sea,[d] and slipt his feet into wellfitting golden shoes. He threw over his unwearied shoulders the royal robe of bright purple cloth, pinning it with a brooch ; his father's proud girdle was round his loins and the sceptre in

[c] An allusion to Hesiod's famous lines, *Works and Days* 289 ff.

[d] Dyed in sea-purple, made from the shellfish found in those parts (murex).

σκῆπτρον ἔχων. Σάτυροι δὲ διαφοινήσσαν ἀπήνην
πορδαλίων ἔζευξαν ἐπειγομένῳ Διονύσῳ·
Σειληνοὶ δ' ἀλάλαζον· ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
θυρσοφόροι· στρατιαὶ δὲ συνήλυδες εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν
στοιχάδες ἐρρώοντο· καὶ ἔβρεμεν αὐλὸς Ἐνυοῦς·
κεκριμένας δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκόσμεον ἡγεμονῆες.
καί τις ὑπὲρ νώτοιο θοῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ
εἰς δρόμον ἐσυμένης λοφιὴν ἐπεμάστιεν ἄρκτου
λυσσαλέης· ἕτερος δὲ δασύτριχα γαστέρα νύσσων
ἄγριον ἡνιόχευε καλαύροπι ταῦρον ἀλήτην,
πλευραῖς ἀμφοτέραις κεχαλασμένα ταρσὰ συνάπτων·
ὃς δὲ δασυστέρνων ῥαχίης ἐπέβαινε λεόντων
αὐχενίων πλοκάμων δεδραγμένος ἀντὶ χαλινοῦ.
Καὶ μέγαρον πατρῷον ὁμοῦ καὶ κλῆρον ἐάσας
Βότρυς ἐρευθήεις, τετράζυγον ἅρμα τιταίνων,
σύνδρομος ἡνιόχευε φιλοσταφύλῳ Διονύσῳ,
δμῶας ἔχων κατόπισθε· Μέθη δ' ἅμα μητέρι νύμφη
λευκοχίτων ἀνέβαινεν ἐς ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀπήνην,
καὶ ζυγίων Φασύλεια κυβερνήτειρα λεπάδνων
εἰς λόφον ἡμιόνων χρυσείην ἐλέλιζεν ἰμάσθλην·
καὶ Πίθος εὐρυκάρηνος, ὀπίστερον ἅρμα τιταίνων,
ἕσπετο θητεύων καὶ Βότρυϊ καὶ Διονύσῳ.
οὐ μὲν ἔην ἀγέραστος· ἑλὼν δέ μιν εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν
Βάκχος ἄναξ ἔστησε μέθης ἐγκύμονι ληνῷ,
δεχνύμενον χυτὸν ὄγκον ἐυρραθάμιγγος ἀπώρης
ἄγγεσιν οἰνοδόκοις, ὅθεν οἴνομα τοῦτο φυλάσσων
πορφυρέῳ κενεῶνι πίθος παρὰ γείτονι ληνῷ
ἵσταται Εὔια δῶρα δεδεγμένος εἰσέτι Βάκχου,
σῆμα Πίθου προτέροιο· καὶ εἰ βροτέην λάχε φωνήν,
τοῖον ἔπος Σατύροισιν ἐρεύγετο κῶμον ἀκούων·
" Εἰμὶ Πίθος, προτέροιο φερώνυμος,
ἄγχι δὲ ληνοῦ

his hand. Satyrs yoked the panthers to the red car at the urgent bidding of Dionysos, Seilenoi uttered the warcry, Bacchant women roared, thyrsus in hand. The hosts gathered and marched line after line to the Indian War: Enyo's pipes resounded, the leaders arranged the battalions in their places. One mounted with an agile leap on the back of a furious bear, whipping the hairy neck as it rushed on its course; another astride on a wild bull gripped his two flanks with hanging feet, and pricked his hairy belly with his crook to guide the wandering course; a third rode on the back of a shaggy lion, and pulled the hair of his mane instead of a bridle.

120 So Botrys quitted his father's palace and estate, clad in his purple, and driving his chariot-and-four by the side of grapeloving Dionysos, with slaves following behind. Methe his mother was in a mule-cart with silver wheels, and beside her was a white-robed maiden Phasyleia, who guided the team, flicking a golden whip over the mules' necks. Pithos the broadhead followed behind in his own car, to serve both Botrys and Dionysos. Nor was he left without reward. Lord Bacchos took him away into Lydia, and there set him over a winepress teeming with the heady liquor, to receive the poured produce of the juicy vintage in vessels fit to hold wine. And so the name Pithos was given to the purple hollow of the vat, which to this day stands close to a winepress to receive the Euian gifts of Bacchos, a memorial of the ancient Pithos. If it had human voice it would bellow such words as these to the Satyrs when it heard the revel:

137 "I am Pithos, named after the old one, and here beside the winepress I receive the sweet juice

δέχνυμαι ἡμερίδων γλυκερὸν ῥόον· Ἀσσυρίου δὲ
λάτρις ἐγὼ Σταφύλου καὶ Βότρυος, ἀμφοτέρους δὲ
νηπιάχους ἔθρεψα γέρων τροφός· εἰσέτι δ' ἄμφω,
οἷα πάλιν ζώοντας, ἐμαῖς λαγόνεσσιν ἀείρω."

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ὣς ἤμελλε μετὰ χρόνον ὀφὲ τελέσσαι
Βάκχος ἄναξ. περόων δὲ Τίγρον καὶ Βύβλον ὀδεύων
καὶ ποταμοῦ θυόεντος Ἀδώνιδος εὔγαμον ὕδωρ
καὶ σκόπελον Λιβάνοιο καὶ ὑδρία Κυπρογενείης,
Ἀρραβίης ἐπέβαινε, καὶ εὐόδμων ὑπὸ δένδρων
Νυσιάδος ταινίφυλλον ἐβάμβεε δειράδα λύχνης
καὶ πόλιν αἰπύδμητον, ἀκοντοφόρων τροφὸν ἀνδρῶν.

Ἔνθά τις, Ἄρεος αἷμα, μιαιφόνος ὤκεεν ἀνήρ,
ἤθεσι ῥιγεδανοῖσιν ἔχων μίμημα τοκῆος,
ὀθνείους ἀθέμιστος ἀμεμφέας εἰς μόρον ἕλκων,
αἰνομανὴς Λυκόοργος· ἀποκταμένων δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἔστεφεν ἀνδρομέοισιν ἑὸν πυλεῶνα καρήνοις
εἴκελος Οἰνομάῳ καὶ ὁμόχρονος, οὔ ποτε δειλὴ
πατρὸς ἀνυμφεύτοισι δόμοις ἐφυλάσσετο κούρη
χήρη, γηραλέη, γαμίων ἔτι νῆις Ἐρώτων,
εἰσόκε Ταντα λίδης, ἱππήλατον οἶδμα χαράσσων,
ἄβροχον ἅρμα φέρων τετράζυγον ἰνοσιγαίου
νυμφίδιον δρόμον εἶχεν, ὅτε τροχοειδέι κύκλῳ
Μυρτίλος αἰολόμητις ἐπίκλοπον ἧνυσε νίκην
μιμηλῷ τελέσας ἀπατήλιον ἄξονα κηρῷ,
οἶκτον ἔχων καὶ ἔρωτα γονήμονος Ἱπποδαμείης·
καὶ δρόμος ἦν ἀόνητος· ὑπ' Ἠελίοιο δὲ δίφρῳ
κηροπαγὴς φλογόεντι τύπος θερμαίνετο πυρσῷ,
καὶ τροχὸν ἠκόντιζε λυθεὶς μινυώριος ἄξων.
τοῖος ἔην Λυκόοργος ὁμότροπος· ἀχθοφόρους δὲ

---

[a] They straddle across the hips, like Indian babies.
[b] See i. 30, xviii. 176. [c] See xi. 271 ff.
[d] Pelops. See x. 261, xi. 271 ff.

of the garden-grapes. I was the servant of Assyrian Staphylos and Botrys ; I was the old nurse who cared for them both as children, and I still carry them both upon my hips, as if they were still alive." [a]

142 But this Lord Bacchos was not to do for a long time to come. Now he marched past Tyros and Byblos, and the wedded water of the scented river of Adonis, and the rocks of Libanos where Cyprogeneia loves to linger. He climbed into Arabia, and under the frankincense trees he wondered at the ridge of Nysa with its dense forest, and the city built on the steep, the nurse of spearmen.

149 There lived a bloodthirsty ruffian, the ferocious Lycurgos,[b] a son of Ares and like his father in his own horrid customs. He used to drag innocent strangers to death against all right, and cut off with steel human heads, which he hung over his gateway in festoons. He was like Oinomaos [c] and of the same age. Oinomaos kept his unhappy daughter unmarried in his house, without husband, growing old and yet unacquainted with wedded love, until Tantalides [d] came scoring the highroad of the deep in Earth-shaker's fourhorse chariot unwetted. Then came his race for a bride ; then cunningminded Myrtilos [e] got him a stolen victory, by making for the wheel a sham axle of wax to deceive—for he was himself in love with sorrowful Hippodameia and pitied her. So the race was useless : under the burning chariot of Helios the waxmoulded model grew warm in the heat, the shortlasting axle melted and shot off the wheel.

166 Lycurgos was one of the same kind. Often

[e] Oinomaos's charioteer, who was bribed by Pelops either with a material reward or the promise of Hippodameia's favours.

πολλάκις ἐν τριόδοισιν ἀλήμονας ἄνδρας ὁδίτας
δήσας εἰς δόμον εἶλκεν, Ἐνυαλίῳ δὲ τοκῆι
δαιτρεύων ἱέρευε· δαιζομένων δὲ μαχαίρῃ
ἄκρα λαβὼν ἐπύκαζε κακοξείνους πυλεῶνας.
ὡς δ' ὅτε δυσμενέων μετὰ φίλοπιν ὀφὲ μολόντος
ἀνδρὸς ἀκοντοφόροιο νέης ἀναθήματα νίκης,
ἀσπίδες ἢ πήληκες, ἐπεκρεμόωντο μελάθρῳ,
οὕτω καὶ φονίοιο παρὰ προπύλαια Λυκούργου
ἄκρα ποδῶν καὶ χεῖρες ἐπηώρηντο θανόντων.
καὶ φόνος ἦν· ξενίου δὲ Διὸς παρὰ γείτονι βωμῷ
ὀθνεῖοι στενάχοντες ἐμιστύλλωντο μαχαίρῃ,
οἷα βόες καὶ μῆλα, περιρραίνοντο δὲ βωμοὶ
σφαζομένων, στικτὴ δὲ κόνις φονίσσετο λίθρῳ
δώματος ἀμφὶ θύρετρα· βιαζόμενοι δὲ πολῖται
ἀντὶ Διὸς σπεύδοντο θυηπολέειν Λυκούργῳ.

Οὐδ' ἔλαθες, Διόνυσε, δολορραφέος φθόνον Ἥρης·
ἀλλὰ πάλιν κοτέουσα τεῇ θεράπαιδι γενέθλῃ
ἄγγελον Ἶριν ἔπεμπε δυσάγγελον, ὄφρά σε θέλξῃ
κλεψινόῳ κεράσασα δόλῳ ψευδήμονα πειθώ·
δῶκε δέ οἱ βουπλῆγα θεημάχον, ὄφρα κομίσσῃ
Ἀρραβίης μεδέοντι, Δριαντιάδῃ Λυκούργῳ.

Οὐδὲ θεὰ δήθυνεν· ἀμειβομένῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
Ἄρεος ἀντιτύποιο νόθην ἐφεύσατο μορφήν·
καὶ λόφον εὐπήληκα διαιθύσσουσα καρήνου,
δαιδαλέους κροκόεντας ἑοὺς ῥίψασα χιτῶνας,
κερδαλέῳ θώρηκι καλύπτετο, μαῖα κυδοιμοῦ,
αἱμαλέῳ θώρηκι, καὶ ἐγρεκύδοιμον ἀπειλὴν
ἄρσενα κερδαλέῃ βλοσυρῷ πέμπουσα προσώπῳ
γλῶσσαν Ἐνυαλίου τροχαλῇ μιμήσατο φωνῇ·

"Τέκνον, ἀνικήτου σπόρος Ἄρεος, ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτὸς

---

* They were heads in 153.

when he met wandering wayfarers at the crossroads with loads on their backs, he had them bound and dragged to his house, and then sacrificed them to Enyalios his father ; they were cut to pieces with knives, and he took their extremities [a] to decorate his inhospitable gates. As a man who returns at last spear in hand from war with his enemies, and hangs up in the hall shields or helmets as trophies of a new victory, so on the blood-stained portals of Lycurgos the feet and hands of dead men were hung. It was massacre : at the neighbouring altar of Zeus, the Strangers' God, groaning strangers were cut piecemeal like so many oxen and sheep, and the altars were drenched in the blood of the slain, the dust was spotted with red gore about the gates of the dwelling. The people under this tyranny made haste to sacrifice to Lycurgos instead of Zeus.

182 But you, Dionysos, did not escape the jealousy of trickstitching Hera. Still resentful of your divine birth, she sent her messenger Iris on an evil errand, mingling treacherous persuasion with craft, to bewitch you and deceive your mind ; and she gave her an impious poleaxe, that she might hand it to the king of Arabia, Lycurgos Dryas' son.

188 The goddess made no delay. She assumed a false pretended shape of Ares, and borrowed a face like his. She threw off her embroidered saffron robes, and put on her head a helmet with nodding plume, donned a delusive corselet, as the mother of battle, a corselet stained with blood, and sent forth from her grim countenance, like a man, battlestirring menaces, all delusion. Then with fluent speech she mimicked the voice of Enyalios :

196 " My son, scion of invincible Ares, can it be

Βασσαρίδων τρομέεις ἀπαλόχροα θῆλιν ἀπειλήν;
οὐκ ἀπὸ Θερμώδοντος Ἀμαζόνες εἰσὶ καὶ αὐταί,
οὐκ ἀπὸ Καυκασίοιο μαχήμονές εἰσι γυναῖκες·
οὐ θοὰ τόξα φέρουσι καὶ οὐ δονέουσιν ὀιστούς·
οὐ θρασὺν ἵππον ἔχουσιν Ἀρήιον· οὐδ' ὑπὲρ ὤμων
βάρβαρον ἡμιτέλεστον ἑλαφρίζουσι βοείην.
αἰδέομαι καλέων σε ποτὶ κλόνον, ὅττι γυναῖκες
δῆριν ἀπειλείουσιν ἀδηρίτῳ Λυκούργῳ.
ἠρεμέεις, Λυκόεργε, κορυσσομένου Διονύσου;
θνητὸς ἀνὴρ πέλεν οὗτος ἀώρως, οὐκ ἀπὸ φύτλης
οὐρανίης βλάστησε· Διὸς δέ μιν Ἑλλάδι φήμη
ἔμμεναι ἔπλασε μῦθος· ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ οἶδα πιθέσθαι
ἀμφὶ τόκου Κρονίωνος, ὅτι βροτὸν ἄρσενι μηρῷ
υἱέα θῆλυν ἔτικτε πατὴρ ἐμὸς ὑψιμέδων Ζεύς·
μύθοις ψευδαλέοις οὐ πείθομαι, εἰ βροτὸς ἀνὴρ
Ζηνὸς ἐμοῦ τόκον ἔσχεν, ὅθεν βλάστησεν Ἀθήνη·
Ζεὺς ἐμὸς οὐ δεδάηκεν ἀνάλκιδα παῖδα λοχεῦσαι·
Ἄρεα σὸν γενέτην ἔχε μάρτυρον· εἶδες Ἀθήνην
παῖδα Διὸς θήλειαν ἀρειστέρην Διονύσου.
τέκνον ἐμόν, μεθέπεις ἴδιον σθένος, οὐδὲ χατίζεις
πατρὸς Ἐνυαλίοιο, καὶ εἰ πολέμοισιν ἀνάσσει·
ἔμπης δ', ἢν ἐθέλῃς, θωρήξομαι, οὐδέ σε λείψω
μοῦνον ἐνὶ πτολέμοισι· θεὰ δέ σοι, εἰ χρέος εἴη,
γνωτὴ Ζηνὸς ἄκοιτις ὁμόστολος εἰς μόθον Ἥρη
ἕσπεται υἱωνοῖο προασπίζουσα Λυκούργου" . . .
" . . . στήσω δ' ὑμετέρου θεοδέγμονος ἔνδοθι νηοῦ
θύρσους Βασσαρίδων, νόθα δούρατα· βουκεράων δὲ
Κενταύρων ἀτίνακτα κεράατα μακρὰ δαΐξας
τοξοφόρων Ἀράβων κεραελκέα τόξα τελέσσω,

---

* A river in Cappadocia.

that you too fear Bassarids and their tenderskin womanish threats ? This is no new troop of Amazons from Thermodon,[a] these are no warrior women of the Caucasos. They carry no swift arrows, they speed no shafts, they have no bold warhorse, nor over their shoulders do they hold the oxhide halfbuckler of the barbarians.[b] I am ashamed to summon you to battle, when women cry havoc against Lycurgos who fears no havoc ! Are you quiet, Lycurgos, while Dionysos is arming ? He is a mortal abortion, not one sprung from heavenly stock. Son of Zeus—that is a fairy-tale of the Hellenes ! I can't believe all that about Cronion's childbearing, how my father Zeus ruling on high brought forth a womanish son from his manly thigh ! I believe no lying tales, that my Zeus who bore Athena has brought forth a mortal man ! My Zeus never learnt how to give birth to a weakling son. Take the word of Ares your father. You have seen that Athena, the female child of Zeus, is stronger than Bacchos.

216 " My son, you possess your own strength ; you need not your father Enyalios even if he is lord of war. Yet I will arm, if you wish, and I will not leave you in war alone ; you shall have a goddess, if need be ; Hera, sister and wife of Zeus, will go with you into battle to hold a shield before Lycurgos her grandson.[c] . . ."

222 " I will set up in your divine temple the rods of the Bassarids, their bastard spears. I will shear off the long horns unshaken from the oxhorned Centaurs, and make stronghorn bows for Arab archers, as it

[b] The crescent-shaped shield traditionally carried by Amazons.

[c] What follows is part of the answer of Lycurgos ; a passage has fallen out of the text.

ὡς θέμις· ἐκταδίην δὲ ταμὼν δολιχόσκιον οὐρὴν
Σειληνῶν λασίην τελέσω πλήξιππον ἰμάσθλην.
ταῦτα μὲν εἰς σὲ φέρω μετὰ φύλοπιν· ἀπτολέμου δὲ
Βάκχου ξανθὰ πέδιλα γυναικείους τε χιτῶνας
πορφυρέους καὶ θῆλυν ἐπ' ἰξύι κυκλάδα μίτρην
γνωτῇ σεῖο δάμαρτι φυλάξομεν ἀφρογενείῃ,
ἅρμενα θήλεα δῶρα· γυναιμανέος δὲ Λυαίου
ἀμφιπόλων στίχα πᾶσαν ἐμοῖς δμώεσσι συνάψω
εἰς εὐνὴν ἀνάεδνον ἀναγκαίων ὑμεναίων,
οἷα δορικτήτοισι πέλει θέμις· οὐτιδανοὺς δὲ
ἡμερίδων ὄρπηκας, ἐνηέα δῶρα Λυαίου,
θερμοτέρῳ σπιθῆρι δεδέξεται Ἄρραβίη φλόξ,
καὶ βριαρὴ θεράπαινα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου
Βασσαρὶς ἀλλοίην ἐχέτω καὶ ἀήθεα τέχνην
δώματα ναιετάουσα μετ' οὔρεα, δαιδαλέην δὲ
νεβρίδα καλλείψασα δέμας κρύψειε χιτῶνι,
καρπὸν ἀλετρεύουσα μύλης τροχοειδέι πέτρῳ·
καὶ στεφάνους ῥίψασα, καὶ ἣν καλέουσιν ὀπώρην,
ξυνὰ διδασκέσθω μελεδήματα δίζυγι θεσμῷ,
δμωὶς ἀναγκαίη καὶ Παλλάδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ
ἡματίοις ταλάρουσι καὶ ἐντυχίοις ὑμεναίοις,
κερκίδα κουφίζουσα καὶ οὐκέτι κύμβαλα Ῥείης.
Σειληνοὶ δὲ γέροντες ἐμῆς παρὰ δαῖτα τραπέζης
Εὔιον ἀείσωσι, καὶ ἠθάδος ἀντὶ Λυαίου
κῶμον ἀνακρούσωσι καὶ Ἄρει καὶ Λυκοόργῳ."
Ὣς φαμένου μείδησε θεὰ χρυσόπτερος Ἶρις,
ψευδαλέην ἴρηκος ἐρετμώσασα πορείην.
Καί μιν ἰδὼν Λυκόοργος ἐὴν μαντεύσατο νίκην,

---

[a] Aphrodite, his paramour, daughter of Zeus and Dione

ought to be. I will cut off the long stretching tail from the Seilenoi, and make a hairy whip to beat horses. All these I will bring for you after the battle. But the yellow shoes of unwarlike Bacchos, and his woman's dress of purple, and the woman's girdle that goes round his loins, these I will keep for your sister-consort the seafoamborn,[a] proper gifts for a woman. All the troop of attendants about womanmad Lyaios I will mate with my slaves in forced wedlock, without asking a brideprice, as it ought to be with captives of the spear. Those worthless plants of the gardenvine, the gentle gifts of Lyaios, fires of Araby shall receive with its hottest sparks !

238 " Let the sturdy Bassarid, who served Dionysos in the mazes of the dance, learn a new and unfamiliar art : leaving the hills for a house, dropping the dappled fawnskin and covering her body with a shift, grinding corn with a round millstone. Let her throw off her garlands and the fruitage as they call it ; let her learn to combine two common services, as bond-slave both to Pallas [b] and Cythereia, with workbasket by day and the bed by night, handling the shuttle instead of Rheia's cymbals. Let the old Seilenoi sing Euoi beside my festal board, and instead of their usual Lyaios let them strike up a revel for Ares and Lycurgos."

251 So he spoke, and goldenwing Iris divine smiled to hear ; then went her way, paddling in the false shape of a falcon.

253 Lycurgos took this vision as an omen of his

according to one story, born from seafoam according to another : Nonnos accepts both.

[b] As patron of women's work.

γινώσκων ταχὺν ὄρνιν, ὅτι πτερὰ φοίνια πάλλων
ἀδρανέας δεδάηκε πελειάδας εἰς φόβον ἕλκειν·
εἶδε γάρ, εἶδεν ὄνειρον ὁμοίιον, ὡς παρὰ λόχμῃ
χαιτήεις κεκόρυστο λέων λισσοῦδεϊ λαιμῷ
καὶ βαλίων ἐλάφων κεραὴν ἑδίωκε γενέθλην.
τοῖον ὄναρ νοέων ἐκορύσσετο θυιάσι Βάκχας.
Βασσαρίδας κεμάδεσσιν ἀπειρομάθοισιν ἐίσκων,
καὶ πλέον ἔλλαβε θάρσος. ἀναΐξασα δὲ δαίμων
νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισι προάγγελος ἦλθε Λυαίῳ,
ταρσὰ ποδῶν πτερόεντι περισφίγξασα πεδίλῳ,
ῥάβδον ἐλαφρίζουσα, καὶ ὡς Διὸς ἄγγελος Ἑρμῆς
Βάκχῳ χαλκοχίτωνι δολοπλόκον ἔαχε φωνήν·

"Γνωτέ, περισσονόοιο Διὸς τέκος, ἔκτοθι χάρμης
ὄργια σεῖο κόμιζε φιλοξείνῳ Λυκούργῳ.
λεῖπε μόθον, μὴ κτεῖνε φύλους, μὴ φεῦγε γαλήνην,
ἴλαθι μειλιχίοισι· τίς ἤπιον ἀνδρα δαμάσσει;
μηδὲ θεοῖς ἐκέτῃσιν ἀναστήσειας Ἐνυώ·
μὴ τεὸν ἀστερόεντι δέμας θώρηκι καλύψῃς·
μὴ κεφαλὴν σφίγξειας ἀερσιλόφῳ τριφαλείῃ·
μὴ τρίχα μιτρώσειας ἐχιόνητι κορύμβῳ·
ἀλλὰ λιπὼν σέο θύρσα μιαιφόνοι, καὶ κέρας οἴνου
ἔμπλεον ἡδυπότοιο καὶ ἠθάδα ῥάβδον ἀείρων,
Εὔιε δῶρα τίταινε φιλοσταφύλῳ Λυκούργῳ·
ἄρτι δέμας κόσμησον ἀναιμάκτῳ σέο πέπλῳ,
ἄρτι μέλος πλέξωμεν ἀθωρήκτοιο χορείης,
καὶ στρατὸς ἠρεμέων μενέτω παρὰ δάσκιον ὕλην,
μὴ μόθον ἐντύνειε γαληναίῳ βασιλῆι·
ἀλλά, βαλὼν πλοκάμοισι φίλον στέφος, ἔρχεο χαίρων
εἰς δόμον ἀκλήιστον ἑτοιμοτάτου Λυκούργου,
ἔρχεο κωμάζων ἅτε νυμφίος· Ἰνδοφόνους δὲ
θύρσους σεῖο φύλαξον ἀπειθέι Δηριαδῆι.

victory ; for he recognized that the swift bird beating murderous wings knew how to scare away the feeble doves. For he had seen, he had seen another such dream, how a maned lion in the woods with ravening throat all ready gave chase to the horned generation of swift deer. With this dream in his mind he made ready against the frenzied Bacchants, thinking the Bassarids to be like prickets unacquainted with battle, and felt greater boldness than before. And Iris, by Hera's command, put the winged shoe on her feet, and holding a rod like Hermes the messenger of Zeus, flew up to warn Lyaios of what was coming. To Bacchos in corselet of bronze she spoke deceitful words :

266 " Brother, son of Zeus Allwise, put war aside, and celebrate your rites with Lycurgos, a willing host. Let battle be, slay not your friends, do not refuse peace ! Be gracious to the gentle ; who will vanquish a humble man ? Do not stir up strife against those who ask you for mercy. Do not cover your body with a starspangled corselet ; do not enclose your head in a crestlifting helmet ; do not entwine your hair with a garland of serpents. Leave your bloodstained rods behind ; take your familiar staff and a horn full of your delicious wine, and offer Euian gifts to Lycurgos who loves the grape ! Now dress your body in your unblooded tunic, now let us make melody for a dance without corselet, and let your army remain quiet near the shady wood that it may not offer battle to a peaceful king. No, put on your head the garland that you love ; go in joy to the open house of Lycurgos ready to welcome, go in revel like a bridegroom, and keep your Indian-slaying rods for disobedient Deriades. You know

οὐ μὲν ἄναξ Λυκόοργος ἀνάλκιδα θυμὸν ἀέξει·
ἔστι γὰρ Ἄρεος αἷμα Διπετές, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
πατρὸς Ἐνυαλίοιο φέρων ἐμφύλιον ἀλκὴν
οὐδὲ τεοῦ Κρονίωνος ὑποπτήξειεν Ἐνυώ."

Ὣς φαμένη παρέπεισε, μεταχρονίῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
αἰθέρος ἔνδον ἵκανε. δολοφροσύνῃ δὲ θεαίνης
ἐγρεμόθους Διόνυσος ἑοὺς ἀπεσείσατο θύρσους
καὶ κυνέην λοφόεσσαν ἑῶν ἀνέλυσε κομάων
καὶ σάκος ἀστερόωντον ἐθήκατο· χειρὶ δὲ γυμνῇ
πορφυρέης ἥειρε βεβυσμένον ἄγγος ἐέρσης,
ὀξὺ κέρας καὶ βότρυν ἀπευθέα· μηκεδανὴν δὲ
ἅπλοκον ἀμπελόεντι κόμην ἐστέψατο κισσῷ.
καὶ στρατιὴν εὔοπλον ἐγερσιμόθους τε γυναῖκας
ἐγγύθι Καρμήλοιο λιπὼν καὶ δίφρα λεόντων
ἁβροχίτων ἀσίδηρος ἐκώμασε πεζὸς ὁδίτης·
καὶ μέλος εὐφροσύνης ἐπιδόρπιον ἶαχε σύριγξ,
καὶ φίλιον σύριγμα συνωρίδες ἔβρεμον αὐλῶν
χερσὶ δὲ δινεύουσα φιλεύια ῥόπτρα Λυαίου
Βασσαρὶς ἐσκίρτησε παρὰ προπύλαια Λυκούργου.

Καὶ θρασὺς ὡς ἤκουσεν ἄναξ ἀλάλαγμα χορείης,
αὐλοῦ μελπομένοιο μέλος Βερεκυντίδος ἠχοῦς
καὶ καναχὴν σύριγγος, ἀρασσομένης δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
μαίνετο παπταίνων διδυμόκτυπα κύκλα βοείης·
καὶ θεὸν ἀμπελόεντα παρὰ προθύροισι δοκεύων,
σαρδόνιον γελόων, φιλοκέρτομον ἶαχε φωνήν,
Βασσαρίδων ἐλατῆρι χέων ἀσπονδον ἀπειλήν·

" Ἡμετέρων ὁράᾳς ἀναθήματα ταῦτα μελάθρων;
καὶ σύ, φίλος, κόσμησον ἐμὸν δόμον ἢ σέο θύρσοις
ἢ ποσὶν ἢ παλάμῃσιν ἢ αἱματόεντι καρήνῳ.
εἰ κεραοῖς Σατύροισι, κερασφόρε Βάκχε, κελεύεις,
ὑμέας ἴσα βόεσσιν ἐμῷ βουπλῆγι δαμάσσω.
τοῦτό σοι ἐξ ἐμέθεν ξεινήιον, ὁφρά τις εἴπῃ,

King Lycurgos has no coward soul. He is the son of Ares with the blood of Zeus in him ; in battle he shows the inborn prowess of Enyalios his father, nor would he shrink from combat with your Cronion himself."

289 So she cajoled him, and the shoes carried her high into the air. Dionysos deceived by the goddess threw aside his battlestirring rods, and doffed the plumed helmet from his hair, and laid down his star-spangled shield. In one bare hand he carried a vessel full of the purple juice, his pointed horn with the cheerful grape ; he twined his unplaited hair with vine-leaves and ivy. His host under arms and his battlestirring women he left near Mount Carmel with the team of lions, and himself walked on foot to the festival in holiday garb without weapon. The panspipes sounded a cheeryheart melody of banquet, the double pipes whistled a friendly note, the Bassarid waved the Euian tambourines of Lyaios and skipped before the gateway of Lycurgos.

304 The bold king heard the jubilation of the dance, the hoboy's note and the Berecynthian tune and the noise of the panspipes, he saw the round tambourine beaten on both sides, and he was furious. When he beheld the vinegod near his porch, he laughed in scorn, and hurled an implacable threat against the leader of the Bassarids, in mocking words :

311 " Do you see these offerings hung up before my mansion ? You too, my friend, give me some decoration for my house, your thyrsus or feet or hands or bloody head. If you have horned Satyrs at your command, horned Bacchos, I will strike you all down with my poleaxe like cattle ! There is my hospitable gift for you, that gods and men may tell

ἤ θεὸς ἤ μερόπων τις, ὅτι προπύλαια Λυκούργου
ἡμιτόμοις μελέεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη Διονύσου.
οὐ παρὰ Βοιωτοῖσιν ἀνάσσομεν, οὐ τάδε Θῆβαι,
οὐ Σεμέλης δόμος οὗτος, ὅπῃ νόθα τέκνα γυναῖκες
ἀστεροπῇ τίκτουσι καὶ ὠδίνουσι κεραυνῷ.
σείεις οἰνοπα θύρσον, ἐγὼ βουπλῆγα τινάσσω,
καί σε διατμήξας βοέου κατὰ μέσσα μετώπου
ὑμετέρην ἐπίκυρτον ἀναρρήξαιμι κεραίην."
Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐδίωκε Διωνύσοιο τιθήνας
θεινομένας βουπλῆγι· φιλοσκάρθμων δὲ γυναικῶν
ἡ μὲν ἑῆς παλάμης ἀπεσείσατο κύμβαλα Ῥείης,
ἡ δὲ φιλοκροτάλων ἀπεθήκατο τύμπανα χειρῶν,
ἄλλη βοτρυόεσσαν ἀνηκόντιζεν ὀπώρην,
ἄλλη νεκταρέοισι συνωλίσθησε κυπέλλοις·
πολλαὶ δ' αὐτοκύλιστον ἀπερρίψαιτο κονίῃ
ἡδυμελῆ σύριγγα καὶ ἔμπνοον αὐλὸν Ἀθήνης.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις μετὰ χεῖμα γαληναίῃ παρὰ λόχμῃ
ἀννεφέλου Φαέθοντος ἰδὼν τερφίμβροτον[1] ὥρην
ποιμὴν κῶμον ἔγειρε, συνωρχήσαντο δὲ Νύμφαι·
ἄφνω δ' ἐκ σκοπέλοιο χύθη κυκλούμενον ὕδωρ
κύμασι πυργωθέντος ὀρεσσιχύτου ποταμοῖο·
αὐτὰρ ὁ συρίζων ἀπεσείσατο πηκτίδα χειρῶν
δειμαίνων θρασὺ χεῦμα χαραδραίου ποταμοῖο,
οἰδαλέῳ μὴ μῆλα κατακρύψειε ῥεέθρῳ·
ὣς ὅ γε τερψινόου σκεδάσας ἁλίλαγμα χορείης
εἰς ὄρος ὑψικάρηνον ἀνάμπυκας ἤλασε Βάκχας·
καὶ κλονέων ἀχόρευτος ἀλήμονα θῆλιν Ἐνυώ,
θηγαλέον βουπλῆγα φέρων, κειμήλιον Ἥρης,
χαλκοχίτων Λυκόοργος ἀτευχέι μάρνατο Βάκχῳ·

[1] τερφίμβροτε ποιμὴν mss., the text from a correction in F.

how the gates of Lycurgos were festooned with the mutilated limbs of Dionysos. I am no Boiotian king, this is not Thebes, this is not Semele's house, where women have labour by thunderclap and bring forth their baseborn children by lightning. You brandish a vinebound thyrsus, I wield a poleaxe ; and I will cleave your oxforehead down the middle, and break off your curved horns ! "

325 With these words, he beat the nurses of Dionysos with his poleaxe [a] and chased them away ; and the dancing women—one shook Rheia's cymbals from her palm, one put down the tambourine from her rattle-loving hands, another shot away her bunches of grapes, another fell with the cups of nectar ; many threw down melodious panspipes and Athena's breathing hoboy to roll over each other in the dust. As after storm, near the peaceful woods, a shepherd sees the delightful season of cloudless Phaëthon,[b] and wakes a revel while the Nymphs join his dance ; then suddenly the water comes rolling from the rocks and the waves are piled up as the river pours down from the mountains, the whistler throws the pipes out of his hands, fearing the bold flood of the river in torrent lest it overwhelm the sheep with swollen stream—so Lycurgos scattered the happy jubilant dancers, and drove the Bacchants unchapleted to the high hills ; he pursued them in no dancing fashion, that disbanded army of women ; and in his armour of bronze, carrying the sharp poleaxe, Hera's treasure, he made war upon Bacchos unarmed. Now

[a] A half quotation of *Il.* vi. 135.

[b] The text is confused here ; as there is no clear indication what is right, a reading is chosen which makes sense.

καὶ κέλαδον βρονταῖον ἐπέκτυπε δύσμαχος Ἥρη,
μητρυιὴ βαρύδουπος ἐπιβρίθουσα Λυαίῳ,
καί μιν ἀνεπτοίησε· βαρυζήλου δὲ θεαίνης
ὕψι κορυσσομένης ἐλελίζετο γούνατα Βάκχου·
ἔλπετο γὰρ Κρονίωνα προασπίζειν Λυκούργου,
αἰθερίου πατάγοιο τύπον βρονταῖον ἀκούων·
ταρβαλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι φυγὼν ἀκίχητος ὀδίτης
γλαυκὸν Ἐρυθραίης ὑπεδύσατο κῦμα θαλάσσης.

Τὸν δὲ Θέτις βυθίη φιλίῳ πήχυιαν ἀγοστῷ,
καί μιν ἔσω δύνοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο μελάθρου
χερσὶ φιλοξείνοισιν Ἀραψ ὑπεδέξατο Νηρεύς·
τὸν δὲ παρηγορέων φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·

"Εἰπέ, τί σοι, Διόνυσε, κατηφέες εἰσὶν ὀπωπαί;
οὔ σε χαμαιγενέων Ἀράβων στρατός, οὔ σε διώκων
θνητὸς ἀνὴρ νίκησε, καὶ οὐ βροτέην φύγες αἰχμήν·
ἀλλὰ Διὸς Κρονίδαο κασιγνήτη δάμαρ Ἥρη
οὐρανόθεν κεκόρυστο συναιχμάζουσα Λυκούργῳ,
Ἥρη καὶ μενέχαρμος Ἄρης καὶ χάλκεος αἰθήρ,
τέτρατος ἦν Λυκόοργος ὁ τηλίκος· ὑφιμέδων δὲ
πολλάκι σὸς γενέτης πρόμος αἰθέρος εἵκαθεν Ἥρῃ.
σοὶ πλέον ἔσσεται εὖχος, ὅταν μακάρων τις ἀνύψῃ,
ὅττι Διὸς μεγάλοιο δάμαρ καὶ σύγγονος Ἥρη
χεῖρας ἐὰς θώρηξεν ἀθωρήκτῳ Διονύσῳ."

Τοῖα παρηγορέων Βρομίῳ μυθήσατο Νηρεύς.
καὶ χαροποῖς ῥοθίοισι καλυπτομένου Διονύσου
ἀσχαλόων Λυκόοργος ἐς ὕδατα ῥῆξεν ἰωήν·

"Αἴθε πατήρ με δίδαξε
μετὰ κλόνον ἔργα θαλάσσης,
ὥς κεν ἀεθλεύσαιμι καὶ ἰχθυβόλων ἐς ἀγῶνα

the cruel stepmother bore hard on Lyaios—invincible Hera thundered loud[a] and made him quake; the knees of Bacchos trembled, as the jealous resentful goddess armed herself on high. For he thought Cronion was fighting for Lycurgos, when he heard the thunderclaps rolling in the heavens. He took to his heels in fear and ran too fast for pursuit, until he plunged into the gray water of the Erythraian sea.

354 But Thetis in the deeps embraced him with friendly arm, and Arabian Nereus received him with hospitable hands, when he entered within the loud-resounding hall. Then he comforted him with friendly words, and said:

358 "Tell me, Dionysos, why are your looks despondent? No army of earthborn Arabs has conquered you, no pursuing mortal man, you fled from no human spear; but Hera, sister and consort of Zeus Cronides, has armed herself in heaven and fought on the side of Lycurgos—Hera and stubborn Ares and the brazen sky: Lycurgos the mighty was only a fourth. Often enough your father himself, the lord of heaven ruling on high, had to give way to Hera! You will have all the more to boast of, when one of the Blessed shall say—Hera consort and sister of mighty Zeus took arms herself against Dionysos unarmed!"

369 So speaking, Nereus tried to console Bacchos. And while Dionysos was hiding in the bright waves, Lycurgos indignant shouted aloud to the water—

372 "I wish my father had taught me not war alone, but how to deal with the sea! Then I would take a

[a] Absurd: only Zeus, and occasionally by his permission, Athena ever thunders.

ἀγρεύσας Διόνυσον, ὑποβρυχίων δ' ἀπὸ κάλπων
Λυδὸν ἐμὸν θεράποντα τὸ δεύτερον εἰς χθόνα σύρω. 375
ἀλλ', ἐπεὶ οὐ μάθον ἔργα θαλασσοπόρων ἁλιήων
καὶ βυθίης οὐκ οἶδα δολορραφέος δόλον ἄγρης,
Λευκοθέης ἔχε δῶμα βαθύρροον, εἰσύκε πόντου
καὶ σὲ καὶ ὃν καλέουσι μεταστήσω Μελικέρτην,
σύγγονον αἷμα φέροντα· καὶ οὐ χρέος ἐστὶ σιδήρου, 380
οὐ χθονίου βουπλήγος ἀφειδέος, ἀλλὰ χατίζω
ἰχθυβόλων, ἵνα δίντες Ἐρυθραίης βυθὸν ἅλμης
ἐνδόμυχον Διόνυσον ἀφαρπάζωσι θαλάσσης·
ἰχθυβόλοι, Νηρῆος ἐρευνητῆρες ἐναύλων,
δίκτυα μὴ νεπόδεσσιν ἐφαπλώσητε θαλάσσης, 385
ἀλλὰ λίνοις Διόνυσον ἐρύσσατε· Λευκοθέη δὲ
εἰς χθόνα νοστήσειε συναγρευθεῖσα Λυαίῳ,
καὶ θρασὺς εἰς ἐμὸν οἶκον ὁμαρτήσειε Παλαίμων
ἀβρέκτοις μελέεσσιν ὑποδρήσσων Λυκούργῳ,
ὄφρα λιπὼν Ἐφύρειον ἁλιτρεφέων δρόμον ἵππων 390
δίφρον ἐμὸν ζεύξειεν ἐπιχθονίῃ παρὰ φάτνῃ,
αὐτὸς ὁμοῦ καὶ Βάκχος ὀπάονες· εἷς δόμος ἔστω,
εἷς δόμος ἀμφοτέροισι, Παλαίμονι καὶ Διονύσῳ."
Ὣς εἰπὼν κεχόλωτο, καὶ ἠπείλησε θαλάσσῃ
καὶ πολιῷ Νηρῆι, καὶ ἤθελε πόντον ἰμάσσειν. 395
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ ἰάχησεν ἀμαιμακέτῳ Λυκούργῳ·
" Ἀφραίνεις, Λυκόοργε, μάτην ἀνέμοισιν ἐρίζων·
χάζεο σοῖσι πόδεσσιν, ἕως ὁράωσιν ὀπωπαί.
ἔκλυες, ὡς τὸ πάροιθεν ὀρεσσιχίτῳ παρὰ πηγῇ
γυμνὴν Τειρεσίας θηήσατο μοῦνον Ἀθήνην, 400

---

[a] See x. 122. [b] See v. 556 ff.
[c] See v. 561.

turn at the fishermen's game, and fish for Dionysos, and drag this Lydian out of the bosom of the deep to land again for my servant! But since I have not learnt the work of seafaring fishers, and know nothing of the tricks of hunting in the deep with a cunning mesh of nets, you may have Leucothea's house in the watery deep,[a] until I can dislodge both you and Melicertes [b] as they call him, another of your kin. I want no steel for that, or this merciless poleaxe which belongs to the land. I want fishermen, to dive into the depth of the Erythraian brine and drag Dionysos from his refuge in the sea.

384 "Ho Fishermen! searchers of the haunts of Nereus! Spread not your nets for the denizens of the deep, but haul out Dionysos in the meshes! Let Leucothea be caught along with Lyaios, and let her come back to the land; let bold Palaimon [c] come with them to my house, let him dry his body and be slave to Lycurgos! Then he may leave the courses of his seabred horses round Ephyreia,[d] and yoke my car beside a terrestrial manger, he and Bacchos grooms together. Let there be one house—one house for both, Palaimon and Dionysos."

394 Thus full of fury he railed at the sea, and hoary Nereus, and wished to flog the deep.[e] But Father Zeus cried aloud to Lycurgos in his raging—

397 "You are mad, Lycurgos, you challenge the winds in vain![f] Away on your feet, while your eyes can still see! You have heard how a while ago by a trickling spring in the mountains Teiresias only

[a] Corinth. The Isthmian Games on the Isthmus of Corinth were established in honour of Palaimon.

[e] Like Xerxes.

[f] From Callim. *Hymn to Delos* 112.

οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον ἄειρε καὶ οὐ πολέμιζε θεαίνῃ,
ἔμπης μοῦνον ὄπωπε καὶ ὤλεσε φέγγος ὀπωπῆς."
Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε δι' ἠέρος ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
δυσσεβίην ὑπέροπλον ὀπιπεύων Λυκοόργου.

* The story is from Callim. *Hymns* v. 57 ff.

saw Athena naked—he lifted no furious spear and made no attack on the goddess, he only saw, and yet lost the sight of his eyes." [a]

403 Such was the rebuke of Zeus who rules on high, spoken through the air when he saw the outrageous impiety of Lycurgos.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΠΡΩΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστὸν πρώτιστον ἔχει χόλον ἐννοσιγαίου
καὶ μόθον Ἀμβροσίης ῥηξήνορα καὶ λόχον Ἰνδῶν.

Οὐδὲ Δρυαντιάδης προτέρης ἐπελήσατο χάρμης·
ἀλλὰ λαβὼν βουπλῆγα
τὸ δεύτερον ἔνδοθι λόχμης . . .
ἔθνεα Βασσαρίδων διζήμενος. Ἀμβροσίῃ δὲ
δῶκε μένος καὶ θάρσος ἀρειμανὲς οὐράνιος Ζεύς,
ἣ τότε βακχευθεῖσα κατάσχετος οἴδματι λύσσης
μάρμαρον ἤρταζε, καταιχμάζουσα Λυκούργου,
καὶ βριαρὴν τριφάλειαν ἀπεστιφάλιξε κομάων.
αὐτὰρ ὁ θαρσήεις ἐπεμάρνατο μείζονι πέτρῳ
τρηχαλέῳ, καὶ στέρνα βοώπιδος ἥλασε Νύμφης·
οὐδέ μιν ἐπρήνιξε, χάλῳ δ' ἀνενείκατο φωνήν·
"Ἄρες, ἄναξ πολέμοιο,
πάτερ κρατεροῖο Λυκούργου,
αἰδόμενος σκοπίαζε τεὸν γόνον ἀντὶ Λυαίου
οὐτιδανὴν ἀσίδηρον ὀιστεύοντα γυναῖκα.
πόντος ἐμὸν βουπλῆγα βιάζεται· ἐν ῥοθίοις γὰρ
κρύπτετο μὲν Διόνυσος, ἐγὼ δ' ἄπρηκτος ὀδεύων
ἴξομαι εἰς ἐμὸν ἄστυ, πόνον δ' ἀτέλεστον ἀνήσω."
Ἔννεπεν· Ἀμβροσίην δὲ μέσην γυαλκέι δεσμῷ
χειρὶ λαβὼν ἐπίεζε· καὶ ἤθελε δεσμὰ καθάψαι,
οἷα δορικτήτην μετανάστιον εἰς δόμον ἕλκων,

BOOK XXI

The twenty-first contains Earthshaker's wrath, and the man-breaking battle of Ambrosia, and the Indian ambush.

Nor did Dryas' son forget the first combat. He seized the poleaxe, and a second time went in search of the troops of Bassarids in the forest. But heavenly Zeus gave courage and warlike boldness to Ambrosia, and then possessed of a wave of wild madness she raised a stone and hurled it at Lycurgos, knocking off the ponderous helmet from his locks. But he boldly attacked with a larger stone all jagged, and drove at the chest of the soft-eyed nymph. He did not overthrow her however, and he cried out in rage—

11 " Ares, lord of war, father of strong Lycurgos ! Can you see without shame your son attacking a weak unarmed woman, instead of Lyaios ? The sea is too strong for my poleaxe, for Dionysos was hidden in the waves ; I have had my journey in vain, and I will return to my own city, and leave my task unfinished."

17 He spoke, and seizing Ambrosia round the waist he held her fast in his limb-compressing hands ; he wished to throw her into bonds and to drag her to his

παιδοκόμον Βρομίοιο φέρων θιασώδεα Νύμφην,
ἀμφιτόμῳ βουπλῆγι μεταφρένα δοῦλια νύσσων.
οὐ δέ μιν ἱσταμένην ἀνεσείρασεν, οὐδέ ἑ λίθρῳ
ἀρτιχύτῳ φοίνιξεν ἀρασσομένοιο καρήνου·
ἀλλὰ φύγε θρασὺν ἄνδρα καὶ εὔξατο μητέρι Γαίῃ
Ἀμβροσίη κροκόπεπλος, ὅπως Λυκόοργον ἀλύξῃ.
Γαῖα δὲ καρποτόκεια πετασσαμένη κενεῶνα
ἀμφίπολον Βρομίοιο φιλήτορι δέξατο κόλπῳ
Ἀμβροσίην ζώουσαν· ἀιστωθεῖσα δὲ Νύμφη
εἰς φυτὸν εἶδος ἄμειψε καὶ ἀμπελόεις πέλεν ὄρπηξ·
σειρὴν δ' αὐτοέλικτον ἐπιπλέξασα Λυκούργου
ἀγχονίῳ σφήκωσεν ὁμόζυγον αὐχένα δεσμῷ,
μαρναμένη μετὰ θύρσον ἀπειλητῆρι κορύμβῳ.
Καὶ φυτὸν αὐδῆεν ζαμενὴς ποιήσατο Ῥείη
ἡμερίδων βασιλῆι χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ·
Ἀμβροσίη δ' ὀλόλυξε καὶ ἔμπνοον ἴαχε φωνήν·
" Οὐδέ, φυτὸν περ ἐοῦσα, τεὴν ποτε δῆριν ἀλύξω,
σὸν δέμας οὐτήσω καὶ ἐν ἔρνεσιν, ἀντὶ δὲ σειρῆς
χαλκείης ἀλύτοις σε περισφίγξαιμι πετήλοις·
εἰς σὲ καὶ ἀμπελόεσσα κορύσσομαι, ὄφρά τις εἴπῃ·
' Βασσαρίδες κτείνουσι καὶ ἐν πετάλοισι φονῆας.'
φυταλιὰς πεφύλαξο μαχήμονας· ἀντιβίους γὰρ
ἡμερίδες βάλλουσι καὶ αἰχμάζουσιν ὀπῶραι.
σοὶ μαχόμην ζώουσα καὶ ἀλλυμένη σε δαμάσσω·
οὕτω ἀριστεύουσι Διωνύσοιο τιθῆναι.
ἔκλυες εἰναλίην ἐχενηίδα, πῶς ἐνὶ πόντῳ
ἰχθὺς βαιὸς ἄναλκις ἐπέχρας πολλάκι ναύταις

[a] Plainly modelled on the story of Daphne, for which *cf.* on ii. 108.

house like a captive foreigner, to drive off a nymph from the company of Bromios's nurses, pricking her slave's back with the doubleheaded poleaxe. But she stood, and he could not drag her away, nor could he smash her skull in a mess of blood. Saffronrobe Ambrosia fled the bold man and prayed to Mother Earth to save her from Lycurgos. And the Earth, mother of all fruits, opened a gulf, and received Ambrosia the nurse of Bromios alive in a loving embrace.[a] The nymph disappeared and changed her shape to a plant—she became a vine-shoot, which of itself coiled its winding cord round the neck of Lycurgos and throttled him with a tight noose, battling now with threatening clusters as once with the thyrsus.

33 Rheia indignant gave a voice to the plant, that she might show her favour to Dionysos king of gardenvines ; so Ambrosia uttered a breathing voice and shrilled high and loud :

36 " Never will I cease to fight with you, plant though I am ! Even as one of the world of plants I will wound you ! I have no brazen chain, but I will choke you with inextricable leaves ! I will attack you although a vine, that people may say—'Bassarids kill murderers, even when they are part of the world of leaves ! ' You have to fear even vegetable warriors, for vines can shoot their enemies, and grapes can stab them ! I fought you alive, and dead I will vanquish you. See how the nurses of Dionysos play the heroes ! Have you heard of the seafish called holdtheship,[b] how in the sea a little weak

[b] The "sucking fish," Arist. *Hist. An.* ii. 14. 4, Latin *remora*. Oppian, *Halieutica* i. 212, says it is like an eel, a cubit long, and able to stop any ship, which is false.

ἂψ ἀνασειράζων, ὀλίγῳ δ' ὑπὸ χάσματι λαιμοῦ
μηκεδανὴν ἀνέκοψε κατάσχετον ὀλκάδα δεσμῷ;
δέξο με χερσαίην ἐχενηΐδα, δέξο πετήλων
αὐτοπέδην ἀσίδηρον ἐρισταφύλοιο κυδοιμοῦ.
μίμνε μοι, αὐτόθι μίμνε δεδεγμένος υἷα Θυώνης,
εἰσόκε νοστήσειε θαλασσαίων ἀπὸ κόλπων."

Τοῖα μὲν ἀμπελόεσσα κορυμβοφόρῳ φάτο φωνῇ
Ἀμβροσίη τανύφυλλος, ἀρασσομένοιο Λυκούργου·
καὶ χλοεροῖς δεσμοῖσι κατάσχετος ἄγριος ἀνὴρ
ἀρραγέων ἀτίνακτος ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι πετήλων
ἀμφιπαγὴς ἀλάλαζεν ἀπειλείων Διονύσῳ·
οὐδὲ φυγεῖν σθένος εἶχε, μάτην δ' ἐτίνασσεν ἀνάγκῃ
οὐτιδαναῖς ἑλίκεσσι περίπλοκον ἀνθερεῶνα·
οὐδὲ δι' ἀσφαράγοιο μέση πορθμεύετο φωνὴ
θλιβομένου στεφανηδόν· ἐκυκλώσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
αὐχένα μιτρωθέντα μέσον πνικτῆρι κορύμβῳ.
καὶ πέλεκυν δασπλῆτα δορυσσόος ἥρπασεν Ἄρης
παιδὸς ἑοῦ· Βρομίην γὰρ ἐδείδιε λυσσάδα Βάκχην,
μὴ φονίῳ βουπλῆγι δέμας πλήξειε Λυκούργου·
οὐδὲ Δρυαντιάδην χλοερῶν ἀπελύσατο δεσμῶν,
καὶ μάλα περ ποθέων, στεροπῇ δ' ὑπόειξε τοκῆος
δοῦπον ἀπειλητῆρα Διὸς βρονταῖον ἀκούων.
καὶ δολιχὴν προθέλυμνον ἐπιπροχυθεῖσα καρήνῳ
ἀνδρὸς ἀμαιμακέτοιο κόμην ὤλοψε Πολυξώ·
γαστέρι δ' ἀντιβίου μανιώδεα χεῖρα βαλοῦσα,
ἁπτομένη θώρηκος, ἀνέσπασεν ἅρπαγι παλμῷ,
χωομένη δ' ἔρρηξε—μαχήμονες, εἴπατε, Μοῦσαι,

[a] These names are mostly invented, but some are known elsewhere in legend. Ambrosia, Phasyleia and Polyxo are

creature has often attacked a crew, pulls back their vessels, and with a small gaping mouth holds up a long freightship firm and fast? Here I am, your holdtheship on land! Here are my leaves, with a selfacting fetter not made of steel, for the battle of the valiant vine! Stand, I say, stand and wait for the son of Thyone, when he shall return from the bosom of the sea!"

[53] So cried Ambrosia out of the vine with her grapy voice, whipping Lycurgos with her long foliage; and the wild man caught in the fresh green bonds, immovable, smothered all round in the galling fetters of leaves which he could not tear, roared defiance against Dionysos. He had no strength to escape; in vain he shook his throat wound about with the tiny tendrils in strong constraint. His voice could find no ferry through the gullet throttled with wreathing growths. The Bacchant women thronged round him, his neck confined in the middle of the stifling clusters.

[63] Spearmaster Ares caught up his son's frightful axe; for he feared that the mad Bacchants might strike the body of Lycurgos with that bloody poleaxe; but he did not release Dryas' son from the leafy bonds, much as he desired to do it—he gave way on hearing the threatening sound of Zeus's thunder, and at the flash of his father's lightning.

[69] Polyxo[a] threw herself upon the head of the raving man, and tore out long locks of hair by the roots. She laid a furious hand on the belly of her foe, seized the corselet, wrenched it off with predatory force, burst it in her rage—declare, O warrior

names of Hyades, Hyginus, *Fab.* 192. 2. Gigarto is Grapeseed-woman; Eriphe, kid.

οἷον ἔην τότε θαῦμα δαϊζομένοιο χιτῶνος[1] 74 T
θηλυτέροις ὀνύχεσσι, σιδηρείου περ ἐόντος— 75 T
καὶ ταναοῖς πλέξασα λίνοις ἑλικώδεα σειρὴν
Κλείτη λυσιέθειρα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσα Γιγαρτὼ
εὐπετάλῳ μάστιγι δέμας φοίνιξε Λυκούργου
αἱμαλέῃ σμώδιγγι χαρασσομένων ἐπὶ νώτων·
Φλειὼ δ' εὐρυτέρῃσι κατέγραφε ταρσὸν ἀκάνθαις 80
αἰνομανής· Ἐρίφη δὲ συνέμπορος Εἰραφιώτῃ
δραξαμένη μέσσοιο δασύτριχος ἀνθερεῶνος
ἄνδρα βαλεῖν μενέαινεν ἐπὶ χθονί· μαρναμένη δὲ
Βακχείης Φασύλεια κυβερνήτειρα χορείης
δυσμενέος κενεῶνα κατέγραφεν ὀξέι κέντρῳ· 85
καὶ Θεόπη κεκόρυστο, τιθηνήτειρα Λυαίου,
ῥινοτόρῳ νάρθηκι· δέμας δ' ἤρασσε Λυκούργου
καὶ Βρομίη Βρομίοιο φερώνυμος· αἷς ἅμα Νύμφη
Κισσηὶς φιλόβοτρυς ἐμάστιεν ἀνέρα κισσῷ.
Καὶ πολέμῳ δρυόεντι βιαζομένου Λυκούργου 90
πῆμα φάνη πάλιν ἄλλο κακώτερον· Ἀρραβίῃ γὰρ
πόντιον ἐννοσίγαιον ὀρεστιὰς ὥπλισε Ῥείη,
σχιζομένων καναχηδὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα θεμέθλων·
καὶ δαπέδου βαθύκολπον ἀπεστυφέλιξεν ὀχῆα
αἰχμάζων τριόδοντι θαλασσομέδων ἐνοσίχθων, 95
ἐνδομύχοις ἀνέμοισιν ἰμασσομένων κενεώνων,
γειοπόνοις ἀνέμοισιν, ἐπεὶ νωμήτορι παλμῷ
χάσματα κοιλαίνουσι σεσηρότα φωλάδες αὖραι·
Ἀρραβίης δ' ἀτίνακτος ἐσείετο κόλπος ἀρούρης,
ἀγχινεφὴς δὲ μέλαθρα τινάκτορι λύετο παλμῷ· 100
καὶ δρύες εἰς χθόνα πῖπτον, ἀρασσόμενος δὲ τριαίνῃ
Νύσιος ἀμφιέλικτος Ἄραψ ὠρχήσατο πυθμήν·

[1] Koechly has interchanged the second halves of these two lines, as given in the mss.

Muses ! what a wonder that a woman's nails should tear apart this gear, made of steel though it was ! —Cleite with hair flowing free had plaited a twining rope of withies, and Gigarto of the vines, with the whip of twigs, scored the body of Lycurgos with red bleeding weals over the torn shoulders. Phleio scratched the sole of his foot with bunches of thorns, maddened dreadfully. Eriphe the companion of Eiraphiotes clutched at the man's hairy throat, with a mind to throw him back on the ground. Phasyleia the leader of the Bacchanal dance, fought and scratched the enemy's flank with a sharp spike. Theope Lyaios's nurse armed herself with a skin-tearing fennel. Bromië, who bore the name of Bromios, also beat the body of Lycurgos ; and with them Cisseïs, that grapeloving nymph, flogged the man with ivy.

90 So Lycurgos was tormented by the warring plants ; but now a trouble appeared worse than any. For Rheia of the mountains armed against Arabia the seagod, Earthshaker who splits the foundations of the earth with a crash, and hurls them about. Then Earthshaker the ruler of the sea struck with his trident, and knocked away the great bar which held up the wide floor of the land, while the caverns of the earth were beaten by internal winds, subterranean winds,[a] for blasts in the hidden parts hollow out grinning chasms with moving shock. The unshakable soil of Arabia quaked, cloudcapt palaces were dissolved by the shattering shock ; trees fell to the earth, and the firm ground about Arabian Nysa struck by the trident shook and danced. The elm lay on the

[a] The usual cause of earthquakes, according to ancient theorists.

καὶ πτελέη χθονὶ κεῖτο, κόμην δ' ἐκονίσσατο δάφνη,
καὶ πίτυς αὐτόρριζος ἐκέκλιτο γείτονι πεύκῃ.
Ὄφρα μὲν ἐννοσίγαιος, ὑπὸ χθόνα λάβρος ἀήτης,
νερτερίων κευθμῶνα μετερρίζωσεν ἀναύλων,
τόφρα πέλεν κακὸν ἄλλο νεώτερον· ὑλονόμοι γὰρ
θεινόμεναι μάστιγι δρακοντοκόμοιο Μεγαίρης
Νυσιάδες ταυρηδὸν ἐμυκήσαντο γυναῖκες,
σφωιτέρων τεκέων δηλήμονες· ἐσσυμένη δὲ
ἡ μὲν ἀνηκόντιζεν ἐς ἠέρα κοῦρον ἀλήτην
ἠερόθεν προκάρηνον ἀλωθήσαντα κονίῃ,
ἡ δὲ φίλον βρέφος εἶλκε, καὶ οὐκ ἐμύησατο μαζοῦ·
ἄλλη παιδοφόνῳ παλάμην φοίνιξε σιδήρῳ
νιέα δαιτρεύσασα, καὶ ἔπλετο μαινὰς Ἀγαύη.
καὶ σφετέροις τεκέεσσιν ἐπέδραμον, ἀρτιτόκους δὲ
νιέας, οὓς ἐλόχευσαν, ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ . . .
[1]ἄλλος ὑποπτήσσων μανιώδεα Πανὸς ἰμάσθλην
εἰς ἑνοπὴν ἄγραυλον Ἄραιφ βακχεύετο πομπῇ.
Τοῖα μὲν οἰστρήεντι δόλῳ κυμαίνετο βούτης
δαιτρεύων ἑὰ τέκνα, καὶ νιέας εἰλαπινάζων
παιδοβόροις γενύεσσι· νοοσφιλέων δὲ βοτήρων
ἄτροφον ἀρσενόπαιδα τόκον τυμβεύσατο γαστὴρ . . .[2]
Νυμφάων παλάμῃσι πολυγνάμπτοις δὲ πετήλοις
ἀμφιπαγὴς πεπέδητο, καὶ οὐ γόνυ κάμφε Λυαίῳ,
οὐ Διὶ χεῖρα τίταινεν, ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκης,
οὐ βροντῆς φόβον εἶχεν· ἀπειλήσας δὲ προσώπῳ
χώετο Βασσαρίδεσσιν· ἐπεσσυμένην δὲ καρήνῳ
ἀστεροπὴν ἐνόησε, καὶ οὐχ ὑπόειξε Λυαίῳ.
βάλλετο δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, πολυσπερέων δὲ βολάων

[1] Marcellus would transpose to follow xvii. 167.
[2] Something has fallen out with the meaning suggested.

[a] Who killed her son Pentheus: see v. 199, n. 6.

ground, the laurel's leaves were in the dust, the pine self-uprooted lay beside the fir.

105 While Earthshaker with wild subterranean blasts shook the roots of the hollows and caverns below, a new calamity came: the woodranging Nysian women, lashed by the whip of dragonhair Megaira, bellowed like bulls and murdered their children. One would rush forward and throw her boy flying into the air, sliding headlong from the air into the dust. Another dragged her own baby along the ground, and forgot the breast. Another stained her hand with childslaying steel, and carved her son like another mad Agauë.[a] So they rushed on their own children, the newborn sons whom they had brought forth, and cut them piecemeal with the knife.[b] Beside them the Arabian shepherd crouching under Pan's whip ran amok among the animals.

120 So the oxherd, seething by the god's maddening device, carved up his children, and feasted on his own sons with child-devouring jaws: the belly of delirious drovers was the tomb of their own boys, whom they should have cared for. All the while Lycurgos was beaten by the Nymphs' hands. He was fast bound with many knots of leafage smothering him. Yet he bent not a knee before Lyaios, held not out a hand to Zeus for mercy in his extremity, feared not the thunder, but glared with fury at the Bassarids. He saw the lightning flash against his head, and would not yield to Lyaios. Blows fell on him from all sides, but he stood unmoved

[b] After that a considerable portion is lost, the sense being: "Dionysos cunningly sent insanity among the herdsmen and they too murdered their children."

τοσσατίην ἔστηκε μένων ἀντίξοον ὁρμήν,
Ἄρεα μοῦνον ἔχων χραισμήτορα, μοῦνος ἐρίζων
Ζηνί, Ποσειδάωνι, Ῥέῃ, Χθονί, Νηρέι, Βάκχῳ.
καὶ μογέων ἀχάλινον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωήν·
"Ἄψατε πῦρ, φλέξωμεν ὅλον φυτόν,
ἐν πυρὶ κείσθω
Βακχικὰ ταῦτα πέτηλα, καὶ αἰθομένας διὰ πόντου
ἠμερίδας ῥίψωμεν ὑποβρυχίῳ Διονύσῳ,
ἠνορέης Ἀράβων σημήιον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
δεξαμένη κατὰ κῦμα Θέτις πυρίκαυτον ὀπώρην
τέφρην ἀμπελόεσσαν ἀποσβέσσειε θαλάσσῃ.
λύσατε φάσματα ταῦτα καὶ αἰόλα μάγγανα δεσμῶν·
μάγγανα Νηρεΐδων Ποσιδήια ταῦτα δοκεύω·
λύσατε, καὶ ῥοθίοις με πελάσσατε· μαντιπόλῳ γὰρ
Πρωτέι φαρμακόεντι κορύσσομαι· ἅψατε πεύκην,
ὄφρα μολὼν παρὰ πόντον ἐμῷ ποιητορι θυμῷ
ξεινοδόκον Βρομίοιο καταφλέξω Μελικέρτην."
Εἶπεν ἀπειλείων καὶ Νηρέι καὶ Διονύσῳ . . .
Ἀρραβίης σχεδὸν ἦλθεν· Ἐνυαλίου δὲ καμόντα
υἱέα δενδρήεντος ἀνεζώγρησε κυδοιμοῦ
Ἄρεος ἆορ ἔχουσα σιδήρεον, ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχαις
δαιμονίης γύμνωσε σελασφόρα νῶτα μαχαίρης,
εἰς φόβον αἰθύσσουσα Κυβηλίδα θῆλυν Ἐνυώ·
Ἀμβροσίης δὲ πέτηλα διατμήξασα σιδήρῳ
δεσμοὺς βοτρυόεντας ἀπεσφήκωσε Λυκούργου.
καὶ χθονὸς ἐπρήνυνε τινάκτορα κυανοχαίτην
γνωτὸν ἑὸν καὶ Ζῆνα πόσιν καὶ μητέρα Ῥείην,
ῥυσαμένη Λυκόοργον, ὅπως ἐναρίθμιος εἴη
ἀθανάτοις· Ἄραβες δὲ πολυκνίσων ἐπὶ βωμῶν,
ὡς θεόν, υἷα Δρύαντος ἐμειλίξαντο θυηλαῖς,

by all this impetuous onslaught of innumerable blows, facing alone Zeus, Poseidaon, Rheia, Earth, Nereus, Bacchos, with only Ares to help him ; and in his pain he shrieked out unbridled defiance :

135 " Make fire, let us burn all this stuff, let all these Bacchic leaves lie in the flames ! Let us throw the blazing gardenvines into the sea for Dionysos in the deeps, to show the courage of Arabs ! Let Thetis herself catch the scorched fruit in the waves, and quench the burning viny ashes in the sea ! Loose these phantasms, this cunning witchery of bonds ! I see here witchery of the Nereïds and Poseidon. Loose me and bring me to the sea ! I will take arms against this prophet-wizard Proteus. Light a torch, that I may go down to the sea in my avenging wrath, and set fire to Melicertes [a] the entertainer of Bromios ! "

147 So he spoke, threatening Nereus and Dionysos.

148 Now Hera [b] came to Arabia, and saved the afflicted son of Enyalios from the leafy battle. She held the iron sword of Ares, and bared the flashing blade of the divine glaive over the Bacchants, scattering in flight the army of Cybelid women. She cut through Ambrosia's leaves with that iron, and untied the bonds of the vine from Lycurgos. She soothed her brother, Seabluehair Earthshaker, and Zeus her husband and Rheia her mother, to save Lycurgos that he might be numbered with the immortals. [c] For the Arabs on heavy-steaming altars propitiated Dryas' son as a god with offerings, pouring to Lycurgos, who

[a] See ix. 85.

[b] A line or more has fallen out, introducing Hera.

[c] Behind this seems to lie the fact that there was a Thracian (not Arabian) god whom the Greeks identified with Lycurgos.

ἀντὶ Διωνύσοιο μελιρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
λύθρον ἐπισπένδοντες ἀβακχεύτῳ Λυκοόργῳ.
Καὶ τὰ μὲν ὣς ἤμελλε γέρων χρόνος ὀψὲ τελέσσαι·
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ, ἵνα μή τις ἀγηνορέων βροτὸς ἀνὴρ
ἄλλος ἔχων μίμημα δοριθρασέος Λυκοόργου
μῶμον ἀναστήσειεν ἀμωμήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
αἰνομανῆ Λυκόοργον ἐθήκατο τυφλὸν ἀλήτην,
ἄστεος ἀγνώστοιο παλινδίνητον ὁδίτην,
πομπὸν ἀναγκαίης διζήμενον ἀτραπιτοῖο,
πολλάκις αὐτοκέλευθα περιπταίοντα πεδίλοις.
Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν σκοπέλοισιν.
Ἐρυθραίῳ δ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
θυγατέρες Νηρῆος ἔσω βαθυκύμονος αὐλῆς
εἰναλίῃ Διόνυσον ἐμειλίξαντο τραπέζῃ·
καὶ Σεμέλης ῥίψασα Διπετέος φθόνον εὐνῆς,
οἰνοφύτῳ θρασὺν ὕμνον ἀνακρούουσα Λυαίῳ,
μαῖα Διωνύσοιο μελίζετο, ποντιὰς Ἰνώ·
καὶ Βρομίῳ γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσων
σύντροφος ἰσοέτηρος ἑωνοχόει Μελικέρτης.
Ὡς ὁ μὲν αὐτόθι μίμνεν ἔσω βαθυκύμονος αὐλῆς
πόντον ἔχων πλατὺν οἶκον, ὑποβρύχιος μετανάστης·
καὶ Θέτιδος βρυόεντι χυθεὶς ἐπεκέκλιτο κόλπῳ·
Καδμείην δ' ἀκόρητος ἑὴν εὔπαιδα τιθήνην
αὐτοκασιγνήτην προσπτύξατο μητέρος Ἰνώ,
καὶ φιλίῳ πήχυνε Παλαίμονα πολλάκι δεσμῷ
σύντροφον ἰσοέτηρον. ἀδουπήτῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
οὐκέτι πουλυέλικτον ἀνακρούουσα χορείην,
Βάκχου μὴ παρεόντος, ἀνεπτοίητο Μιμαλλὼν
ἴχνια μαστεύουσα θαλασσοπόροιο Λυαίου·
καὶ Σάτυρος φιλόμοχθος ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωπὴν
ξείνῳ πένθεϊ κάμνεν, ὀριπλάγκτοισι δὲ χηλαῖς
ἔτρεχον οἰστρήεντες ἀνὰ δρυμὰ Πᾶνες ἀλῆται,

cared nought for Bacchos, libations of blood, instead of the honeydripping vintage of Dionysos.

162 All this Old Time was to accomplish in later days ; but now, in order that no other mortal man should be proud like spearbold Lycurgos, and ridicule Dionysos whom none may ridicule, Father Zeus made mad Lycurgos a blind wanderer; to tramp round and round in the city which he no longer knew, to seek some guide for the path where he must tread, or often on lonely travels with stumbling feet.

170 That is what was done on the mountains. But in the Erythraian sea, the daughters of Nereus cherished Dionysos at their table, in their halls deep down under the waves. Mermaid Ino threw off her jealousy of Semele's bed divine, and struck up a brave hymn for winepouring Lyaios. Ino the nurse of Dionysos made music ; and Melicertes his foster-brother ladled out nectar from the bowl, and poured the sweet cups for his agemate.

178 So he remained in the hall deep down in the waves, with the broad main for his dwelling, a visitor under the waters, and he lay sprawled among the seaweed in Thetis's bosom ; he embraced never satisfied Cadmos's daughter, Ino his nurse, mother of a noble son, sister of his own mother, and often he held in the loving prison of his arms Palaimon his yearsmate, his foster-brother. The Mimallon with quiet shoe no longer trod the noisy turns of the dance, for Bacchos was not there; she was hunting for tracks of Lyaios now under the sea. The Satyr so full of energy showed a face unsmiling, and languished in sorrow strange to him. The Pans wandered wild through the woods with hillranging hoof, Pans in search of Dionysos,

Πᾶνες, ἐρευνητῆρες ἀκηρύκτου Διονύσου·
Σειληνὸς δ' ἀχόρευτος, ἀκηδέα κύμβαλα ῥίψας,
κεῖτο κατηφιόων· Κρονίη δ' ἐλελίζετο Νύμφη
Μάκρις ἀπενθήτοιο Διωνύσοιο τιθήνη,
Βακχείης ὁμόδιφρος ἐυκνήμιδος ἀπήνης.
ὣς οἱ μὲν δεδόνητο κατηφέες· ἀχνυμένοις δὲ
Σκέλμις ἀκυμάντοιο λιπὼν κενθμῶνα θαλάσσης
πατρῴην ἀδίαντον ἐὴν ἤλαυνεν ἀπήνην,
νόστον ἐπερχομένοιο προαγγέλλων Διονύσου.
Ὄφρα μὲν ἄμφεπε Βάκχος
ἁλίτροφα δεῖπνα τραπέζης,
τόφρα δὲ Καυκασίοιο δι' οὔρεος εἰς πόλιν Ἰνδῶν
οἰνοφύτου Βρομίοιο ποδήνεμος ἵκετο κῆρυξ
ταυροφυής, νόθον εἶδος ἔχων κεραελκέι μορφῇ,
ἀντίτυπον μίμημα Σεληναίῃσι κεραίαις,
αἰγὸς ὀρεσσινόμοιο περὶ χροῒ δέρμα συνάψας,
αὐχενίῃ κληῖδι καθειμένον ἐξ ἑνὸς ὤμου,
δεξιτεροῦ πλευροῖο κατήορον εἰς πτύχα μηροῦ,
ἀμφοτέρης ἑκάτερθε παρηίδος οὔατα σείων,
ὡς ὄνος οὐατόεις, λάσιος δέμας· ἐκ μεσάτης δὲ
ἰξύος αὐτοέλικτος ἐσύρετο σύγγονος οὐρή.
Ἀμφὶ δέ μιν γελόωντες ἐπέρρεον αἴθοπες Ἰνδοί,
εἰσόκεν ἐγγὺς ἵκανεν, ὅπῃ διδυμόζυγι δίφρῳ
ἕζετο Δηριάδης περιμήκετος, ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν,
ἠλιβάτων στατὸν ἴχνος ἀναστέλλων ἐλεφάντων.
καὶ Σατύρῳ γελόων φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν·
" Οἵους Δηριάδῃ διδυμόχροας ἄνδρας ἰάλλει
ταυροφυὴς Διόνυσος, ἀθύρματα δηιοτῆτος,
ἀλλοφυεῖς, οὐ φῶτας ὅλην βροτοειδέα μορφήν,
θηρῶν εἶδος ἔχοντας, ἐπεὶ διδυμάονι μορφῇ

---

[a] Otherwise Celmis, one of the Dactyloi, but Nonnos (xiv.

and heard no word of him. Seilenos danced no more, threw away his cymbals unheeded, lay with downcast looks. Cronian Macris the nurse of nevermourning Dionysos trilled her lament, she who used to share the basket of the well-spoked car of Bacchos. So they were all restless and sad. But Scelmis [a] left the caves of the waveless deep, and drove his father's unwetted car, to tell them the tidings in their sorrow that Dionysos was coming back.

200 While Bacchos enjoyed the hospitality of the sea, the windfoot courier of vineplanting Bromios traversed the Caucasos [b] mountains to the Indian city. He had the shape of a bull, a borrowed form bearing horns, the very image of the horns of Selene [c]; the skin of a mountain goat was thrown over his body, and hung over one shoulder from the collar-bone draping his right side down to the fork of the thigh; he shook a pair of long ears like the ears of an ass beside his two cheeks, and he was covered with hair, with a self-wagging tail that grew out from between his loins.

211 The swarthy Indians crowded about him laughing, until he approached the place where huge Deriades, that king of men, sat in his chariot-and-pair. He checked the steps of his towering elephants, and laughing spoke to the Satyr in words of raillery:

216 "What doubleshaped men bullform Dionysos sends to Deriades! what playthings for a soldier! Monsters, not creatures having a wholly human shape! They have the form of beasts! for with a

39) makes him one of the Telchines. His father therefore is Poseidon, *ibid.* 40.

[b] This is the Hindu Kush; when Alexander the Great discovered it, he thought it was the real Caucasus.

[c] See note above, p. 49.

εἰσὶ νόθοι ταῦροί τε καὶ ἀνέρες· ἀμφότερον γὰρ 220
καὶ βοὸς εἶδος ἔχουσι καὶ ἀνδρομέοιο προσώπου." 221
Ἔννεπε, καὶ πολέμοιο προάγγελα σήματα φαίνων 227
ἀσπίδα ποικιλόνωτον ἀφειδέι τύψε μαχαίρῃ
μεσσοφανῆ περίκυκλον ἐς ὀμφαλόν· ἐκ δὲ βοείης
χαλκὸς ἀρασσομένης ἐπεβόμβεε λοίγιον ἠχώ. 230
Καὶ βλοσυρῷ βασιλῆι τεθηπότα χείλεα λύσας
ἀγγελίην Βρομίοιο ταχύδρομος ἔννεπε κῆρυξ·
" Δηριάδη, σκηπτοῦχε, θεὸς Διόνυσος ἀνώγει
Ἰνδοὺς δεχνυμένους λαθικηδέος οἶνον ὀπώρης
σπένδειν ἀθανάτοισι, δίχα πτολέμων, δίχα μόχθων· 235
εἰ δέ κε μὴ δέξαιντο, κορύσσεται, εἰσόκε θύρσοις
Βασσαρίδων γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνειεν Ὑδάσπης.
ἀγγελίης ἤκουσας ἀληθέος· εἰπὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
εἰρομένῳ τινὰ μῦθον, ἵν' ἀγγείλω Διονύσῳ."
Ὡς φαμένου σκηπτοῦχος
ἀνήρυγε λυσσάδα φωνήν· 240
" Ὦ πόποι, οἷον ἔπος
θρασὺς ἔννεπεν ἀνδρόμεος θήρ.
αἰδέομαι κήρυκα μαχήμονι χειρὶ δαμάσσαι,
οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχοντα καὶ οὐ ψαίοντα βοείης.
ἔκλυον, ὅσσα μόγησε τεὸς πρόμος· ἔκλυε Γάγγης
ἁδρανίην Βρομίοιο καὶ ἠνορέην Λυκοόργου· 245
οἶδα τεὸν βασιλῆα, νόθον θεόν, ὁππότε φεύγων
εἰς βυθὸν ὠλίσθησεν ἀλεξικάκοιο θαλάσσης. 247
καὶ πυρόεις σέο Βάκχος ἀκούεται, ὅττι τεκούσης 222
ἐκ λαγόνων ἀνέτελλε Διοβλήτοιο Θυώνης·
καὶ πυρός ἐστιν ὕδωρ πολὺ φέρτερον· ἢν ἐθελήσῃ,
χεύματι παφλάζοντι πατὴρ ἐμός, Ἰνδὸς Ὑδάσπης, 225
Ζηνὸς ἀποσβέσσειε πυρίπνοον ἄσθμα κεραυνοῦ. 226
ἢν δ' ἐθέλῃς, πόδα κάμψον
ὁμούριον εἰς χθόνα Μήδων· 248

double shape they are bastards, bulls and men at once—they have the bull's body and the man's face."

227 So he spoke, and made the summoning signal for war, by striking a hearty blow with his sword upon the round boss which was seen in the middle of his richly-ornamented shield: the metal struck boomed out a sound of havoc from the oxhide.

231 Then the swiftcoursing herald of Bromios opened his amazed lips, and gave his message to the grim king:

233 "Deriades, sceptred king, the god Dionysos commands the Indians to accept the wine of his care-forgetting vintage, and to pour libations to the immortals, without war, without battle. If they refuse, he takes up arms, until Hydaspes bend a servile knee to the wands of the Bassarids. You have heard a truthful message: now give some answer to my address, which I may deliver to Dionysos."

240 When he had done, the monarch roared in a furious voice:

"Ha, what a word the bold man-beast has spoken! It would be shameful to strike down a herald with violent hand, one who comes without valiant spear and holds no oxhide shield. I have heard the exploits of your chief: Ganges has heard the weakness of Bromios and the manly courage of Lycurgos. I know your king, the bastard god, when he fled and slipt into the deep for refuge from destruction. Yes, your Bacchos is called the fiery, because he rose from flanks of his mother Thyone struck by Zeus; and water is stronger far than fire. My father Indian Hydaspes, if it be his pleasure, could quench the fiery breath of the thunderbolt of Zeus with his bubbling flood.

248 "Turn your foot, if you please, to the marches

κεῖθι μολὼν ἀγόρευε χοροστασίας Διονύσου.
δύεο Βάκτριον οὖδας, ὅπῃ θεὸς ἔπλετο Μίθρης,
Ἀσσύριος Φαέθων ἐνὶ Περσίδι· Δηριάδης γὰρ
οὐ μάθεν οὐρανίων μακάρων χορόν, οὐδὲ γεραίρει
Ἥλιον καὶ Ζῆνα καὶ εὐφαέων χορὸν ἄστρων.
οὐ Κρόνον, οὐ Κρονίδην ἐδάην ὀλετῆρα τοκῆος,
οὐ Κρόνον ἀγκυλόμητιν, ἐῶν θοινήτορα παίδων,
Αἰθέρος ἀμήσαντα φυτοσπόρον ἐσμὸν Ἐρώτων.
ἀγνώσσω σέο δῶρα καὶ ἣν ὀνόμηνας ὀπώρην·
οὐ δέχομαι ποτὸν ἄλλο μετὰ χρύσειον Ὑδάσπην·
οἶνος ἐμὸς πέλεν ἔγχος, ὁ δ' αὖ πότος ἐστὶ βοείη.
οὐ Σεμέλη με λόχευσε πυριβλήτοις ὑμεναίοις
δεξαμένη θαλάμοις φόνιον φλόγα, χαλκοχίτων δὲ
ἡμέας ἠέξησε μόθων ἀκόρητος Ἐνυώ.
οὐ μακάρων ἀλέγω τεκέων Διός· ἀμφότεροι γὰρ
μοῦνοι ἐμοὶ γεγάασι θεοὶ καὶ Γαῖα καὶ Ὕδωρ.
ταῦτα μολὼν ἀγόρευε φυγοπτολέμῳ Διονύσῳ·
ἔρρε φυγὼν ἀκίχητος, ἕως ἔτι τόξον ἐρύκω,
ἔρρε φυγὼν ἐμὸν ἔγχος· ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ κορύσσας
ἡμιτελεῖς σέο θῆρας ἀθωρήκτους τε γυναῖκας
Δηριάδῃ πολέμιζε, καὶ Ἰνδῴῃν μετὰ νίκην
σύνδρομον αὖ ἐρύσω σε δορικτήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ τελέσω σε διάκτορον· οὐ δύνασαι γὰρ
λάτριον ἔργον ἔχειν οἰκοσσόον· ἀλλά σε μακροῖς
οὔασι ῥιπίζοντα παρ' εἰλαπίνῃσιν ἐάσω."
Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμψεν ἀπειλείοντι προσώπῳ·
καὶ πίνακος πτυκτοῖο μέσον κενεῶνα χαράξας
τοῖον ἔπος ταχύμυθος ἐπέγραφε δίζυγι δέλτῳ·

---

[a] Perhaps simply "sungod," see Rose in *Rev. hist. rel.* cv. (1932), 98; but Cumont thinks otherwise.
[b] Uranos. [c] Water is not an Indian god.
[d] To a Greek a fan is rather an Oriental invention, *cf.*

of the Median land ; go there and proclaim the dances of Dionysos. Pass into Bactrian soil, where Mithras is a god, the Assyrian Phaëthon [a] of Persia ; for Deriades has learnt no dances of the eternal Blessed, he honours not Helios and Zeus or the company of shining stars. I know nothing of Cronos, or of Cronides who destroyed his father, nor Cronos the master-deceiver, who swallowed his own children, and shore away from Aither [b] the hive of begetting love. I do not acknowledge your gifts, what you call your vintage ; I accept no other drink than golden Hydaspes. My wine is the spear, my potion too the shield ! No Semele brought me forth in firestruck bridal, or received the flames of death in her chamber ; but my breeding came of Enyo in brazen armour, who never has surfeit of battles. I care nothing for the blessed offspring of Zeus ; for me there are only two gods, Earth and Water.[c]

265 " Go and give this answer to battleshy Dionysos. Go untouched, and evil go with you ; go before I draw my bow, go with a curse if you would escape my spear ! Arm for battle your half-and-half beasts and your uncorseleted women, and fight with Deriades ! Then after our Indian victory I will drag you away along with Dionysos, the captive of my spear. But I will not make you my envoy. You cannot do such service in the house for me, but I will allow you to fan me at my table with your long ears." [d]

274 This said, he dismissed him with threatening looks, after quickly scribbling this message within a tablet with two folding sides :

Eur. *Or.* 1426, but both the fan and the sunshade are prerogatives of Indian royalty.

" Εἰ δύνασαι, Διόνυσε, κορύσσεο Δηριαδῆι."
Τοῖα μὲν εἰσαΐων πάλιν ἔδραμεν ἠχέτα κῆρυξ.
Σειληνοὺς δ' ἐκίχησε γεγηθότας· ἐξανιὼν δὲ
ἐκ ῥοθίων Διόνυσος Ὀρειάσι μίγνυτο Νύμφαις·
καὶ Σάτυροι σκίρτησαν, ἐπωρχήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
γηραλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι Μάρων ἠγήσατο μολπῆς
πῆχυν ἐπικλίνων διδυμάονος αὐχένι Βάκχης
μεσσοφανής, εὔοδμον ἀναβλύζων χύσιν οἴνου·
καὶ μέλος ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπεσμαράγησε Μιμαλλών,
ἴχνιον ἀείδουσα παλιννόστου Διονύσου.
Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις προτέρας ἔρριψε μερίμνας,
τερπωλῆς δ' ἐπέβαινεν, ἐπεὶ μάθεν ἔνδοθι πόντου
πάντα Τορωναίοιο παρὰ Πρωτῆος ἀκούων,
ἀξείνων Ἀράβων ἐνοσίχθονα παλμὸν ἀρούρης,
καὶ σφαλερὸν Λυκόοργον ἑῷ ποδὶ τυφλὸν ἀλήτην·
ἔκλυε καὶ νομίης θανατηφόρον οἶστρον ἀνάγκης,
πῶς χορὸς ἀγρονόμων ἐλελίζετο, πῶς ἐνὶ βήσσαις
σφωιτέρας ὠδῖνας ἐδαιτρεύσαντο γυναῖκες·
ἔκλυε δ' αἰθερίων Ὑάδων χορόν, ἔκλυεν αὐτὴν
Ἀμβροσίην μετὰ γαῖαν ἐπαντέλλουσαν Ὀλύμπῳ,
Ἀμβροσίην ἀκάμαντι κορυσσομένην Λυκοόργῳ,
καὶ μόθον εὐόρπηκα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν Ἐνυώ.
Τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισι παλίνδρομος ἦιε κῆρυξ,
ἀσκηθὴς πολύευκτος ἀγαλλομένῳ Διονύσῳ,
ἀφροσύνην ἐνέπων ὑψαύχενα Δηριαδῆος,
δίζυγα δέλτον ἔχων ἐγκύμονα δηιοτῆτος.
Οὐ μὲν ἄναξ ἀμέλησεν· ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ μαχητὰς
θαρσήεις ἐβόησε, προάγγελα Δηριαδῆος
σύμβολα γινώσκων κεχαραγμένα μάρτυρι δέλτῳ.

---

[a] Torone was Proteus's wife, see Lycophron 115-116.
[b] This part is lost, but one of the tales about the Hyades

277 "Take arms against Deriades if you can, Dionysos."

278 Such words as these the loudvoiced herald heard, and departed. He found the Seilenoi in high glee: Dionysos had come up out of the waters and joined the Oread Nymphs. The Satyrs skipt, the Bacchants danced about, Maron with his old legs led the music between two Bacchants, with his arms laid round their necks, and bubbles of fragrant wine at his lips. The Mimallon unveiled trilled a song, how the footstep of Dionysos had come that way again.

287 Then the vinegod threw off his earlier cares, and entered upon rejoicing; for he had heard in the sea the whole story from Torone's lord Proteus,[a] the earthshaking shock in Arabia the inhospitable, and how Lycurgos wandered blind with stumbling feet. He heard also the deathbringing madness of the herdsmen's duress, how the company of countrymen went raging about, how the women in the dells gorged the fruit of their own travail; heard also of the company of Hyades in heaven,[b] heard that Ambrosia had left earth and risen as a star in Olympos, Ambrosia who had attacked undaunted Lycurgos, the battle of the twigs and the war with vines.

299 They were enjoying themselves as the herald came back, safe and sound, and greatly desired by Bacchos rejoicing. He reported the highnecked folly of Deriades, and carried the double tablets pregnant with war.

303 The Lord lost no time. He read the lines engraved on the witnessing tablet, and resolute, he summoned his warriors to the fray. He called the

was that they were Dionysos's nurses, see scholia on Hom. *Il.* v. 486, Hyginus, *Fab.* 192. 3.

καὶ καλέσας Ῥαδαμᾶνας ἀλήμονας, οὓς ποτε γαίης
Κρηταίης ἀέκοντας ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἧλασε Μίνως
Ἀρραβίης ἐπὶ πέζαν, ἐπέφραδε νεύματι Ῥείης
πῆξαι νήια δοῦρα θαλάσσιον εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν.
καὶ ταχὺς ἦλασε δίφρον Ἑώιον εἰς κλίμα γαίης
τεύχεσιν ἀστράπτων ἅτε Φωσφόρος·
ἀμφὶ δὲ πέτρην
Καυκασίην λοφόεντα διαστείχων κενεῶνα
Ἠῶης παράμειβε φερανγέα πέζαν ἀρούρης,
Ἠελίου βαλβῖδα μεσημβρίζουσαν ὁδεύων.
Ὄφρα μὲν εὐθύρσοιο μάχης ἠκούετο φωνὴ
καὶ στρατὸς ἀγχικέλευθος ὀρεσσινόμου Διονύσου,
τόφρα δὲ Δηριάδης πυκινὸν λόχον ἴδρυεν Ἰνδῶν,
γαῖαν ἐς ἀντιπέραιαν ἐὸν στρατὸν ἄζυγα πέμπων,
πᾶσαν ἐπιτρέψας δολομήχανον ἐλπίδα χάρμης
Ἄρεϊ χαλκοχίτωνι· καὶ ἔπλεεν ὑψόθι νηῶν
λαὸν ἐρετμώσας πεπερημένον Ἰνδὸν Ὑδάσπην.
καὶ στρατιαῖς διδύμῃσι μερίζετο φύλοπις Ἰνδῶν
ἀμφοτέρην παρὰ πέζαν ἀκοντοφόρου ποταμοῖο·
Θουρεὺς μὲν Ζεφύροιο παρὰ σφυρά, Δηριάδης δὲ
ἀντιπόρου σχεδὸν ἦλθε παρὰ πτερὸν αἴθοπος Εὔρου.
Ἦν δέ τις αὐτόθι χῶρος ἐύσκιος, ὀππόθι πυκνοῖς
ἔρνεσι παντοίοισιν ἐμιτρώθη ῥάχις ὕλης
εὐρυτενής, καὶ κοῖλον ἔην σπέος· ἱπτάμενος δὲ
οὔ ποτε δένδρεα κεῖνα κατέγραφεν ἰὸς ἀλήτης,
εἴ τις ὀιστεύσειε, καὶ οὔ ποτε μεσσόθι θάμνων
ἠέλιος πεφόρητο κατάσσυτος ὀξέι παλμῷ
ἐνδομύχοις ἀκτῖσιν ὁμόπλοκα φύλλα χαράξας,
οὐ χύσις ἠερόφοιτος ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην
ἐκ Διὸς ὑετίοιο, μόγις δέ οἱ ὕδατος ὁλκῷ
ὑψιφανὴς Διὸς ὄμβρος ἐπέβρεχεν ἄκρα πετήλων.
κεῖθι τανυπρέμνοισιν ἐν ἄλσεσι φώριος Ἄρης

Rhadamans, whom Minos once sent on their wanderings unwilling from the land of Crete to the Arabian soil; and bade them by Rheia's advice to build wooden ships for an attack upon India by sea. Quickly he drove his car to the eastern clime of the earth, gleaming in his armour like the Morning Star, crossed over the rocky crest of Caucasos[a] and through the valleys, and over the lightbringing region of the dawnland he went on towards the midday goal of the sun.[b]

315 When Deriades heard the rumour of battle with the thyrsus, that the army of mountainranging Dionysos was near at hand, he stationed in ambush his Indians in serried ranks, and sent a detached force across the river, resting all hope for the conflict in the craft and skill of bronze-armoured war. He rowed all these men on shipboard across Indian Hydaspes. So the Indian host was divided into two armies, one on each bank of the river bristling with lances. Thureus was on the edge of the West Wind, Deriades opposite by the wing of the burning East Wind.

326 There was on the spot a shady place, where the rocks were surrounded by a wide mass of all kinds of trees and left an empty hollow. No wandering arrow in flight could pierce those trees, if one were shot, and the sun never came down through the midst of those thick branches with sharp thrust, cutting the closewoven leaves with penetrating rays; no deluge of rain from heaven falling through the air passed into those woodland shades, but the showers of Zeus on high scarce wetted the surface of the leaves with their rushing water. There in the spinneys an ambush was hidden among the tall

[a] The Hindu Kush. [b] *i.e.* southwards, *vers le midi.*

ἠλιβάτων χλοεροῖσι φυτῶν κεκάλυπτο κορύμβοις,
ἀπροϊδής, ἀτίνακτος, ἐνὶ δρυόεντι δὲ κόλπῳ
εἶχεν ἀδουπήτων πεφυλαγμένον ἴθμα πεδίλων,
οὐδὲ διαξαίνων κρυφίῳ ποδὶ φυλλάδα λόχμην,
οὐ ποδὸς ὀκλάζοντος ἔχων φόβον, οὐ λάλον ἠχὼ
χείλεϊ βαμβαίνοντι, καὶ οὐ χλόον ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ·
ἀλλὰ νόον θρασὺν εἶχε καὶ ἔμπεδον, ἐν δὲ χαμεύναις
μετρητὸν βλεφάροισιν ἐνόπλιον ὕπνον ἰαύων . . .
δέγμενος ἐρχομένης στρατιῆς εὔρυθμον Ἐνυώ.

trunks covered with green clusters of highgrowing leafage, unexpected, unshaken, and in the bosom of the forest kept noiseless its moving shoes. No hidden foot tore the leafy bushes, none feared a crouching foot, or sounds of words upon a chattering lip, or pallor on the face; but each had a mind bold and firm, and enjoyed his measured sleep on the ground in his armour with eyelids . . .,[a] waiting for the march in step of the enemy at hand.

[a] Here at least one line is lost.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΝ

Δεύτερον εἰκοστὸν Βρομίου μόθον ἔργά τε μέλπει,
Αἰακὸς ὅσσα τέλεσσε καὶ ἐν πεδίῳ καὶ Ὑδάσπῃ.

Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πόρον ἶξον ἐυκροκάλου ποταμοῖο
Βάκχου πεζὸς ὅμιλος, ὅπῃ βαθυδίνεϊ κόλπῳ
πλωτὸν ὕδωρ, ἅτε Νεῖλος,
ἐρεύγεται Ἰνδὸς Ὑδάσπης,
δὴ τότε Βασσαρίδων ἐμελίζετο θῆλυς ἀοιδὴ
Νυκτελίῳ Φρύγα κῶμον ἀνακρούουσα Λυαίῳ,
καὶ λασίων Σατύρων χορὸς ἔβρεμε μύστιδι φωνῇ·
γαῖα δὲ πᾶσα γέλασσεν, ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ πέτραι,
Νηιάδες δ' ὀλόλυξαν, ὑπὲρ ποταμοῖο δὲ Νύμφαι
σιγαλέοις ἑλικηδὸν ἐμιτρώσαντο ῥεέθροις
καὶ Σικελῆς ἐλίγαινον ὁμόζυγα ῥυθμὸν ἀοιδῆς,
οἷον ἀνεκρούοντο μελιγλώσσων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ὑμνοπόλοι Σειρῆνες· ὅλη δ' ἐλελίζετο λόχμη,
καὶ μέλος ἐφθέγξαντο σοφαὶ δρύες εἴκελον αὐλῷ,
Ἀδρυάδες δ' ἀλάλαζον, ἐπ' εὐπετάλοιο δὲ Νύμφη
ἠμιφανὴς ἤειδεν ὑπερκύψασα κορύμβου.
Χιονέῳ δὲ γάλακτι χυτὴ λευκαίνετο πηγή,
ὑδρηλή περ ἐοῦσα, χαραδραίῳ δ' ἐνὶ κόλπῳ

---

[a] Either they sang like Sicilian shepherds, renowned for

BOOK XXII

The twenty-second celebrates the battle and feats of Bromios, all the deeds of Aiacos both on the plain and in the Hydaspes.

When the footforces of Bacchos came to the crossing of the pebbly river, where, like the Nile, Indian Hydaspes pours his navigable water into a deep-eddying hollow, then sounded the womanish song of the Bassarids, making Phrygian festival for Lyaios of the Night, and the hairy company of Satyrs rang out with mystic voice. All the earth laughed, the rocks bellowed, the Naiads sang alleluia, the Nymphs circled in mazes over the silent streams of the river, and sang a melody of Sicilian tune, like the hymns which the minstrel Sirens[a] pour from their honeytongued throats. All the woodlands rang thereat: the trees found skill to make music like the hoboy, the Hadryades cried aloud, the Nymph sang, peeping up halfseen over her leafy cluster.

16 The fountain, though but water, turned white and poured a stream of snowy milk[b]; in the hollow

their singing since Theocritos, and as sweetly as the Sirens, or else they sang like the Sirens, whose island in post-Homeric geography is somewhere near Sicily.

[b] Streams of milk are a stock Dionysiac miracle, *cf.* Eur. *Bacch.* 708.

Νηιάδες λούσαντο γαλαξαίοισι ῥεέθροις,
καὶ γάλα λευκὸν ἔπινον· ἐρευθιόωντι δὲ μαζῷ
οἶνον ἐρευγομένη κραναὴ πορφύρετο πέτρη,
γλεῦκος ἀμοσχεύτοιο διαβλύζουσα κολώνης
ἡδυπότοις λιβάδεσσι· καὶ αὐτοχύτων ἀπὸ κόλπων
λαρὰ μελιρραθάμιγγος ἐλείβετο δῶρα μελίσσης,
σίμβλων οὐ χατέοντα· καὶ ἀρτιτόκων ἀπὸ θάμνων
ἄγχνοον ὀξυέθειρος ἀνέδραμε μῆλον ἀκάνθης·
αὐτομάτου δὲ χυθέντος ἐπ' ἀκρεμόνεσσιν ἐλαίου
ἰκμάσιν ἀθλιβέεσσιν ἐλούετο δένδρον Ἀθήνης.

Καὶ κύνας ὀρχηστῆρας ἐπηχύνοντο λαγωοί·
μηκεδανοὶ δὲ δράκοντες ἐβακχεύοντο χορείῃ
ἴχνια λιχμώοντες ἐχιδνοκόμου Διονύσου,
αὐχένα δοχμώσαντες, ἀνήρυγε δ' ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
μειλίχιον σύριγμα γεγηθότος ἀνθερεῶνος·
τερπομένου δὲ δράκοντος ἦν τότε ῥυθμὸς ἐχέφρων,
καὶ δολιχῆς ἐλέλικτο περίπλοκος ὁλκὸς ἀκάνθης
ποσσὶν ἀδειμάντοισι περισκαίρων Διονύσου·
Ἰνδῴην δ' ἑλικηδὸν ἐπισκαίροντες ἐρίπνην
τίγριδες ἐψιόωντο· πολὺς δέ τις ἔνδοθι λόχμης
ἐσμὸς ἀνεσκίρτησεν ὀρεσσινόμων ἐλεφάντων.

Καὶ τότε παιπαλόεντα κατ' ἄγκεα Πᾶνες ἀλῆται
δύσβατα λεπταλέῃσι διέτρεχον οὔρεα χηλαῖς
φρικτά, τὰ μὴ θρασὺς ὄρνις
ἐπέπτατο κοῦφος ὀδίτης . . .
ὑψιπόρων πτερύγων διεμέτρεε δίζυγι παλμῷ.
καὶ δονέων πλοκαμῖδα παρήορον ἀνθερεῶνος
σύννομος ἀντεχόρευε λέων βητάρμονι κάπρῳ·
ἀνδρομέης δ' ὄρνιθες ἀνέκλαγον εἰκόνα μολπῆς
μιμηλὴν ἀτέλεστον ὑποκλέπτοντες ἰωήν,
νίκην Ἰνδοφόνοιο προθεσπίζοντες ἀγῶνος,
καὶ χλοεροῖς μελέεσσι παρήορον ὄρθιον οὐρὴν

of the torrent the Naiads bathed in milky streams and drank the white milk. The rough rock spilled out wine from red nipples, and stained itself deep, as the must welled over the unplanted hill in showers sweet to drink; the pleasant gifts of the honey-dropping bee dribbled from holes of themselves without need of hives; from newsprouting bushes of spikyhair thorn sprang up softbloom apples; oil poured of itself on the twigs of Athena's tree, and bathed it in unpressed drops.

[28] Hares embraced the dancing dogs; long serpents joined in the merry dance, curving down their heads and licking the footprints of snake-hair Dionysos, and one after another blew out gentle hisses from glad throats; there was method in the movements of the happy reptiles, as the interlacing coils of their long spines skipt about Dionysos on fearless feet. Tigers jumped round and round in play on the Indian precipices; a great swarm of hillranging elephants went skipping in the forest glades.

[39] The Pans then, roaming about the craggy ravines sped on nimble hooves through the trackless hills; in terrible places, where even that light traveller the bird would not dare to fly, or traverse with his pair of beating wings in his lofty course.[a] The lion shook the mane hanging about his jaws, and danced in partnership with the tripping boar. Birds squawked an image of human speech, and borrowing the war-cry half mimicked, they prophesied victory in the Indian struggle, and shook the tail straight out along

[a] Something is omitted here; below the mention of some bird is needed after 41.

ἑκταδὸν αἰθύσσοντες· ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ χορείῃ
πόρδαλις ὑψιπότητος ἐπέτρεχε σύνδρομος ἄρκτῳ.
καὶ βαλίων σκυλάκων ἀνεσείρασεν Ἄρτεμις ὁρμὴν
μειλιχίης ὁρόωσα χοροίτυπον ἅλμα λεαίνης·
αἰδομένη δ' εὔκυκλον ἐὴν ἀνελύσατο νευρήν,
τερπομένους μὴ θῆρας ὀιστεύσειε βελέμνοις.

Καί τις ἐσαθρήσας ἑτερότροπα θαύματα Βάκχου,
ὄμμα βαλὼν πυκινοῖο δι' ἀκροτάτοιο κορύμβου,
φύλλα περιστείλας θηήτορα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,
τόσσον ἰδεῖν μεθέηκεν, ὅσον περιδέρκεται ἀνὴρ
ὄμμασι ποιητοῖσι διοπτεύων τρυφαλείης,
ἢ ὁπότε τραγικοῖο χοροῦ δεδαημένος ἀνήρ,
φρικτὸν ἔχων μύκημα τανυφθόγγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν,
ἐνδόμυχον τυκτοῖο δι' ὄμματος ὄμμα τιταίνει,
ψευδαλέον βροτέοιο φέρων ἴνδαλμα προσώπου·
ὣς ὅ γε θαύματα πάντα λαθὼν ὑπὸ δάσκιον ὕλην
ἀπροϊδὴς ἐδόκευεν ὑποκλέπτοντι προσώπῳ·
ἀντιβίοις δ' ἤγγειλε· φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο Θουρεὺς
μεμφόμενος Μορρῆι καὶ ἄφρονι Δηριαδῆι.
ἔτρεμε δ' Ἰνδὸς ὅμιλος, ἀφειδήσας δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
χάλκεα ταρβαλέων ἀπεσείσατο τεύχεα χειρῶν,
δένδρεα παπταίνων δεδονημένα θυιάδι ῥιπῇ.

Καί νύ κεν Ἰνδὸς ὅμιλος
ἑλὼν ἀπὸ γείτονος ὄχθης
μάρτυρον ἱκεσίης γλαυκόχροα θαλλὸν ἐλαίης
αὐχένα δοῦλον ἔκαμψεν ἀδηρίτῳ Διονύσῳ·
ἀλλὰ μεταλλάξασα δέμας πολυμήχανος Ἥρη
δυσμενέας θάρσυνε καὶ ἤπαφεν ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν,
Θεσσαλίδων μάγον ὕμνον ἐφαψαμένη Διονύσῳ,

---

[a] Nonnos means parrakeets: he had evidently seen them and noted their long straight tails.

their green bodies.[a] The panther dancing with equal spirit, leapt high with a bear for partner. Artemis checked the rush of her swift hounds, when she saw the romping leaps of a lioness now tame, and slackened for very shame the string of her bended bow, that she might not shoot the happy beasts with her arrows.

55 One there was watching the strange miracles of Bacchos, as he peered out through the top of a thick cluster. He made a round spyhole through the leaves; he let himself see just so much as a man sees when he looks out of the eyeholes made in his helmet; or when a man trained in the tragic chorus[b] utters a terrific roar from his far-resounding throat, and strains his eyesight within through the eyepiece made in the mask which he carries as a deceitful likeness of a man's face. So this man hiding under the dark bushes watched all the miracles unseen with furtive gaze. He told all to the enemy. Thureus shook with fear, and blamed Morrheus and Deriades for their thoughtlessness: the Indian host trembled, and thinking no more of combat, threw the bronze weapons from frightened hands when they saw the trees moving under the maddening influence.

71 And now the Indian host would have plucked from the neighbouring banks green shoots of olive in token of supplication, and bent a servile neck before Dionysos unconquerable. But Hera ever ready took another shape, and gave courage to the enemy. She deceived the Indian leader; she fastened on Dionysos a song of magical Thessalian spells, and

[b] He means an actor speaking through his mask; tragic choruses had long ceased to exist.

καὶ Κίρκης κυκεῶνα θεοκλήτοις ἐπαοιδαῖς,
οἷά τε φαρμακτῆρος ἀφαρμάκτου ποταμοῖο.
καὶ πίθεν ἀντιβίους ταχυπειθέας· εἶπε δ' ἑκάστῳ,
μή ποτέ τις σφάλλοιτο κατάσχετος αἴθοπι δίψῃ
κλεψινόου ποταμοῖο πιὼν δεδολωμένον ὕδωρ.
Καί νύ κεν ἀφράστοιο διαθρῴσκοντες ἐναύλου
δαινυμέναις στρατιῇσιν ἐπέχραον αἴθοπες Ἰνδοί·
ἀλλά τις ἠνεμόεντος ὑπερκύψασα κορύμβου
ἐκ λασίου κενεῶνος Ἀμαδρυὰς ἄνθορε Νύμφη·
χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἔχουσα φυὴν ἐνδάλλετο Βάκχῃ,
μιμηλὴν δρυόεντι πυκαζομένῃ τρίχα κισσῷ·
δυσμενέων δ' ἐνέπουσα δόλον σημάντορι σιγῇ
οὔασι βοτρυόεντος ἐπεψιθύριζε Λυαίου·
" Ἀμπελόεις Διόνυσε, φυτηκόμε κοίρανε καρπῶν,
σὸν φυτὸν Ἀδρυάδεσσι χάριν καὶ κάλλος ὀπάσσει·
Βασσαρὶς οὐ γενόμην, οὐ σύνδρομός εἰμι Λυαίου,
μοῦνον ἐμῇ παλάμῃ ψευδήμονα θύρσον ἀείρω·
οὐ πέλον ἐκ Φρυγίης, σέο πατρίδος, οὐ χθόνα Λυδῶν
ναιετάω παρὰ χεῦμα ῥυηφενέος ποταμοῖο·
εἰμὶ δὲ καλλιπέτηλος Ἀμαδρυάς, ἦχι μαχηταὶ
δυσμενέες λοχόωσιν, ἀφειδήσασα δὲ πάτρης
ῥύσομαι ἐκ θανάτοιο τεὸν στρατόν· ὑμετέροις γὰρ
πιστὰ φέρω Σατύροισι, καὶ Ἰνδῴη περ ἐοῦσα,
ἀντὶ δὲ Δηριαδῆος ὁμοφρονέω Διονύσῳ·
σοὶ γὰρ ὀφειλομένην ὀπάσω χάριν, ὅττι ῥεέθρων
ὑγροτόκους ὠδῖνας, ὅτι δρύας αἰὲν ἀέξει
ὀμβρηρῇ ῥαθάμιγγι πατὴρ μέγας ὑέτιος Ζεύς.
δός μοι σεῖο πέτηλα, καὶ ἐνθάδε ταῦτα φυτεύσω,
δός μοι σεῖο κόρυμβα, τά περ λύουσι μερίμνας.

---

[a] Hom. *Od.* x. 210, when she turned men into pigs.

Circe's posset [a] with invocations of the gods, as if he had poisoned that unpoisoned river. She convinced the enemy, quite ready to be convinced, and told each one not to let himself be driven by fiery thirst to drink of the adulterated water of the mind-stealing river, and so come to grief.

82 And now the swarthy Indians would have leapt from their hidden ambush and attacked the army of Bacchos at their meal; but a Hamadryad Nymph peering over a high branch sprang up, leafy to the hips.[b] Holding thyrsus in hand, she looked like a Bacchant, with bushy ivy thick in her hair like one of them; first she indicated the enemies' plot by eloquent signs, then whispered in the ear of Lyaios of the grapes:

90 "Vinegod Dionysos, lord gardener of the fruits! Your plant gives grace and beauty to the Hadryads! I am no Bassarid, I am no comrade of Lyaios, I carry only a false thyrsus in my hand. I am not from Phrygia, your country, I do not dwell in the Lydian land by that river rolling in riches.[c] I am a Hamadryad of the beautiful leaves, in the place where the enemy warriors lie in ambush. I will forget my country and save your host from death: for I offer loyal faith to your Satyrs, Indian though I am. I take sides with Dionysos instead of Deriades; I owe my gratitude to you, and I will pay it, because your Father, mighty Zeus of the raincloud, always brings the watery travail of the rivers, always feeds the trees with his showers of rain. Give me your leaves, and here I will plant them; give me your clusters of grapes which drive our cares away!

[b] *i.e.* she appeared first as a woman growing out of her tree. [c] Pactolos.

ἀλλά, φίλος, μὴ σπεῦδε ῥόον ποταμοῖο περῆσαι,
μή σοι ἐπιβρίσωσιν ἐν ὕδασι γείτονες Ἰνδοί·
εἰς δρύας ὄμμα τίταινε καὶ εὐπετάλῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ
ἀπροϊδῆ σκοπίαζε καλυπτομένων λόχον ἀνδρῶν.
ἀλλὰ τί σοι ῥέξουσιν ἀνάλκιδες ἔνδοθι λόχμης;
δυσμενέες ζώουσιν, ἕως ἔτι θύρσον ἐρύκεις.
σιγῇ ἐφ' ἡμείων, μὴ δήμος ἐγγὺς ἀκούσῃ,
μὴ κρυφίοις Ἰνδοῖσιν ἐπαγγείλειεν Ὑδάσπης."

Ὣς φαμένη παλίνορσος Ἀμαδρυὰς ᾤχετο Νύμφη,
ὡς πτερὸν ἠὲ νόημα, μεταλλίξασι δὲ μορφὴν
ἰσοφυὴς ὄρνιθι διέτρεχε φωλάδος ὕλης,
ἠλικος αἰσσουσα κατὰ δρυός. αὐτὰρ ὁ σιγῇ
μίσγετο Βασσαρίδεσσιν, Ἀμαδρυάδος δὲ θεαίνης
εἶπεν ἑοῖς προμάχοισιν ἐς οὔατα μῦθον ἑκάστου
νεύμασι δενδίλλων, νοερῇ δ' ἐκέλευε σιωπῇ
τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντας ἀνὰ δρύας εἰλαπινάζειν,
καὶ κρυφίων ἀγόρευε δολορραφέων δόλον Ἰνδῶν,
μή σφιν ἐπιβρίσωσιν ἀθωρήκτοισι μαχηταί,
εἰσέτι δαινυμένοισιν ἀνὰ στρατόν· οἱ δὲ Λυαίῳ
κεκλομένῳ πεῖθοντο, καὶ εἰς μόθον ἦσαν ἑτοῖμοι
σιγαλέον παρὰ δεῖπνον ἀκοντοφόροιο τραπέζης.

Καὶ ταχινὸν μετὰ δόρπον ἐπέρρεον ἀσπιδιῶται
γείτονος ἐκ ποταμοῖο πιεῖν ἐπιδόρπιον ὕδωρ,
νεύμασι θεσπεσίοισι περισσονόου Διονύσου,
μὴ στρατὸν εὐνήσειε μέθη καὶ κῶμα καὶ ὄρφνη.
καὶ στρατὸς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φιλοπτολέμῳ πέσεν εὐνῇ
βαιὸν ἐνυαλίης ὑπὲρ ἀσπίδος ὕπνον ἰαύων.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ δολόεντα μετατρέψας νόον Ἰνδῶν
ἑσπερίην ἀνέκοψε μάχην μυκήτορι βόμβῳ,
ὄμβρου παννυχίοιο χέων ἀπερείσιον ἠχώ.

106 "But my friend, do not hasten to cross the river, or the Indians, who are near, may overwhelm you in the water. Direct your eye to the forest, and see in the leafy thickets a secret ambuscade of men unseen hidden there. But what will those weaklings in their thickets do to you? Your enemies live so long as you still hold back your thyrsus. Silence between us now, that the enemy near may not hear, that Hydaspes may not tell it to the hidden Indians."

114 When she had said this, the Hamadryad Nymph went away again quick as a wing, quick as a thought[a]; and changing her shape to look like a bird she sped through the secret wood, down upon the oak her yearsmate. But Bacchos silently mingled with the Bassarids, and told the divine Hamadryad's tale into each captain's ear with nods and glances. By silent signs he ordered them to take their meal under arms among the trees, and explained the secret plot of the plot-stitching Indians. They must not let the fighting men overwhelm them unarmed and still at meat in their ranks. They did as Lyaios bade them, and sat down to their food in silence ready for battle, with spears on the table.

127 After a hasty meal they hurried under shields to the river near by, to drink water after the food, by divine command of prudent Dionysos, who did not wish winebibbing and slumber or darkness to put his army to bed. So the army tumbled here or there in the bed of war, to enjoy a short sleep upon the soldier's shield. And Father Zeus thwarted the tricksy plan of the Indians, and prevented their night-assault, by a loud peal of thunder and torrents of rain which made a great noise all night long.

[a] From Hom. *Od.* vii. 36.

'Αλλ' ὅτε χιονόπεζα χαραξαμένη ζόφον 'Ηὼς
ὄρθρον ἀμεργομένη δροσερῇ πορφύρετο πέτρῃ,
ἄκρον ὑπερκύψαντες ἐγερσιμόθου σκέπας ὕλης
δυσμενέες προύτυψαν ἀολλέες· ἦρχε δὲ Θουρεύς,
'Ινδῴου πολέμοιο πέλωρ πρόμος, εἴκελος ὁρμὴν
ἠλιβάτῳ Τυφῶνι καταΐσσοντι κεραυνοῦ.
καὶ στρατιαὶ πιυτοῖο δολόφρονι νεύματι Βάκχου
ψευδαλέον φόβον εἶχον ἀταρβέες, ἐκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
αὐτόματοι χάζοντο θελήμονες, εἰσόκεν 'Ινδοὶ
εἰς πεδίον προχέοντο λελοιπότες ἔνδια λόχμης.
Τεύχεσι δ' ἀφνειοῖσι κορύσσετο Λύδιος ἀνήρ,
χρυσοφαῆ Λυκίοιο τύπον Γλαύκοιο κομίζων,
κηρύσσων ἑὸν οὖδας, ὅπῃ Πακτωλίδος ὄχθης
φαιδρὸς ἐρευθομένης ἀμαρύσσεται ὅλβος ἐέρσης,
καὶ ῥοδέαις ἤστραψε βολαῖς ἀντώπιον 'Ηοῦς,
σείων ξανθὰ μέτωπα ῥυηφενέος τρυφαλείης
Λυδὸς ἀνὴρ ἀρίδηλος, ἀπὸ στέρνων δὲ φορῆος
μαρμαρυγὴ σελάγιζεν ἐρευθομένοιο χιτῶνος·
καὶ κυνέην στίλβουσαν ἐπὶ κροτάφοιο τινάσσων
ἐξ 'Αλύβης πρόμος ἄλλος ἀριστεύων Διονύσῳ
πάτριον ὅλβον ἔφαινεν, ἀπ' εὐφαέος δὲ καρήνου
ἀργυρέης πήληκος ἐλάμπετο μάρμαρος αἴγλη
χιονέῃ σέλας ἶσον ἀκοντίζουσα Σελήνῃ.
Καὶ θεὸς ἀστήρικτος ὅλους ἐφόβησε μαχητὰς
δυσμενέων, οὐ γυμνὸν ἔχων ξίφος, οὐ δόρυ πάλλων,
ἀλλὰ μέσος προμάχων πεφορημένος εἴκελος αὔραις
δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο κέρας κυκλώσατο χάρμης,
θύρσον ἀκοντίζων δολιχόσκιον, ἄνθεϊ γαίης,
ἔγχεϊ κισσήεντι διασχίζων νέφος 'Ινδῶν.
οὐδέ μιν ὑψικάρηνος ὁ τηλίκος ἤλασε Θουρεύς,

136 But when Dawn rent the darkness with feet of snow, and plucking the morning grew purple upon the streaming rocks, the enemy darting all together beyond the sheltering borders of the forest, burst out to waken the battle. Their leader was Thureus, that prodigious chieftain of India's war, with a rush like towering Typhon when he attacked the thunderbolt. The army of Bacchos, by the astute orders of their skilful leader, feigned flight though unafraid, and retreated from the battlefield of their own will, until the Indians had left their hidingplace and poured over the plain.

146 The Lydian warrior was armed in rich harness, like Lycian Glaucos shining in gold,[a] sounding the fame of his country, where wealth sparkles bright and red through the water that flows between Pactolos's banks ; he flashed with rosy gleams in the face of day, shaking the yellow front of his precious helmet, that Lydian warrior conspicuous, and from his breast the corselet he wore flashed gleams of ruddy light. Another chieftain from Alybe, a valiant champion for Dionysos, showed forth his country's wealth, as he poised the shining helmet upon his temples, and the shimmering sheen of a silver morion was reflected from his head for all to see, shooting a lustre like the snow-white moon.

159 The restless god himself scattered all the enemy troops, holding no naked sword, poising no spear, but passing like the wind through the front ranks, circling from left wing to right in the fray, striking with his thyrsus instead of a long lance, cleaving the cloud of Indians with flowers of the field, with ivy-rod for spear. Highheaded Thureus, great as

[a] See xv. 165, Hom. *Il.* vi. 236.

οὐ στρατός, οὐ πρόμος ἄλλος·
ἐπ' ἀλλήλοις δὲ χυθέντες
εἴκαθον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα διεσσυμένῳ Διονύσῳ.
Κυανέην δ' Οἴαγρος ἀνεστυφέλιξεν Ἐνυὼ
ἀμώων ἀκόρητος ἐπασσυτέρων στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
ἔγχεϊ Βιστονίῳ κορυθαιόλα λήια τέμνων.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις προχέων ποταμὸς δυσπέμφελον ἀλκὴν
ἄστατος ἐκ σκοπέλοιο χαραδρήεντι ῥεέθρῳ
ἔρχεται, εἰς πεδίον πεφορημένος, οὐδέ μιν αὐταὶ
ἔρκεσιν ἀρραγέεσσιν ἀναστέλλουσιν ἀλωαὶ
λαϊνέης μέσα νῶτα διαξύοντα γεφύρης·
πολλὴ μὲν κεκύλιστο πίτυς, πολλὴ δὲ πεσοῦσα
ὑψιφανὴς προθέλυμνος ἐσύρετο χεύματι πεύκη·
ὣς ὅ γε δυσμενέων στρατὸν ἄμφεπεν,
ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
πεζὸν ἐπιστροφάδην ὀλέκων Σιθωνίδι λόγχῃ,
καί μιν ἐκυκλώσαντο, καὶ ἣν καλέουσι μαχηταὶ
μιμηλὴν σακέεσσιν ἐπυργώσαντο χελώνην·
ἴχνεσι μὲν στατὸν ἴχνος ἐρείδετο, κεκλιμένη δὲ
ἀσπὶς ἔην προθέλυμνος ἀμοιβαδὶς ἀσπίδι γείτων
στεινομένῃ, καὶ ἔνευε λόφῳ λόφος, ἀγχιφανὴς δὲ
ἀνδρὸς ἀνὴρ ἔψαυεν· ἐγειρομένης δὲ κονίης
ἱππείοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἐλευκαίνοντο μαχηταί.
Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ὕστατον Ἄιδι πέμπων
Βιστονίης Οἴαγρος ἀπέθρισεν ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
κτείνων ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον, ἑῆς ἀλόχοιο τελέσσας
ἔργα φατιζομένης ἐπιδευέα Καλλιοπείης;
τὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο θοῷ δορί, τὸν δὲ δαΐζων
ἄορι κωπήεντι κατ' αὐχένος, αἰνομανῆ δὲ
δήιον ἄλλον ἔνυξε παρ' ὀμφαλόν, ἐκ φονίης δὲ

[a] See xiii. 428. He was king of Thrace, husband of Calliope, and father of Orpheus.

he was, could not drive him back, nor another champion, nor the army ; but sprawling over each other they gave way in every part before the rush of Dionysos.

168 Oiagros [a] also beat back the swarthy fighting, insatiable, reaping the ranks of men in swathes, as he cut the harvest of flashing helms with Bistonian [b] blade. As a torrent pours its stormy strength unceasing from the mountains in floods through the ravines, and comes rushing over the plain, where not even the enclosures can hold it with their impregnable walls, and it bursts midway through the masses of stone bridges : many a pine goes rolling, many a tall fir falls torn by the roots and hurried down by the flood—so he dealt with the enemy host, killing the footmen one after another in heaps with Sithonian [c] pike. Now they came around him, and built what soldiers call a mimic tortoise with their shields : foot stood firm beside foot,[d] shield leant on shield side by side, layer before layer pressing close, plume nodded to plume, man touched man in serried array, the dust rose under the horses' hooves and the warriors were whitened.

187 Here whom first, whom last did Oiagros send to Hades,[e] as the man of Bistonia sliced them down, killing one after another, doing deeds that needed Calliopeia his consort, to tell them ! [f] One he struck above the nipple with darting spear, one with hilted sword in the neck ; another furious foe he pierced in

[b] Thracian.

[c] Sithonia is the central headland of the Chalcidic peninsula.

[d] Imitated from Hom. *Il.* xiii. 131 ff. = xvi. 215 ff.

[e] Almost quoted from Hom. *Il.* xvi. 692.

[f] Calliope the Muse.

ὠτειλῆς ἑὸν ἔγχος ἀνείρυσεν, ἑλκομένῳ δὲ
σπλάγχνα δαφοινήεντι συνέσπασε θερμὰ σιδήρῳ·
ἄλλου μαρναμένοιο κατέδραμε φάσγανον ἕλκων,
ἄορι δ' εὐθήκτῳ παλάμην τάμεν, ἡ δὲ πεσοῦσα
αἱμοβαφὴς ἥσπαιρεν ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἀλλομένη χεὶρ·
καὶ παλάμη τέτμητο καὶ οὐ μεθέηκε βοείην
ἄκρα περισφίγγουσα κονιομένου τελαμῶνος
ψυχὴ δ' ἠνεμόφοιτος ἀναΐξασα θανόντος
συμπλεκέος ποθέεσκεν ἐθήμονα σώματος ἦβην.
ἄλλον ἀπηλοίησεν ἀφειδέι δουρὶ πατάξας,
θηγαλέῃ γλωχῖνι βραχίονος ἄκρα τορήσας,
ἄορι δ' ἀσπίδα τύψεν, ἀρασσομένης δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἀρραγέος βόμβησε μεσόμφαλα νῶτα βοείης.
Αὐτὰρ ὁ λυσσήεντι μόθου δεδονημένος οἴστρῳ
ἐγχείην ἑλέλιζε μετήλυδα κυκλάδι τέχνῃ
ἢ πλευρῆς ἑκάτερθεν ἢ αὐχένος ἢ σχεδὸν ὤμου·
σείων δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλιντύητον ἀκωκὴν
στεινομένης μέσα νῶτα διέτμαγε δηιοτῆτος,
κραιπνός, ἀερσιλόφοιο καθήμενος ὑψόθεν ἵππου.
ὡς δ' ὅτε ῥιγαλέου σκιερὴν μετὰ χείματος ὥρην
φαίνεται ἀσκεπέων νεφέων γυμνούμενος ἀήρ,
φέγγεος εἰαρινοῖο δεδεγμένος αἴθριον αἴγλην·
ὣς ὅ γε βακχεύων πυκινὰς στίχας ἄτρομος ἀνὴρ
Ἰνδῶν σχιζομένων μεσάτην γυμνώσατο χάρμην.
Καὶ τότε τις προμάχοιο περὶ στόμα χαλκὸν ἐρείσας
δεξιτερὴν δασπλῆτι γενειάδα τύψε μαχαίρῃ·
καί τις ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἐν ἠέρι βόμβον ἰάλλων
εἰς σκοπὸν ὑψικέλευθον ἐπέμπετο λᾶας ἀλήτης,
καὶ λίθος ἠερόφοιτος ἐπεσμαράγησε καρήνῳ,
καὶ λόφον εὐπήληκος ἀπεστυφέλιξεν ἐθείρης,
αὐχενίου δεσμοῖο παρ' ἀνθερεῶνα λυθέντος·

the navel, drew back his spear from the bleeding wound, and as he pulled, dragged out the bowels hot after his gory steel. When another showed fight he drew sword and ran upon him, cut the wrist with the sharp blade, and the hand fell bleeding and wriggling and jumping on the ground : or a hand was cut off, but did not loose the shield, but still clutched the end of the strap down in the dust, while the dead man's soul flew off on the wind longing for the youthful strength of the familiar body which had been bound up with it.[a] Another he destroyed with a blow of his unsparing spear, piercing the shoulder-top with the sharp point, then struck the shield with his sword—the steel struck the oxhide in the middle with a clash, but it did not break.

207 So he went on wild with the madness of battle, wielded his spear in all directions with masterly skill, right and left flank, over the neck, across the shoulder, darted the ever-returning point this way and that way, until he cut through the front of the dense combat, full of energy as he sat on his horse with flying mane. As after the dark season of freezing winter the air shows free of the covering clouds, and takes the clear light of shining spring, so this inspired fearless man routed the dense ranks of broken Indians, and made a bare space in the middle of the fray.

218 Then in the front ranks, one drove his blade at another's mouth and struck the right cheek with the terrible sword. Here a stone cast against the enemy soared high to its mark, whizzing through the air ; the stone fell from the air and crashed upon a head, knocking off the crest of a plumed helmet and snapping the neckstrap under the chin—the helmet

[a] Paraphrase of Hom. *Il.* xvi. 856-857 = xxii. 362-363.

τῆς δὲ κυλινδομένης κεφαλὴ γυμνοῦτο φορῆος.
οὐ μοῦνοι τότε φῶτες ἐπέβρεμον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ
ἵπποι χαλκοχίτωνες ἐπεσμαράγησαν Ἐννώ,
Ἄρεα σαλπίζοντες ἐνυαλίῳ χρεμετισμῷ.
κούρη δ' ὑστερόφωνος ὀρεσσαύλων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
πετραίοις στομάτεσσιν ἀμειβομένη κτύπον αὐτῶν
μιμηλὴ χρεμέτιζε μέλος πολεμήιον Ἠχώ.
Καὶ πολὺς ἀρτιδάικτος ἐλίσσετο νεκρὸς ἀρούραις
θερμὸν ἀποπτύων ῥόον αἵματος· ὀλλυμένων δὲ
οἱ μὲν ἐπὶ πλευρῇσιν ἐπῃώρηντο θανόντες,
ὃς δὲ τυπεὶς ἐλέλικτο χαρασσομένου κενεῶνος,
ἄλλος ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο χυτῇ κεκύλιστο κονίῃ,
ἄλλος ἐπεστήρικτο παρ' ὀμφαλόν, ὃς δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
ἀνέρος ἀσπαίροντος ἐπεσκίρτησε καρήνῳ,
ὃς δὲ πεσὼν ἰάχησε τετυμμένος ἀνθερεῶνα,
καὶ πόδας ἀμφελέλιξεν ἔχων ὀρχηθμὸν ὀλέθρου·
πρηνὴς δ' ἄλλος ἔκειτο, καὶ ὡς κοτέων ὀλετῆρι
εὐρυχανὴς ἔσφιγξε μεμηνότι γαῖαν ὀδόντι.
ἄλλου βαλλομένοιο τανυγλώχινι σιδήρῳ
λευκὸς ἀκοντιστῆρι χιτὼν ἐρυθαίνετο λύθρῳ·
ἄλλου μαρναμένοιο τιταινομένων ἀπὸ τόξων
αἱμοβαφὴς πτερόεντι χαράσσετο μηρὸς ὀιστῷ.
Καί τις ἐὴν σάλπιγγα μάτην περὶ χεῖλος ἐρείσας
ἐχθρὸς ἀνὴρ κελάδησεν ἐγερσιμόθου μέλος ἠχοῦς,
ὀκναλέον φύξηλιν ἐὸν στρατὸν εἰς μόθον ἔλκων.
οἱ δὲ βοῆς ἀίοντες ἐπὶ κλόνον ἔρρεον Ἰνδοί.
θαρσαλέοι δ' ἤψαντο παλιννόστοιο κυδοιμοῦ
αἰδόμενοι βασιλῆι φανήμεναι ἔκτοθι νίκης.
Καὶ πολέες στεφανηδὸν ἀπόσσυτον εἰν ἑνὶ χώρῳ
Αἰακὸν εὐθώρηκες ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταί.

went rolling away and the man's head was bare. Then not only men roared battle, but even the armoured horses joined in the noise, trumpeting Ares with bellicose whinny : and maiden Echo after-sounding answered the din of their hillranging throats with her stony lips, and whinnied too—mimicking their warlike notes.

232 Many a corpse newly slain rolled over the fields, spitting out a hot stream of blood. Of the dying, some lay on their sides and died, one with belly torn open turned over on the wound, another rolled in the dust which was scattered on the ground, another died leaning upon his middle, this one trod upon the head of a man gasping on the ground, that one wounded in the throat fell with a groan and moved his feet about in a dance of death. Another lay on his face, and as if venting his rage on the slayer, opened his mouth and bit the earth with mad teeth. Another had been struck with a long steel blade, and his white tunic was red from a jet of gore. Another, as he fought, was shot in the thigh by a winged arrow from the bows drawn at him, and covered with blood.

247 There was one of the enemy who pressed his trumpet to his lips in vain,[a] and sounded the call to attack, hoping to bring back into the battle his cowardly shrinking host. The Indians hearing the call poured back to the fray, and boldly began a new conflict, ashamed to appear without victory before their king.

253 A large company of warriors in panoply drove Aiacos apart, and surrounded him there. He stood

[a] This word, *μάτην*, makes nonsense, for the call was not sounded "in vain," but a good emendation is yet to seek.

αὐτὰρ ὁ μέσσος ἔην βεβιημένος, οὐ τρυφαλείῃ,
οὐ πίσυνος σακέεσσι καὶ οὐ θώρηκι κυδοιμοῦ·
ἀλλά ἑ πατρῴοις πεπυκασμένον ἀντὶ σιδήρου
ἀρρήκτοις νεφέεσσιν ὅλον πύργωσεν Ἀθήνη,
οἷς πάρος ἀβρέκτοιο κατέσβεσεν αὐχμὸν ἀρούρης
δυσαλέην ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγων βιοτήσιον ὕδωρ
Ζηνὸς ἐπομβρήσαντος, ἀμαλλοτόκοιο δὲ γαίης
αὔλακες εὐώδινες ἐνυμφεύθησαν ἀρότρῳ·
καὶ μέσος ἀντιβίων κυκλούμενος ἔνθεος ἀνὴρ
τοὺς μὲν ἀπηλοίησε θοῷ δορί, τοὺς δὲ μαχαίρῃ,
τοὺς δὲ λίθοις κραναοῖσι· πέδον δ' ἐρυθαίνετο λύθρῳ
Ἰνδῶν κτεινομένων, καὶ ἀκαμπέος ἀνέρος αἰχμῇ
κεῖτο πολυσπερέων νεκύων χύσις, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ἡμιθανὴς ἤσπαιρεν, ὁ δὲ χθόνα ποσσὶν ἀράσσων
ὕπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ὁμίλεε γείτονι πότμῳ·
καὶ δαπέδῳ στείνοντο, νέκυς δ' ἐπερείδετο νεκρῷ
κεκλιμένῳ μετρηδόν, ἀπ' ἀρτιτόμοιο δὲ λαιμοῦ
ψυχρὸν ἐρευθιόωντι δέμας θερμαίνετο λύθρῳ·
καὶ φόνος ἄσπετος ἦεν, ἐπασσυτέρων δὲ πεσόντων
Γαῖα κελαινιόωσα κατάρρυτος αἵματος ὁλκῷ,
νιέας οἰκτείρουσα, χαραδραίῃ φάτο φωνῇ·

" Υἱὲ Διὸς ζείδωρε μιαιφόνε—καὶ γὰρ ἀνάσσεις
ὄμβρου καρποτόκοιο καὶ αἱμαλέου νιφετοῖο,—
ὄμβρῳ μὲν γονόεσσαν ὅλην ἐδίηνας ἀλωὴν
Ἑλλάδος, Ἰνδῴην δὲ κατέκλυσας αὔλακα λύθρῳ,
ὁ πρὶν ἀμαλλοφόρος, θανατηφόρος· ἀγρονόμοις μὲν
σὸς νιφετὸς στάχυν εὗρε,
σὺ δὲ στρατὸν ἔθρισας Ἰνδῶν
ἀνέρας ἀμώων ἅτε λήιον· ἀμφότερον δὲ
ἐκ Διὸς ὄμβρον ἄγεις, ἐξ Ἄρεος αἵματι νίφεις."

in the midst at their mercy ; no helmet nor shield nor corselet could have saved him from that assault, but Athena built all round him a defence in place of steel, his father's impregnable clouds,[a] the same clouds which once had quenched the drought of the soil, and brought lifegiving water upon the thirsty earth, when Zeus sent the rain, so that the fertile furrows of sheafbearing earth were wedded to the plow. Thus the inspired man, surrounded by enemies, destroyed some with quickdarting spear, some with sword, some with jagged stones ; the ground was red with the blood of slain Indians, and the corpses lay scattered in heaps by the blade of the unshaken man. One panted half-dead, one hammered the earth with his feet and rolled over helpless on his back, holding converse with fate his neighbour. They crowded the place, corpse lying as if fitted on corpse in rows, and cold bodies were warmed by the red gore from throats newly cut, endless carnage. As they fell and fell, Earth darkened with pouring streams of blood lamented her sons, and cried with a torrent of words—

276 " Son of Zeus, beneficent butcher—for you are lord of the fruitbearing rain and the deluge of blood ! With rain you did irrigate all the productive orchards of Hellas, with gore you have deluged Indian furrows ! Once stookbearing, now deathbearing ! Your deluge found corn-ears for the farmers, now you have reaped the Indian host, men like a ripe harvest ! You do both—bring rain from Zeus, and shower blood from Ares ! "

[a] He was the son of Zeus and Aegina. Zeus had sent rain after a drought in Aegina, when Aeacus had made sacrifice to him.

Τοῖα μὲν ἔννεπε Γαῖα φερέσβιος. ἀλλὰ Κρονίων
οὐρανόθεν κελάδησε, καὶ Αἰακὸν εἰς φόνον Ἰνδῶν
βρονταίοις πατάγοισι Διὸς προκαλίζετο σάλπιγξ.
καί τις ἐν ἀντιβίοισιν ἐς Αἰακὸν ὄμμα τανύσσας
πέμπε βέλος, καὶ βαιόν, ὅσον χροὸς ἄκρον ἀμύξαι,
μηρὸν ἐπιγράψαντα παρέτραπεν ἰὸν Ἀθήνη.
μάρνατο δ' εἰσέτι μᾶλλον ἀνώδυνος εἰς μέσον Ἰνδῶν
Αἰακὸς ἀστήρικτος, ἐπεὶ βέλος ἤπτετο μηροῦ,
λεπτὸς ὄνυξ ἅτε φωτός, ὅτε χροὸς ἄκρα χαράξῃ.
Καί τις ἀνὴρ ἀκίχητος ἐχάζετο πεζὸς ὁδίτης
ἴχνεσιν ὠκυτέροισι, καὶ ἤθελε γείτονα λόχμην
δύμεναι, ἦχι πάροιθεν ἐκεύθετο· τὸν δὲ διώκων
εἰς δρόμον ἡνιόχευε ποδήνεμον ἵππον Ἐρεχθεύς·
ἀλλ' ὅτε τόσσον ἔμαρψεν, ὅσον προμάχοιο βαλόντος
ἔγχεος ἱπταμένοιο τιταίνεται ὄρθιος ὁρμή,
δὴ τότε οἱ μετὰ νῶτα βαλὼν ἀντώπιος ἔστη
πεζὸς ἀνήρ, ἱππῆα δεδεγμένος· αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμψας
ὀκλαδὸν ἐστήριξεν ἀριστερὸν ἴχνος ἀρούρῃ
λοξὸς ἐπὶ πλευρῇσιν, ὀπισθοτόνοιο δὲ ταρσοῦ
ἴχνιον ἠέρταζε μετάρσιον, ὀρθὰ τιταίνων
δεξιτεροῦ ποδὸς ἄκρα πεπηγότα δάκτυλα γαίῃ,
Ἰνδικὸν ἑπταβόειον ἔχων σάκος, εἰκόνα πύργου,
γυμνὸν ἔχων ξίφος ὀξύ· προϊσχόμενος δὲ προσώπου
ἀσπίδα χαλκεόνωτον ἐπέδραμεν Ἰνδὸς ἀγήνωρ,
ἢ θανέειν ἢ φῶτα βαλεῖν ἢ πῶλον ἐλάσσαι
ἄορι τολμήεντι· καὶ ὀμφαλόεντι σιδήρῳ
δόχμιος ἀντικέλευθον ἀνακρούσας γένυν ἵππου
πεζὸς ἐὼν ἐτίναξεν ὑπέρτερον ἡνιοχῆα·
καὶ νύ κεν εἰς χθόνα ῥῖψεν ἀμήτορος ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης,
ἀλλά μιν ἔγχεϊ νύξε παρ' ὀμφαλὸν ἄκρον Ἐρεχθεὺς
καὶ φονίῳ μέσον ἄνδρα πεπαρμένον ὀξέι χαλκῷ
εἰς πέδον ἠκόντιζεν· ὁ δὲ στροφάδεσσιν ἐρωαῖς

284 So cried Earth, the mother of life. But Cronion sounded from heaven, the trumpet of Zeus called Aiacos to the slaughter of Indians with thunderclaps. There one of the enemy fixed his eye on Aiacos and let fly a shot : the arrow just grazed his thigh so as to scratch the skin, but Athena turned it aside. Aiacos felt no pain, and fought still more without ceasing among the Indians, after the arrow touched his thigh, like the light touch of a man's nail which just scratches the skin.

293 One man got away on foot uncaught, running at full speed, and wished to get into the coppice not far off where he had been hidden before ; but Erechtheus pursued him riding a windfoot horse. When he had caught him up so close that a front-fighter could aim his flying lance for a straight throw, the man turned about and faced him, awaiting the horseman on foot. He bent his knee, and planted his left foot on the ground turning sideways, lifted his right foot and stretched it behind, stiffened the toes of his right foot and pressed them firmly into the ground. He carried a sevenhide Indian shield like a tower, he carried a sharp naked sword ; holding the bronzeplated shield before his face the brave Indian faced his foe, ready to die or strike the man or pierce the horse with daring sword. As he came on the footman from one side struck up at the horse's cheek with a knob of steel and unsettled the man above on his back, and he would have thrown the citizen of unmothered Athena ; but Erechtheus struck him with a spear by his midnipple-tip, and with sharp-slaughtering bronze pierced the man through the middle and sent him flying till he fell

ἠερόθεν προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίῃ
κρᾶτα κυβιστητῆρα φέρων βητάρμονι παλμῷ.
τὸν δὲ λιπὼν σπαίροντα, μετατρέψας δρόμον ἵππου,
ἄλλοις δυσμενέεσσιν ἐπέχραεν ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης.
. . . κυκλώσας ἐὰ τόξα, καὶ ἁπλώσας ἐπὶ νευρὴν
ὄρθιον ἀκροτάτου τετανυσμένον ἄχρι σιδήρου
εἰς σκοπὸν εἶλκε βέλεμνον· ἀριστοτόκῳ δ' ἐπὶ νύμφῃ
νίκης ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐπέτρεπε Καλλιοπείῃ.
ἐννέα μὲν προέηκε τανυγλώχινας ὀιστούς,
ἐννέα δ' ἄνδρας ἔπεφνεν· ἔην δέ τις ἶσος ἀριθμὸς
πεμπομένοις βελέεσσι καὶ ὀλλυμένοισι μαχηταῖς·
ὧν ὁ μὲν ἄκρα μέτωπα διέσχισεν ἰὸς ἀλήτης,
ὃς δὲ δασυστέρνοιο κατέγραφεν ἄντυγα μαζοῦ,
ἄλλος ὑπὲρ λαγόνων, ἕτερος δ' ἐπὶ νηδύι πίπτων
μεσσατίῃ πεφόρητο χαρασσομένου κενεῶνος,
ὃς δὲ διὰ πλευροῖο διέδραμεν, ὃς δὲ φυγόντος
ὀρθὸς ἀελλήεντι ποδῶν ἐνεπήγνυτο ταρσῷ
καὶ χθονίῳ σφήκωσεν ὁμοζεύκτῳ πόδα δεσμῷ.
ἠνεμόεν δὲ βέλεμνον ἀνείρυσεν· ἐκ δὲ φαρέτρης
ἄλλου πεμπομένοιο κατέδραμεν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
ἠερίῃ στροφάλιγγι κατάσσυτος ὄμβρος ὀιστῶν.
ὡς δ' ὅτε χαλκείῳ τις ἐπ' ἄκμονι χαλκὸν ἐλαύνων
ἀκαμάτῳ ῥαιστῆρι πυρίβρομον ἦχον ἰάλλει,
τύπτων γείτονα μύδρον, ἀποθρῴσκουσι δὲ πολλοὶ
ἀλλόμενοι σπινθῆρες ἀρασσομένοιο σιδήρου,
ἠέρα θερμαίνοντες, ἀμοιβαίῃσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
ὃς μὲν ἔην προκέλευθος, ὁ δὲ σχεδόν, ἄλλος ὀρούσας
ἄλλον ἔτι θρῴσκοντα κιχάνεται αἴθοπι παλμῷ·
ὣς ὅ γε τοξεύων στρατιὴν ἀντώπιον Ἰνδῶν
μαρναμένων ἐκέδασσεν ἀλωφήτων ἀπὸ τόξων,
κτείνων ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον ἐπασσυτέροισι βελέμνοις.
μεσσατίης δὲ φάλαγγος ἀλευαμένης νέφος ἰῶν

through the air to the ground, slipping headforemost, and rolled over and over in the dust, and with a somersault took a header like a tumbling clown. There the Athenian left him in convulsions, and turned back his horse to attack other enemies.[a]

320 ⟨Oiagros was still fighting.⟩ He bent his bow, fitted a shaft to the string, and drew it right back to the tip of the iron and let fly at the mark, trusting all hopes of victory to his bride Calliopeia, mother of a noble son. Nine longbarbed arrows he shot, nine men he slew—one number for the arrows let fly and the warriors killed. One flying shaft pierced a forehead, one cut the round of a hairy breast, another fell on a flank, another upon a belly and dug deep into the hollow middle. Again one went through a side, another caught a running man on the sole of his storming foot and nailed the foot close fastened to the earth. Again he drew back a windswift shaft: and from that quiver another flew, and a shower of arrows went one after another hurtling through the air. As when a man hammers metal on a smith's anvil, and rings the fiery clinks with unwearied sledge beating the mass below, the sparks leap out in showers, spurting when the iron is struck, and heat the air; under blow after blow first one goes up then another, one leaps after another and catches it leaping in its fiery course: so he shooting at the Indian host before him scattered the warriors with arrows without respite, slaying on all sides with the incessant shafts. The centre of the line gave way before this

[a] Some mention of Oiagros has fallen out, here restored from the suggestion of Graefe.

χῶρος ἐγυμνώθη, κεραῆς ὕνδαλμα Σελήνης,
ἀμφιφαὴς ὅτε βαιὸν ἀποστίλβουσα κεραίης
ἄκρα διαπλήσασα δύω νεοφεγγέος αἴγλης
κεκλιμέναις ἀκτῖσι μέσον κύκλοιο χαράσσει,
δίζυγι κεκριμένῳ μαλικῷ πυρί· μεσσατίης δὲ
γυμνὰ χαρασσομένης ἔτι φαίνετο κύκλα Σελήνης.
Οὐδὲ μάχης ἀπέληγε συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ
Αἰακὸς ἀπτοίητος, ἐβακχεύθη δὲ κυδοιμῷ
κτείνων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα· καὶ ἐκ πεδίοιο διώκων
εἰς προχοὰς ποταμοῖο μετήγαγε λαὸν ἀλήτην.
συμφερτοὶ δ' ἕνα μοῦνον ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταὶ
τυπτόμενον ξιφέεσσι καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγοντα μαχαίρης,
οὐ βέλεος πτερόεντος· ἐπασσυτέρῃσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
κυανέης ἤμησε σιδήρεα λήια χάρμης
κραιπνὸς ἀνὴρ καὶ πᾶσιν ἐμάρνατο,
τοὺς μὲν ἐπ' ὄχθαις,
τοὺς δὲ κάτω ποταμοῖο μαχήμονι χειρὶ δαΐζων·
καὶ νεκύων ἔπλησεν ὅλον ῥόον· ὀλλυμένων δὲ
αἵματι μορμύρων ἐρυθαίνετο λευκὸς Ὑδάσπης.
καί τις ἀνὴρ προμάχοιο φυγὼν ἀκεμώδεα ῥιπὴν
κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησε ῥεέθρῳ,
καὶ πολὺς ἀρτιδάικτος ἀκοντιστῆρι σιδήρῳ
σύρετο κυματόεντι νέκυς πεφορημένος ὁλκῷ
οἰδαλέοις μελέεσσιν· ὑποβρυχίοιο δὲ λύθρου
Νηιάδες λούσαντο δαφοινήεντι ῥεέθρῳ,
καὶ φονίαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐφοινίχθη μέλαν ὕδωρ.
πολλοὶ δ' ἐν προχοῇσιν ἀπορρίψαντες ἀκωκὴν
ἱκεσίην ἀνέφαινον ἀτευχέες, ὃς μὲν ἐπ' ὄχθαις,
ὃς δὲ παρὰ ψαμάθοις τετανυσμένος, ὃς δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
ὄρθιος ὀκλάζων, κυρτούμενον αὐχένα κάμπτων·
ἀλλὰ λιτὰς ἀπέειπεν ἄνω νεύοντι προσώπῳ
Αἰακὸς ἀντιβίοισιν ἀκαμπέα μῆνιν ἀέξων·

cloud of arrows and a space was left clear, like the crescent moon when it shines dim at either horn and fills the two ends with new-lighted sheen, marking off the middle of the orb with receding beams, and the two horns apart gleaming softly, but the middle orb of the moon marked off is yet seen to be bare.

354 Nor did Aiacos slacken fight, that fearless ally of Dionysos, but he moved furious in the fray killing here and killing there ; he chased the people away from the plain and drove them into the river flood. The warriors gathered around him, alone in their midst, struck by their swords and not caring for sabre-stroke nor winged shot. With incessant swoops he reaped the iron harvest of black battle, that stirring hero, and fought them all, slaying some on the banks, some down in the river with battling hand. He filled the whole stream with corpses ; white Hydaspes turned red, boiling with the blood of the slain. One man to escape the champion, rushing like the wind, dived of himself, tumbling into the stream ; many a corpse newly slain by that darting steel was carried floating upon the billowy flood with swollen limbs. The blood ran deep, and the Naiads washed in gory water, the black water reddened with clots of blood. Many threw away their spears in the river and offered supplication unarmed, this on the bank, that stretched on the sand, one again on land kneeling upright and bending an arched neck. But Aiacos threw up his head [a] refusing their prayers, and let his unbending wrath grow against his adversaries. Not one Lycaon

[a] The Greek gesture of refusal was, and is, to throw back the head, being the opposite of nodding downwards in acceptance.

αἰχμητὴν δ' ἀσίδηρον ἔτι ψαίοντα λιτάων
οὐχ ἕνα μοῦνον ἔπεφνε Λυκάονα, δυσμενέας δὲ
χερσὶν ἀθωρήκτοισι κυλινδομένους ἐπὶ γαίῃ
νηρίθμους κεράιζε, ῥόον ποταμοῖο μιαίνων·
καὶ πολὺν Ἀστεροπαῖον ἐδέξατο νεκρὸν Ὑδάσπης.
Οὐδ' ἀθεεὶ πολέμιζε καὶ Αἰακός· ἀντιβίους γάρ,
ὡς γενέτης Πηλῆος, ἔσω ποταμοῖο δαΐζων
ἰκμαλέον μόθον εἶχε καὶ ὑδατόεσσαν Ἐννώ,
οἷα προθεσπίζων ποταμοῦ περὶ χεῦμα Καμάνδρου
φύλοπιν ἡμιτέλεστον ἐπεσσομένην Ἀχιλῆι·
καὶ μόθον υἱωνοῖο μόθος μαντεύσατο πάππου.
Καί τις ἐνὶ προχοῇσιν ἀσάμβαλος ἴαχε Νύμφη
Νηιὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ὑπερκύψασα ῥοάων·
" Νηιάδων ὁμόφυλε, Διιπετὲς αἷμα κομίζων,
ἁγνὸν ὕδωρ ἐλέαιρε Διιπετέος ποταμοῖο.
ἄρκιον Ἰνδὸν ὅλεσσε τεὸν δόρυ· παύεο Νύμφαις
δάκρυα Νηιάδεσσιν ἀδακρύτοισιν ἐγείρων·
Νηιὰς ὑδατόεσσα καὶ ὑμετέρη πέλε μήτηρ·
κούρην γὰρ ποταμοῖο τεὴν Αἴγιναν ἀκούω.
μνώεο, τίς σε λόχευσε, καὶ οὐκέτι χεῦμα μιαίνεις.
ἴξομαι εἰς ῥόον ἄλλον ἀκήρατον, εἰς ἅλα βαίνω,
καί με θαλασσαίη δέχεται Θέτις· ἀλλὰ μελέσθω
αἱματόεις ῥόος οὗτος Ἐρινύι καὶ Διονύσῳ."

---

[a] As Achilles killed Lycaon, Hom. *Il.* xxi. 134.
[b] Hom. *Il.* xxi. 116.

alone did he slay, a warrior unarmed and still praying for mercy [a]; but innumerable enemies he destroyed, rolling over and over on the earth with unweaponed hands, and defiled the running river: many a dead Asteropaios Hydaspes received.[b]

384 Not without God's help Aiacos also fought. As befitted the father of Peleus, he slew his enemies in the river, a watery battle, a conflict among the waves, as if to foretell the unfinished battle for Achilles [c] in time to come at the river Camandros [d]: the grandfather's battle prophesied the grandson's conflict.

390 And a Naiad Nymph in the river unshod, unveiled, peeped out of the stream and cried—

392 "Kinsman of the Naiads! with the blood of Zeus in your veins! Pity the holy water of the river that fell from Zeus! Indians enough your spear has destroyed. Cease to call for the tears from the tearless Naiad Nymphs! A Naiad of the water was your own mother; yes, I hear that your Aigina was a river's daughter. Think who brought you forth, and you will no longer defile a river. I will go away to another stream, one without stain, I will go down to the sea, and seaborn Thetis is ready to receive me. Let this river of blood be the care of Erinys and Dionysos."

[c] The son of Peleus. See *Il.* xxi. *passim.*
[d] Properly Scamandros.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΤΡΙΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστῷ τριτάτῳ πεπερημένον Ἰνδὸν Ὑδάσπην
καὶ κλόνον ὑδατόεντα καὶ αἰθαλόεντα λιγαίνω.

Ὣς φαμένη πατρῷον ἐδύσατο φοίνιον ὕδωρ
Νηιὰς ὑδατόεσσα διάβροχος αἵματι Νύμφη.
αὐτὰρ ὁ βάρβαρα φῦλα παρ' ἠόνας ἄορι τύπτων
εἰς προχοὰς ἔτρεψε· διωκόμενοι δὲ σιδήρῳ
δυσμενέες κτείνοντο φόβῳ στείνοντες Ὑδάσπην.
καὶ πολὺς ἐν ῥοθίοισι πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἐλίσσων
νηχομένους μιμεῖτο, καὶ ἤθελε πότμον ἀλύξαι
χερσὶν ἀπειρήτοις ποταμήια χεύματα τέμνων·
ἀλλὰ ῥόῳ κεκάλυπτο· καὶ ὕδασιν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
ἔγκυος οἰδαίνων διερῷ τυμβεύετο πότμῳ.

Οὐδ' ἐπὶ δὴν παρὰ θῖνα φερεσσακέος ποταμοῖο
πληθύι τοσσατίῃ φονίων κυκλούμενος Ἰνδῶν
Αἰακὸς εἰσέτι μίμνεν, ἐπεὶ μογέοντι παρέστη
Ἰνδοφόνος Διόνυσος ἀκαχμένα θύρσα τινάσσων.
ἔνθα πολὺν στρατὸν ἄλλον ἀφειδέι δούρατι νύσσων
Αἰακὸς ἐπρήνιξεν· ἐμαίνετο δ' οἷά περ Ἄρης,
σύνδρομος εὐθώρηκι κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.

Καὶ διερῇ Διόνυσος ὁμίλεε σύζυγι χάρμῃ
ὑγρὸν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισι φέρων μόρον. εἰ δέ τις ἀνὴρ
νήχετο δαιδαλέης ὑπὲρ ἀσπίδος οἴδματα τέμνων,
νηχομένων κεράιξε μετάφρενον· εἰ δέ τις Ἰνδῶν

BOOK XXIII

In the twenty-third I sing Indian Hydaspes crossed, and the affray of water and fire.

So spoke the Nymph, the Naiad of the waters, and soaked in blood plunged into the bloodstained water of her father. But Aiacos drove the barbarian hordes along the banks into the flood, striking with his sword ; the enemy pursued by the steel died in their rout and choked the river Hydaspes. Many a one in the flood stretched legs and arms in the manner of swimmers, and tried to escape his fate by cutting the stream with inexperienced hands, yet he was swallowed in the water ; one upon another swollen big with water there found a floating grave.

11 But Aiacos had not long to wait on the bank of the shieldstrewn river, surrounded by all that multitude of deadly foes, for Dionysos Indianslayer was beside him at his need, shaking the sharpened wand. Then Aiacos laid low a great host besides, piercing them with unsparing spear ; furious as Ares he was by the side of his corseleted brother Dionysos.

18 Then Dionysos joined with him in the watery battle, and brought a drowning death to his foes. If some man swam by cutting through the waves on his wellmade shield, he thrust him through the back as he swam. If an Indian showed fight half under

ἡμιφανὴς πολέμιζεν ἐπ' ἰλύι ταρσὸν ἐρείσας,
θύρσῳ στῆθος ἔτυψεν ἢ αὐχένα, κύματα τέμνων,
δυομένων· βυθίων γὰρ ἐπίστατο κόλπον ἐναύλων,
ἐξ ὅτε μιν φεύγοντα μόθον δασπλῆτα Λυκούργου
δώματι κυμαίνοντι γέρων ὑπεδέξατο Νηρεύς.
πολλοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περικλείοντο ῥείθρῳ,
υἷα Διὸς τρομέοντες ὀριδρομον, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ὄρθιος ἰλυόεντι πόδας σφηκώσατο πηλῷ,
αὐτοπαγὴς δ' ἀτίνακτος ἀπ' ἰξύος ἄχρι καρήνου
ἡμιφανὴς ἀνέτελλε καλυπτομένην πτύχα μηροῦ·
καὶ Βρομίῳ πολέμιζεν ἐν ὕδασι μᾶλλον ἀρούρης
ἀμφοτέραις παλάμαις διδυμάονα δούρατα πάλλων·
καὶ τὸ μὲν αἰχμάζεσκεν ἐς ἠόνας ὑψόσε πέμπων,
Λἰακὸν ἀντικέλευθον ἔχων σκοπόν, ἄλλο δὲ σείσας
ἔγχος ἀνουτήτοιο κατηκόντιζε Λυαίου.
καί τις ἐνεστήρικτο μέσον κενεῶνα καλύπτων,
ὃς δὲ φυγεῖν οὐχ εὗρε, τετυμμένος ὀξέι θύρσῳ,
ἴχνια πηλώεντι φέρων πεπεδημένα δεσμῷ,
ταρσὸν ἔχων ψαμάθοισι κατάσχετον· ἵστατο δ' ἄλλος
κνήμης βαλλομένης· ὁ δὲ γούνατος ἄκρα διαίνων
ὑγρὴν αἱμαλέοιο δι' ὕδατος εἶχεν Ἐνυώ·
ἄλλος ἐνερρίζωτο δεδυκότος ἄχρι γενείου,
καὶ πόδας ᾐώρησε λελουμένον ὦμον ἀείρων,
φεύγων φρικτὰ ῥέεθρα καταΐσσοντα προσώπου·
ἄλλος ἐνὶ προχοῇσιν ὅλον δέμας ἐκ ποδὸς ἄκρου
ἄχρι μέσου στέρνοιο κατάρρυτος, ὃς δὲ διαίνων
ὦμους διχθαδίους, ὁ δὲ βόστρυχον ἄκρον ἐρεύσας
δέχνυτο κυματόεσσαν ἐπαΐσσουσαν ἀπειλήν.

---

[a] See xx. 356.

[b] Like Asteropaios, Hom. *Il.* xxi. 163. Nonnos has the

water and standing on the mud, he struck breast or neck with his wand, wading in among the drowning men; for he knew the deep bosom of the waters, ever since he fled from the murderous attack of Lycurgos, and ancient Nereus had entertained him in his billowy dwelling.[a] Many on this side and that plunged into the stream in fear of the hillranging son of Zeus. One stood upright with feet held firmly in the slimy mud, selfstuck, immovable, half-visible from loins to head; then lifting the hidden fork of the thigh he fought better against Bromios in water than on land, for he cast two lances from his two hands[b]; one he let fly towards the bank, sending it up high, with Aiacos as his target, who was approaching; the other he poised and threw at Lyaios the invulnerable. Another stood firmly, covered to midbelly; and he could not escape, but the sharp wand struck him as he dragged his clogged feet through the fettering mud, and his soles were stayed in the sands. There was another, stopt by a wound in the calf; the river just reached his knee, and fought a wet warfare through the bloody water. Another rooted to the bottom was submerged over the chin, and tried to lift his feet so as to get a shoulder clear of the water, trying to escape the terrible flood which dashed in his face. Others with the whole body covered from the toes to the middle of the chest, or with both shoulders in the wet, or with red on the hair of his head,[c] awaited the threatening attack

battle of Achilles by the river in his mind throughout this description.

[c] Presumably from the blood-stained water but the reading is doubtful.

εἰς βυθὸν ἄλλος ἔδυνε διάβροχα χείλεα σείων
ἀνδροφόνον παρὰ χεῦμα σεσηρότος ἀνθερεῶνος.
Καί τις ἑοὺς ἑτάρους δεδοκημένος Ἰνδὸς ἀγήνωρ
τοὺς μὲν κτεινομένους δολιχῷ δορί,
τοὺς δὲ μαχαίρῃ,
ἄλλον ὀιστευθέντα χαραδρήεντι βελέμνῳ,
τὸν δὲ πολυπλέκτῳ δεδαϊγμένον ὀξέι θύρσῳ,
Θουρέι νεκρὸν ὅμιλον ἐδείκνυεν, ἀχνύμενος δὲ
τίλλε κόμην, φλογερῷ δὲ χόλου βακχεύετο πυρσῷ,
σφίγγων καρχαρόδοντι μεμυκότα χείλεα δεσμῷ·
καὶ ταχὺς αὐτοφόνον μιμούμενος Ἰνδὸν Ὀρόντην,
βάρβαρον αἷμα φέρων καὶ βάρβαρον ἦθος ἀέξων,
ἄορ ἑὸν γύμνωσεν, ἀπορρίψας δὲ χιτῶνα,
Ἄρεος ἀρραγὲς ἔρκος, ἀλεξητῆρα βελέμνων,
καὶ ξίφος ἀπτοίητος ἑῷ κενεῶνι πελάσσας
ὑστατίην ταχύποτμος ἀγήνορα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
" Γαστήρ, δέχνυσο τοῦτο φίλον ξίφος·
αἰδέομαι γάρ,
μή τις ἐμὲ κτείνειεν ἀνάρσιος ἀπτόλεμος χείρ.
αὐτὸς ἐμῷ κενεῶνι θελήμονα χαλκὸν ἐλάσσω,
μή με πατὴρ μέμψαιτο δεδουπότα θήλεϊ θύρσῳ,
μὴ Σάτυρον, μὴ Βάκχον ἐμὸν καλέσειε φονῆα."
Ἔννεπε κυανέης κατὰ γαστέρος ἄορ ἐρείσας
τολμηραῖς παλάμῃσιν, ἅτε ξένον ἄνδρα δαΐζων,
καὶ θάνεν αὐτοδάικτος ἐν ἀντιβίοισι Μενοικεύς,
αἰδόμενος μετὰ δῆριν ἰδεῖν ἔτι Δηριαδῆα·
ὄμμασι δ' ἀκλαύτοισι θελήμονι κάτθανε πότμῳ,
καὶ μανίης ἀπάνευθεν ἐφαίνετο χάλκεος Αἴας.
Καὶ φόνος ἄσπετος ἦεν· ἀναινομένῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ

[a] Menoiceus son of Creon killed himself because the prophet had foretold that his death would bring victory to his country.

of the waves. Another with wet lips palpitating and grinning teeth sank into the deathdealing stream.

52 Some proud Indian seeing his companions killed by long spear or sword, struck by a missile rock, pierced by the sharp leafwrapt thyrsus-wand, pointed out to Thureus the heaps of corpses—then in anguish tore his hair, bit his lips deep and was dumb, wild with blazing indignation. Born of barbarian blood and bred in barbarian manners, he quickly followed the example of Indian Orontes and killed himself. Baring his sword, he stript off the corselet, that impregnable defence in battle which kept off the missiles, and undismayed set the blade to his flank, as he uttered a last proud speech before the quick stroke of death:

65 "Belly, receive this friendly sword! I should be ashamed if I were killed by some unnatural unwarlike hand. I myself drive a willing blade into my own side, that my father may not reproach me brought low by a womanish wand, nor call Satyr or Bacchant my slayer!"

70 As he spoke, he thrust the sword down into his darkskinned belly with resolute hands, as if he were piercing a stranger, and died self-slain, another Menoiceus [a] among his foes, ashamed to look again upon Deriades after this battle; died a willing death with tearless eyes, and showed himself a brazen Aias [b] but that he was not mad.

76 The carnage was infinite; Hydaspes covered

[b] Aias, son of Telamon, went mad with disappointment when the arms of Achilles were given to Odysseus instead of him. Recovering his senses, he found he had killed sheep, taking them for his enemies, and killed himself for shame. See Soph. *Aias*.

κτεινομένους ἐκάλυψε καὶ ἔπλετο τύμβος Ὑδάσπης.
καί τις ἔσω ποταμοῖο πανυστατίην χέε φωνήν·
" Καὶ σύ, πάτερ,
προχοῇσι πόθεν σέο τέκνα καλύπτεις;
πολλάκι Βάκτρον Ἄρηα μετήμον, ἀλλὰ ῥεέθροις
οὔ ποτε Μῆδον ὅμιλον ἀπέκτανε Μῆδος Ἀράξης·
Περσικὸς Εὐφρήτης οὐκ ἔκρυφε γείτονα Πέρσην·
πολλάκι μοι παρὰ Ταῦρον ἔην μόθος, ἀλλ' ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
οὐ Κίλικάς ποτε Κύδνος ἐῷ τυμβεύσατο κόλπῳ
οὐ Τάναϊς χιονῶδες ἄγων πετρούμενον ὕδωρ
γείτονι Σαυρομάτῃ θωρήσσεται, ἀλλὰ κορύσσων
Κόλχοις ἀντιβίοισι χαραδρήεσσαν Ἐννὼ
πολλάκι παχνήεντι κατεπρήνιξε βελέμνῳ.
Ἠριδανὸς πέλε σεῖο μακάρτερος, ὅττι ῥεέθροις
ἀλλοδαπὸν Φαέθοντα καὶ οὐκ ἔκρυψε πολίτην,
οὐ Γαλάτην ἐκάλυψε καὶ οὐ τάφος ἔπλετο Κελτῷ,
ἀλλὰ φίλοις ναέτῃσι ῥυηφενέων ἀπὸ δένδρων
Ἠλιάδων ἤλεκτρα φεραυγέα δῶρα κυλίνδει·
Ῥῆνος Ἴβηρ βρεφέεσσι κορύσσεται, ἀλλὰ δικάζων,
καὶ κρυφίην ὠδῖνα διασχίζων τοκετοῖο
κτείνει ξεῖνα γένεθλα· σὺ δὲ φθιμένων ναετήρων
κρύπτεις γνήσια τέκνα καὶ οὐ νόθον αἷμα καλύπτεις.
πῶς δύνασαι ποταμοῖσι μιγήμεναι ἠὲ καὶ αὐτῷ
Ὠκεανῷ γενέτῃ καὶ Τηθύι, σεῖο τεκούσῃ,
αἱμαλέαις λιβάδεσσι φόνου πλημμυρίδα σύρων;

---

[a] River Don.

[b] Phaëthon when struck by the thunderbolt fell into the Eridanos, which " is nowhere at all but said to be somewhere near the Po," says Strabo v. 1. 9. Nonnos seems obsessed by this story, to which he recurs several times, finally telling it at length in book xxxviii. The mention of amber in con-

the dead with his reluctant flood, and became their tomb. Then one within the river cried out his last reproach :

79 " You too, father ! why do you drown your sons ? I have often made war against Bactrians, but Median Araxes never destroyed a Median army. Persian Euphrates never drowned his neighbours, the Persians. Often I have had war under the Tauros, but Cydnos never made his bosom the tomb of Cilicians in war. Tanaïs [a] never arms icy petrified waters against the Sauromatans on his banks, but often attacked their enemies the Colchians with torrential war, and laid them low with his frozen armament. Eridanos was happier than you, in that he swallowed a foreigner, Phaëthon [b] in his flood, not one of his own people ; he drowned no Gaul, he entombed no Celt, but brings wealth from his trees to the friends who live near him as he rolls along the brilliant amber gifts of the Heliades. Iberian Rhine [c] does indeed attack his own sons, but as a judge, when he marks off the illicit offspring of his race and kills the stranger-brat ; but you swallow up the lawful sons of your own perishing people—you drown no bastard blood. How dare you mingle with other rivers, with your Father Ocean himself and Tethys your mother, rolling down a flood of gore in bloody streams ? Have some

nexion with Eridanos suggests that it has been confused with some North European river.

[c] Apparently Nonnos imagined either that the Rhine was in Spain or that the Iberians' territory extended through Gaul to its banks. It was said in late antiquity (see Julian, *Orat.* p. 81d Sp. ; pseudo-Julian, *Ep.* cxci. 16 ; Claudian v. 112 ; more references and good parallels in Frazer, *Folk-lore of O.T.* ii. 454-455) that the " Celts " used to throw their infant children into the Rhine, for a true-born child would float quite safely, but a bastard would drown.

ἄζεο, μὴ νεκύεσσι Ποσειδάωνα μιήνῃς.
σεῖο ῥόος Βρομίοιο κακώτερος, ὅττί με θύρσοις
οὐ κλονέει Διόνυσος, ὅσον κλονέεις με ῥεέθροις."
Ὣς εἰπὼν βαρύποτμος ἐδέχνυτο λοίσθιον ὕδωρ.
καὶ πλόος ἦν εὔοπλος· ἐκουφίζοντο δὲ λαοὶ
οἰδαλέοις μελέεσσιν· ἀποφθιμένου δὲ φορῆος
ἡμιφανὴς πλωτῆρι λόφῳ πορθμεύετο πήληξ
δυομένη κατὰ βαιόν· ἐφαλλόμεναι δὲ ῥεέθροις
ἑκταδὸν ἐν ῥοθίοισιν ἄτε πρυμνήσια νηῶν
νηχομένους τελαμῶνας ἐναυτίλλοντο βοεῖαι,
στοιχάδες ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα· βαρυνόμενον δὲ σιδήρῳ
εἰς βυθὸν ὑγροχίτωνα κατέσπασεν ἀνέρα θώρηξ.
Οὐδὲ μόθου Διόνυσος ἑοὺς ἀνέκοψε μαχητάς,
εἰ μὴ πάντας ἔπεφνεν ἑῷ ταμεσίχροϊ θύρσῳ,
καλλείψας ἕνα μοῦνον ὅλων κήρυκα θανόντων·
Θουρέα μοῦνον ἔλειπε θεουδέα μάρτυρα νίκης.
Ἥρη δ' ὡς ἐνόησε δαϊκταμένων φόνον Ἰνδῶν,
οὐρανόθεν πεπότητο, δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
ἄστατος ἠνεμόεντι κατέγραφεν ἠέρα ταρσῷ.
Ἀντολίῃ δ' ἐπέβαινε, καὶ ἤλασεν Ἰνδὸν Ὑδάσπην
φύλοπιν αἱματόεσσαν ἀναστῆσαι Διονύσῳ.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε βαρβαρόφωνος Ἑώιος ὤκλασεν Ἄρης,
δὴ τότε ναυτιλίης ἑτερότροπα μάγγανα τεύχων
χεύμασιν ἀκλύστοισι χορὸς πορθμεύετο Βάκχων.
καὶ θεὸς ἡγεμόνευε, δι' οἴδματος ἠνιοχεύων
ἅρμασι χερσαίοισι νόθον πλόον, ὑγροπόρων δὲ
πορδαλίων ἀδίαντος ὄνυξ ἐχάραξεν Ὑδάσπην·
καὶ στρατιαὶ πλόον εἶχον ἀκυμάντου ποταμοῖο,
ὧν ὁ μὲν Ἰνδῴην σχεδίην πολύδεσμον ἐρέσσων,
ὃς δέ, κυβερνήσας διερὴν ἀκάτοιο πορείην,

reverence, do not pollute Poseidon with dead bodies. Your river is worse than Bromios, his wands do not beat me so hard as your waves beat me!"

104 As he spoke, he received the last water, which brought him unhappy fate.

105 The river was full of armour. The swollen bodies were floating in crowds: the helmet under way half visible, sinking little by little and crest trailing on the water, its owner lost. Leathern shields sailed along flat, tossing upon the waves in rows here and there, their long slings afloat like ships' hawsers. Here a man is dragged down to the depths in his soaking garments by the weight of his corselet and his arms.

113 Dionysos would never have recalled his men from the battle, if he had not killed that whole army with his fleshpiercing wand, leaving only one to tell the news that all were dead. Thureus alone he left to be a godfearing witness of the victory.

117 But when Hera perceived the carnage and devastation of the Indians, she flew from heaven, and quickly along the path on high scored the air with windswift sole. In Anatolia she alighted, and drove Indian Hydaspes to stir up bloody strife against Dionysos.

122 When Eastern Ares of barbarian speech had bent the knee, then the company of Bacchoi was fashioning all sorts of machines of navigation and crossed the tranquil waves. The god led them in his landchariot, driving this makeshift vessel over the flood, while the panthers trod the water of Hydaspes without wetting a hoof. The armies made their voyage over a waveless river, one rowing a strong-bound Indian raft, one steering a skiff along the

ἐνδάπιον σκάφος εἶχε λινορραφέων ἁλιήων
ἁρπάξας· ἕτερος δὲ νόθῳ ναυτίλλετο θεσμῷ,
ἄμματι τεχνήεντι περίπλοκα δούρατα δήσας,
καὶ ξύλον αὐτόπρεμνον ὁμοίιον ὁλκάδι τεύχων,
ἔκτοθι πηδαλίου, δίχα λάίφεος, ἐκτὸς ἐρετμῶν,
οὐ Βορέην καλέων νηοσσόον—ἰθυντὴς γὰρ
εἰς βυθίους κενεῶνας ὑποβρύχιον δόρυ πέμπων
Ἄρεος ὑγροπόροιο δορυσσόος ἔπλεε ναύτης—,
καὶ πλωτῆς ἀδίαντος ἐπ' ἀσπίδος οἴδματα τέμνων,
πεῖσμα φέρων τελαμῶνα, σακέσπαλον εἶχε πορείην,
ξείνην ναυτιλίην ψευδήμονι νηὶ χαράσσων.
Καὶ στρατὸς ἱππήων ῥόον ἔστιχε, καὶ πλόος ἵππων
ποσσὶν ἔην ῥαχίῃσιν ἀειρομένων ἐλατίρων·
καὶ τότε νηχομένου διερὸν δρόμον εὔποδος ἵππου
ἰξύι κουφίζοντος ὑπέρτερον ἡνιοχῆα
ὑψιφανὴς ἀνέτελλε δι' ὕδατος ἄβροχος αὐχήν.
Καὶ στρατὸς ἐγρεμόθων πρυλέων
ἀκάτοιο χατίζων,
ἀσκοῖς οἰδαλέοισι χέων ποιητὸν ἀήτην,
δέρματι φυσαλέῳ διεμέτρεεν Ἰνδὸν Ὑδάσπην,
ἐνδομύχων δ' ἀνέμων ἐγκύμονες ἔπλεον ἀσκοί.
Αἰγείοις δὲ πόδεσσι διέτρεχε Παρράσιος Πὰν
ἄκρα γαληναίοιο διαστείχων ποταμοῖο·
καὶ Λύκος ἡνιόχευε θαλασσαίων δρόμον ἵππων
πατρῴην ἀδίαντον ἄγων τέθριππον ἀπήνην·
καὶ γνωτῷ περόωντι συνέστιχε Δαμναμενῆι
Σκέλμις ἀκυμάντοιο καθιππεύων ποταμοῖο.
ἄλλος ὑπὲρ νώτοιο θορὼν ὁμόφοιτον ἀέλλαις
εἰς πλόον ἡνιόχευε καλαύροπι ταῦρον ὁδίτην,
καὶ βοέοις ὀνύχεσσι κατέγραφεν ἄψοφον ὕδωρ·

watery path, some native boat of networking fishermen which he had seized. Another played the mariner under strange pretences. He lashed together a number of logs with workmanlike knots, and made the timber roots and all serve as a freighter without rudder, without sail, without oars, asking no help from speed-the-ship Boreas—for he held his spear upright and plunged it under water into the deep pools : so navigated the spearpunting shipman of a watercrossing host. There was another new kind of navigation, and another sham boat, when one cut the waters, dry on a floating shield, with the sling for painter, and so pursued his shieldshaking course.

142 The cavalry also marched into the river ; the horses swam with their feet while the riders sat on their backs.[a] As the horse swam a wet journey with his agile feet, only his neck rose high and dry out of the water as he carried the rider aloft upon his flanks.

147 Next came the doughty footmen who had no boat. They filled swelling skins with artificial wind, and on these leathery bags crossed Indian Hydaspes, while the skins teeming with wind bore them along.

151 Now Parrhasian Pan crossed the surface of the calm river on his goat's feet ; Lycos guided the horses of the sea in his father's fourhorse chariot unwetted ; and Scelmis drove across the waveless river along with Damnameneus his brother. Some one else leapt on the back of a bull and made him march into the river quick as the wind, guiding him on his way with his crook, as the beast scored the quiet water with his hooves. The old Seilenoi went

[a] Nonnos was no horsemaster ; a cavalry-man would swim or wade beside his mount.

Σειληνοὶ δὲ γέροντες ἐναντίλλοντο θαλάσσῃ
καὶ ποσὶ καὶ παλάμῃσιν
ἐρετμώσαντες Ὑδάσπην . . .
Καὶ προχέων κρουνηδὸν ἀλεξήτειραν ἰωὴν
γνωτῷ κυματόεντι γέρων ἰάχησεν Ὑδάσπης,
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων πολυπίδακι λαιμῷ·
" Γνωτὲ πέπον, τέο μέχρι τεὸς ῥόος ἄψοφος ἕρπει;
οἴδματα σεῖο κόρυσσον ἐπιβρίθων Διονύσῳ,
ὄφρα κατακρύψωμεν ἐν ὕδασι πεζὸν ὁδίτην.
σοὶ καὶ ἐμοὶ πέλεν αἶσχος, ὅτε Βρομίοιο μαχηταὶ
ἀβρέκτοις ἐμὸν οἶδμα διασχίζουσι πεδίλοις·
Αἰόλε, καὶ σὺ τέλεσσον ἐμοὶ χάριν, ἀντιβίοις δὲ
σοὺς προμάχους θώρηξον ἀελλήεντας ἀήτας
μαρναμένους Σατύροισιν, ὅτι στρατὸς ὑγρὸς ὁδίτης
ἅρμασι χερσαίοισι βατὸν ποίησεν Ὑδάσπην,
καὶ δρόμον ὑγρὸν ἔχουσιν ἐν ὕδασιν ἡνιοχῆες·
σοὺς ἀνέμους θώρηξον ἐμῷ πορθμῆι Λυαίῳ·
χεύμασι δ' ἐλκέσθω Σατύρων στόλος, ἡνιόχων δὲ
συρομένων προχοῇσιν ἐμὸς ῥόος ἅρμα δεχέσθω,
οἴδματι λυσσήεντι καλυπτομένων ἐλατήρων.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ νήποινον ἀήθεα πορθμὸν ἐάσω·
σοὶ καὶ ἐμοὶ πέλεν αἶσχος, ὅταν Βρομίοιο μαχηταὶ
ἁτραπὸν ἡνιόχοισι καὶ ἀβρέκτοισιν ὁδίταις . . .
ὑγροπόρους δὲ λέοντας ἀιστώσω Διονύσου.
εἰπέ, πόθεν βατὸς ἔσκεν ἐμὸς ῥόος, ὑγροβαφὴς δὲ
Νηιὰς ἐν προχοῇσι πόθεν χρεμετισμὸν ἀκούει
καὶ ῥάχιν ἰχθυόεσσαν ὄνυξ ἵππειος ἀράσσει;
αἰδέομαι ποταμοῖσι μιγήμεναι, ὅττι γυναῖκες
ἥμέας ἀκλύστοισι διαστείβουσι πεδίλοις.
οὔ ποτε τολμήεντες ἐμὸν ῥόον ἔξεον Ἰνδοὶ
ἅρμασιν ἠλιβάτοισι, καὶ οὐ πατρώιον ὕδωρ

voyaging on the deep paddling Hydaspes with foot and hand.

162 Now old Hydaspes poured out a gushing cry, and shouted for help to a watery brother, as he uttered these menacing words from his manyfountained throat [a] :

165 " Lazy brother, how long is your stream to crawl in silence ? Rear your waves, and overwhelm Dionysos, that we may swallow his host of footmen under the waters ! It is a disgrace for you and me when the warriors of Bromios pass through my flood with unwetted shoes. You also, Aiolos [b]—grant me this boon, arm your stormy winds to be champions against my foes, to fight with the Satyrs, because their host has marched through the waters and made a highroad of Hydaspes for landchariots, because they drive a watery course through my stream ! Arm your winds against my ferryman Lyaios ! Let the Satyrs' host be caught in the flood, let my river receive the chariot, let the charioteers be rolled in my flood, let the riders be swallowed in the mad waves ! I will not suffer this unnatural passage to be unavenged : for both you and me it is a disgrace, when the warriors of Bromios have made a path for footmen and drivers high and dry ! . . . I will destroy the water-traversing lions of Dionysos !

183 " Tell me, why was my river made a highway ? Why does the Naiad in the watery depths of my flood hear whinnying, why does the horse's hoof crush the fish's back ? I am ashamed to mingle with other rivers, when women cross me with unwetted shoes. Never have Indians been so bold as to scrape my

[a] So Scamandros calls for help to his brother Simoeis; Hom. *Il.* xxi. 308.

[b] The wind-god.

Δηριάδης ἐχάραξεν ἑῷ περιμήκεϊ δίφρῳ,
ὑψιλόφων λοφίῃσιν ἐφεδρήσσων ἐλεφάντων."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐκόρυσσεν ἐὸν ῥόον· ἅλτο δὲ Βάκχῳ
αἰχμάζων ῥοθίοισιν· ἀελλήεσσα δὲ πολλὴ
μαρναμένων ὑδάτων διερὴ μυκήσατο σάλπιγξ·
καὶ ποταμὸς κελάρυζεν ἄγων ὑψούμενον ὕδωρ,
μαρνάμενος Σατύροισι· πολυφλοίσβῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Βασσαρὶς ἁβροχίτων ἀπεσείσατο κύμβαλα χειρῶν
καὶ πόδας ἀμφελέλιζεν, ἐρεσσομένοιο δὲ ταρσοῦ
ξανθὰ πολυρραφέων ἀπεσείσατο δεσμὰ πεδίλων,
καὶ ῥόος ἠνεμόεις πεφορημένος ἄχρι καρήνου
Βάκχης νηχομένης ἑλικώδεας ἔκλυσε χαίτας·
ἄλλη βριθομένη διεροὺς ἀπεθήκατο πέπλους,
νεβρίδας οἰδαλέοισιν ἐπιτρέψασα ῥεέθροις,
καί οἱ ἐπὶ στέρνοισι κορυσσομένου ποταμοῖο
ὄγκος ἐρευθιόωντι μέλας ἐπεσύρετο μαζῷ·
καὶ Σάτυρος παλάμῃσιν ἐρετμώσας χυτὸν ὕδωρ
ἰκμαλέην ἐλέλιζε δι' ὕδατος ὄρθιον οὐρήν·
γηραλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι μεθυσφαλὲς ἴχνος ἐρέσσων
ἄστατος ὑδατόεντι Μάρων πεφορημένος ὁλκῷ
κύμασιν ἀσκὸν ἔλειπε βεβυσμένον ἡδέος οἴνου·
πυκνὰ δὲ σειομένη διδυμόζυγι σύνδρομος αὐλῷ
Πανιὰς ἀκροτάτοιο δι' ὕδατος ἔπλεε σύριγξ,
κύμασιν αὐτοέλικτος· ἀμιλλητῆρι δὲ παλμῷ
Σειληνοῦ λασίοιο κατ' αὐχένος ἔρρεε χαίτη.
Καὶ ποταμὸς κελάδησεν
ἀφυσγετὸν οἴδματι σύρων,
ξανθὸν ὑπὲρ πεδίοιο χέων μετανάστιον ὕδωρ,
κικλήσκων Διόνυσον ἐς ὑδατόεσσαν Ἐνυώ·
καὶ ῥόος ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἔχων ἀντίπνοον αὔρην
ἀγχινεφὴς ὑψοῦτο, διάβροχον ἠέρα φαίνων,
οἴδματι παφλάζοντι καταθρῴσκων Διονύσου.

streams with towering chariots, never has Deriades scored his father's water with his huge equipage, seated on the nape of highcrested elephants ! "

192 As he spoke, he curved his own stream, and leapt upon Bacchos with a volley of foaming surf. A storm of watery trumpets bellowed from the battling waves; the river moaned as it raised the water high, battling against the Satyrs. Amid the roaring tumult, the Bassarid in her rich garb shook the cymbals out of her hands, swung her feet round, shook off the yellow trusses of the stitched shoes from her paddling foot, while the windswept waves rose to the head of the swimming Bacchant and drenched her curling hair. Another overwhelmed threw off her soaking robes, and gave her fawnskins to the swelling water, as the mass of the curving stream rolled over her chest, black against the rosy nipple. A Satyr paddling the flood with his hands waggled his wet tail straight out through the water. Maron carried swiftly along by the rushing water, paddled the drunken feet of his old legs, and left in the waves his leather bottle full of delicious wine. The syrinx of Pan was floating on the surface and rolling of itself on the waves, tossed about beside the double pipes ; the hair of shaggy Seilenos flowed over his neck and jumped about in rivalry.

215 The river moaned, dragging the mud in its rush and pouring its alien water yellow over the land, a challenge to watery war for Dionysos. The tumultuous flood, met by a counterblast of wind, piled up high as the clouds and soaked the air, as it leapt down upon Dionysos with foaming surf. Not so

οὐχ οὕτω Σιμόεντος Ἀρειμανὲς ἔβρεμεν ὕδωρ,
οὐχ οὕτω ῥόος ἔσκεν ἐγερσιμόθοιο Καμάνδρου
χεύματι κυματόεντι κατακλύζων Ἀχιλῆα,
ὡς τότε Βακχείην στρατιὴν ἐδίωξεν Ὑδάσπης.
καὶ ποταμῷ Διόνυσος ἀνήρυγε θυιάδα φωνήν·
" Τί κλονέεις Διὸς υἷα, Δυσπετές; ἦν ἐθελήσω,
τερσαίνει σέο χεῦμα πατὴρ ἐμός, ὑέτιος Ζεύς.
ἐκ νεφέων βλάστησας ἐμοῦ Κρονίδαο τοκῆος,
καὶ νεφεληγερέταο Διὸς βλάστημα διώκεις;
πατρὸς ἐμοῦ πεφύλαξο βέλος λοχίοιο κεραυνοῦ,
μὴ στεροπὴν Βρομίοιο γενέθλιον εἰς σὲ κορύσσῃ·
ἄζεο, μὴ βαρύγουνος, ὅπως Ἀσωπός, ἀκούσῃς·
σὴν προχοὴν πρήυνον, ἕως ἔτι μῆνιν ἐρύκω.
ὑδατόεις πυρόεντι κορύσσεαι· οὐ δύνασαι δὲ
τλήμεναι αἰθαλόεντος ἕνα σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ.
εἰ δὲ μέγα φρονέεις χάριν Ἀστερίης σέο νύμφης,
ἣ λάχεν αἰθερίης Ὑπερίονος αἷμα γενέθλης,
Ἠελίου θρασὺν υἷα, πυρώδεος ἡνιοχῆος,
οὐρανὸν ἱππεύοντα πατὴρ ἐμὸς ἔφλεγε πυρσῷ,
καὶ νέκυν ἔστενε παῖδα πυρὸς ταμίης Ὑπερίων,
οὐδὲ χάριν Φαέθοντος ἐμῷ πολέμιζε τοκῆι,
οὐ πυρὶ πῦρ ἀνάειρε, καὶ εἰ πυρὸς ἡγεμονεύει.
εἰ χάριν ὑμετέρου μεγαλίζεαι Ὠκεανοῖο,
Ἠριδανὸν σκοπίαζε Διὸς πληγέντα βελέμνῳ,
ὑμέτερον πυρίκαυτον ἀδελφεόν· αἰνοπαθὴς δὲ
σὸς διερὸς προπάτωρ, μιτρούμενος ἄντυγι κόσμου,
χεύμασι τοσσατίοισι χέων γαιήοχον ὕδωρ,
υἱὸν ἴδε φλεχθέντα, καὶ οὐ πολέμιζεν Ὀλύμπῳ,
οὐ προχοαῖς ἐρίδαινε πυριγλώχινι κεραυνῷ.

---

* Hom. *Il.* xxi. 324.

furiously roared the war-mad water of Simoeis, not so defiantly rushed Camandros to overwhelm Achilles with rolling flood,[a] as then Hydaspes pursued the army of Bacchos.

225 Then Dionysos shouted to the river in rage :

226 " Why do you drive against the son of Zeus, you whose waters are fed by Zeus ? If it be my pleasure, Rainy Zeus my father will dry up your flood. You, sprung from the clouds of Cronides my father, persecute the offspring of Cloudgatherer Zeus ! Beware the stroke of my father's thunderbolt of delivery, beware lest he raise against you the lightning which gave Bromios birth ! Take care that you be not dubbed Heavyknee, like Asopos ![b] Quiet your flood while I yet control my wrath. Your waters rise against fires, and you cannot endure one spark of the blazing thunderbolt.

236 " And if it is Asterië[c] your wife that makes you so proud, because she has the blood of Hyperion's heavenly kin, my father burnt with fire the bold son of Helios[d] the fiery charioteer, when he drove the team through heaven ; Hyperion dispenser of fire had to mourn his own son dead : he did not make war on my father for Phaëthon's sake, he did not lift fire against fire even if he is lord of fire. If your Oceanos makes you so haughty, consider Eridanos struck by the bolt of Zeus, your brother burnt with fire : a cruel sorrow it was for your watery ancestor, who is girdled by the world's rim, who pours all those mighty streams of water to possess the earth, when he saw his own son burnt up and made no war on Olympos, nor contended with his flood against the

[b] See xiii. 217.
[c] Astris, see xvii. 282.
[d] See xxxviii. 410 ff.

ἀλλὰ τεῶν ὑδάτων ἔτι φείδεο, μή σε νοήσω
Ἡριδανῷ φλεχθέντι κεκαυμένον ἶσον Ὑδάσπῃ."
Ὣς φαμένῳ βαρύδουπος
ἐχώσατο μᾶλλον Ὑδάσπης
κύμασι λαβροτέροισι χέων ὑψίδρομον ὕδωρ.
καί νύ κεν ἔκρυφε πᾶσαν
ἀβακχεύτων στίχα Βάκχων,
εἰ μὴ Βάκχος ἄμυνεν, ἀπ' ἀγχιπόροιο δὲ λόχμης
πυρσοτόκον νάρθηκα λαβὼν ἀντώπιον Ἠοῦς
Ἠελίῳ θέρμηνεν· ἐριφλεγέος δὲ κορύμβου
αὐτογόνῳ σπινθῆρι λοχεύετο δουράτεον πῦρ·
καὶ προχοαῖς φλόγα ῥίψεν· ἀπειλητῆρι δὲ δαλῷ
καιομένου ποταμοῖο ῥοαῖς ἐπεπάφλασαν ὄχθαι·
καὶ πολὺς ἠερόφοιτος ἐλίσσετο καπνὸς ἀλήτης
λωτοῦ καιομένοιο μαραινομένου τε κυπείρου·
καὶ θρύα πῦρ ἀμάθυνε· πολυστροφάλιγγι δὲ ῥιπῇ
καπνοῦ λιγνυόεντος ἔλιξ ἐμέθυσσεν ἀυτμὴ
ἠερίας ἀψῖδας, ὅλη δ' ἐμελαίνετο λόχμη
εὐόδμοις ἀνέμοισιν ἰμασσομένων δονακήων.
Καὶ σέλας εἰς βυθὸν εἶρπεν· ἐνεκρύπτοντο δὲ πηλῷ
ἰχθύες αἰθαλόεντες· ὑποβρυχίοιο δὲ πυρσοῦ
νηχομένῳ σπινθῆρι διάβροχος ἔζεεν ἰλὺς
ὑγρὸν ἀναπτομένη· βυθίων δ' ἀπὸ καπνὸς ἐναύλων
ἔμπυρος ὑδατόεντι διέσσυτο σύνδρομος ἀτμῷ.
Ὑδριάδων δὲ φάλαγγες ἀνάμπυκες ὠκέι ταρσῷ
γυμναὶ κυματόεντος ἀπεπλάζοντο μελάθρου·
καί τις ἀναινομένη φλογερὸν πατρώιον ὕδωρ
Νηιὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀήθεα δύσατο Γάγγην·
ἄλλη δ' Ἰνδὸν ἔναιεν ἐριβρεμέτην Ἀκεσίνην
ἀζαλέοις μελέεσσιν· ἀλωομένην δὲ Χοάσπης

[a] Appropriate, since in fennel Prometheus fetched fire to earth.

firebarbed thunderbolt. Pray spare your waters awhile, or I may see you, Hydaspes, burnt up in fiery flames like Eridanos."

252 These words made deeproaring Hydaspes more angry than ever, and he poured out his highswollen water in yet stronger waves. And now he would have engulfed the whole company of sobered Bacchants, had not Bacchos defended them. From a neighbouring coppice he pulled a firebearing stalk of fennel,[a] and holding it towards the Dawn he warmed it at the sun; the combustible stalk conceived a spark in itself and brought forth a woodborn fire. Then he threw it into the stream. The river caught fire of this menacing torch, and the water boiled up against the banks; clouds of smoke went up scattering into the air from burning lotus and shrivelling galingale. Fire consumed the rushes; the reek of the sooty smoke curling in whirling circles intoxicated the heavenly vaults, and all the wood was blackened by the fragrant breezes of the smitten reeds.[b]

267 The blaze spread to the deeps. Burning fishes hid themselves in the mud; the soaking slime kindled the wet and boiled, as the swimming spark of fire ran under water, and from the deep channels poured abroad a fiery smoke mixt with watery steam. Companies of Hydriads[c] were driven naked from their homes under the waves, swift-footed, bare, unveiled. One Naiad, renouncing her native water now on fire, dived unveiled into the unfamiliar Ganges; another with dry limbs sought a home in noisy Indian Acesines[d]; another Naiad nymph

[b] He means smitten as by lightning, *cf.* xxiv. 272; this is from *Il.* ii. 780.

[c] Water-nymphs.

[d] River Chenab.

ἄλλην οὐρεσίφοιτον ἀνάμπυκα Νηΐδα Νύμφην
παρθενικὴν ἀπέδιλον ἐδέξατο, Περσίδι γείτων.
Ὠκεανὸς δ' ἰάχησεν ἀπειλείων Διονύσῳ,
ὑδατόεν μύκημα χέων πολυπίδακι λαιμῷ,
καὶ ῥόον ἀενάων στομάτων κρουνηδὸν ἰάλλων
ἠιόνας κόσμοιο κατέκλυσε χεύματι μύθων·
"Ἥλικος Ὠκεανοῖο παρευνέτι, σύγχρονε κόσμου
παντρόφε συμμιγέων ὑδάτων, αὐτόσπορε Τηθύς,
ἀρχαίη φιλότεκνε, τί ῥέξομεν; αἰθαλόεις γὰρ
εἰς ἐμὲ καὶ σέο τέκνα κορύσσεται ὑέτιος Ζεύς·
ἅρπαγα γὰρ νόθον ὄρνιν ἔχει Κρονίωνα φονῆα
Ἀσωπὸς γενετῆρα, καὶ υἱέα Βάκχον Ὑδάσπης.
ἀλλὰ Διὸς στεροπῇσιν ἄγων ἀντίξοον ὕδωρ
ἠέλιον πυρόεντα ῥόῳ σβεστῆρι καλύψω,
κρύψω δ' αἰθέρος ἄστρα· καὶ ἀθρήσει με Κρονίων
χεύματι μορμύροντι κατακλύζοντα Σελήνην·
Ἀρκτῴην δ' ὑπὸ πέζαν ἐμαῖς προχοῇσι λοέσσω
ἄξονος ἄκρα κάρηνα καὶ ἄβροχον ὀλκὸν Ἁμάξης·
καὶ βυθίης ἀρχαῖον ἐμῆς πλωτῆρα θαλάσσης

---

[a] River Kherkah.

[b] Oceanos means that he will upset all the celestial arrangements and reverse the catasterisms, or metamorphoses of persons and things to constellations, which are an important part of late mythology. He will wet the Great Bear (294-295) which never touches his waters, *i.e.* never sets (Hom. *Od.* v. 275, and a hundred later passages: it had ceased to be exactly true about 1000 B.C.): he will make the constellation of the Dolphin into a real dolphin swimming in the sea (297), which it once was until it was made a constellation for helping Poseidon to find Amphitrite, pseudo-Eratosthenes, *Catast.* xxxi.; he will bring Eridanos back again to the region of the Po (*cf.* on 89),—it is odd that an Egyptian misses the chance to call it by its other name of Nile, see p.

wandering over the mountains, a maiden unveiled and unshod, was received by Choaspes[a] near Persia.

280 Oceanos also cried out against Dionysos in menacing words, pouring a watery roar from his manystream throat, and deluging the shores of the world with the flood of words which issued from his everlasting mouth like a fountain :

284 " O Tethys ! agemate and bedmate of Oceanos, ancient as the world, nurse of commingled waters, selfborn, loving mother of children, what shall we do ? Now Rainy Zeus blazes in arms against me and your children. Even as Asopos found the Father Zeus Cronion his destroyer, in the bastard shape of a bird, so Hydaspes has found Bacchos the son. Nay, I will bring my water against the lightnings of Zeus, and drown the fiery sun in my quenching flood, I will put out the stars of heaven ! Cronion shall see me overwhelm Selene with my roaring streams. Under the region of the Bear, I will wash with my waters the ends of the axle and the dry track of the Wain.[b] The heavenly Dolphin, which long ago swam in my

Erat. xxxvii., but Nonnos follows Aratos as to the name of this constellation, which is near the feet of Orion and often simply called the River. He will get the Fishes, Pisces (302), back again where they were before they were rewarded for helping the goddess Derceto out of the water, ps.-Erat. xxxviii. He will treat the Bull (305) in like manner, *cf.* i. 46 ff. for his story, and Euripides cited by ps.-Erat. xiv. for his transformation into the constellation Taurus. Cepheus and Boötes (311) are of course the well-known constellations so called, but 312 is obscure, unless it is a reference, against all chronology, mythical and historical, to the great tidal wave which destroyed Helice and Bura in 373 B.C., Arist. *Meteor.* ii. 368 b 6, Strabo viii. 7. 2. In 314 he refers to the transformation of the she-goat Amaltheia which suckled Zeus into the constellation Capra or Capella, ps.-Erat. xiii. The Waterman in 315 is the zodiacal constellation Aquarius.

αἰθέριον Δελφῖνα πάλιν πλωτῆρα τελέσσω,
κρυπτόμενον πελάγεσσι· καὶ ἀστερόφοιτον ἐρύσσω
νόστιμον οὐρανόθεν μετανάστιον εἰς χθόνα Κελτῶν
Ἠριδανὸν πυρόεντα, καὶ ὑδατόεντα τελέσσω,
αἰθέρα γυμνώσας διεροῦ πυρός· ὑψιπόρους δὲ
Ἰχθύας ἀστερόεντας ἐμοὺς πάλιν εἰς ἅλα σύρω,
νηχομένους μετ' Ὄλυμπον ἐν ὕδασιν. ἔγρεο, Τηθύς,
ὕδασιν αἰθέρος ἄστρα καλύψομεν, ὄφρα νοήσω
Ταῦρον, ἀκυμάντοιο πάλαι πλωτῆρα θαλάσσης,
κύμασι λαβροτέροις πεφορημένον ὑγρὸν ὀδίτην,
Εὐρώπης μετὰ λέκτρον· ὀρινέσθω δὲ καὶ αὐτή,
δερκομένη κερόεσσαν ἐμὴν ταυρώπιδα μορφήν,
ταυροφυὴς κερόεσσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη·
ἴξομαι ὑψικέλευθος ἐς οὐρανόν, ὄφρα νοήσω
ἰκμαλέον Κηφῆα καὶ ὑγροχίτωνα Βοώτην,
ὡς πάρος ἐννοσίγαιος, ὅτε θρασὺς ἀμφὶ Κορίνθου
ὑγρὸς Ἄρης ἀλάλαζεν ἐς ἀστερόεσσαν Ἐννώ·
κρύψω δ' ἔμπυρον Αἶγα, Διὸς τροφόν, ὑγροπόρῳ δὲ
ἄρμενον Ὑδροχοῆι χαρίζομαι ἄφθονον ὕδωρ.
Τηθύς, καὶ σύ, θάλασσα, κορύσσεο· ταυροφυῆ γὰρ
Ζεὺς νόθον υἷα λόχευσεν, ἵνα ξύμπαντας ὀλέσσῃ
καὶ ποταμοὺς καὶ φῶτας ἀμεμφέας· ἀμφότερον δὲ
Ἰνδοὺς θύρσος ἔπεφνε
καὶ ἔφλεγε πυρσὸς Ὑδάσπην."
Ἔννεπε παφλάζων βαθυκύμονος οἴδματι φωνῆς.

deep sea, I will make to swim once more, and cover him with new seas. I will drag down from heaven the fiery Eridanos [a] whose course is among the stars, and bring him back to a new home in the Celtic land : he shall be water again, and the sky shall be bare of the river of fire. The starry Fishes that swim on high I will pull into the sea and make them mine again, to swim in water instead of Olympos.

303 " Tethys, awake ! We will drown the stars in water, that I may see the Bull, who once swam over a waveless sea, tossed on stormier waves in the paths of the waters after the bed of Europa. Selene herself, bullshaped and horned driver of cattle, may be angry to see my horned bullshaped form. I will travel high into the heaven, that I may behold Cepheus drenched and the Waggoner in soaking tunic, as Earthshaker once did when about Corinth soaking Ares once boldly shouted defiance of battle against the stars ! I will swallow the shining Goat, the nurse of Zeus, and I will offer infinite water to the Waterman as a suitable gift !

316 " Get ready, Tethys, and you, O Sea ! for Zeus has been delivered of a base son in bull shape, to destroy all rivers and all creatures together, all blameless : the thyrsus wand has slain the Indians, the torch has burnt Hydaspes ! "

320 So he cried blustering in a flood of speech from his deep waves.

[a] The Milky Way.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΤΕΤΑΡΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστὸν δὲ τέταρτον ἔχει γόον ἄσπετον Ἰνδῶν
κερκίδα θ' ἱστοπόνοιο καὶ ἠλακάτην Ἀφροδίτης.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ κοτέοντος
ἀπέτραπε παιδὸς ἀπειλήν,
δοῦπον ὁμοπλεκέων νεφέων βρονταῖον ἰμάσσων·
καὶ χόλον ἐπρήυνεν ἀτέρμονος Ὠκεανοῖο,
ὑσμίνην φλογόεσσαν ἐρητύων Διονύσου.
Ἥρη δ' ἐσμαράγησε δι' ἠέρος ἄπλετον ἠχώ,
μῆνιν ἀναστέλλουσα πυρισθενέος Διονύσου.
Καὶ διερὴν παλάμην ὀρέγων οἰκτίρμονι Βάκχῳ
παιδὶ Διὸς πυρόεντι γέρων ἰάχησεν Ὑδάσπης,
μῦθον ἀναβλύζων ἱκετήσιον ἀνθερεῶνος·
" Φείδεό μοι, Διόνυσε, διιπετέος ποταμοῖο,
ὕδασι καρποτόκοισι φέρων χάριν· ὑμετέρη γὰρ
ἐξ ὑδάτων εὔβοτρυς ἀνεβλάστησεν ὀπώρη.
ἀασάμην, Διόνυσε πυριτρεφές· οὐρανίην γὰρ
σῶν δαΐδων ἀμάρυγμα τεὴν κήρυξε γενέθλην.
ἀλλὰ πόθος τεκέων με βιήσατο· δηριάδῃ γὰρ
υἱέι πιστὰ φέρων ῥοθίων ἐλέλιζον ἀπειλήν,
Ἰνδοῖς κτεινομένοισι βοηθόον οἶδμα κυλίνδων.
αἰδέομαι γενετῆρι φανήμεναι, ὅττι θαλάσσῃ
αἵματι μορμύροντι μεμιγμένα χεύματα σύρω
καὶ φονίῃ ῥαθάμιγγι Ποσειδάωνα μιαίνω·

BOOK XXIV

The twenty-fourth has the infinite mourning of the Indians, and the shuttle and distaff of Aphrodite working at the loom.

FATHER Zeus turned aside the menace of his angry son, for he massed the clouds and flung out a thunderclap ; he stayed the flaming attack of Dionysos, and calmed the anger of boundless Ocean. Hera also made an infinite noise resound through the air, to restrain the wrath of Dionysos's fiery power.

[7] Then old Hydaspes held out a wet hand to merciful Bacchos, and appealed to the fiery son of Zeus in words that bubbled out of his lips :

[10] " Spare me, Dionysos, the river fed from Zeus ! Be gracious to my fertilizing waters ! for your own goodly fruitage of grapes has grown up from water. I have sinned, Dionysos, nurseling of fire ! for the gleam of your torches has proclaimed your divine lineage. But love for my children constrained me. To keep faith with Deriades my son I brought up my threatening surf, to help perishing Indians I rolled my waves.

[18] " I am ashamed to appear before my father, because the murmuring stream which I draw is mingled with blood, and I pollute Poseidaon with

τοῦτό με, τοῦτο κόρυσσεν ἐριδμαίνειν Διονύσῳ.
πρὸς δὲ τεοῦ ξενίοιο καὶ ἱκεσίοιο τοκῆος,
αἴδεο παφλάζοντα τεῷ πυρὶ θερμὸν Ὑδάσπην.
Νηιάδες φεύγουσιν ἐμὸν ῥόον· ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγὰς
ἡ μὲν ναιετάει διερὸν δόμον, ἡ δ' ἐνὶ λόχμαις
σύννομος Ἀδρυάδεσσι φυτὸν μετὰ πόντον ἀμείβει,
ἄλλη δ' Ἰνδὸν ἔχει μετανάστιος, ἡ δὲ φυγοῦσα
ποσσὶ κονιομένοισιν ἐδύσατο διψάδα πέτρην
Καυκασίην, ἑτέρη δὲ μεταΐξασα Χοάσπην
ναίει ξεῖνα ῥέεθρα καὶ οὐκέτι πάτριον ὕδωρ.
μὴ καλάμους ὀλέσειας, ἐμῶν βλάστημα ῥοάων,
οἷσιν ἀεξομένοισιν ἐρείδεται οἰνάδος ὄρπηξ
ἀμπελόεις· δόνακες γὰρ ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι δεθέντες
ὑμετέρην εὔυδρον ἐλαφρίζουσιν ὀπώρην·
μὴ δόνακας φλέξειας, ὅθεν σέο Μυγδόνες αὐλοί,
μή ποτέ σοι μέμψαιτο τεὴ φιλόμολπος Ἀθήνη,
ἥ ποτε Γοργείων βλοσυρὸν μίμημα καρήνων
φθεγγομένων Λίβυν εὗρεν ὁμοζυγέων τύπον αὐλῶν·
καὶ σέο μυστιπόλοιο κυβερνήτειραν ἀοιδῆς
Πανιάδος σύριγγος ὁμόθροον αἴδεο μολπήν·
λῆγε τεῷ νάρθηκι ῥόον ποταμοῖο μαραίνων,
ὅττι ῥόος ποταμοῖο τεοὺς νάρθηκας ἀέξει.
οὐ ξένον οἶδμα πέρησας ἐπώνυμον· ἀλλοφυῆ γὰρ
ἄλλον ἐγὼ Διόνυσον ἐμοῖς φαίδρυνα λοετροῖς,
ὁπλοτέρου Βρομίοιο φερώνυμον, εὖτε Κρονίων
Ζαγρέα παιδοκόμοισιν ἐμαῖς παρακάθετο Νύμφαις·
καὶ σὺ φέρεις Ζαγρῆος ὅλον δέμας· ἀλλὰ σὺ κείνῳ
δὸς χάριν ὀψιτέλεστον, ὅθεν πέλες· ἀρχεγόνου γὰρ

clots of gore ; this it was, only this that armed me to strive against Dionysos. By your father, protector of guests and suppliants, have mercy on Hydaspes, now hot and boiling with your fire !

24 " The Naiads flee from my stream : one dwells in a watery home at my source, one leaves the deep for the thicket, and stays with Hadryads in the woods ; another migrates to the Indos, another escapes on dusty feet to hide among the thirsty rocks of Caucasos,[a] or passing to Choaspes dwells in strange rivers and in her father's water no longer.

31 " Destroy not my canes, the growth of my streams, which grow up to support the shoots and grapes of your vine ! Do not the reeds tied together carry your well-watered fruit ? Burn not my reeds, which make your Mygdonian hoboys, or your musical Athena may reproach you one day : she who invented the Libyan double pipes, to imitate with their tootle the voices of the Gorgons' grim heads.[b] Spare the harmonious tune of the pans-pipes which guides your own mystic song ! Cease wasting the river stream with your fennel, when the stream of the river makes your fennels to grow !

43 " The stream you have crossed is no stranger to your name ; for I have washed another Dionysos in my bath, with the same name as the younger Bromios, when Cronion entrusted Zagreus [c] to the care of my nursing nymphs ; why, you have the whole shape of Zagreus. Grant this favour then, although so long after, to him from whom you are

[a] Hindu Kush, not the real Caucasus.

[b] Pindar, *Pyth.* xii. 12. 6.

[c] *Cf.* v. 563 ff., vi. 155 ff. Zagreus has nothing whatever to do with the Hydaspes, outside of Nonnos's own fancy or that of some Alexandrian whom he may be imitating.

ἐκ κραδίης ἀνέτελλες, ἀειδομένου Διονύσου.
ὑμετέρου δὲ γέραιρε Λάμου κουροτρόφον ὕδωρ·
μνώεο Μαιονίης σέο πατρίδος· ὑμετέρου γὰρ
Πακτωλοῦ χαρίεντος ἀδελφεός ἐστιν Ὑδάσπης.
καὶ σὺ τόσοις ποταμοῖσι μίαν χάριν ἄρτι τιταίνων,
γνωτοῖς ἡμετέροισι, τεὴν ἀνασείρασον αἴγλην·
μηδὲ πυρὶ φλέξῃς ὑδάτων χύσιν· ἐξ ὑδάτων γὰρ
ἀστεροπὴ βλάστησε, τεοῦ Διὸς ὑέτιον πῦρ.
ἀλλὰ χόλον πρήυνε, τεοῖς ὅτι γούνασι πίπτω
μειλίχιον στορέσας ἱκέτην ῥόον· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
εἰ θρασὺν αὐχένα κάμπτε, καὶ ἤπιος ἔσκε Τυφωεύς,
καί κεν ἀπορρίψας παλινάγρετον ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς
ἀστεροπὴν ἀνέκοπτε πατὴρ τεός, ὑψιμέδων Ζεύς."
Ὣς φαμένου Διόνυσος ἐὴν ἀνασείρασε πεύκην.
καὶ προχοὰς Ἀρκτῷος ἀνερρίπιζεν ἀήτης
χειμερίῃ μάστιγι, φέρων δυσπέμφελον αὔρην,
χεῦμα πυριβλήτοιο καταψύχων ποταμοῖο,
Ἥλιον καὶ Βάκχον ὁμοῦ καὶ Ζῆνα γεραίρων,
καὶ ῥοθίων ἄσβεστον ἀπέσβεσε δαιμόνιον πῦρ.
Ὄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βάκχος
ἐπέπλεεν ὑγρὸν Ὑδάσπην,
τόφρα δέ, θάρσος Ἄρηος ἔχων, περιμήκετον ὁρμὴν
Δηριάδης ἐπὶ δῆριν ἐπώνυμον ὥπλισεν Ἰνδούς,
στήσας ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρον ἑὰς στίχας, ὄφρα μαχηταὶ
λαὸν ἐρητύσωσιν ἀνερχομένων ἔτι Βάκχων.
οὐδὲ Διὸς λάθεν ὄμμα πανόψιον· ἐσσυμένως δὲ
οὐρανόθεν πεφόρητο προασπίζων Διονύσου.
καὶ σφετέροισιν ἰόντες ἀρηγόνες, ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
σὺν Διὶ πάντες ἵκοντο θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου

[a] Zeus swallowed Zagreus's heart before coming to Semele, hence Dionysos is Zagreus reborn.

sprung ; for you came from the heart [a] of that first-born Dionysos, so celebrated. Respect the water of your Lamos [b] who cherished your childhood ; remember Maionia your own country, for Hydaspes is brother of your charming Pactolos. Grant now this one boon to all these rivers, my brothers, and withdraw your flame. Burn not with fire my watery stream, for the watery fire of your Zeus, the lightning, came out of water ! [c] Calm your anger, because I fall at your knees : see, I have smoothed my flood into peaceful prayer ! If Typhoeus in rebellion had bent his bold neck and submitted, your father Zeus, Lord in the highest, would have checked his lightning, his overwhelming threat would have been cast aside and forgotten."

62 When he had ended, Dionysos drew back his torch. A wind from the north began to ruffle the waters with winter's lash, bringing bleak airs and cooling the firestruck stream of the river, and honoured Helios and Bacchos and Zeus together by quenching the unquenchable divine fire of the surf.

68 While Bacchos was still crossing the waters of Hydaspes, Deriades with the courage of Ares armed the Indians for a vast effort of battle, as a Battle-down of his name should do. He posted his companies beside the river, that the warriors might repel by force the Bacchoi as they still climbed up. Nor did the allseeing eye of Zeus fail to see him : quickly he swooped down from Heaven to hold a shield before Dionysos. With Zeus came all the gods who dwell in Olympos, one after another, in a flying leap, to help their own.

[b] A river in Cilicia.

[c] Because it comes out of clouds, *i.e.* water-vapour.

ἅλματι πωτήεντι· καὶ Αἰγίνης χάριν εὐνῆς
αἰετὸς ᾠήρητο τὸ δεύτερον ὑψιπέτης Ζεὺς
Ἀσωποῦ μετὰ χεῦμα, καὶ Αἰακὸν ἡροφοίτην
φειδομένων ὀνύχων δεδραγμένος ἅρπαγι ταρσῷ
κουφίζων ἐκόμισσεν ἐς Ἄρεα Δηριαδῆος
Ἰνδῴην ἐπὶ πέζαν· ἀπ' εὐρυπόροιο δὲ κόλπου
υἱὸν Ἀρισταῖον γενέτης ἐσάωσεν Ἀπόλλων,
φαιδρὸς ἀλεξικάκων πεφορημένος ἅρματι κύκνων,
μνῆστιν ἔχων θαλάμοιο λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης·
καὶ κρατέων ἔο παῖδα τανύπτερος ἥρπασεν Ἑρμῆς,
υἱέα Πηνελόπης, κεραελκέα Πᾶνα κομήτην·
Οὐρανίη δ' Ὑμέναιον ἀνεζώγρησεν ὀλέθρου
παιδὸς ἑοῦ γονόεντος ἐπώνυμον, ἠερίας δὲ
ἀτραπιτοὺς ἐχάραξεν, ὁμοίιος ἀστέρος ὁλκῷ,
γνωτῷ βοτρυόεντι χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ·
Καλλιόπη δ' Οἴαγρον ἑοῖς ἀνεκούφισεν ὤμοις·
καὶ τεκέων Ἥφαιστος ἑῶν ἀλέγιζε Καβείρων,
ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἥρπαξεν, ὁμοίιος ὀξέι πυρσῷ·
Ἀκταίη δ' ἐσάωσεν Ἐρεχθέα Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
Ἰνδοφόνον, ναετῆρα θεοκρήπιδος Ἀθήνης·
Νύμφας δ' Ἀδρυάδας ναέται ζώγρησαν Ὀλύμπου
πάντες, ὅσοις μεμέληντο φίλαι δρύες, ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων
δαφναίας ἐσάωσε φανεὶς δαφναῖος Ἀπόλλων,
καί σφιν ἅμα χραίσμησε συνέμπορος υἱέι μήτηρ,
εἰσέτι κυδαίνουσα λεχώια δένδρεα Λητώ.
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα
κορυμβοφόρους τε γυναῖκας
ἐκ βυθίου ῥύσαντο πολυφλοίσβοιο κυδοιμοῦ
θυγατέρες Κύδνοιο, φιλοζεφύρου ποταμοῖο,

---

[a] *Cf.* xiii. 201. [b] *Cf.* xiii. 253 ff. [c] *Cf.* xiv. 92.

77 Zeus as once before by the river Asopos, for the sake of Aigina's bed,[a] sailed now as an eagle flying high; and like a bird of prey caught up Aiacos in gentle talons, and carried him to the Indian land for battle with Deriades. Apollo [b] the father saved Aristaios the son from the broad gulf, riding brilliant in his car drawn by the bane-averting swans; for he remembered the bower of lionslaying Cyrene. Hermes [c] Longwing caught up and held his own child, the son of Penelope, hornstrong hairy Pan. Urania [d] saved Hymenaios from destruction, because he had the same name as her own creative son, and scored the airy paths like a moving star, to please Dionysos, her brother of the grapes. Calliope [e] lifted Oiagros upon her shoulders. Hephaistos [f] took care of his sons the Cabeiroi, and caught up both, like a flying firebrand. Pallas Athena the Attic goddess saved Erechtheus the Indians' bane, the citizen of god-founded Athens. All the denizens of Olympos who cared for their beloved oaks, rescued Hadryad nymphs; and most especially laurel-Apollo appeared and saved the laurel-nymphs [g]; and Leto his mother stood by her son and helped them, for she still honoured the tree which helped her childbirth.[h] The company of Bassarids and the ivycrowned women were saved from the roaring turmoil of the deeps, by the daughters of Cydnos, the river that

[a] *Cf.* xiii. 84. Hymenaios son of Urania (or some other Muse) and Hymenaios the mortal (of Boeotia or elsewhere) are really not namesakes but the same person, a godling made up out of the unintelligible marriage-cry *ὦ ὑμὴν ὑμέναιε.*

[b] *Cf.* xiii. 428.

[c] *Cf.* xiv. 17 ff.

[d] *Cf.* ii. 108.

[h] The Delian palm, [Hom.] *Hymn to Apollo* 117.

πλωτὸν ἐπιστάμεναι διερὸν δρόμον, ἃς ἐπὶ νίκῃ
Ἄρεος Ἰνδῴοιο πατὴρ δωρήσατο Βάκχῳ,
Νηιάδας πολέμοιο δαήμονας, ἃς ποτε χάρμην
μαρνάμενος Κρονίωνι Κίλιξ ἐδίδαξε Τυφωεύς.
Καὶ στρατὸς ὠμάρτησεν ὁμόστολος· ἐσσυμένους δὲ
Εὔιος ἔφθασε πάντας, ὀρεσσαύλων ἐπὶ δίφρων
ἄξονος ἀβρέκτοιο διαξύων ῥόον ὁλκῷ·
καὶ Σατύρων δρόμον εἶχεν ὁμόστολον,
οἷς ἅμα Βάκχαι
ὑγροπόροι καὶ Πᾶνες ὁμήλυδες· ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων
ὠκύτεροι Τελχῖνες ἁλιτρεφέων ὑπὲρ ἵππων,
πατρῴης ἐλατῆρες ἁλικρήπιδος ἀπήνης,
εἰς δρόμον ὠμάρτησαν ἐπειγομένῳ Διονύσῳ.
ἄλλοι δ' ἦσαν ὄπισθεν, ἐπεσσεύοντο δὲ πορθμῷ
ἐξ ἑτέρης ἀνιόντες ἀθηήτοιο κελεύθου,
ἦχι θεὸς πόμπευεν· ἐπεὶ πτερὸν ἠρέμα πάλλων
αἰετὸς ἡγεμόνευε δι' οὔρεος ἀντίτυπος Ζεύς,
φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσι μετάρσιον νῆα κομίζων,
Λιακὸν ἠερίῃ πεφορημένον ὕψι κελεύθῳ.
Ἰνδῴῃ δ' ἐχόρευον ἐπισκαίροντες ἐρίπνῃ,
καὶ σκοπέλους ἐδίωκον, ἐναυλίζοιντο δὲ λόχμαις,
καὶ κλισίας πήξαντες ἐς ἠρέμα δάσκιον ὕλην . . .
οἱ δὲ τανυκραίρων ἐλάφων κεμαδοσσόον ἄγρην
εἶχον ἅμα σκυλάκεσσιν· Ἀμαδρυάδεσσι δὲ Νύμφαις
Ὑδριάδες μίσγοντο φιλοπτόρθου Διονύσου.
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγες Ἐρυθραίῃ παρὰ λόχμῃ
σκύμνον ὀρεσσαύλοιο τιθηνήσαντο λεαίνης,
αὐτοχύτου δὲ γάλακτος ἀνέβλυον ἰκμάδα μαζοί·
ἄλλη ἐχιδναίοιο πόθον μεθέπουσα κορύμβου
ἰοβόλων μάστευε δι' οὔρεος ἄντρα δρακόντων,

loved the West Wind, since they knew the ways of the floating waters ; these his father had given to Bacchos for victory in the Indian War, Naiads well skilled in warfare, whom Cilician Typhoeus had taught battle while he was fighting against Cronion.

109 The whole host followed, but where all pressed forward, Euios [a] was in front, cutting the stream in his highland car and never wetting the axle. The Satyrs attended his passage, and with them Bacchant women and Pans passed through the water ; but far quicker than the rest came the Telchines behind their seabred horses, driving their father's car,[b] firmly based on the sea, and they kept close to Dionysos as he sped along. Others were behind, thronging over the ford, but they came up the bank by another road unseen where a god led : for there was an eagle full in view, gently flapping its wings, Zeus, who led them through the mountains, while he carried his son Aiacos aloft with gentle talons traversing the high path of the air.

123 They leapt about dancing on the Indian crags, along the rocky paths ; then they built shelters undisturbed in the dark forest, and spent the night among the trees. . . . Some went deerhunting with dogs after the long-antlered stags : the Hydriad water-nymphs of plantloving Dionysos mingled with the Hamadryads of the trees. Groups of Bassarids in this Erythraian wilderness suckled cubs [c] of a mountain lioness, and the juicy milk flowed of itself out of their breasts. One searched the hills for the holes of poisonous serpents to satisfy her longing for a wreath of vipers, and showed how well she could hunt.

[a] Dionysos. [b] *Cf.* on xxi. 197.
[c] Imitated from Eur. *Bacch.* 699 ff.

θηροσύνην δ' ἀνέφαινεν· ἀκοντιστῆρι δὲ θύρσῳ
ἡ μὲν νεβρὸν ἔβαλλεν ἀελλόπον· ἡ δὲ λαθοῦσα
ἅλματι λυσσήεντι κατέδραμε λυσσάδος ἄρκτου·
ἡ δὲ μελαρρίνων ῥαχίης ἐδράξατο θηρῶν
καὶ λοφίης ἐπέβαινεν ὀρεσσινόμων ἐλεφάντων.
καί τις ὀιστοβόλων βέλος ἥρμοσε κυκλάδι νευρῇ
καὶ πτελέην τόξευεν· ὁ δὲ σκοπὸν εἶχεν ἐλαίην·
καὶ πίτυν ἄλλος ἔβαλλε· πολὺς δ' ἐπὶ γείτονα πεύκην
πεμπομένων σύριζεν ἐν ἠέρι ῥοῖζος ὀιστῶν.
Τοῖσι μὲν ἔβρεμε κῶμος ὀρίκτυπος. ἀχνύμενος δὲ
Δηριάδῃ βασιλῆι δυσάγγελος ἵκετο Θουρεύς,
δάκρυσιν ἀφθόγγοισιν ἀπαγγέλλων φόνον Ἰνδῶν,
καὶ μόγις ἐκ στομάτων ἀνενείκατο πενθάδα φωνήν·
" Δηριάδη σκηπτοῦχε, θεηγενὲς ἔρνος Ἐννοῦς,
ᾖομεν, ὡς ἐκέλευσας, ἐς ἀντιπέραιαν ἐρίπνην,
εὕρομεν ἐν βήσσῃσιν ἐρημάδα γείτονα λόχμην·
κεῖθι λόχον στήσαντες ἐμίμνομεν, εἰσόκεν ἔλθῃ
θυρσομανὴς Διόνυσος· ἐπερχομένοιο δὲ Βάκχου
αὐλὸς ἐπεσμαράγησεν, ἀδεψήτου δὲ βοείης
τυπτομένης ἑκάτερθεν ἔην χαλκόκροτος ἠχώ
καὶ καναχὴ σύριγγος· ὅλη δ' ἐλελίζετο λόχμη
καὶ δρύες ἐφθέγξαντο καὶ ὠρχήσαντο κολῶναι·
Νηιάδες δ' ὀλόλυξαν. ἐγὼ δ' ἑκόρυσσα μαχητάς,
ὀκναλέους, τρομέοντας, ἀπειθέας εἰς μόθον ἕλκων.
καὶ θεός, ὃν καλέουσιν, ἀκαχμένα θύρσα τινάσσων,
οὐτιδανοῖς πετάλοισιν ὀιστεύων γένος Ἰνδῶν,
κτεῖνε μὲν ἐν πεδίῳ στρατὸν ἄσπετον ὀξέι θύρσῳ
βλήμενον, ἐν ῥοθίοις δὲ τὸ λείψανον ὤλεσεν Ἰνδῶν.
ἀλλὰ σοφοὺς Βραχμῆνας ἐρείομεν, ὄφρα δαείης,

---

[a] The first indication that Nonnos knows anything of India. He might have read of Brahmans in Philostratos's

One cast her wand and hit a stormfoot fawn. One approached unseen, and ran down a mad she-bear with maddened leaps. One clutched at the back of some elephant of the mountains, and climbed on the nape of the blackskinned beast. Sometimes an archer fitted a shaft to the string of his rounded bow and shot at an elmtree, or aimed at an olivetree, another hit a pine ; showers of arrows went whizzing and buzzing through the air at the firtrees hard by.

143 While the noise of their revels resounded among the hills, Thureus returned unhappy to King Deriades with bad tidings. His tears told the carnage of the Indians without words, but at last he let his sorrowful voice be heard :

147 " May it please your Majesty, Deriades our King, and divine offspring of Enyo ! We went as commanded to the opposite hill, and in the forest glades we found the neighbouring thickets empty. There we laid our ambush and waited for thyrsusmad Dionysos to come. When Bacchos came near, the pipes were sounded, the raw drumskin was beaten, on either side was the noise of beaten brass and the wail of the syrinx. The whole forest trembled, the oaktrees uttered voices and the hills danced, the Naiads sang alleluia. I put the men under arms, led them to battle hesitating, trembling, unwilling. And the god, as they call him, shaking the sharpened wand, sent volleys of ignoble leaves upon the Indian nation, slew an infinite host on the plain pierced by the sharp wands, and destroyed what was left of us in the wild waters.

162 " Come now, let us ask our learned Brahmans,[a]

[a] *Life of Apollonios of Tyana*, or a score of other popular books.

εἰ θεὸς οὗτος ἵκανεν ἐς ἡμέας ἢ βροτὸς ἀνήρ.
μὴ νυχίην ἀνόητον ἀναστήσειας Ἐνυώ,
μὴ στρατιὴν ὀλέσειας ἀφεγγέι δηιοτῆτι·
ἤδη δ' ἀχλυόεις τέταται ζόφος· ἀγχιφανὴς δὲ
δῆριν ἀναστέλλων ἀμαρύσσεται Ἕσπερος ἀστήρ.
εἰ δὲ πόθος μεθέπει σε δυσαντήτοιο κυδοιμοῦ,
σήμερον Ἰνδὸν ἔρυκε,
καὶ αὔριον εἰς μόθον ἔλκεις."
Ὡς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀπειθέα Δηριαδῆα,
οὐ χάριν ἀδρανίης πειθήμονα, δυομένῳ δὲ
μεμφόμενον Φαέθοντι καὶ οὐκ εἴκοντα Λυαίῳ.
Ἰνδῷην δὲ φάλαγγα μεταστήσας ποταμοῖο
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος ἐχάζετο πενθάδι λύσσῃ,
ἑζόμενος λοφιῇσι παλιννόστων ἐλεφάντων.
Ἰνδοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα σὺν ἠλιβάτῳ βασιλῆι
εἰς πόλιν ἐρρώοντο πεφυζότες, ἔνδοθι πύργων
νίκην εἰσαΐοντες ἀρειμανέος Διονύσου.
Ἤδη δὲ στονόεσσα δι' ἄστεος ἵπτατο φήμη,
σύγγονον ἀγγέλλουσα νεοσφαγέων φόνον Ἰνδῶν.
καὶ γόος ἄσπετος ἔσκε· φιλοθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν
πενθαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι χαράσσετο κύκλα προσώπου,
καὶ μεσάτου στέρνοιο διεσχίζοντο χιτῶνες
στήθεα γυμνώσαντες, ἀμοιβαίῃσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
τυπτομένων παλάμῃσιν ἴτυς φοινίσσετο μαζῶν
αἱμοβαφής. πολιὸς δὲ γέρων ἐπὶ γήραος οὐδῷ
χιονέην πλοκαμῖδα κατηφέι τάμνε σιδήρῳ,
τέσσαρας ἡβώοντας ὀλωλότας υἷας ἀκούων,
Αἰακὸς οὓς ἐδάμασσε μιῇ δασπλῆτι μαχαίρῃ,
κτεινομένους ἐλεεινά· βαρυτλήτων δὲ γυναικῶν
ἡ μὲν ἑὸν στενάχιζεν ἀδελφεόν, ἡ δὲ τοκῆα·
ἄλλη ποικιλόδακρυς ἀνεστεναχίζετο νύμφη
νυμφίον ἀρτιχόρευτον ἐοικότα Πρωτεσιλάῳ,

that you may learn if this be a god come against us or a mortal man. Do not stir up a useless war by night, do not destroy your hosts fighting in the darkness. Already the misty gloom is stretched over us; there is the evening star clear before our eyes, shining to check the conflict. If your desire is set upon this formidable fray, hold back the Indians to-day and to-morrow you lead them to battle."

170 His words convinced Deriades, though loath to be convinced. No weakness made him consent; he yielded not to Lyaios, he blamed the setting sun. Proud Deriades retreated mad with sorrow, seated on the neck of his retreating elephants, and withdrew the Indian host from the river. Along with their gigantic king, the Indians everywhere made haste to take refuge in the city, hearing behind their walls of the victory of warmad Dionysos.

179 For already a lamentable rumour was flying through the city, which told of the late massacre of their kinsmen Indians. There was infinite wailing then. Dirgefond women tore their cheeks with their nails in mourning; they rent off the garments from their bodies and bared their chests, beating their circled breasts with this hand and that until the blows made the blood flow. That gray old man on the threshold of old age cut off his snowy hair with the knife of sorrow, when he heard how four sons had perished in their prime, a pitiable death indeed, brought low by Aiacos and his terrible sword alone. Women in heavy affliction mourned one her brother, and one her father; there was a bride bathed in tears lamenting her bridegroom lately wedded with

ἄλλη Λαοδάμεια· νεοζεύκτοιο δὲ νύμφης
ἄπλοκος ἀκρήδεμνος ἐτίλλετο βότρυς ἐθείρης.
Καί τις ἀμηχανέουσα δεδουπότος εὐνέτις Ἰνδοῦ,
ἀγχιτόκους ὠδῖνας ἀναπλήσασα λοχείης
καὶ δεκάτης ὁρόωσα λεχώια κύκλα Σελήνης,
ὑδρηλῷ πολιὸν δάκρυς ἐπέστενεν ἀνδρὸς ὀλέθρῳ,
καὶ ποταμῷ κοτέουσα γοήμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
"Οὐ πίομαι πατρῷον ἐμὸν ποτε πικρὸν Ὑδάσπην·
οὐκέτι κεῖνα ῥέεθρα παρέρχομαι, οὐκέτι δειλὴ
σεῖο νέκυν κρύψαντος ἐπιψαύσω ποταμοῖο,
οὐ μὰ σέ καὶ σέο φόρτον, ὃν ἔνδοθι γαστρὸς ἀείρω,
οὐ μὰ σὲ καὶ τὸν ἔρωτα, τὸν οὐ χρόνος οἶδε μαραίνειν.
τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειεν, ὅπου πέσε νεκρὸς ἀκοίτης,
ὄφρα περιπτύξω διερὸν νέκυν, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴν
κῦμα κατακρύψῃ με σὺν ὑγροπόρῳ παρακοίτῃ;
αἴθε δὲ καὶ τέκον υἷα καὶ ἔτρεφον· ἄρτι δὲ δειλὴν
γαστέρος ὄγκος ἔχει με πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο.
εἰ δὲ τέκω ποτὲ παῖδα καὶ αἰτίζῃ γενετῆρα,
υἱέι παππάζοντι πόθεν δείξαιμι τοκῆα;"
Εἶπε τὸν οὐκ ἀίοντα κινυρομένη παρακοίτην.
ἄλλη δ' ἐστενάχιζεν ἀνυμφεύτους ὑμεναίους
ὀλλυμένου μνηστῆρος, ὃν οὐκ ἴδεν εὔγαμος ὥρη
στέμματι νυμφιδίῳ πεπυκασμένον, οὐδ' ἐνὶ παστῷ
ἡδυμελὴς ἤεισε βιοσσόος αὐλὸς Ἐρώτων.
Τοῖσι μὲν ἀχνυμένοισιν ἔην γόος. ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμας
Βάκχος ἑοῖς Σατύροισι καὶ Ἰνδοφόνοισι μαχηταῖς
εἰλαπίνην ἔστησεν· ἐδαιτρεύοντο δὲ ταῦροι,
καὶ δαμάλαι στοιχηδὸν ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ

[a] Bride of the first man killed before Troy. She besought the gods to send him back to her, was allowed to see him again for three hours, and died of grief or killed herself when he died again.

dancing, another Laodameia[a] with her Protesilaos: the newmade bride unveiled, unkempt, tore the clusters of her hair.

196 One Indian wife, despairing at her husband's fall, when the full time of her labour was near and she saw now the delivering circle of the tenth moon, sorrowed with many tears for her man's death in the water, and cried out in lamentable tones against the hateful river:

201 "Never again will I drink the bitter Hydaspes of my country! Never will I walk beside his water, never—woe's me—will I touch the river which drowned your body! I swear it by you, and your burden which I carry in my womb, I swear by you and the love which time cannot wither! Who will take me and bring me where my dead husband fell, that I may embrace the dripping body, that the wave may swallow me too and drown me beside my man! O that I had born a son and reared him! But woe is me, my womb still carries the ripening burden. And if I ever do bear a son, and he asks for his father, how can I point to his father when the boy cries for daddy?"

213 So she lamented the husband who could not hear. Another mourned for a bridal never hallowed, her wooer lost, who never saw the happy hour of wedding decked with the bridegroom's garland, who never heard in the bridal chamber the sweet music of love's quickening pipes.[b]

218 So they sorrowed and wailed. But in the forest, Bacchos held a feast with his Satyrs and Indian-slaying warriors: bulls were slaughtered, rows of heifers were struck with axes and cut up with knives,

[b] This postulates a Greek, not a Hindu wedding.

θεινόμεναι πελέκεσσιν, Ἐρυθραίης δ' ἀπὸ ποίμνης
πυκνὰ δορικτήτων ἱερεύετο πώεα μήλων.
ἑξόμενοι δ' ἀγεληδὸν ἐπ' εὐκύκλοιο τραπέζης
Σειληνοὶ Σάτυροί τε σὺν εὐθύρσῳ Διονύσῳ
χερσὶ πολυσπερέεσσι μιῆς ἔψαυσαν ἐδωδῆς·
πίνετο δ' ἄσπετος οἶνος ἀμοιβαδίς· οἰνοχόοι δὲ
εὐόδμους ἐκέρωσαν ἀπείρονας ἀμφιφορῆας,
νεκταρέης ἀρύοντες ἀμεμφέα βότρυν ὀπώρης.
Τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισι παρὰ κρητῆρα λιγαίνων
Λέσβιος αὐτοδίδακτος ἀνέπλεκε Λεῦκος ἀοιδήν,
πῶς πρότεροι Τιτῆνες ἐθωρήχθησαν Ὀλύμπῳ·
καὶ Διὸς ὑψιμέδοντος ἀληθέα μέλπετο νίκην,
πῶς Κρόνον εὐρυγένειον ὑποκλάζοντα κεραυνῷ
Ταρταρίῳ ζοφόεντι κατεσφρηγίσσατο κόλπῳ,
χείματος ὑδρηλοῖσι μάτην κεκορυθμένον ὅπλοις.
Κυπριάδος δὲ Λάπηθος ἀτευχέος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης
ἔμφρονι φορμικτῆρι παρέζετο, καί οἱ ἐδωδῆς
πίονα μοῖραν ὄρεξε, καὶ ἤτεε κεῖνον ἀείδειν
τερπνὸν ἀσιγήτοισι μεμηλότα μῦθον Ἀθήναις,
ἱστοπόνον Κυθέρειαν ἐριδμαίνουσαν Ἀθήνῃ.
Αὐτὰρ ὁ φορμίζων ἀνεβάλλετο Κύπριν ἀείδειν,
ὥς ποτε κέντρον ἔχουσα φιλημακάτοιο μερίμνης
χερσὶν ἀπειρήτοισι μετήιεν ἱστὸν Ἀθήνης,
κερκίδα κουφίζουσα καὶ οὐκέτι κεστὸν Ἐρώτων.
καὶ Παφίης τετάνυστο παχὺς μίτος, οἷά τε μακρὴ
οἰσυΐνη μήρινθος ἐύστροφος, ἣν τινι τέχνῃ
ὁλκοῖς μηκεδανοῖσι γέρων ἐρράψατο τεκτων,
φράξας ἀρτιτέλεστα σεσηρότα δούρατα νηῶν·
ἡ δὲ πανημερίη καὶ παννυχίη πέλας ἱστοῦ
Παλλάδος ἔργον ἔτευχε παλίλλυτον, ἀλλοτρίῳ δὲ
ἀτρίπτους ἔο χεῖρας ἀήθεϊ τείρετο μόχθῳ·
καὶ κτενὶ πουλυόδοντι διαξύουσα χιτῶνα

whole flocks of sheep were killed from the captured Erythraian herds. Seilenoi and Satyrs settled in companies round the table with the god of the thyrsus, all with multitudinous hands partook of the same food. Infinite wine was drunk by all in order ; the servers emptied endless fragrant jars as they drew the nectarean juice of the perfect grape.

230 So they rejoiced, while Leucos the selftaught Lesbian singer wove his lay beside the mixing-bowl, how the older Titans armed themselves against Olympos. He sang the true victory of Zeus potent in the Heights, how broadbeard Cronos sank under the thunderbolt, and Zeus sealed him deep in the dark Tartarean pit, armed in vain with the watery weapons of the storm.[a]

237 Lapethos, a dweller in the unarmed Cyprian land, sat next to the inspired minstrel, and he passed him a fat portion of meat, begging him to sing a pleasant story that never-silent Athens loves, the weaving-match between Athena and Cythereia.

242 So he struck up his harp and began to sing of Cypris,[b] how she once felt the sting of ambition and fell in love with the distaff, how she tried Athena's loom with unpractised hands and lifted the shuttle, no longer the girdle of love. The Paphian spun a coarse thread, like the long cord of twisted withies which the old roper makes by his craft in long stretches, to tighten the gaping planks of a ship newly finished. Then all day and all night long by the loom she undid the work of Pallas, and roughened her soft hands with a strange unwonted labour ; she hung the dangling stone from

[a] As usual, the mythological Cronos and the astrological associations of the planet Saturn are mixed.

[b] The story is elsewhere unknown.

καὶ λίθον ὀρχηστῆρα περικρεμάσασα μεσάκμῳ
κερκίδι πέπλον ὕφαινε, καὶ ἔπλετο Κύπρις Ἀθήνη·
καὶ πόνος ἦν ἀγέλαστος· ὑφαινομένοιο δὲ πέπλου
εὐρυτενὴς ὠγκοῦτο πέλωρ μίτος· αὐτόματοι δὲ
στήμονες ἐρρήγνυντο παχυνομένοιο χιτῶνος·
εἶχε δὲ διχθαδίοισι πόνοις ἐπιμάρτυρα τέχνης
Ἠέλιον καὶ λύχνον ἀναγκαίην τε Σελήνην.
οὐ χορὸν ὠρχήσαντο χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο
ἀμφίπολοι Παφίης· τροχαλῇ δ' ἐλέλιξεν ἐρωῇ
Πασιθέη κλωστῆρα, καὶ εἰροκόμος πέλε Πειθώ,
καὶ μίτον Ἀγλαΐη καὶ νήματα δῶκεν ἀνάσσῃ.
καὶ μερόπων ἀλάλητο γάμων βίος· ἁρμονίην δὲ
ἔστενεν ἀχρήιστον ἀνυμφεύτων ὑμεναίων
ἡνίοχος βιότοιο γέρων δεδονημένος Αἰών·
καὶ φλογερὴν ἀγέραστος Ἔρως ἀνελύσατο νευρήν,
παπταίνων ἀλόχευτον ἀνήροτον αὔλακα κόσμου.
οὐ τότε φορμίγγων ἐρόεις κτύπος, οὐ τότε σύριγξ,
οὐ λιγὺς αὐλὸς ἔμελπεν· "Τμὴν Τμέναιε" λιγαίνων·
ἀλλὰ βίου μινύθοντος ἰμασσομένης τε γενέθλης
συζυγίης ἀλύτοιο μετωχλίσθησαν ὀχῆες.

Καὶ Παφίην φιλόμοχθον ἴδεν ταλαεργὸς Ἀθήνη,

---

[a] Nonnos knew more of spinning and weaving than of many of the subjects on which he touches in his poem; perhaps he had watched his daughter, if he had one, or some other little girl being taught the most characteristic tasks of a Greek woman. Aphrodite begins by trying to spin the raw wool into thread, but, not knowing enough to guide it properly with her fingers, she cannot get it fine and smooth, but spins it coarse and lumpy, more like a rope of withies than real thread. This finished, she fastens her makeshift product to the beam of the old-fashioned upright loom (a modified form of which is still in use in some parts of Greece) and attaches to each thread a loom-weight of stone to keep it taut. This is the warp; she keeps its component threads

the beam,[a] and parted the threads of the stuff with the comb's many teeth, and wove the cloth with her shuttle, and so Cypris turned Athena. There was no laughing over that task ; but as the cloth was woven, the monstrous thread pulled across swelled out and thickened the stuff, so that the warpthreads burst of themselves. Witnesses for the double labour of her skill were the Sun, and the lamp, and the Moon of her necessity. The dancers of Orchomenos [b] who were attendants upon the Paphian had no dancing then to do ; but Pasithea made the spindle run round, Peitho dressed the wool, Aglaia gave thread and yarn to her mistress. And weddings went all astray in human life. Time, the ancient who guides our existence, was disturbed, and lamented the bond of wedlock used no more ; Eros unhonoured loosed his fiery bowstring, when he saw the world's furrow unplowed and unfruitful. Then the harp made no lovely music, the syrinx did not sound, the clear pipes did not sing in clear tones Hymen Hymenaios the marriage-tune ; but life dwindled, birth was hardsmitten, the bolts of indivisible union were shot back.

274 Industrious Athena saw the Paphian hard at

apart with the comb, 253, and proceeds to take more thread on her shuttle, 255, and insert it over and under the warp-threads to form the woof. But it is so thick and rough that as thread after thread is woven into place (and pressed close with the batten, which Nonnos does not mention) the strain is too great and too irregular for the warp-threads, στήμονες (258) to stand, so they begin to burst right and left, forcing her to unravel all she has done, 251, and begin again. Hermes in fun advises her to try the most elaborate and difficult kind of weaving, 304 ff., using many-coloured threads to make a pattern, when she cannot even manage plain cloth.

[b] The Graces. Their names are variously given.

καὶ χόλον εἶχε γέλωτι μεμιγμένον, ὡς ἴδε μακρὴν
τηχαλέην μήρινθον ἀπειροπόνου Κυθερείης·
ἀθανάτοις δ' ἤγγειλε· βαρυζήλῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
ἔννεπε, μεμφομένη καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ γενετῆρι·
"Σὴ δόσις ἀλλοπρόσαλλος ἀμείβεται, οὐράνιε Ζεῦ·
οὐκέτι Μοιράων μεθέπω δόσιν· ἱστοπόνος γὰρ
κλῆρον ἐμὸν σύλησε τεὴ θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη.
κλῆρον Ἀθηναίης οὐχ ἥρπασε δεσπότις Ἥρη,
γνωτὴ καὶ παράκοιτις ἐμοῦ Διός, ἀλλὰ χαλέπτει
ἐκ γενετῆς σακέεσσι κορυσσομένην Ἀγελείην
ἡ ταμίη θαλάμων, ἀπαλὴ θεός. ὑμετέρου δὲ
ἀπτόλεμος Κυθέρεια πότε προμάχιζεν Ὀλύμπου,
ἠὲ τίνας Τιτῆνας ἀπώλεσε θήλεϊ κεστῷ,
ὅττι μετὰ πτολέμους με βιάζεται; ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
εἰπέ μοι, ἰοχέαιρα, τεῆς πότε μεσσόθεν ὕλης
εἶδες ὀιστεύουσαν ἢ ἀγρώσσουσαν Ἀθήνην;
τίς καλέει γλαυκῶπιν, ὅτ' ὠδίνουσι γυναῖκες;"
Ὣς φαμένης ἀγέροντο θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
ἱστὸν ἰδεῖν ἐθέλοντες ἐποιχομένην Ἀφροδίτην.
καὶ καμάτους ὁρόωντες ἀπειρομόθου Κυθερείης
θαμβαλέοι νόθον ἔργον ἐκυκλώσαντο θεαίνης·
καὶ γελόων ἀγόρευε πάλιν φιλοκέρτομος Ἑρμῆς·
"'Ἱστὸν ἔχεις, Κυθέρεια· τεὸν λίπε κεστὸν Ἀθήνη.
εἰ μίτον ἀμφαφάᾳς, εἰ κερκίδα χερσὶ τιταίνεις,
καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἄειρε καὶ αἰγίδα Τριτογενείης.
οἶδα, πόθεν, Κυθέρεια, πολύκροτον ἱστὸν ὑφαίνεις,
σὸς δόλος οὔ με λέληθε· τεὸς τάχα νυμφίος Ἄρης
εἰς γάμον ἱμερόεντας ἀπαιτίζει σε χιτῶνας.

---

[a] *i.e.*, I don't poach on Artemis's preserves, hunting and

work. Anger and laughter commingled came over her, as she beheld the long rough cords of inexperienced Cythereia. She told the immortals ; and in a passion of jealousy reproached both Cypris and her father :

279 " So there are changes and chances in your gifts, Heavenly Father ! I no longer manage the gift of the Fates, for your daughter Aphrodite has taken to weaving and stolen my lot. Athenaia has been robbed of her lot not by Hera the Queen, the sister and consort of my Zeus ; but the mistress of the bedchamber, that soft goddess, affronts one armed with shield from her birth, Ageleia the plunderer ! When has your cowardly Cythereia fought for Olympos ? what Titans has she destroyed with that womanish girdle, that she comes fresh from her battles to outrage me ? Yes, and you, Archeress—tell me this, when have you seen Athena in your forest [a] shooting arrows or hunting game ? Who calls upon Brighteyes, when women are in labour ? "

292 When she had spoken, the gods of Olympos came thronging to see Aphrodite working the loom. They gathered round and stared at the labours of the divine fumbler, amazed at her bungling work ; and Hermes, who loved his joke, said laughing,

297 " You have the loom, Cythereia, leave Athena your girdle ! If you handle the thread and throw the shuttle, then raise also the furious spear and the aegiscape of Tritogenia. Ah, Cythereia, I know why you weave at the rattling loom. I understand your secret : no doubt your bridegroom Ares begs from you fine dress for the wedding. Weave your

help in childbirth, why should Aphrodite be allowed to invade my sphere, women's work ?

Ἄρεῖ πέπλον ὕφαινε· νεοκλώστῳ δ' ἐνὶ πέπλῳ
ἀσπίδα μὴ ποίκιλλε· τί γὰρ σακέων Ἀφροδίτῃ;
τεῦχε τεῆς Φαέθοντα φερανγέα μάρτυρον εὐνῆς,
φώριον ἀγγέλλοντα τεῶν συλήτορα λέκτρων·
ἦν ἐθέλῃς, ποίκιλλε καὶ ἀρχαίους σέο δεσμούς,
καὶ θεὸν ἀσκήσειε νόθον πόσιν αἰδομένη χείρ·
καὶ σὺ τεὸν μετὰ τόξον, Ἔρως, ἄτρακτον ἑλίσσων
μητέρι νήματα τεῦχε φιληλακάτῳ Κυθερείῃ,
ὄφρα μετὰ πτερόεντα καὶ ἱστοπόνον σε καλέσσω,
καὶ μετὰ νεῦρα βόεια θεὸν πυρόεντα νοήσω
πηνίον ἐξέλκοντα παρὲκ μίτον ἀντὶ βελέμνων.
χρυσῷ τεῦξον Ἄρηα μετὰ χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης
κερκίδα χειρὶ φέροντα καὶ οὐ πάλλοντα βοείην,
δίπλακα ποικίλλοντα σὺν ἐργοπόνῳ Κυθερείῃ.
ἀλλά, θεὰ Κυθέρεια, φιληλακάτων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
ῥῖπτε μίτους ἀνέμοισι καὶ ἄμφεπε κεστὸν ἱμάντα,
συζυγίης δ' ἀλέγιζε τὸ δεύτερον· ἀρχέγονος γὰρ
πλάζεται εἰσέτι κόσμος, ἕως ἔτι πέπλον ὑφαίνεις."
Ὣς φαμένου μείδησαν, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου.
καὶ μίτον ἡμιτέλεστον ἀπορρίψασα χιτῶνος
αἰδομένη γλαυκῶπιν ἑῆς ἐπεβήσατο Κύπρου
ἀνδρομέης Κυθέρεια τιθηνήτειρα γενέθλης·
καὶ βίον αἰολόμορφον Ἔρως πάλιν ἥρμοσε κεστῷ
σπείρων εὐαρότοιο λεχώιον ἄντυγα κόσμου.
Τοίην ἱμερόφωνον ἀνέπλεκε Λεῦκος ἀοιδὴν
ἠλακάτης ἀδίδακτον ἀνυμνείων Ἀφροδίτην,
ἐργοπόνῳ μέγα νεῖκος ἀναστήσασαν Ἀθήνῃ.

---

[a] Hom. *Od.* viii. 270 ff.
[b] From Hom. *Il.* xxiii. 762.

stuff for Ares, but don't embroider a shield in the new cloth. What does Aphrodite want with shields? Put in Phaëthon, the shining witness of your loves, who told tales of the furtive robber of your bed[a]; if you like, put those old nets of yours in the pattern, and let your hand, if it can for shame, make a picture of the god who was the husband's proxy. And you, Eros, leave your bow and help your mother in her passion for the distaff, twirl the spindle for her and spin the thread. Then I may call you weaver instead of winger, I may see the fiery god pulling the spool past the warp,[b] instead of the arrows on the leather bowstring. Make Ares of gold beside golden Aphrodite; let him hold a shuttle instead of waving a shield, and embroider a double cloth with industrious Cythereia.

317 "No, Cythereia goddess, throw your threads to the winds out of those distaff-enamoured hands and use your stitched girdle. Take care once more of marriage; for the ancient nature of the world has all been going astray since you have been weaving cloth."

321 As he finished, all the Olympians smiled. Then Cythereia thus put to shame before Brighteyes threw down the stuff of the cloth half finished, and away she went to her own Cyprus to be nurse of the human race; and Eros once more ordered all the varied forms of life by the girdle, sowing the circle of the well-plowed earth with the seed of generation.

327 Such was the melodious lay which Leucos wove, celebrating how Aphrodite untaught of the distaff, set up her great contest with industrious Athena.[c]

[c] The lay of Demodocos in Hom. *Od.* viii. 267-366, is the general model for this scene.

Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κόρος ἔσκε φιλακρήτοιο τραπέζης,
οἶνον ἀναβλύζοντες ἐρημάδι κάππεσον εὐνῇ·
οἱ μὲν δαιδαλέης ἐπὶ νεβρίδος, οἱ δ' ἐπὶ φύλλων
πεπταμένων, ἕτεροι δὲ χυτῆς ἐφύπερθε κονίης
δέρμασιν αἰγείοισιν ἐπεστορέσαντο χαμεύνην·
ἄλλοι δ' ἐγρεμόθοισιν ἐφωμίλησαν ὀνείροις,
χάλκεον ἁπλώσαντες ἐναλίῳ δέμας ὕπνῳ,
ὧν ὁ μὲν Ἰνδὸν ἔβαλλε καθήμενον ὑψόθεν ἵππου,
ἄλλος δ' Ἰνδὸν ἔνυξε κατ' αὐχένος, ὃς δὲ δαΐζων
ἄορι πεζὸν ἔτυψεν, ὁ δ' οὔτασε Δηριαδῆα·
ἄλλος δ' ἠερόφοιτον ἐὸν βέλος ὑψόσε πέμπων
ἠλιβάτους ἐλέφαντας ὀνειρείῳ βάλεν ἰῷ.
Πορδαλίων δὲ γένεθλα καὶ ἄγρια φῦλα λεόντων
καὶ κύνες ἀγρευτῆρες ἐρημονόμου Διονύσου
εἶχον ἀμοιβαίης φυλακῆς ἄγρυπνον ὀπωπήν,
πάννυχον ἐγρήσσοντες ὀρειάδος ἔνδοθεν ὕλης,
μή σφιν ἐπαΐξειε μελαινομένων μόθος Ἰνδῶν·
καὶ δαΐδες στοιχηδὸν ἐπαστράπτεσκον Ὀλύμπῳ,
Βακχιάδος λαμπτῆρες ἀκοιμήτοιο χορείης.

330 But when they had surfeit of this table so well furnished with liquor, they fell on their beds in the wilderness spluttering wine : dropping on dappled fawnskins, or on spreads of leaves, or just spreading goatskins on the ground amid the deep dust. Some stretched their armoured bodies in the soldier's sleep, and held traffic with battlerousing dreams, where one struck some Indian sitting on horseback, one pierced an Indian's throat, one slew a footman with his sword, one wounded Deriades, one shot his bolt high in the air and wounded some huge elephant with his dream-arrow.

342 Tribes of leopards and wild packs of lions and hunting-dogs took turns in guarding Dionysos in the wilderness with sleepless eyes ; all night they kept vigil in the mountain forest, that no assault of black Indians might approach him. Long lines of torches flashed up to Olympos, the lights of the dancing Bacchants which had no rest.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΠΕΜΠΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστὸν κατὰ πέμπτον ἔχεις Περσῆος ἀγῶνα καὶ κρίσιν Ἡρακλῆος ἐς ἠνορέην Διονύσου.

Μοῦσα, πάλιν πολέμιζε σοφὸν μόθον ἔμφρονι θύρσῳ·
οὔ πω γὰρ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνων Διονύσῳ
φύλοπιν ἐπταέτηρον Ἐώιος εὔνασεν Ἄρης·
ἀλλὰ δρακοντείοιο τεθηπότες ἄκρα γενείου
Ἰνδῴης πλατάνοιο πάλιν κλάζουσι νεοσσοί,
Βακχείου πολέμοιο προμάντιες. οὐ μὲν ἀείσω
πρώτους ἐξ λυκάβαντας, ὅτε στρατὸς ἔνδοθι πύργων
Ἰνδὸς ἔην· τελέσας δὲ τύπον μιμηλὸν Ὁμήρου
ὕστατον ὑμνήσω πολέμων ἔτος, ἑβδομάτης δὲ
ὑσμίνην ἰσάριθμον ἐμῆς στρουθοῖο χαράξω·
Θήβῃ δ' ἐπταπύλῳ κεράσω μέλος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἀμφ' ἐμὲ βακχευθεῖσα περιτρέχει, οἷα δὲ νύμφη
μαζὸν ἑὸν γύμνωσε κατηφέος ὑφόθι πέπλου,
μνησαμένη Πενθῆος· ἐποτρύνων δέ με μέλπειν
πενθαλέην ἔο χεῖρα γέρων ὤρεξε Κιθαιρὼν
αἰδόμενος, μὴ λέκτρον ἀθέσμιον ἠὲ βοήσω
πατροφόνον πόσιν υἷα παρευνάζοντα τεκούσῃ.

250

BOOK XXV

In the twenty-fifth you have the struggle of Perseus and the comparison of Heracles with the valour of Dionysos.

O Muse, once more fight the poet's war with your thyrsus-wand of the mind : for not yet has Eastern Ares bent a servile knee and calmed the sevenyear conflict. The nestlings of the Indian planetree are shrinking again in horror at the dragon's jaw-point, and thus they foretell war with Bacchos.[a] I will not sing the first six lichtgangs,[b] while the Indian army remained behind walls ; I will make my pattern like Homer's and sing the last year of warfare, I will describe that which has the number of my seventh sparrow. For sevengate Thebes I will brew my bowl of poesy, for she also dances wildly about me, baring her breast nymph-like over her robe in sorrow while she remembers Pentheus ; old Cithairon urges me to sing, stretching out his mourning hand, fearing lest I proclaim the unhallowed bed or the father-slaying son, the husband who lay beside her who bore

[a] A reference to Hom. *Il.* ii. 308 ff., where a snake swallows a bird and eight chicks ; this is interpreted as victory after nine years.

[b] That is, years ; see above, vol. i. p. 392 note *a*.

Ἀονίης ἀίω κιθάρης κτύπον· εἴπατε, Μοῦσαι,
τίς πάλιν Ἀμφίων λίθον ἄπνοον εἰς δρόμον ἕλκει;
οἶδα, πόθεν κτύπος οὗτος· ἀειδομένῃ τάχα Θήβῃ
Πινδαρέης φόρμιγγος ἐπέκτυπε Δώριος ἠχώ.
Ἀλλὰ πάλιν κτείνωμεν Ἐρυθραίων γένος Ἰνδῶν·
οὔ ποτε γὰρ μόθον ἄλλον ὁμοίιον ἔδρακεν αἰὼν
Ἠῴου πρὸ μόθοιο, καὶ οὐ μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
ἄλλην ὀψιτέλεστον ἰσόρροπον εἶδεν Ἐννώ,
οὐδὲ τόσος στρατὸς ἦλθεν ἐς Ἴλιον,
οὐ στόλος ἀνδρῶν
τηλίκος. ἀλλὰ νέοισι καὶ ἀρχεγόνοισιν ἐρίζων
εὐκαμάτους ἰδρῶτας ἀναστήσω Διονύσου,
κρίνων ἠνορέην τεκέων Διός, ὄφρα νοήσω,
τίς κάμε τοῖον ἀγῶνα, τίς εἶκελος ἔπλετο Βάκχου.
Περσεὺς μὲν ταχύγουνος, εὐπτερον ἴχνος ἑλίσσων,

---

[a] *i.e.* the story of Oedipus.

[b] "Aonian" means simply Theban. According to one of the foundation-legends, Amphion and Zethos, the sons of Antiope, built the walls, Amphion taking the chief part because his lyre-playing was so enchanting (in the most literal sense) that the stones followed him of their own accord to their places in the walls. *Cf.* 417 ff.

[c] An allusion to Pindar, *Ol.* i. 17.

[d] Rhetorician that he is, Nonnos is here using one of the best known rhetorical figures, comparison of the person or thing praised with others of the same class (here sons of Zeus), who are declared inferior; and as they are *ex hypothesi* admirable, the subject of the panegyric must be more so. *Cf.* the praises of Epicurus in Lucretius v. 13 ff. (he is superior to Demeter, Dionysos and Heracles as a benefactor of mankind).

[e] Perseus was son of Zeus by Danaë (114), whom the god visited in the form of a shower of gold. Her father Acrisios set her and her child afloat (119-120) in a chest, and they drifted ashore at the island of Seriphos. The local king,

him.[a] I hear the twang of the Aonian [b] lyre : tell me, Muses, what new Amphion is pulling dead stones to a run? I know where that sound comes from : surely it is the Dorian [c] tune of Pindar's lyre sounding for Thebes.

[22] Once more let us slay the race of Erythraian Indians : for Time never saw before another struggle like the Eastern War, nor after the Indian War in later days has Enyo seen its equal. No such army came to Ilion, no such host of men. But I will set up the toils and sweat of Dionysos in rivalry with both new and old [d]; I will judge the manhood of the sons of Zeus, and see who endured such an encounter, who was like unto Bacchos.

[31] Nimbleknee Perseus,[e] waving his winged feet,

Polydectes (84), when Perseus had grown to manhood, tried to get rid of him by sending him on the quest for the head of Medusa (38), the only mortal one of the three Gorgons (the others were Sthenno 54, and Euryale 58), the sight of which turned the beholder into stone. He was helped by Athena and Hermes (55-56) who gave him Harpe, the curved Sword of Sharpness, the Shoon of Swiftness, which enabled him to fly (130, 131), and a (probably magical) wallet in which to carry the head. He found the way there by stealing the one eye (36) of the Graiai, daughters of Phorcys, and refusing to give it back unless he was told. The home of the Gorgons was in Africa (51); Perseus flew there invisible, for he had also been given the Cap of Darkness, cut Medusa's head off without looking at her, and later used it to turn into stone a sea-monster which was going to devour Andromeda, daughter of Cepheus and Cassiepeia, king and queen of Ethiopia (80 ff.), whose mother had offended the powers of the sea by boasting that she was fairer than the Nereïds (135). All concerned were afterwards turned into constellations. Later, Perseus used the head to destroy Polydectes, who was trying to force Danaë to marry him. Medusa, when killed, was pregnant by Poseidon (39 ff.) and the winged horse Pegasos sprang from her headless trunk.

ἀγχινεφῆ δρόμον εἶχεν ἐν ἠέρι πεζὸς ὁδίτης,
εἰ ἑτεὸν πεπότητο. τί δὲ πλέον, εἰ σφυρὰ πάλλων
ξείνην εἰρεσίην ἀνεμώδεϊ νήχετο ταρσῷ,
ὅττι βαθυνομένης παλάμης ληίστορι καρπῷ
Φορκίδος ἀγρύπνοιο λαβὼν ὀφθαλμὸν ἀλήτην,
ἄψοφον ἀκροπόρων πεφυλαγμένος ἅλμα πεδίλων,
ὄγμον ἐχιδνήεντα μιῆς ἤμησε Μεδούσης,
ἧς ἔτι κυμαίνουσα γοναῖς ἐθλίβετο γαστὴρ
Πήγασον ὠδίνουσα, καὶ ἔγκυον αὐχένα νύμφης
Γοργόνος Εἰλείθυια μογοστόκος ἔθρισεν ἅρπῃ,
αὐχένος ἱπποτόκοιο θαλύσιον; ἀπτολέμου δὲ
Περσεὺς ὠκυπέδιλος ἐκούφισε σύμβολα νίκης
ἄπνοα, Γοργείης ὀφιώδεα λήμα χαίτης,
αἱμαλέῃ ῥαθάμιγγι κατάρρυτα λείψανα κόρσης,
ἡμιτελὲς σύριγμα νεοτμήτων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
λεπτὸν ὑποτρίζοντα· καὶ οὐ στίχεν ἅρσενι χάρμῃ,
οὐ τότε χερσαίης ἐνοπῆς κτύπος, οὐδ' ἐνὶ ποντῳ
Περσέι μαρναμένῳ πολεμήια λαίφεα νηῶν
ἐγρεμόθοις ἀνέμοισιν Ἄρης κολπώσατο ναύτης,
οὐ φονίῃ ῥαθάμιγγι Λίβυς φοινίσσετο Νηρεύς,
οὐ νέκυν αὐτοκύλιστον ἐδέξατο λοίγιον ὕδωρ·
ἀλλὰ δρακοντείης τρομέων συριγμὸν ἐθείρης
Σθεννοῦς μαινομένης πτερόεις ἐλελίζετο Περσεύς,
καὶ κυνέην Ἀΐδαο φέρων καὶ Παλλάδος ἅρπην,
καὶ πτερὸν Ἑρμάωνος ἔχων καὶ Ζῆνα τοκῆα,
ὠκυτέρῳ φύξηλις ἀνηώρητο πεδίλῳ,
Εὐρυάλης μύκημα καὶ οὐ σάλπιγγος ἀκούων,
συλήσας Λιβύης ὀλίγον σπέος· οὐ στρατὸν ἀνδρῶν
ἔκτανεν, οὐ φλογόεντι πόλιν τεφρώσατο δαλῷ.
Ἀλλ' οὐ τοῖος ἔην Βρομίου μόθος·
οὐ ποσὶν ἕρπων
Βάκχος ἐθωρήχθη δολόεις πρόμος, οὐδὲ λοχήσας

held his course near the clouds, a wayfarer pacing through the air, if he really did fly. But what was the good if he swung his ankles and swam the winds with that strange oarage of legs? and then crept up on tiptoe, keeping his footfall noiseless, and with hollowed hand and robber's fist caught the roving eye of Phorcys' unsleeping daughter, then shore off the snaky swathe of one Medusa, while her womb was still burdened and swollen with young, still in foal of Pegasus; what good if the sickle played the part of childbirth Eileithyia, and reaped the neck of the pregnant Gorgon, firstfruits of a horsebreeding neck? There was no battle when swiftshoe Perseus lifted the lifeless token of victory, the snaky sheaf of Gorgon hair, relics of the head dripping drops of blood, gently wheezing a half-heard hiss through the severed throats: he did not march to battle with men, no din of conflict was there then on land, no maritime Ares on the sea with battle-rousing winds bellied the sails of ships of war against a warrior Perseus, no Libyan Nereus was reddened with showers of blood, no fatal water swallowed a dead body rolling helplessly. No! Perseus fled with flickering wings trembling at the hiss of mad Sthenno's hairy snakes, although he bore the cap of Hades and the sickle of Pallas, with Hermes' wings though Zeus was his father; he sailed a fugitive on swiftest shoes, listening for no trumpet but Euryale's bellowing—having despoiled a little Libyan hole! He slew no army of men, he burnt no city with fiery torch.

61 Far other was the struggle of Bromios. For Bacchos was no sneaking champion, crawling along in

φρουρὸν ἀκοιμήτοιο μετήλυδα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς
Φορκίδος ἀλλοπρόσαλλον
ἀμειβομένης πτερὸν Ὕπνου
ἤνυσε θῆλυν ἄεθλον ἀθωρήκτοιο Μεδούσης·
ἀλλὰ διατμήγων δηίων στίχα δίζυγι νίκῃ
χερσαίου πολέμοιο καὶ ὑγροπόροιο κυδοιμοῦ
λύθρῳ γαῖαν ἔδευσε, καὶ αἵματι κῦμα κεράσσας
Νηρείδας φοίνιξεν ἐρευθιόωντι ῥείθρῳ,
κτείνων βάρβαρα φῦλα· πολὺς δ' ἐπὶ μητέρι Γαίῃ
ὑψιλόφων ἀκάρηνος ἐτυμβεύθη στάχυς Ἰνδῶν,
πολλοὶ δ' ἐν πελάγεσσιν ὀλωλότες ὀξέι θύρσῳ
αὐτόματοι πλωτῆρες ἐπορθμεύοντο θαλάσσῃ,
Ἰνδῶν νεκρὸς ὅμιλος. ἀνικήτῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
ὕδασιν αἰχμάζοντος ἐγερσιμόθου ποταμοῖο
Ἄρεα κυματόεντα παρέρχομαι, ὁππότε πεύκη
Βακχιὰς αἰθαλόεσσα κατέφλεγε βάρβαρον ὕδωρ
μυδαλέῳ σπινθῆρι, καὶ ἕζεε κύματι θερμῷ
καπνὸν ἀναβλύζων ποταμήιον ὑγρὸς Ὑδάσπης.
Ἀλλ' ἐρέεις,
ὅτι " κῆτος ἀλίτροφον ἔκτανε Περσεύς·
ὄμματι Γοργείῳ πετρώσατο θῆρα θαλάσσης."
τί πλέον, εἰ φονίης δεδοκημένος ὄμμα Μεδούσης
ἀνδρομέων μελέων ἑτερότροπον εἶδος ἀμείψας
εἰς λίθον αὐτοτέλεστον ἐμορφώθη Πολυδέκτης;
Βάκχου δ' Ἰνδοφόνου βριαρὸς πόνος οὐ μία Γοργώ,
οὐ λίθος ἠερόφοιτος ἀλίκτυπος ἢ Πολυδέκτης·
ἀλλὰ δρακοντοκόμων καλάμην ἤμησε Γιγάντων
Βάκχος ἀριστεύων ὀλίγῳ ῥηξήνορι θύρσῳ,
ὁππότε Πορφυρίωνι μαχήμονα κισσὸν ἰάλλων
Ἐγκέλαδον στυφέλιξε καὶ ἤλασεν Ἀλκυονῆα
αἰχμάζων πετάλοισιν· ὀιστεύοντο δὲ θύρσοι
Γηγενέων ὀλετῆρες, ἀοσσητῆρες Ὀλύμπου,

his armour; he laid no ambush for the sentinel eye of Phorcys, the ball of the sleepless eye that passed from hand to hand, giving each her share under the wing of sleep in turn; he won no womanish match over a Medusa unarmed. But he cut the lines of his enemies in a double victory, battle on land and tumult at the ford; he soaked the earth with gore, he mingled the waves with blood, he dyed the Nereïds purple in their reddened streams, as he killed the barbarian hordes. Great was the harvest of highcrested Indians buried headless in mother earth; shoals of dead Indians slain by the sharp thyrsus floated at random and voyaged over the deep, a multitude! I pass by that billowy warfare, when the battlestirring river hurled his waves against invincible Lyaios, when the blazing torch of Bacchos kindled the barbarian stream with a damp spark, and watery Hydaspes with waves boiling hot puffed out smoke from his depths.

80 But you will say, "Perseus killed a monster of the sea; with the Gorgon's eye he turned to stone a leviathan of the deep!" What was the good, if Polydectes, looking upon deadly Medusa's eye, changed his human limbs to another kind and transformed himself into stone? The terrible exploits of Bacchos were not one Gorgon, not an airsoaring seabeaten cliff, not a Polydectes. No, Bacchos reaped the stubble of snakehaired giants, a conquering hero with a tiny manbreaking wand, when he cast the battling ivy against Porphyrion, when he buffeted Encelados and drove off Alcyoneus with a volley of leaves: then the wands flew in showers, and brought the earthborn down in defence of Olympos, when the

χερσὶ διηκοσίῃσιν ἕλιξ ὅτε λαὸς Ἀρούρης
θλίβων ἀστερόεσσαν ἴτυν πολυδειράδι κόρσῃ
λεπταλέῳ γόνυ κάμψεν ἀκοντιστῆρι κορύμβῳ,
ἔγχεϊ κισσήεντι, καὶ οὐ πυρόεντι κεραυνῷ
τηλίκος ἑσμὸς ἔπιπτεν, ὅσος ῥηξήνορι θύρσῳ.
Ἀλλά φίλοι, κρίνωμεν· ἐν ἀντολίῃ μὲν ἀρούρῃ
Ἰνδοφόνους ἱδρῶτας ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου
Ἠέλιος θάμβησεν, ὑπὲρ δυτικοῖο δὲ κόλπου
Ἑσπερίῃ Περσῆα τανύπτερον εἶδε Σελήνη,
βαιὸν ἀεθλεύσαντα πόνον γαμψώνυχι χαλκῷ·
καὶ Φαέθων ὅσον εὖχος ὑπέρτερον ἔλλαχε Μήνης,
τόσσον ἐγὼ Περσῆος ἀρείονα Βάκχον ἐνίψω.
Ἴναχος ἀμφοτέρων πέλε μάρτυρος, ὁππότε κισσῷ
καὶ φονίῳ νάρθηκι Μυκηνίδες ἤρισαν αἰχμαὶ
χαλκοβαρεῖς, Σατύρων δὲ φιλεύιον Ἄρεα φεύγων
θυρσοφόρῳ Βρομίῳ δρεπανηφόρος εἵκαθε Περσεύς,
καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔπεμπε μαχήμονος ἀντὶ Λυαίου
οὐτιδανὴν ἀσίδηρον ἀκοντίζων Ἀριάδνην·
οὐκ ἄγαμαι Περσῆα μίαν κτείναντα γυναῖκα,
εἴμασι νυμφιδίοισιν ἔτι πνείουσαν Ἐρώτων.
Εἰ δὲ Διὸς χρυσέων μεγαλίζεται εἵνεκα λέκτρων,
οὐ Δανάην ἐκόμισσεν ἐς οὐρανὸν ὑέτιος Ζεύς,
κυδαίνων γονίμης φιλοπάρθενον ὄμβρον ἐέρσης
βαιῆς κλεψιγάμου· Σεμέλη δ' ἐπέβαινεν Ὀλύμπου
σὺν Διί, σὺν μακάρεσσι μιῆς ψαύουσα τραπέζης,
υἱέι βοτρυόεντι παρεζομένη Διονύσῳ·
οὐ Δανάῃ λάχεν οἶκον Ὀλύμπιον, ὑγροπόρου δὲ
λάρνακος ἔνδον ἐοῦσα Διὸς ναυτίλλετο νύμφη,
μεμφομένη ζυγίων ἀπατήλιον ὄμβρον Ἐρώτων,
ἄστατον ὄλβον ἔχοντα μινυνθαδίου νιφετοῖο.
Οἶδα μὲν Ἀνδρομέδην,
ὅτι φαίνεται ἐντὸς Ὀλύμπου,

coiling sons of Earth with two hundred hands, who pressed the starry vault with manynecked heads, bent the knee before a flimsy javelin of vineleaves or a spear of ivy. Not so great a swarm fell to the fiery thunderbolt as fell to the manbreaking thyrsus.

98 Let us compare them, friends. Helios marvelled when he saw the sweat of Dionysos, as he slew Indians on the eastern soil : over the western gulf, Selene in the evening saw Perseus on wings outspread, after he had had a small task to do with a curving piece of bronze : as much as Phaëthon has glory above the Moon, so much better than Perseus I will declare Bacchos to be. Inachos was witness of both, when the heavy bronze pikes of Mycenai resisted the ivy and deadly fennel, when Perseus sickle in hand gave way to Bacchos with his wand, and fled before the fury of Satyrs crying Euoi ; Perseus cast a raging spear, and hit frail Ariadne unarmed instead of Lyaios the warrior. I do not admire Perseus for killing one woman, in her bridal dress still breathing of love.[a]

113 Is he proud of the golden wooing of Zeus ? But rainy Zeus did not raise Danaë to his heaven, to glorify a few loving drops of creative dew in that furtive union. Semele did mount into heaven to touch one table with Zeus and the Blessed, to sit beside her son Dionysos of the vine ; but Danaë received no home in Olympos. She the bride of Zeus went voyaging in a chest over the sea, regretting the deceitful rain of wedded love, after the unstable happiness of a passing shower.

123 I know that Andromeda is to be seen in

[a] See xlvii. 537 ff. ; Lyaios, " Deliverer," is a title of Dionysos.

ἀλλὰ πάλιν μογέει καὶ ἐν αἰθέρι· καὶ τάχα δειλὴ
πολλάκι τοῖον ἔλεξεν ἔπος νεμεσήμονι φωνῇ·
"Τί πλέον, εἰ με κόμισσας ἐς αἰθέρα,
νυμφίε Περσεῦ;
καλὸν ἐμοὶ πόρες ἔδνον Ὀλύμπιον· ἀστερόεν γὰρ
Κῆτος ἔτι κλονέει με καὶ ἐνθάδε, καὶ νέον ἄλλον
ἀντίτυπον προτέροιο μετὰ χθόνα καὶ φόβον ἅλμης
εἰσέτι δεσμὸν ἔχω καὶ ἐν ἄστρασιν· οὐ σέθεν ἅρπη
οὐρανίη με σάωσε· μάτην δέ μοι ἐντὸς Ὀλύμπου
μείλιχον ἀστραίης ἀμαρύσσεται ὄμμα Μεδούσης·
Κῆτος ἔτι κλονέει με, καὶ οὐ πτερὰ κοῦφα τιταίνεις.
μήτηρ ἀχνυμένη με βιάζεται, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
δειλὴ Κασσιέπεια δι' αἰθέρος εἰς ἅλα δύνει
Νηρεΐδας τρομέουσα, καὶ ἀλβίζει δρόμον Ἄρκτου
ἅβροχον Ὠκεανοῖο καὶ οὐ ψαύοντα θαλάσσης·
καὶ φόβον Ἀνδρομέδης ὁρόων καὶ Κῆτος Ὀλύμπου
γηραλέος μετὰ γαῖαν ὀδύρεται ἐνθάδε Κηφεύς."
Τοῖον ἔπος βαρύδεσμος ἀνίαχε πολλάκι νύμφη,
Περσέα κικλήσκουσα, καὶ οὐ χραίσμησεν ἀκοίτης.
ἐὶ δὲ καὶ Ἀνδρομέδης
ἐπαγάλλεται ἄστρασι Περσεύς,
δόχμιον ὄμμα τίταινε δι' αἰθέρος, ἦχι φαείνει
αἰγλήεις Ὀφιοῦχος Ὄφιν δινωτὸν ἀείρων,
καὶ Στέφανον περίκυκλον ἐσαθρήσειε Ἀριάδνης
σύνδρομον Ἡελίοιο, συναντέλλοντα Σελήνῃ,
ἵμερον ἀγγέλλοντα φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου.
Οἶδα μόθον Μίνωος, ὃν ὤπασε θῆλυς Ἐννὼ

---

[a] *Cf.* xlviii. 971; the Northern Crown is the wedding-garland of Ariadne at her marriage with Dionysos.

[b] Nonnos himself tells the story pretty fully; the fanciful details about the powers of love fighting for Minos are pure allegory. Minos, king of Crete and son of Zeus by

Olympos ; but she is unhappy still even in the sky. Often the poor creature thus complained with reproachful voice :

126 " What good was it, bridegroom Perseus, that you brought me into the sky ? A precious bridegift was your Olympos to me ! The Seamonster chases me even here among the stars ! After earth and all that terror of the sea, I still have chains like the old ones, even among the stars ! Your heavenly sickle has not saved me. In vain Medusa's eye softens for me in Olympos as it shines among the stars. The Monster chases me still, and you do not stretch your light wings ! my mother Cassiepeia is vexed and presses me, because the poor thing must dive herself through the air into the brine, trembling at the Nereïds and she deems the Bear happy in his course, never drenched in the Ocean never touching the sea ; old Cepheus is unhappy still, when he sees Andromeda's fear, and the Monster of Olympos coming, after what happened here on earth ! "

140 Complaints like these the nymph often would utter in her heavy chains ; she called on Perseus, and her husband helped her not. And if Perseus is proud of Andromeda too in the stars, do but cast your eye towards that side of the heavens, where the brilliant Ophiuchos is conspicuous holding up his encircling Serpent ; and you will see the circlet of Ariadne's Crown, the Sun's companion, which rises with the Moon and proclaims the desire of crownloving Dionysos.

148 [a] I know also the war of Minos,[b] which a woman's

Europa, besieged Megara, whose king, Nisos, had a purple lock which was the luck of the city and prevented it from being taken. His daughter Scylla fell in love with Minos, cut off the lock while Nisos slept, and so gave Minos the victory. It is the widespread tale of Maiden Castle.

κεστὸν ἐλαφρίζουσα καὶ οὐ τελαμῶνα βοείης,
ὁππότε Κύπρις ἔην κορυθαιόλος, ὁππότε Πειθὼ
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔπαλλε καὶ ἔπλετο Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
μαρναμένῳ Μίνωι συνέμπορος, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
ἀπτολέμων τόξευε γαμοστόλος ἐσμὸς Ἐρώτων,
καὶ Πόθος ἱμερόεις πτολιπόρθιος, ἡνίκα λαῷ
Νισαίῳ Μεγαρῆι Κυδωνιὰς ἔβρεμε σάλπιγξ,
εὖτε Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ἰδὼν συνάεθλον Ἐρώτων
ἴχνεσιν αἰδομένοισιν ἐχάζετο χάλκεος Ἄρης,
ἀσπίδα κουφίζουσαν ὀπιπεύων Ἀφροδίτην
καὶ Πόθον αἰχμάζοντα, καὶ εὐθώρηκι μαχητῇ
ἁβροχίτων ἐτέλεσσεν Ἔρως καλλίτριχα νίκην·
Σκύλλα γὰρ ὑπνώοντος ἀκερσικόμοιο τοκῆος
ἥλικα πορφυρέης ἀπεκείρατο βότρυν ἐθείρης,
καὶ πόλιν ἔπραθε πᾶσαν ἕνα τμητῆρι σιδήρῳ
βόστρυχον ἀμήσασα πολισσούχοιο καρήνου.
Μίνως μὲν πτολίπορθος ἑῷ ποτε κάλλεϊ γυμνῷ
ὑσμίνης τέλος εὗρε, καὶ οὐ νίκησε σιδήρῳ,
ἀλλὰ πόθῳ καὶ ἔρωτι· κορυσσομένου δὲ Λυαίου
οὐ Πόθος ἐπρήυνεν ἀκοντοφόρων μόθον Ἰνδῶν,
οὐ Παφίη κεκόρυστο συναιχμάζουσα Λυαίῳ,
κάλλεϊ νικήσασα, μόθου τέλος οὐ μία κούρη
οἰστρομανὴς χραίσμησεν ἐρασσαμένη Διονύσου,
οὐ δόλος ἱμερόεις, οὐ βόστρυχα Δηριαδῆος,
ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέων πολέμων ἑτερότροπος Ἰνδὸς
νίκης εὖχος ἔχων παλιναυξέος.—εἰ δὲ γεραίρεις
Ἴναχον Ἡρακλῆος, ὅλον πόνον αὐτὸς ἐλέγξω.
Οἶδα μέν, ὅττι λέοντι βραχίονα λοξὸν ἑλίξας
εὐπαλάμῳ πήχυνε περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ,

[a] The Labours of Heracles are too well known to need

battle accomplished, handling the lovegirdle instead of the shieldstrap, when Cypris wore a gleaming helmet, when Peitho shook a brazen spear and turned into Pallas Athena to stand by Minos in the fray, when the bridal swarm of unwarlike Loves shot their arrows in battle ; I know how tender Desire sacked a city, when the Cydonian trumpet blared against Nisos of Megara and his people, when brazen Ares shrank back for very shame, when he saw his Rout and his Terror supporting the Loves, when he beheld Aphrodite holding a buckler and Desire casting a lance, while daintyrobe Eros wrought a fairhair victory against the fighting men in arms. For Scylla, while her uncropt father was lying asleep, had cut off from his hair the purple cluster which had grown there from his birth, and by severing one tress from the sceptred head with her iron shears, sacked a whole city.

165 So Minos citysacker by his own bare beauty won the prize of the battle ; he conquered not by steel, but by love and desire. But when Lyaios armed for battle, no Desire tamed the fray of Indian spearmen, no Paphian armed to support Lyaios, or conquered by beauty, no girl mad with passion gave by herself the prize of battle to Dionysos, no lover's trick, no curls of Deriades' hair, but the changes and chances of Indian wars far-scattered gave him the glory of victory ever renewed.

174 If you boast of Heracles and the Inachos, I will examine all his labours.[a]

176 I know he threw his arm from one side and circled the lion's neck entangled in mighty grip,

[a] explaining ; they are detailed in every handbook of mythology.

πότμον ἄγων ἀσίδηρον, ὅπῃ ζωαρκέι λαιμῷ
ἔμπνοος ἀσφαράγοιο μέσος πορθμεύεται ἀήρ·
οὐκ ἄγαμαι καὶ τοῦτο· παρ' εὐπετάλῳ ποτὲ λόχμῃ
χερσὶ λεοντοφόνοισιν ἀριστεύουσα Κυρήνη
παρθένος ἔργον ἔτευξεν ὁμοίιον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἄρσενα θῆρα δάμασσεν ἀκαμπέι θήλεϊ δεσμῷ·
ἀρτιθαλὴς δ' ἔτι κοῦρος ἐν οὔρεσι Βάκχος ἀθύρων
χειρὶ μιῇ λασίου δεδραγμένος ἀνθερεῶνος
φοίνιον εἷλκε λέοντα, καὶ ὤρεγε μητέρι Ῥείῃ
αὐχενίου πλοκάμοιο κεχηνότα θῆρα πιέζων·
εἷλκεν ἔτι ζώοντα, περισφίγξας δὲ λεπάδνῳ
θῆρα κυβερνητῆρι διεσφήκωσε χαλινῷ
ζεύξας δοῦλα γένεια, καὶ ἥμενος ὑψόθι δίφρου
ἄγρια ταρβαλέων ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα λεόντων.
πορδαλίων δὲ γένεθλα καὶ ὠμοβόρων γένος ἄρκτων
νηπιάχοις παλάμῃσιν ἐδουλώθη Διονύσου.
Οἶδα καὶ Ἀρκάδα κάπρον ὀρίδρομον· ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ
παίγνια κουρίζοντι σύες καὶ φῦλα λεόντων.
Τί πλέον Ἡρακλέης θρασὺς ἤνυσεν, εἴ τινα πηγὴν
πολλὰ καμὼν ὀλίγην ὀφιώδεα λύσατο Λέρνην,
τέμνων αὐτοτέλεστα θαλύσια φωλάδος ὕδρης
φυταλίην πολύδειρον ἀνασταχύοντα δρακόντων;
αἴθε δὲ μοῦνος ἔπεφνε, καὶ οὐκ ἐκάλεσσε μογήσας
ἀρτιφύτων Ἰόλαον ἀλοιητῆρα καρήνων,
δαλὸν ἀερτάζοντα σελασφόρον, εἰσόκεν ἄμφω
θῆλυν ὄφιν πρήνιξαν. ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ οἶδα γεραίρειν
οὐτιδανῇ δύο φῶτας ἐριδμαίνοντας ἐχίδνῃ·
εἷς πόνος ἀμφοτέροισι μερίζετο· θυρσοφόρος δὲ
μοῦνος ἀποτμήξας ὀφιώδεας υἷας Ἀρούρης

and so without weapon brought death, in that spot where the breath passes through the gullet of the lifesufficing throat. I see nothing surprising in that. There was Cyrene,[a] a champion in the leafy forest with her lionslaying hands, that girl did an exploit quite as good, when she also mastered a male lion with a woman's grip which he could not shake off. Bacchos too when still a young lad, while playing in the mountains, grasped a deadly lion by the shaggy throat with one hand, dragged him away and presented him to his mother Rheia, pressing down the maned neck of the gaping beast—dragged him still alive, and fastened him under the yokestrap, put on the guiding bridle over slavish cheeks, then seated high in the car whipt the back of the frightful creatures. Troops of panthers also and the ravening tribe of bears were slaves to the baby hands of Dionysos.

194 I know also the boar of the Arcadian mountains ; but for Lyaios, boars and the brood of lions were the playthings of childhood.

196 What good did bold Heracles do, if he took all that trouble to liberate some little snaky brook like Lerna, by cutting down the selfgrowing firstfruits of the lurking serpent, as that plentiful crop of snake-heads grew spiking up ? If only he had done the killing alone! instead of calling in his distress for Iolaos, to destroy the heads as they grew afresh, by lifting a burning torch, until the two together managed to get the better of one female serpent. I do not see how to praise two fellows fighting with a miserable viper, and one job divided between two. But Euios wand in hand cut down the snaky

[a] See v. 216.

Εὔιος ἔχρατε πᾶσι, Διὸς πρόμος, ὧν ὑπὲρ ὤμων
ἀμφιλαφεῖς ἑκάτερθεν ἀμοιβάδες ἔρρεον ὗδραι,
ὕδρης Ἰναχίης πολὺ μείζονες, ἀντὶ δὲ Λέρνης
ἀσταθέες σύριζον ἐν αἰθέρι γείτονες ἄστρων.
ἱλήκοις, Ἰόλαε· σὺ γὰρ δέμας ἔφλεγες ὕδρης,
καὶ μόνος Ἡρακλέης, μόνος ἤρπασεν οὔνομα νίκης.
οὐ Νεμέην ἐλάχειαν ἐμὸς πρόμος, οὔ τινα Λέρνην
Βάκχος ἀνεζώγρησε πολυσφαράγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν,
θάμνον ἐχιδνήεντα ταμὼν παλιναυξέος ὕδρης,
ἀλλὰ Νότον καὶ ταρσὰ Βορήια καὶ πτερὸν Εὔρου
καὶ Ζέφυρον κήρυκα φέρων τετράζυγι νίκῃ
Ὠκεανόν, χθόνα, πόντον ἑῶν ἔπλησεν ἀέθλων.
εἰ κλέος ἀνδρὶ φέρουσι δράκων, εἰ φωλάδες ὗδραι,
Βάκχου στέμματα ταῦτα λεχώια, ταῦτα Λυαίου
φρικτὰ δρακοντείων ὀφιώδεα δεσμὰ κομάων,
ἐξ ὅτε πατρὸς ἔλειπε τελεσσιγόνου πτύχα μηροῦ.
Σιγήσω κεμάδος χρύσεον κέρας, οὔ τι χαλέψω
τηλίκον Ἡρακλῆα μιῆς ἐλάφοιο φονῆα·
μὴ τρομερῆς ἐλάφου μιμνήσκεο· νεβροφόνῳ γὰρ
θυιάδι βαιὸν ἄθυρμα πέλει κεμαδοσσόος ἄγρη.
Κνώσσιον Ἡρακλῆος ἔα πόνον· οἰστρομανὴ γὰρ
οὐκ ἄγαμαί τινα ταῦρον, ὃν ἤλασεν, ὅττι τινάσσων
τοσσατίην κορύνην ὀλίγην ἔτμηξε κεραίην·
πολλάκι τοῦτο τέλεσσε γυνὴ μία, πολλάκι Βάκχη
ἄσπετον εὐκεράων ἀγέλην δαιτρεύσατο ταύρων,
οὐτιδανὴ θεράπαινα βοοκραίρου Διονύσου·

---

[a] Nonnos conveniently forgets that Heracles took a prominent part in the battle with the Giants and the gods could not have won without him.

[b] Heracles kills the hind only in late versions of the story. The whole point of the labour was that it was sacred

sons of Earth alone[a]—that champion of Zeus! attacked them all, with huge serpents flowing over their shoulders equally on both sides much bigger than the Inachian snake, while they went hissing restlessly about among the stars of heaven, not in the pool of Lerna. Forgive me Iolaos, for you burnt the hydra's body, and Heracles, only Heracles, grabbed the name of victory.

213 No humble Nemea Bacchos my champion saved from loud-roaring throats, no paltry Lerna, by cutting down a bush of heads which ever grew again on so many necks; he took for heralds of his fourfold victory West Wind and South Wind, the feet of the North and the wing of the East, and filled Ocean, land and sea with his exploits. If a serpent brings fame to a man, if lurking snakes, these are the birthday garlands of Bacchos, these are the terrible serpentine fillets of his snaky hair, ever since he left the teeming fold of his father's thigh.

223 I will say nothing of the pricket with golden horns; I will not disparage great Heracles as the slayer[b] of a single deer. Forget the timid deer: for killing of fawns and hunting of prickets is a only little play for the Bacchant woman.

227 Let pass the Cnossian labour of Heracles. I cannot admire just a mad bull which he chased, and how shaking that great club he knocked off a little horn.[c] One woman alone has often done as much; and a Bacchant woman, the least of the servants of oxhorn Dionysos, has often butchered a vast herd of

and might not be hurt, but must be caught by sheer speed and endurance.

[c] Nonnos seems to confuse the catching of the Cretan bull with the mutilating of Acheloös, for which *cf.* xvii. 238.

θηγαλέην δ' ἐπίκυρτον ἀνειρύσσασα κεραίην
πολλάκις, εἰ κεράεσσιν ἐμάρνατο μαινόμενος βοῦς,
εἰς γόνυ ταῦρον ἔκαμψεν, ἀκοντιστῆρα λεόντων.
Κάλλιπε καὶ τριλόφοιο καρήατα Γηρυονῆος·
καὶ γὰρ ἐμὸς Διόνυσος ἑῷ ταμεσίχροϊ κισσῷ
Ἄλπον ἀπηλοίησε, θεημάχον υἱὸν Ἀρούρης,
Ἄλπον ἐχιδναίοις ἑκατὸν κομόωντα καρήνοις,
Ἠελίου ψαύοντα καὶ αὖ ἐρύοντα Σελήνην,
ἀστραίην πλοκάμοισι περιθλίβοντα χορείην.
Ἆθλα μὲν Ἡρακλῆος, ὃν ἤροσεν ἀθάνατος Ζεὺς
Ἀλκμήνης τρισέληνον ἔχων παιδοσπόρον εὐνήν,
οὐτιδανὸς πόνος ἦεν ὀρίτροφος· ἔργα δὲ Βάκχου
ἠὲ Γίγας πολύπηχυς ἢ ὑψιλόφων πρόμος Ἰνδῶν,
οὐ κεμάς, οὐ βοέης ἀγέλης στίχες, οὐ λάσιος σῦς,
οὐδὲ κύων, ἢ ταῦρος, ἢ αὐτόπρεμνος ὀπώρη
χρυσοφαής, ἢ κόπρος, ἢ ἄστατος ὄρνις ἀλήτης
οὐτιδανὴν ἀσίδηρον ἔχων πτερόεσσαν ἀκωκήν,
ἢ γένυς ἱππείη ξεινοκτόνος, οὐ μία μίτρη
Ἱππολύτης ἐλάχεια· Διωνύσοιο δὲ νίκη
Δηριάδης ἀπέλεθρος ἢ εἰκοσίπηχυς Ὀρόντης.
Παμφαὲς υἱὲ Μέλητος, Ἀχαιΐδος ἄφθιτε κῆρυξ,
ἱλήκοι σέο βίβλος ὁμόχρονος ἠριγενείῃ·
Τρῳάδος ὑσμίνης οὐ μνήσομαι· οὐ γὰρ ἐίσκω
Αἰακίδῃ Διόνυσον ἢ Ἕκτορι Δηριαδῆα.
ὑμνήσειν μὲν ὄφελλε τόσον καὶ τοῖον ἀγῶνα
Μοῦσα τεὴ καὶ Βάκχον ἀκοντιστῆρα Γιγάντων,
ἄλλοις δ' ὑμνοπόλοισι πόνους Ἀχιλῆος ἐᾶσαι,
εἰ μὴ τοῦτο Θέτις γέρας ἥρπασεν. ἀλλὰ λιγαίνειν
πνεῦσον ἐμοὶ τεὸν ἄσθμα θεόσσυτον· ὑμετέρης γὰρ

horned bulls. Often if a mad ox showed fight with his horns, she has pulled back the sharp curved horns and brought down to his knees a bull that has lightly tossed lions.

236 Leave aside also the heads of threecrested Geryones ; for my Dionysos with his fleshcutting ivy shore through Alpos,[a] that godfighting son of Earth, Alpos with a hundred vipers on his head for hair, who touched the Sun, and pulled back the Moon, and tormented the company of stars with his tresses.

242 The Labours of Heracles, who was son of immortal Zeus, when for three moonlights he possessed the fruitful bed of Alcmene, were a petty job in the mountains : but the exploits of Bacchos, whether Giant of many arms or chief of the highcrested Indians, were not a deer, no herds of oxen, no shaggy boar, no dog or bull, no goldglinting fruit[b] and its roots, no dung, no random wandering bird with silly wing-shafts not made of steel, no horse's man-eating teeth, no little belt of Hippolyta. The victory of Dionysos was huge Deriades and twenty-cubit Orontes.

253 O brilliant son of Meles,[c] deathless herald of Achaia, may your book pardon me, immortal as the Dawn ! I will not speak of the Trojan War ; for I do not compare Dionysos to Aiacides, or Deriades to Hector. Your Muse ought to have hymned so great and mighty a struggle, how Bacchos brought low the Giants, and ought to have left the labours of Achilles to other bards, had not Thetis stolen that glory from you. But breathe into me your inspired breath to sing my lay ; for I need your lovely speech, since I

[a] See xlv. 172.

[b] The Apples of the Hesperides.

[c] Homer.

δεύομαι εὐεπίης, ὅτι τηλίκον Ἄρεα μέλπων
Ἰνδοφόνους ἱδρῶτας ἀμαλδύνω Διονύσου.
Ἀλλά, θεά, με κόμιζε τὸ δεύτερον εἰς μέσον Ἰνδῶν,
ἔμπνοον ἔγχος ἔχοντα καὶ ἀσπίδα πατρὸς Ὁμήρου,
μαρνάμενον Μορρῆι καὶ ἄφρονι Δηριαδῆι
σὺν Διὶ καὶ Βρομίῳ κεκορυθμένον· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
Βακχιάδος σύριγγος ἀγέστρατον ἦχον ἀκούσω
καὶ κτύπον οὐ λήγοντα σοφῆς σάλπιγγος Ὁμήρου,
ὄφρα κατακτείνω νοερῷ δορὶ λείψανον Ἰνδῶν.
Ὡς ὁ μὲν Ἰνδῴοιο περὶ ῥάχιν εὔβοτον ὕλης
ἕζετο Βάκχος ὅμιλος ἐρημάδος ἀστὸς ἐρίπνης,
ἀμβολίῃ πολέμοιο· φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο Γάγγης
οἰκτείρων ἑὰ τέκνα· νεοφθιμένων δ' ἐπὶ πότμῳ
πᾶσα πόλις δεδόνητο· φιλοθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν
πενθαλέοις πατάγοισιν ἐπεσμαράγησαν ἀγυιαί.
Δηριάδην δ' ἐλέλιζε φόβος καὶ θαῦμα καὶ αἰδώς·
ἤδη γὰρ κλύε πάντα· τὸ δὲ πλέον ὄμματι λοξῷ
ἄχνυτο παπταίνων, ὅτι θέσκελον εἶδος ἀμείψας
οἴνῳ κυματόεντι μέλας κελάρυζεν Ὑδάσπης.
Κεῖθι καὶ εὐρυγένειος ἐὸν πόδα νωθρὸν ἑλίσσων
κάμμορος ἀχλυόεσσαν ἔχων ἀλαωπὸν ὁμίχλην,
ξανθὴν λυσιπόνοιο μέθης ἔρραινεν ἐέρσην
ὄμμασι κολλητοῖσιν· ἀρυομένου δὲ προσώπου
οἰνωπὰς ῥαθάμιγγας ἀνωίχθησαν ὀπωπαί·
τερπομένοις δὲ πόδεσσι γέρων ἐχόρευε λιγαίνων
ἰκμάδα φοινίσσουσαν ἀλεξικάκου ποταμοῖο·
χερσὶ δὲ γηραλέῃσι ῥόον νεφεληδὸν ἀφύσσων
πορφυρέης ἔπλησε μέθης εὐώδεας ἀσκούς,
καὶ Διὶ βωμὸν ἀνῆψε καὶ οἰνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ,
ἀθρήσας Φαέθοντος ἀήθεος ὄψιμον αἴγλην.
καὶ κύνας οἰνωθέντας ἐπ' ἠόνι κοῦρος ἐάσας

make nothing of the sweat of Dionysos, the fatal foe of India, when I hymn so great a war.

264 Then bring me, O goddess, into the midst of the Indians again, holding the inspired spear and shield of Father Homer, while I attack Morrheus and the folly of Deriades, armed by the side of Zeus and Bromios! Let me hear the syrinx of Bacchos summon the host to battle, and the ceaseless call of the trumpet in Homer's verse, that I may destroy what is left of the Indians with my spear of the spirit.

271 So on the fertile slopes of the Indian forest sat the host of Bacchos, at home on the lonely rocks, during this pause in the war. Ganges was shaken with fear, pitying his children; all the city was moved at the fate of the lately dead; the streets resounded with the mournful noise of the women's dirge.

277 Deriades was shaken with fear and wonder and shame, for he had already heard all; and most deeply was he grieved when he saw by a glance aside that Hydaspes had lost his divine aspect, and murmured black with waves of wine.

281 In that place was an old broadbeard moving with a slow step, since the hapless man was in the dark shadow of blindness. He sprinkled the yellow drops of the nomorepain liquor upon his fast-closed eyes; and as his face felt the drops of wine, his eyes were opened. The old man danced for joy, and praised the purple juice of the evil-averting river; then with his old hands he ladled up the purple liquor in torrents, and filled his fragrant skins, and kindled the altar for Zeus and Dionysos giver of wine, now he had seen at last the sun which he had not seen for so long. A lad hunting on the mountains with the Archeress

λαρὸν ὕδωρ λάπτοντας ἐρευθομένου ποταμοῖο
θηρητὴρ ὁμόφοιτος ὀρειάδος ἰοχεαίρης
εἰς πόλιν ἴχνος ἔκαμψεν, ἀπειθέι Δηριαδῆι
ἀγγέλλων γλυκὺ χεῦμα μεθυσφαλέος ποταμοῖο.
Ἤδη δ' ἀμπελόεσσα δι' ἄστεος ἔτρεχεν ὁδμὴ
καὶ λιαροῖς ἀνέμοισιν ὅλας ἐμέθυσσεν ἀγυιάς,
νίκην Ἰνδοφόνοιο προθεσπίζουσα Λυαίου·
πύργοις δ' ἠλιβάτοισιν ἑναυλίζοιντο πολῖται
δειδιότες, καὶ τεῖχος ἐμιτρώσαντο βοείαις
ἄστεος ὑψιλόφοιο φυλάκτορες. ἐν δὲ κολώναις
ἀσχαλόων Διόνυσος ἐμέμφετο πολλάκις Ἥρῃ,
ὅττι πάλιν φθονέουσα μάχην ἀνεσείρασεν Ἰνδῶν,
πλησαμένης δέκα κύκλα παλιννόστοιο Σελήνης
μετρήσασα μόθοιο τριηκοστῆς δρόμον Ἠοῦς·
νίκης δ' ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἀνερρίπιζον ἀῆται.
παπταίνων δὲ λέοντας ἀεργηλῇ παρὰ φάτνῃ,
οἷα λέων βρυχᾶτο καὶ ἔστενεν ἔνδοθι λόχμης
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισι· κατηφιόωντι δὲ Βάκχῳ
ἑλκεχίτων Σκυθικοῖο δι' οὔρεος ἄσπορος Ἄττις
ἵκετο μαστίζων μετανάστιον ἅρμα λεόντων,
Ῥείης θεσπεσίης ταχὺς ἄγγελος, ὅς ποτε χαλκῷ
φοινίξας γονόεντα τελεσσιγάμου στάχυν ἤβης
ῥῦψεν ἀνυμφεύτων φιλοτήσιον ὄγμον ἀρότρων,
ἄρσενος ἀμητοῖο θαλύσιον, αἱμαλέῃ δὲ
παιδογόνῳ ῥαθάμιγγι περιρραίνων πτύχα μητροῦ
θερμὸν ἀλοιητῆρι δέμας θήλυνε σιδήρῳ·
ὃς τότε διφρεύων Κυβεληίδος ἅρμα θεαίνης
ἄγγελος ἀσχαλόωντι παρήγορος ἦλθε Λυαίῳ·
καί μιν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἀνέδραμε, μὴ σχεδὸν ἔλθῃ
Ῥείην πανδαμάτειραν ἄγων ἐπὶ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν.
στήσας δ' ἄγριον ἅρμα, δι' ἄντυγος ἡνία τείνας,

left his dogs on the river bank, drunken and lapping the rich water of the reddening river, and returned to the city, to tell incredulous Deriades about the sweet stream of the drunk-reeling river.

297 Already the scent of the vine was spreading through the city on the soft warm breeze, and intoxicating all the streets, foretelling victory for Indian-slaying Lyaios. The people spent the night on the lofty towers in fear, and the guards of the high-crested citadel lined its wall with their shields. On the hills, Dionysos often angrily reproached Hera, that she had again checked his battle with the Indians for jealousy, having measured a course of thirty dawns for the battle [a] after the moon returning again and again had fulfilled ten circuits, while the winds scattered all his hopes of victory. When he saw the lions idle beside their manger, he roared like a lion and mourned in the woods with tearless eyes. But while Bacchos was thus despondent, came a messenger in haste through the Scythian mountains from divine Rheia, sterile Attis in his trailing robe, whipping up the travelling team of lions. He once had stained with a knife the creative stalk of marriage-consecrating youth, and threw away the burden of the plowshare without love or wedlock, the man's harvest-offering ; so he showered upon his two thighs the bloody generative drops, and made womanish his warm body with the shearing steel. This was the messenger who came driving the car of goddess Cybele, to comfort discouraged Lyaios. Seeing him Dionysos sprang up, thinking perchance he might have brought the all-conquering Rheia to the Indian War. Attis checked the wild team, and hung the reins on the handrail, and disclosing the

[a] That is, the interval until it began again : 11 months.

καὶ ῥοδέης ἀχάρακτα γενειάδος ἄκρα φαείνων
Βάκχῳ μῦθον ἔλεξε, χέων ὀξεῖαν ἰωήν·
" Ἀμπελόεις Διόνυσε, Διὸς τέκος, ἔγγονε Ῥείης,
εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένῳ, πότε νόστιμος εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν
ἵξεαι οὐλοκάρηνον ἀιστώσας γένος Ἰνδῶν;
οὔ πω ληιδίας κυανόχροας ἔδρακε Ῥείη,
οὔ πω σοὶ μετὰ δῆριν ὀρεσσαύλῳ παρὰ φάτνῃ
Μυγδονίων ἔσμηξε τεῶν ἱδρῶτα λεόντων
Πακτωλοῦ παρὰ χεῦμα ῥυηφενές· ἀλλὰ κυδοιμοῦ
ἄψοφον ἀενάων ἑτέων στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδεις·
οὔ πω θηροκόμῳ θεομήτορι σύμβολα νίκης
Ἰνδῴων ἐκόμισσας ἑώια φῦλα λεόντων.
ἀλλὰ παρ' Ἡφαίστοιο καὶ ἀθανάτης σέο Ῥείης
δέχνυσο τεύχεα ταῦτα, τά περ κάμε Λήμνιος ἄκμων,
σὺν χθονὶ πόντον ἔχοντα
καὶ αἰθέρα καὶ χορὸν ἄστρων."
Οὔ πω μῦθος ἔληγε, καὶ ἴαχε Βάκχος ἀγήνωρ·
" Σχέτλιοί εἰσι θεοί, ζηλήμονες· ἐν πολέμοις μὲν
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν ἀιστῶσαι πόλιν Ἰνδῶν
ἔγχεϊ κισσήεντι δυνήσομαι· ἀλλά με νίκης
μητρυιῆς ἀέκοντα παραπλάζει φθόνος Ἥρης.
ἀμφαδὰ Δηριάδῃ πρόμος ἵσταται ἄγριος Ἄρης
μαρνάμενος Σατύροισιν· ἐγὼ δέ ἑ πολλάκι θύρσῳ
οὐτῆσαι μενέαινον· ἀπειλήσας δὲ Κρονίων
βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἐμὴν ἀνεσείρασεν ὁρμήν.
ἀλλὰ βαρυσμαράγων νεφέων κτύπον οὐράνιος Ζεὺς
σήμερον εὐνήσειε, καὶ αὔριον Ἄρεα δήσω,
εἰσόκεν εὐπήληκα διατμήξω στάχυν Ἰνδῶν."

---

[a] Nonnos seems to imagine that Indians are negroes. Perhaps he is thinking of the two divisions of Ethiopians.

[b] Nonnos is more than usually tasteless in providing divine armour for Dionysos, who is divine already. Homer

smooth surface of his rosy cheeks, called out a flood of loud words to Bacchos—

326 "Dionysos of the vine, son of Zeus, offspring of Rheia! Answer me: when will you destroy the woollyheaded [a] nation of Indians and come back to the Lydian land? Not yet has Rheia seen your blackskin captives; not yet has she wiped off the sweat from your Mygdonian lions after the war, beside the highland manger, where the rich river of Pactolos runs; but without a sound you roll out the conflict through circuits of everlasting years! Not yet have you brought a herd of eastern lions from India as a token of victory for the breeder of beasts, the mother of gods! Very well, accept from Hephaistos and your immortal Rheia this armour which the Lemnian anvil made [b]; you will see upon it earth and sea, the sky and the company of stars!" [c]

339 Before he had finished, Bacchos called out angrily—

340 "Hard are the gods, and jealous! [d] In my war I can destroy the Indian city in one day with my ivy-bound spear: but the jealousy of stepmother Hera keeps me back from victory, do what I will. Furious Ares openly stands up as champion for Deriades, and assails my Satyrs. Often I have meant to wound him with my wand, but Cronion menacing with claps of thunder has checked my attack. Just let heavenly Zeus for this day give rest to the noise of his heavy-rattling clouds, and to-morrow I will shackle Ares until I cut down the harvest of helmeted Indians!"

provides it for the mortal Achilles, who at the crisis of his fortunes needs and receives supernatural help.

[c] Compare the description of the armour of Achilles in Hom. *Il.* xviii. 468 ff.

[d] Quoted from *Od.* v. 118.

Ὣς φάμενον Διόνυσον ἀμείβετο Λύδιος Ἄττις·
"Αἰθέρος ἀστερόεσσαν ἀνοίτατον ἀσπίδα πάλλων,
ὦ φίλος, οὐ τρομέοις χόλον Ἄρεος, οὐ φθόνον Ἥρης.
οὐ μακάρων στίχα πᾶσαν, ἔχων παμμήτορα Ῥείην,
οὐ στρατὸν ἀγκυλότοξον, ὅπως μὴ δούρατα πέμπων
Ἠέλιον πλήξειεν ἢ οὐτήσειε Σελήνην.
τίς ξίφος Ὠρίωνος ἀμαλδύνειε μαχαίρῃ,
ἢ χθονίοις βελέεσσιν ὀιστεύσειε Βοώτην;
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις γενέτην κεραελκέα Δηριαδῆος·
Ὠκεανὸν φορέοντι τί σοι ῥέξειεν Ὑδάσπης;
θαρσήεις πολέμιζε τὸ δεύτερον, ὅττι κυδοιμοῦ
νίκην ὀψιτέλεστον ἐμὴ μαντεύσατο Ῥείη·
οὐ γὰρ πρὶν πολέμου τέλος ἔσσεται, εἰσόκε χάρμης
ἕκτον ἀναπλήσωσιν ἔτος τετράζυγες Ὧραι·
οὕτω γὰρ Διὸς ὄμμα καὶ ἀτρέπτου λίνα Μοίρης
νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισιν ἐπέτρεπον· ἐσσομένῳ δὲ
ἑβδομάτῳ λυκάβαντι διαρραίσεις πόλιν Ἰνδῶν."
Ὣς εἰπὼν Βρομίῳ πόρεν ἀσπίδα·
καὶ φρένα τέρπων
οἴνου λυσιπόνοιο φιλακρήτοισι κυπέλλοις
εἰλαπίνης ἔψαυσεν· ἀρεσσάμενος δὲ τραπέζῃ
θυμὸν ἐὸν παλίνορσος ἐμάστιε νῶτα λεόντων,
νόστιμον εἰς Φρυγίην ὀρεσίδρομον ἅρμα νομεύων.
Καυκασίων δ' ἤλαυνε παρὰ πρηῶνας ἐναύλων,
Ἀσσυρίων δὲ κάρηνα καὶ οὔρεα δύσβατα Βάκτρων
καὶ σκοπιὰς Λιβάνοιο παρήλυθε καὶ ῥία Ταύρου,
εἰσόκε Μαιονίης ἐπέβη χθονός· αὐτοπαγῆ δὲ
Ῥείης ὀβριμόπαιδος ἐδύσατο θέσκελον αὐλήν·
ὠμοβόρους δὲ λέοντας ἀπεσφήκωσε λεπάδνων,
φάτνης δ' ἐγγὺς ἔδησε καὶ ἀμβροσίην πόρε φορβήν.

351 Lydian Attis answered these words of Dionysos:
352 "If you carry this starry shield of the sky inviolate, my friend, you need not tremble before the wrath of Ares, or the jealousy of Hera, or all the company of the Blessed, while Allmother Rheia is with you; you need fear no army with bended bows, lest they cast their spears and strike Helios or wound Selene! Who could blunt the sword of Orion with a knife, or shoot the Waggoner with earthly arrows? Perhaps you will name the hornstrong father of Deriades: but what could Hydaspes do to you, when you can bring in Oceanos?
361 "Be of good courage: to the battle again! for my Rheia has prophesied victory for you at last. The war shall not end until the four Seasons complete the sixth year. So much the eye of Zeus and the threads of the unturning Fate [a] have granted to the will of Hera; in the seventh lichtgang which follows, you shall destroy the Indian city."
368 With these words he handed the shield to Bromios; then he tasted of the feast, and cheered his heart with unmixed cups of nomorepain wine. When he had satisfied his appetite at table, once more he touched up the flanks of his lions with the whip, and guided the hillranging car on the road back to Phrygia. He drove along the heights above the Caucasian valleys, the Assyrian peaks and the dangerous Bactrian mountains, the summits of Libanos and the crests of Tauros, until he passed into the Maionian land. There he entered the divine precinct selfbuilt of Rheia, mother of mighty sons. He freed his ravening lions from the yokestraps, and haltered them at the manger which he filled with ambrosial fodder.

[a] Atropos: he etymologizes her name.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ μητρώην δεδαημένος ἔνθεον ὀμφὴν
θυρσομανὴς Διόνυσος ὀρειάσι μίσγετο Βάκχαις,
καλλείψας ἀνέμοισι κατηφέος ὄγκον ἀνίης,
χειρὶ σάκος δονέων πολυδαίδαλον, ὅπλον Ὀλύμπου,
Ἡφαίστου σοφὸν ἔργον. ἀολλίζοντο δὲ λαοί,
ποικίλα παπταίνοντες Ὀλύμπια θαύματα τέχνης,
θαύματα μαρμαίροντα, τά περ κάμεν οὐρανίη χείρ
ἀσπίδα δαιδάλλουσα πολύχροον, ἧς ἐνὶ μέσσῳ
ἐν μὲν γαῖαν ἔτευξε περίδρομον, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
οὐρανὸν ἐσφαίρωσε χορῷ κεχαραγμένον ἄστρων,
καὶ χθονὶ πόντον ἔτευξεν ὁμόζυγον· αἰθέριον δὲ
χρυσῷ μὲν φλογέων ἐποχημένον ἄντυγι δίφρων
Ἥλιον ποίκιλλεν, ἀπ' ἀργυρέου δὲ μετάλλου
λευκαίνων τροχόεσσαν ἄλην κύκλωσε Σελήνην·
ἐν δέ τε τείρεα πάντα, τά περ πολυφεγγέϊ κόσμῳ
μιτρώσας στεφανηδὸν ἕλιξ ποικίλλεται αἰθὴρ
ἑπτὰ περὶ ζώνῃσι, καὶ ἀξονίῳ παρὰ κύκλῳ
ἄβροχον οὐρανίης διδυμάονα ῥυμὸν Ἀμάξης·
ἄμφω γὰρ παρὰ νύσσαν ὑπέρτερον Ὠκεανοῖο
ἀλλήλων στιχόωσιν ἐπ' ἰξύι, καὶ τόσον αἰεὶ
νειόθι δυομένης κεφαλὴ κατακάμπτεται Ἄρκτου,
ὅσσον ἀνερχομένης ἑτέρης ἀνατείνεται αὐχήν·
διχθαδίης δὲ Δράκοντα μέσον ποίκιλλεν Ἀμάξης,
ὃς σχεδὸν ἀμφοτέρων μεμερισμένα γυῖα συνάπτων
γαστέρος οὐρανίης ἑλικώδεϊ κάμπτεται ὀλκῷ,
ἄψ ἀνασειράζων δέμας αἰόλον, οἷά τε λοξοῦ
Μαιάνδρου κελάδοντος ἕλιξ ῥόος, ὃς διὰ γαίης
δοχμώσας ἐπίκυρτον ὕδωρ σπειρηδὸν ὀδεύει,
εἰς κεφαλὴν Ἑλίκης ἀντώπιον ὄμμα τιταίνων
ἀστραίαις φολίδεσσι δέμας μιτρούμενος, Ἄρκτων

380 But now that Dionysos had heard the Mother's inspired message, he mingled thyrsus-mad with the Bacchant women upon the hills. He threw to the winds his burden of anxious pain, as he shook the shield curiously wrought, the shield of Olympos, the clever work of Hephaistos.

384 Multitudes gathered to look at the varied wonders of Olympian art, shining wonders which a heavenly hand had made. The shield was emblazoned in many colours. In the middle was the circle of the earth, sea joined to land, and round about it the heaven dotted with a troop of stars ; in the sky was Helios in the basket of his blazing chariot, made of gold, and the white round circle of the full moon in silver. All the constellations were there which adorn the upper air, surrounding it as with a crown of many shining jewels throughout the seven zones. Beside the socket of the axle were the poles of the two heavenly Waggons,[a] never touched by the water ; for these both move head to loin together round a point higher than Oceanos, and the head of the sinking Bear always bends down exactly as much as the neck of the rising Bear stretches up. Between the two Waggons he made the Serpent, which is close by and joins the two separated bodies, bending his heavenly belly in spiral shape and turning to and fro his speckled body, like the spirals of Maiandros and its curving murmuring waters, as it runs to and fro in twists and turns over the ground : the Serpent keeps his eye ever fixt on the head of Helice, while his body is girdled with starry scales. The constellations of the Bears en-

[a] The Waggons are the Bears, Ursa Maior and Ursa Minor, *cf.* Eng. " Charles's Wain."

τείρεσιν ἀμφίζωστος· ἐπὶ γλώσσῃ δέ οἱ ἄκρῃ
φέγγος ἀποπτύων προτενὴς ἀμαρύσσεται ἀστήρ,
πέμπων πουλυόδοντα μέσην φλόγα χείλεσι γείτων.
Τοῖα μὲν εἰς μέσα νῶτα
σοφὸς τεχνήσατο χαλκεὺς
ἀσπίδος εὐτύκτοιο· χαριζόμενος δὲ Λυαίῳ
τεῦξε λυροδμήτοιο βοάκτιτα τείχεα Θήβης,
ἑπταπόρων στοιχηδὸν ἀμοιβαίων πυλεώνων
κτιζομένων· καὶ Ζῆθος ἔην περὶ πατρίδι κάμινον,
θλιβομένῃ πετραῖον ἐπωμίδι φόρτον ἀείρων·
Ἀμφίων δ' ἐλίγαινε λυροκτύπος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μολπῇ
εἰς δρόμον αὐτοκύλιστον ἕλιξ ἐχόρευε κολώνη,
οἷά τε θελγομένη καὶ ἐν ἀσπίδι· καὶ τάχα φαίης . . .
ποιητὴν περ ἐοῦσαν, ὅτι σκιρτήματι παίζων
κοῦφος ἀκινήτης ἐλελίζετο παλμὸς ἐρίπνης·
σιγαλέῃ δὲ λύρῃ μεμελημένον ἄνδρα δοκεύων,
κραιπνὸν ἀνακρούοντα μέλος ψευδήμονι νευρῇ,
ἀγχιμολεῖν ἔσπευδες, ὅπως τεὸν οὖας ἐρείσας
πυργοδόμῳ φόρμιγγι καὶ ὑμετέρην φρένα τέρψῃς,
μολπῆς ἑπτατόνοιο λιθοσσόον ἦχον ἀκούων.
Καὶ σάκος εὐδίνητον, ὅπῃ χορὸς αἰόλος ἄστρων,
δαίδαλον ἄρμενον εἶχεν, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ἔνδοθεν αὐλῆς
Τρώιος οἰνοχόος ζαθέῃ ποικίλλετο τέχνῃ
αἰετὸν εὐποίητον ἔχων πτερόεντα φορῆα,
οἷα καὶ ἐν γραφίδεσσι, κατάσχετος ἅρπαγι ταρσῷ·
ταρβαλέος δ' ἤικτο δι' αἰθέρος ἱπτάμενος Ζεύς,
ἀδρύπτοις ὀνύχεσσι τεθηπότα κοῦρον ἀείρων,
ἠρέμα κινυμένων πτερύγων πεφιδημένος ὁρμῇ,
μὴ φονίοις ῥοθίοισι κατακρύπτοιτο θαλάσσης
ἠερόθεν προκάρηνος ὀλισθήσας Γανυμήδης·

compass him round : on the point of his tongue is held out a sparkling star, which close to his lips shoots light, and spits forth flame from the midst of his many teeth.

413 Such were the designs which the master-smith worked on the back of the wellwrought shield, in the middle ; and to please Lyaios he wrought also the harpbuilt walls of cowfounded [a] Thebes, when one after another the seven gateways were a-building in a row. There was Zethos carrying a load of stones on his chafing shoulder, and working hard for his country ; while Amphion played and twanged the harp, and at the tune a whole hill rolled along of itself as if bewitched and seemed to dance even on the shield. It was only a work of art, but you might have said, the immovable rock went lightly skipping and tripping along! When you saw the man busy with his silent harp, striking up a quick tune on his make-believe strings, you would quickly come closer to stretch your ear and delight your own heart with that harp which could build a wall, to hear the music of seven strings which could make the stones to move.

429 The wellrounded shield had another beautiful scene amid the sparkling company of the stars, where the Trojan winepourer [b] was cunningly depicted with art divine being carried into the court of Zeus. There well wrought was the Eagle, just as we see in pictures, on the wing, holding him fast in his predatory talons. Zeus appeared to be anxious as he flew through the air, holding the terrified boy with claws that tore not, gently moving the wings and sparing his strength, for he feared that Ganymede might slip and fall headlong from the sky, and the deadly surf of the sea might

[a] See iv. 297 ff.

[b] Ganymedes.

Μοίρας δ' ἔτρεμε μᾶλλον, ὅπως μὴ πρῶτον ὀπάσσας
ἡβητὴς ἐρόεις ἐὸν οὔνομα γείτονι πόντῳ
ὄψιμον ἁρπάξειε γέρας πεφυλαγμένον Ἕλλῃ·
οὐρανίης δ' ἥσκητο θεῶν παρὰ δαῖτα τραπέζης
κοῦρος ἀφυσσομένῳ πανομοίιος· αὐτοχύτου δὲ
νεκταρέης κρητῆρα βεβυσμένον εἶχεν ἔερσης,
καὶ Διὶ δαινυμένῳ δέπας ὤρεγεν· ἔζετο δ' Ἥρη
οἷα χολωομένη καὶ ἐν ἀσπιδι, μάρτυρι μορφῇ
ψυχῆς ζῆλον ἔχουσα, παρεζομένῃ δὲ θεαίνῃ
Παλλάδι δείκνυε κοῦρον,
ὅτι γλυκὺ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου
βουκόλος ἀστερόφοιτος ἐωνοχόει Γανυμήδης
πάλλων χειρὶ κύπελλα, τά περ λάχε παρθένος Ἥβη.
Μαιονίην δ' ἤσκησεν, ἐπεὶ τροφὸς ἔπλετο Βάκχου,
καὶ Μορίην καὶ στικτὸν ὄφιν καὶ θέσπιδα ποίην,
καὶ χθονὸς ἄπλετον υἷα δρακοντοφόνον Δαμασῆνα,
καὶ Τύλον ἰοβόλῳ κεχαραγμένον ὀξέι πότμῳ
Μαιονίης ναέτην μινυώριον, ὃς ποτε βαίνων
Μυγδονίου ποταμοῖο παρ' ὀφρύσι γείτονος Ἕρμου
ἥψατο χειρὶ δράκοντος· ὁ δὲ πλατὺν αὐχένα τείνας,
ὑψώσας δὲ κάρηνον ἀφειδέι χάσματι λαιμοῦ
ἀντίον ἀνδρὸς ὄρουσε, καὶ ἰσχία φωτὸς ἱμάσσων
ὁλκαίην ἐλέλιζε θυελλήεσσαν ὁμοκλήν,
καὶ βροτέῳ στεφανηδὸν ἐπὶ χροῒ νῶτα συνάπτων,

---

[a] Zeus is afraid that Ganymedes will fall and the sea be named the Ganymedean, as the Icarian Sea was named when Icaros fell into it after his wax wings melted. The name Hellespont ("sea of Helle" in popular etymology) was derived from Helle daughter of Athamas, who was said to have fallen into it from the back of the ram as it went to Colchis.

[b] Maionia is Lydia. This Moria is an obscure person, whose story no one but Nonnos tells fully, though there are

drown him. Even more he feared the Fates, and hoped that the lovely youth might not first give his name to the sea below and rob Helle of the honour which was reserved for her in future.[a] Next the boy was depicted at the feast of the heavenly table, as one ladling the wine. There was a mixing-bowl beside him full of self-flowing nectarean dew, and he offered a cup to Zeus at the table. There Hera sat, looking furious even upon the shield, and showing in her mien how jealousy filled her soul; for she was pointing a finger at the boy, to show goddess Pallas who sat next her how a cowboy Ganymedes walked among the stars to pour out their wine, the sweet nectar of Olympos, and there he was handing the cups which were the lot of virgin Hebe.

451 Maionia he also portrayed, for she was the nurse of Bacchos; and Moria, and the dappled serpent, and the divine plant, and Damasen Serpent-killer the terrible son of Earth; Tylos, also, who lived in Maionia so short a time, was there mangled in his quick poisonous death.[b]

455 Tylos was walking once on the overhanging bank of neighbouring Hermos the Mygdonian River, when his hand touched a serpent. The creature lifted his head and stretched his hood, opened wide his ruthless gaping mouth and leapt on the man, whipt round the man's loins his trailing tail and hissed like a whistling wind, curled round the man's body in cling-

allusions to it elsewhere; it is said to have been recounted in the historical work of Xanthos the Lydian. Tylos is Tylon, supposed ancestor of the Tylonians, a Lydian clan. Under this affected telling of the story may well be hidden a genuine Lydian legend. The incident of the snake-wort which gives life to the dead is a very old *märchen*-theme.

ἀλλόμενος περὶ κύκλα νεότριχος ἀνθερεῶνος,
ὄγμῳ πουλυόδοντι παρηίδος ἄκρα χαράξας
ἰοβόλοις γενύεσσιν ἀπέπτυεν ἰκμάδα Μοίρης,
καί οἱ ἐπιθρῴσκοντι βαρυνομένων ὑπὲρ ὤμων
οὐραίαις ἑλίκεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη μέσος αὐχήν,
Ἄιδος ὁρμὸν ἔχων ὀφιώδεα, γείτονα Μοίρης.
καὶ νέκυς εἰς χθόνα πῖπτεν ὁμοίως ἔρνει γαίης.
καὶ νέον οἰκτείρουσα δεδουπότα μάρτυρι πότμῳ
Νημὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπέστενε γείτονι νεκρῷ,
καὶ τότε θῆρα πέλωρον ἐρήτυεν, ὄφρα δαμείη·
οὐ γὰρ ἕνα πρήνιζεν ὁδοιπόρον οὐδὲ νομῆα,
καὶ Τύλον οὐ κτάνε μοῦνον ἀώριον, ᾗ δ' ἐνὶ λόχμῃ
ἐνδιάων καὶ θῆρας ἐδαίνυτο, πολλάκι δ' ἕλκων
ἄστατον αὐτόρριζον ὑπὸ χνοίῃσιν ὀδόντων
δένδρεον εὐρώεντι κατέκρυφεν ἀνθερεῶνι,
ἔμπαλιν αὖ ἐρύων βλοσυρὸν φύσημα γενείων·
πολλάκι δ' ἑλκυσθέντα παλιντόνητον ὀδίτην
ἄσθμασιν ἐνδομύχοις πεφοβημένον εἰς στόμα σύρων
τηλεφαὴς ὅλον ἄνδρα κεχηνότι δέξατο λαιμῷ.
καὶ Μορίη σκοπίαζε κασιγνήτοιο φονῆα
τηλόθι παπταίνουσα, φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο νύμφη,
ἰοβόλων ὁρόωσα πολύστιχον ὄγμον ὀδόντων,
καὶ θανάτου στέφος εἶδε περίπλοκον ἀνθερεῶνι·
πυκνὰ δὲ κωκύουσα δρακοντοβότῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ
ἠλιβάτῳ Δαμασῆνι συνήντεεν υἱέι Γαίης,
ὃν πάρος αὐτογόνοισι τόκοις μαιώσατο μήτηρ
ἐκ γενετῆς μεθέποντα δασύτριχα κύκλα γενείου·
τικτομένῳ δέ οἱ ἦεν Ἔρις τροφός· ἔγχεα δ' αὐτῷ
μαζὸς ἔην καὶ χύτλα φόνοι καὶ σπάργανα θώρηξ,
καὶ δολιχῶν μελέων βεβαρημένος εὐρέι φόρτῳ
νήπιος αἰχμάζων, βρέφος ἄλκιμον, αἰθέρι γείτων

ing rings, then darting at his face tore the cheeks and downy chin with sharp rows of teeth, and spat the juice of Fate out of his poisonous jaws. The man struggled with all that weight on his shoulders, while his neck was encircled by the coiling tail, a snaky necklace of death bringing Fate very near. Then he fell dead to the ground, like an uprooted tree.

470 A Naiad unveiled pitied one so young, fallen dead before her eyes; she wailed over the body beside her, and pulled off the monstrous beast, to bring him down. For this was not the first wayfarer that he had laid low, not the first shepherd, Tylos not the only one he had killed untimely; lurking in his thicket he battened on the wild beasts, and often pulled up a tree by the roots and dragged it in, then under the joints of his jaws swallowed it into his dank darksome throat, blowing out again a great blast from his mouth. Often he pulled in the wayfarer terrified by his lurking breath, and dragged him rolling over and over into his mouth—he could be seen from afar swallowing the man whole in his gaping maw.

481 So Moria watching afar saw her brother's murderer; the nymph trembled with fear when she beheld the serried ranks of poisonous teeth, and the garland of death wrapt round his neck. Wailing loudly beside the dragonvittling den, she met Damasen, a gigantic son of Earth, whom his mother once conceived of herself and brought forth by herself. From his birth, a thick hairy beard covered his chin. At his birth, Quarrel was his nurse, spears his mother's pap, carnage his bath, the corselet his swaddlings. Under the heavy weight of those long broad limbs, a warlike babe, he cast lances as a boy; touching

ἐκ γενετῆς δόρυ πάλλεν ὁμόγνιον, ἀρτιφανῆ δὲ
ὥπλισεν Εἰλείθυια λεχώιον ἀσπιδιώτην.
τὸν μὲν ἐσαθρήσασα παρὰ κλέτας εὔβοτον ὕλης
κάμπτετο λισσομένη, κινυρὴ δ' ἐπεδείκνυε νύμφη
ἄπλετον ἑρπηστῆρα κασιγνήτοιο φονῆα
καὶ Τύλον ἀρτιχάρακτον ἔτι σπαίροντα κονίῃ·
οὐδὲ Γίγας ἀμέλησε, πέλωρ πρόμος· ἀλλὰ πιέσσας
δένδρεον αὐτόπρεμνον ἀνέσπασε μητρὸς ἀρούρης,
ὠμοβόρου δὲ δράκοντος ἐναντία δόχμιος ἔστη·
καὶ πρόμος εἰλικόεις ὀφιώδεϊ μάρνατο τιμῇ,
αὐχενίῃ σάλπιγγι μόθου συριγμὸν ἰάλλων,
πεντηκονταπέλεθρος ὄφις κυκλούμενος ὁλκῷ·
καὶ διδύμῳ σφιγκτῆρι πόδας σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ,
καὶ σκολιαῖς ἑλίκεσσι δέμας Δαμασῆνος ἰμάσσων
χάσματι λυσσήεντι πύλας ὤιξεν ὀδόντων,
χείλεσι τοξεύων διερὸν βέλος, ὄμματα σείων
ὠμὰ φόνου πνείοντα, Γιγαντείῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
ἔπτυεν ὀμβρηρῇσι γενειάσι πιδακας ἰοῦ,
χλωρὸν ὀιστεύων δολιχόσκιον ἀφρὸν ὀδόντων·
ὑψιλόφου δὲ Γίγαντος ἐπεσκίρτησε καρήνῳ,
ὄρθιος ἀίξας μελέων ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ.
ἀλλὰ δρακοντείης ἀπεσείσατο φόρτον ἀκάνθης
αἰνογίγας, σκοπέλοισιν ἐοικότα γυῖα τινάσσων·
καὶ παλάμῃ τανύφυλλον ἐὴν ἑλέλιζεν ἀκωκήν,
ὀρθὸν ἀκοντίζων δρυόεν βέλος· ἀμφὶ δὲ κόρσῃ
πῆξε φυτὸν προθέλυμνον, ὅπῃ περὶ κυκλάδα δειρὴν
αὐχενίῃ γλωχῖνι συνήπτετο δεσμὸς ἀκάνθης·
καὶ φυτὸν ἐρρίζωτο τὸ δεύτερον· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
κεῖτο δράκων ἀτίνακτος, ἕλιξ νέκυς. ἐξαπίνης δὲ
θῆλυς ὄφις ξύουσα παλιννόστῳ πέδον ὁλκῷ

the sky, from birth he shook a spear born with him ; no sooner did he appear than Eileithyia armed the nursling with a shield.

495 This was he whom the nymph beheld on the fertile slope of the woodland. She bowed weeping before him in prayer, and pointed to the horrible reptile, her brother's murderer, and Tylos newly mangled and still breathing in the dust. The Giant did not reject her prayer, that monstrous champion ; but he seized a tree and tore it up from its roots in mother earth, then stood and came sidelong upon the ravening dragon. The coiling champion fought him in serpent fashion, hissing battle from the wartrumpet of his throat, a fiftyfurlong serpent coil upon coil. With two circles he bound first Damasen's feet, madly whipping his writhing coils about his body, and opened the gates of his raging teeth to show a mad chasm : rolling his wild eyes, breathing death, he shot watery spurts from his lips, and spat into the giant's face fountains of poison in showers from his jaws, and sent a long spout of yellow foam out of his teeth. He darted up straight and danced over the giant's highcrested head, while the movement of his body made the earth quake.

514 But the terrible giant shook his great limbs like mountains, and threw off the weight of the serpent's long spine. His hand whirled aloft his weapon, shooting straight like a missile the great tree with all its leaves, and brought down the plant roots and all upon the serpent's head, where the backbone joins it at the narrow part of the rounded neck. Then the tree took root again, and the serpent lay on the ground immovable, a coiling corpse. Suddenly the female serpent his mate came coiling

εὐνέτις ἀμφιέλικτος ἐδίζετο λοξὸν ἀκοίτην,
οἷα γυνὴ ποθέουσα νέκυν πόσιν· εἰς σκοπέλους δὲ
μηκεδανῆς ἐλέλιζε θοώτερον ὀλκὸν ἀκάνθης,
εἰς ὄρος ἐσσυμένη βοτανηφόρον· ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμην
δρεψαμένη Διὸς ἄνθος ἐχιδνήεντι γενείῳ
χείλεσιν ἀκροτάτοις ὀδυνήφατον ἤγαγε ποίην,
καὶ νέκυος δασπλῆτος ἀλεξήτειραν ὀλέθρου
ἀζαλέῳ μυκτῆρι συνήρμοσεν, ἰοβόλῳ δὲ
ζωὴν ἀνθεμόεσσαν ἀκινήτῳ πόρε νεκρῷ·
καὶ νέκυς αὐτοέλικτος ἐπάλλετο·
καὶ τὸ μὲν αὐτοῦ
ἄπνοον ἦν, ἕτερον δὲ διέστιχεν, ἄλλο δὲ σείων
ἡμιτελὴς νέκυς ἦεν ἔχων αὐτόσσυτον οὐρήν·
καὶ ψυχραῖς γενύεσσι παλίμπνοον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
οἰγομένῳ κατὰ βαιὸν ἐθήμονι βόμβεε λαιμῷ,
συριγμὸν προχέων παλινάγρετον· ὀψὲ δὲ βαίνων
νόστιμος ἀρχαίην ὑπεδύσατο φωλάδα χειήν.
Καὶ Μορίη Διὸς ἄνθος ἐκοίφισεν,
ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκροῦ
ζωοτόκῳ μυκτῆρι φερέσβιον ἧρμοσε ποίην.
καὶ βοτάνη ζείδωρος ἀκεσσιπόνοισι κορύμβοις
ἔμπνοον ἐψύχωσε δέμας παλινευξέι νεκρῷ.
ψυχὴ δ' εἰς δέμας ἦλθε τὸ δεύτερον· ἐνδομύχῳ δὲ
ψυχρὸν ἀοσσητῆρι δέμας θερμαίνετο πυρσῷ·
καὶ νέκυς ἀμφιέπων βιοτῆς παλινάγρετον ἀρχὴν
δεξιτεροῦ μὲν ἔπαλλε ποδὸς θέναρ, ἀμφὶ δὲ λαιὸν
ὀρθώσας στατὸν ἴχνος ὅλῳ στηρίζετο ταρσῷ,
ἀνδρὸς ἔχων τύπον ἶσον, ὃς ἐν λεχέεσσιν ἰαύων
ὄρθριον οἰγομένης ἀποσείεται ὕπνον ὀπωπῆς.
καὶ πάλιν ἔζεεν αἷμα· νεοπνεύστοιο δὲ νεκροῦ
χεῖρες ἐλαφρίζοντο· καὶ ἁρμονίη πέλε μορφῇ,
ποσσὶν ὁδοιπορίη, φάος ὄμμασι, χείλεσι φωνή.

up, scraping the ground with her undulating train, and crept about seeking for her misshapen husband, like a woman who missed her husband dead. She wound her long trailing spine with all speed among the tall rocks, hurrying towards the herbdecked hillside; in the coppice she plucked the flower of Zeus with her snaky jaws, and brought back the pain-killing herb in her lips, dropt the antidote of death into the dry nostril of the horrible dead, and gave life with the flower to the stark poisonous corpse. The body moved of itself and shuddered; part of it still had no life, another part stirred, half-restored the body shook another part and the tail moved of itself; breath came again through the cold jaws, slowly the throat opened and the familiar sound came out, pouring the same long hiss again. At last the serpent moved, and disappeared into his furtive hole.

539 Moria also caught up the flower of Zeus, and laid the lifegiving herb in the lifebegetting nostril. The wholesome plant with its painhealing clusters brought back the breathing soul into the dead body and made it rise again. Soul came into body the second time; the cold frame grew warm with the help of the inward fire. The body, busy again with the beginning of life, moved the sole of the right foot, rose upon the left and stood firmly based on both feet, like a man lying in bed who shakes the sleep from his eyes in the morning. His blood boiled again; the hands of the newly breathing corpse were lifted, the body recovered its rhythm, the feet their movement, the eyes their sight, and the lips their voice.

Καὶ Κυβέλη κεχάρακτο νεητόκος, οἷά τε κόλπῳ
μιμηλὴν ἀλόχευτον ἐλαφρίζουσα λοχείην
πήχεσι ποιητοῖσι, καὶ ἀστόργῳ παρακοίτῃ
λαϊνέην ὠδῖνα δολοπλόκος ὤρεγε Ῥείη,
ὀκρυόεν βαρὺ δεῖπνον· ὁ δὲ βροτοειδέα μορφὴν
ἔκρυφε μάρμαρον υἷα πατὴρ θοινήτορι λαιμῷ,
ἄλλου ψευδομένοιο Διὸς δέμας εἰλαπινάζων·
καὶ λίθον ἐν λαγόνεσσι μογοστόκον ἔνδον ἀείρων
θλιβομένην πολύτεκνον ἀνηκόντιζε γενέθλην,
φόρτον ἀποπτύων ἐγκύμονος ἀνθερεῶνος.
Τοῖα μὲν ἐργοπόνοιο πολύτροπα δαίδαλα τέχνης
εἶχεν ἐνναλίη πολυπίδακος ἀσπὶς Ὀλύμπου
Βακχιάς, ἣν ὁρόωντες ἐθάμβεον ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
καὶ σάκεος τροχόεντος ἐκυκλώσαντο φορῆα,
ἔμπυρον αἰνήσαντες Ὀλύμπιον ἐσχαρεῶνα.
Τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισι δύσιν διεμέτρεεν Ἠώς,
φέγγος ἀναστείλασα πυριγλήνοιο προσώπου·
καὶ σκιερὴν ἐμέλαινεν ὅλην χθόνα σιγαλέη Νύξ.
λαοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα χαμαιστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
ἑσπερίῃ μετὰ δόρπον ὀρειάδι κάππεσον εὐνῇ.

---

* The picture was one of Rheia-Cybele offering Cronos the swaddled stone which she tricked him into swallowing

553 Cybele[a] also was depicted, newly delivered; she seemed to hold in her arms pressed to her bosom a mock-child she had not borne, all worked by the artist's hands; aye, cunning Rheia offered to her callous consort a babe of stone, a spiky heavy dinner. There was the father swallowing the stony son, the thing shaped like humanity, in his voracious maw, and making his meal of another pretended Zeus. There he was again in heavy labour, with the stone inside him, bringing up all those children squeezed together and disgorging the burden from his pregnant throat.

563 Such were the varied scenes depicted by the artist's clever hand upon the warshield, brought for Lyaios from Olympos with its becks and brooks. All thronged about to see the bearer of the round shield, admiring each in turn, and praising the fiery Olympian forge.

568 While they still enjoyed the sight, the daylight crossed the west and veiled the light of her fire-eyed face; quiet Night covered all the earth in her dark shades, and after their evening meal all the people lay down in their mountain bed, scattered on pallets here and there over the ground.

instead of Zeus. He later was caused to vomit the stone and the elder children (Hestia, Demeter, Hera, Poseidon and Hades) with it.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΚΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστὸν λάχεν ἕκτον ἐπίκλοπον εἶδος Ἀθήνης
καὶ πολὺν ἐγρεκύδοιμον ἀγειρομένων στόλον Ἰνδῶν.

Δηριάδῃ δ' εὔδοντι κατηφέος ὑψόθεν εὐνῆς
Βάκχῳ πιστὰ φέρουσα παρίστατο θοῦρις Ἀθήνη,
γνωτῷ δ' ἐσσομένην ἑτέρην μητστεύετο νίκην·
καὶ δέμας ἀλλάξασα μετάτροπον ἶσον Ὀρόντῃ
γαμβρὸν ἀερσιλόφου μιμήσατο Δηριαδῆος·
καί μιν ἀπορρίψαντα μιαιφόνον οἶστρον Ἐνυοῦς
μιμηλὴ δολίοιο παρήπαφεν ὄφις ὀνείρου,
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα, καὶ ὀλλυμένων ἐπὶ πότμῳ
ταρβαλέον θάρσυνεν ἐς ὑσμίνην Διονύσου·
" Εὖδεις, Δηριάδη· σὲ δὲ μέμφομαι· ἀστυόχων γὰρ
πάιννυχον ὕπνον ἔχειν ἀλλότριόν ἐστιν ἀνάκτων·
ὕπνου μέτρον ἔχει βουληφόρος. ἀμφὶ δὲ πύργων

---

* In this book Nonnos reflects clearly the decline in geographic knowledge which took place after the second century of the Roman Empire. He knows nothing of the extensive exploration of all Indian coasts by Graeco-Roman merchants of the first and second centuries after Christ, and bases his geography in very ill fashion on the traditional record of Alexander's invasion of India in the for th century before Christ. All that Nonnos reveals is s me vague knowledge of the borderlands of India, of the Hindu Kush mountains, and of North-Western India, including

BOOK XXVI

The twenty-sixth[a] has the counterfeit shape of Athena, and the great assembly of the Indian host to stir up battle.

While Deriades slept on his mournful bed, bold Athena approached, faithful to Bacchos, and wooing a second victory for her brother. She had changed her shape to one like Orontes, and imitated the goodson of highcrested Deriades. So although he had thrown off the murderous ardour for war, scared by the fate of those who had perished, he was deceived by the counterfeit vision of a false dream, which encouraged him again to make war against Dionysos, in these words :

10 " You sleep, Deriades, but I blame you[b] : for it is not proper that princes who rule a city should sleep all the night. The sleep of the Counsellor is measured. About your walls the enemy are throng-

the rivers Indus, Jhelum, and Ganges. Of the Indian peninsula he knows nothing. Some of his geographic names are unknown elsewhere, and cannot be identified. Lastly, there is in him a tendency common amongst the ignorant of every Graeco-Roman age—namely, to believe that Indians were somehow connected with the Ethiopians of North-East Africa, and that India and North-East Africa were joined together.

[b] This scene imitates Hom. *Il.* ii. 23 ff.

δυσμενέες κλονέουσι, καὶ οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον ἀείρεις,
οὐκ ἀίεις τυπάνων ῥόθιον κτύπον, οὐ μέλος αὐλῶν,
οὐ φονίης σάλπιγγος ἀγέστρατον ἦχον ἀκούεις.
ὑμετέρην δὲ θύγατρα νεηνίδα πενθάδα χήρην
Πρωτονόην ἐλέαιρε, κινυρομένην παρακοίτην,
μηδὲ λίπῃς, σκηπτοῦχε, τεὸν νήπουον Ὀρόντην.
κτεῖνον ἐμοὺς ὀλετῆρας ἀτευχέας· ὠκυμόρου γὰρ
γαμβροῦ σεῖο θανόντος ἔτι ζώουσι φονῆες.
στῆθος ἐμὸν σκοπίαζε τετυμμένον ὀξέι θύρσῳ·
ὤμοι, ὅτ' οὐ Λυκόοργος Ἀρήιος ἐνθάδε ναίει,
ὤμοι, ὅτ' οὐκ Ἀράβεσσιν ὑπερφιάλοισιν ἀνάσσεις·
οὐ θεὸς ἦν Διόνυσος, ὃν εἰς ἁλὸς οἶδμα διώκων
θνητὸς ἀνὴρ ποίησεν ὑποβρύχιον μετανάστην.
Δηριάδην ἐνόησα πεφυζότα θῆλυν Ἐννώ.
ἄτρομος ἔσσο λέων, ὅτι χάλκεον ἀνέρα φεύγων
νεβροχίτων Διόνυσος ὁμοίιος ἔπλετο νεβρῷ.
οὐ κεῖνος κατέπεφνεν Ἀρειμανέων γένος Ἰνδῶν,
ἀλλά μιν αὐτὸς ἔπεφνε πατὴρ τεός· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
σοὺς προμάχους φεύγοντας ἰδὼν
ἐδάμασσεν Ὑδάσπης.
οὐ σὺ πέλεις ἑτέροισιν ὁμοίιος· οὐράνιον γὰρ
θυγατέρος Φαέθοντος ἐριφλεγέος σέο πάππου
αἷμα φέρεις· οὐ θνητὸν ἔχεις δέμας· οὔ σε δαμάσσει
οὐ ξίφος ἠὲ βέλεμνον ἐπιβρίθοντα Λυαίῳ."
Ὣς φαμένη
πρὸς Ὄλυμπον ἔβη πολύμητις Ἀθήνη,
εἶδος ὀνειρείοιο μεταλλάξασα προσώπου.
Δηριάδης δ' ἠῷος ἀπὸ πτολίων, ἀπὸ νήσων
κέκλετο κηρύκεσσι πολυσπερὲς ἔθνος ἀγείρειν·
καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα θυελλήεντι πεδίλῳ
λαὸν ἀολλίζων ἑτερόπτολιν ἦιε κῆρυξ
Ἠῴην παρὰ πέζαν· Ἀρειμανέες δὲ μαχηταὶ

ing ; and you raise not the soldier's spear, you hear not the surging noise of drums or the sound of pipes, or the voice of the murderous trumpet summoning the host. Pity your daughter Protonoë, a young widow mourning a husband, and leave not, O King, your Orontes unavenged ! Slay my unarmed slayers —the murderers of your goodson untimely dead—who yet live ! See my breast pierced by a sharp thyrsus-wand. Alas that brave Lycurgos dwells not here ! Alas that you rule not the proud Arabs ! Dionysos was no god, when a mortal man chased him and made him migrate below the sea ! I have beheld Deriades running away before battling women ! Be a fearless lion, for a man in armour made Dionysos in his tunic of fawnskins run like a fawn ! Not he destroyed that nation of warlike Indians—your own father destroyed them : for Hydaspes saw your champions in flight, and he brought them low ! You are not like other men, for you have in you the heavenly blood of a daughter of Phaëthon, your blazing grandfather. Your body is not mortal : neither sword nor spear shall bring you low when you throw yourself on Lyaios."

[36] So spoke artful Athena, and returned to Olympos, when she had put off the shape of the dream.

[38] In the morning, Deriades sent heralds to summon his farscattered troops from cities and from islands. Many a herald went this way and that way on stormswift shoe to gather the people from the various cities of the eastern region ; warriors mad

πάντοθεν ἠγερέθοντο καλεσσαμένου βασιλῆος.
Πρῶτα μὲν ὡπλίζοντο κυβερνητῆρες Ἰνοῦς,
Ἀγραῖος Φλόγιός τε, συνήλυδες ἡγεμονῆες,
ἀρτιτελὲς μετὰ σῆμα νεοφθιμένοιο τοκῆος,
Εὐλαίου δύο τέκνα· συνεστρατόωντο δὲ λαοί,
ὅσσοι Κῦρα νέμοντο καὶ Ἰνδῷου ποταμοῖο
Βαΐδιον Ὀμβηλοῖο παρὰ πλατὺ βάρβαρον ὕδωρ,
καὶ Ῥοδόην εὔπυργον, Ἀρειμανέων πέδον Ἰνδῶν,
καὶ κραναὸν Προπάνισον, ὅσοι τ' ἔχον ἄντυγα νήσου
Γραιάων, ὅθι παῖδες ἐθήμονος ἀντὶ τεκούσης
ἄρσενα μαζὸν ἔχουσι γαλακτοφόρου γενετῆρος,
χείλεσιν ἀκροτάτοισιν ὑποκλέπτοντες ἐέρσην·
οἵ τε Σεσίνδιον αἰπύ, καὶ οἳ λινοερκέι κύκλῳ
Γάζον ἐπυργώσαντο μιτοπλέκτοισι δομαίοις,
ἀρραγές, εὐποίητον ἐυκλώστοισι θεμέθλοις,
Ἄρεος ἀκλινὲς ἕρμα, καὶ οὔ ποτε δῄοις ἀνὴρ
χαλκὸν ἔχων ἔρρηξε λινοχλαίνων στίχα πύργων.
Τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ θαρσήεντες ἐπεστρατόωντο μαχηταί,
Δάρδαι καὶ Πρασίων στρατιαί, καὶ φῦλα Σαλαγγῶν
χρυσοφόρων, οἷς πλοῦτος ὁμέστιος, οἷς θέμις αἰεὶ
χέδροπα καρπὸν ἔδειν βιοτήσιον· ἀντὶ δὲ σίτου
κεῖνον ἀλετρεύουσι μύλης τροχοειδέι κύκλῳ·
καὶ σκολιοπλοκάμων Ζαβίων στίχες, οἵσιν ἐχέφρων
Παλθάνωρ πρόμος ἦεν, ὃς ἔστυγε Δηριαδῆα
ἤθεσιν εὐσεβέεσσιν ὁμοφρονέων Διονύσῳ·
τὸν μὲν ἄναξ Διόνυσος ἄγων μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
ἀλλοδαπὸν ναετῆρα λυροδμήτῳ πόρε Θήβῃ·
καὶ Δίρκῃ παρέμιμνε λιπὼν πατρῷον Ὑδάσπην,

---

[a] This or Paropamisos was the usual Greek name for the Hindu Kush.

[b] Nonnos is evidently using some book dealing with the

for war gathered from every side at the summons of their king.

44 First to arm themselves were those pilots of warfare, Agraios and Phlogios, the two sons of Eulaios, partners in leadership, after the burial lately made of their father newly dead. With them came all the people who dwelt in Cyra and Baidion beside the broad barbarian stream of Indian Ombelos; those from castellated Rhodoë, a place of warmad Indians, and rocky Propanisos,[a] and those who held the round island of the Graiai, where children use the manly breast of a milch father, and steal thence their drink with pouting lips in place of the usual mother.[b] Others came from steep Sesindion, and those who had fortified Gazos with a rampart of linen built with blocks of plaited threads, impregnable, wellmade with wellspun foundations, a steadfast fortress of Ares: no enemy hand has ever broken with bronze that line of linenclad towers.

60 After them followed those warriors bold, the Dardian[c] and Prasian[d] armies, and the tribes of gold-wearing Salangoi, where Wealth is a family friend. Their way it is to eat pulse as their fruit of life; this they grind with round millstones instead of corn. Then a procession of curlyheaded Zabioi; their leader was wise Palthanor, a man of godfearing ways, who hated Deriades and was of one mind with Dionysos. After the war, Dionysos took this man with him and settled him as a foreign settler in lyrebuilt Thebes; there he remained beside Dirce,

wonders of the East, but it does not seem to be known what his source is.

[c] He means probably the people of Dardistan.

[d] The Prasii were a people extending inland from the mouth of the Ganges, and centred round Palibothra (Patna).

'Αονίου ποταμοῖο πιὼν 'Ισμήνιον ὕδωρ.
Τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ κυδιόων
στρατὸν ἄσπετον ὥπλισε Μορρεὺς
Διδνασίδης, γενετῆρι συνέμπορος, ὃς τότε λυγρῷ
γήραϊ πένθος ἔχων κεκερασμένον ἤψατο χάρμης,
γηραλέῃ παλάμῃ πολυδαίδαλον ἀσπίδα πάλλων
καὶ πολιῷ λειμῶνι κατάσκιον ἀνθερεῶνα
αὐτόματον κήρυκα χρόνου δολιχοῖο τινάσσων,
υἱὸν ἔτι στενάχων μινυώριον, 'Ινδὸν 'Οράντην,
Δίδνασος αἰολόδακρυς· ἄναξ δέ οἱ ἕσπετο Μορρεὺς
ὄρθιον ἔγχος ἔχων τιμήορον, ὄφρα δαμάσσῃ
λαὸν ὅλον Βρομίοιο, καὶ ἤθελε μοῦνος ἐρίζειν
Βάκχῳ γνωτοφόνῳ, καὶ ἀνούτατον υἷα Θυώνης
οὐτῆσαι μενέαινε κασιγνήτοιο φονῆα.
καί σφισιν ὠμάρτησε πολυγλώσσων γένος 'Ινδῶν,
οἳ τ' ἔχον 'Ηελίοιο πόλιν, καλλίκτιτον Αἴθρην,
ἀνεφέλου δαπέδοιο θεμείλιον, οἳ τ' ἔχον ἄμφω,
'Ανθηνῆς λασιῶνα καὶ 'Ωρυκίης δονακῆα,
καὶ φλογερὴν Νήσαιαν ἀχειμάντους τε Μελαίνας,
καὶ πέδον εὐδίνητον ἁλιστεφάνου Παταλήνης·
τοῖς ἔπι Δυσσαίων πυκιναὶ στίχες, οἷσι καὶ αὐτῶν
φρικτὰ δασυστέρνων ἐκορύσσετο φῦλα Σαβείρων,
τοῖσιν ἐνὶ κραδίῃ λάσιαι τρίχες, ὧν χάριν αἰεὶ
ψυχῆς θάρσος ἔχουσι καὶ οὐ πτώσσουσιν 'Ενυώ.
Τοῖσι συνεστρατόωντο καὶ ἀνέρες Οὐατοκοῖται,
οἷσι θέμις δολιχοῖσιν ἐπ' οὔασιν ὕπνον ἰαύειν·
τοὺς μὲν Φρίγγος ἵκανε
καὶ Ἄσπετος εἰς μόθον ἕλκων
αὐχήεις τε Δάνυκλος ὁμόστολος, οἷς ἅμα βαίνων
'Ιππουρῷ συνάεθλος ἑκηβόλος ἕστιχε Μορρεύς·

---

* The region of the Indus delta.

and drank the Ismenian water of the Aonian river, having left his native Hydaspes.

72 Next came Morrheus Didnasides, proud of his vast armed host. His father Didnasos came with him to the war, his old age embittered with sorrow. He bore a buckler of wonderful work upon his aged arm ; a heath of hoary white spread shadows over his chin, proclaiming of itself how many and how long were his years. He still mourned his son untimely dead, Indian Orontes. There was Didnasos dropping tears ; King Morrheus followed, holding upright his avenging spear, ready to slay the whole host of Bromios—indeed he was resolved to fight alone with Bacchos who slew his brother, he meant to wound the unwounded son of Thyone, his brother's murderer ! With them came a polyglot host of Indians : those who dwelt in fairbuilded Aithra, the city of the Sun, founded upon a cloudless plain ; those who dwelt both in the jungles of Anthene and the reed-beds of Orycië, in blazing Nesaia, and winterless Melainai, and the round seagirt district of Patalene.[a] Next came thick companies of Dyssaioi, and with them terrible armed hordes of shaggybreast[b] Sabeiroi —thick hair is upon their hearts, wherefore they always have boldness of soul and shrink not from battle.

94 With them marched the Uatocoitai, the Ear-sleepers, men whose way it is to sleep lying upon their long ears.[c] These were led to the war by Phringos and Aspetos and haughty Danyclos, who came together, and with them Hippuros Horsetail

[b] The Homeric λάσιος (*Il.* ii. 851, etc.) is a mark of strength.

[c] These are placed by Pliny v. 95, in the extreme north of Europe or Asia.

καὶ νόον ἶσον ἔχοντες ὅλον στρατὸν Οὐατοκοίτην
πέντε δαφοινήεντες ἐκόσμεον ἡγεμονῆες.
Τέκταφος εἰς μόθον ἦλθεν ἐκηβόλος, ὃς ποτε κούρης
χείλεσι πειναλέοισιν ἀλεξητήρια πότμου
πατροκόμου δολόεντος ἀμέλγετο χεύματα μαζοῦ,
Τέκταφος, αὐαλέος ψαφαρῷ χροΐ, νεκρὸς ἐχέφρων,
ὁππότε μιν σκηπτοῦχος ἔχων ἄστοργον ἀπειλὴν
Δηριάδης, σειρῇσι πολυπλέκτοισι πιέζων,
δέσμιον εὐρώεντι κατεκλήισσε βερέθρῳ,
ἄτροφον, αὐχμώοντα, δέμας κεκαφηότα λιμῷ,
ἄμμορον ἠελίοιο καὶ εὐκύκλοιο σελήνης.
καὶ χθονίῳ κεκάλυπτο βυθῷ πεπεδημένος ἀνήρ,
οὐ ποτόν, οὔ τινα δαῖτα φέρων, οὐ φῶτα δοκεύων,
ἀλλὰ πεδοσκαφέων λαγόνων ὑπὸ κοιλάδι πέτρῃ
κεῖτο δυηπαθέων· χρονίῳ δ' ἐστρεύγετο λιμῷ
πειναλέων στομάτων ὀλιγοδρανὲς ἄσθμα τιταίνων,
ἔμπνοος ἀπνεύστοισιν ὁμοίως· οἷα δὲ νεκροῦ
ἐκ χροὸς ἀζαλέοιο δυσώδεες ἔπνεον αὖραι.
καὶ φυλάκων στρατὸς ἦεν ἐελμένον ἄνδρα φυλάσσων,
ὃν τότε κερδαλέη θυγάτηρ ἀπατήνορι μύθῳ
ἤπαφεν· ἱκεσίην δὲ βαρύστονον ἴαχε φωνὴν
σεισαμένη δολόεντα νεητόκος εἵματα νύμφη·
" Μή με κατακτείνητε, φυλάκτορες· οὐδὲν ἀείρω,
οὐ ποτὸν ἦλθον ἄγουσα καὶ οὔ τινα δαῖτα τοκῆι·
δάκρυα, δάκρυα μοῦνον ἐμῷ γενετῆρι κομίζω·
χεῖρες ἀπαγγέλλουσιν ἐλεύθεροι· εἰ νόος ὑμῖν,
εἰ νόος ἐστὶν ἄπιστος, ἀμεμφέα λύσατε μίτρην,
ῥίψατέ μοι κρήδεμνα, τινάξατε χερσὶ χιτῶνα·
οὐ ποτὸν ἦλθον ἄγουσα φερέσβιον. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν

[a] A widespread folktale. See Stith Thompson, *Folklore Fellows Communications* xlvi., p. 202, R 81

and his farshooting comrade Morrheus: thus the whole host of Earsleepers moved by one purpose were commanded by five bloodthirsty chieftains.

101 Farshooter Tectaphos came to the war. Once he had been saved from fate by sucking the milk from a daughter's breast with starving lips—she devised this trick to nourish her father—Tectaphos, parched, with crumbling skin, a living corpse.[a] Deriades the monarch had carried out a heartless threat, and bound him fast with twisted ropes, and held him a prisoner behind lock and key in a mouldy pit, unfed, unwashed, worn out with famine, without his part in the sun or the rounded moon. There lay the man fettered in the depths of the earth, with no drink, no food, seeing no man, there in a cavern dug deep under the soil he lay in agony. Long he was wasted by famine, breathing yet like those who breathe not, as the air passed weak and fluttering through his hungry lips; ugly whiffs came from his dry flesh as if he were a corpse. There was a band of jailers watching the imprisoned man, but his clever daughter outwitted them with delusive words, a young nursing mother, when she uttered a mournful appeal and shook [b] her deceiving garments:

121 "Do not let me die, watchmen! I have nothing here, I have brought no drink and no food for my father! Tears, only tears I bring for him that begat me! My empty hands tell you that! If you do not believe me, if you do not believe, undo my innocent girdle, tear off my veil, shake my dress—I have brought no drink to save his life! Do but shut

[b] To show she had nothing hidden in them. *Excutere* is the word used of the Roman customs officers: *cf. excutedum pallium*, Plautus, *Aul.* 646.

κρύψατε σὺν γενετῆρι καταχθονίῳ με βερέθρῳ
οὐ φόβος, οὐ φόβος εἰμί,
καὶ ἣν σκηπτοῦχος ἀκούσῃ·
τίς νέκυν οἰκτείροντι χολώσεται; αἰνομόρῳ δὲ
τίς κοτέει θνήσκοντι; τίς ἄπνοον οὐκ ἐλεαίρει;
ὄμματα δ' ἠμύοντα κατακλείσω γενετῆρος·
κρύψατε· τίς θανάτοιο πέλει φθόνος; ἀλλυμένους δὲ
εἰς τάφος ἀμφοτέρους, γενέτην καὶ παῖδα, δεχέσθω."
Ὣς φαμένη παρέπεισε.
καὶ εἰς μυχὸν ἔδραμε κούρη,
ὀρφναίῳ γενετῆρι φαεσφόρος· ἐν δὲ βερέθρῳ
εἰς στόμα πατρὸς ἔχευεν ἀλεξικάκων γάλα μαζῶν
ἄτρομος. Ἠερίης δὲ θεουδέος ἔργον ἀκούων
Δηριάδης θάμβησε· περισσοτόκοιο δὲ κούρης
εἴκελον εἰδώλῳ γενέτην ἀνελύσατο δεσμῶν·
φήμῃ δ' ἀμφιβόητος ἀκούετο, καὶ στρατὸς Ἰνδῶν
μαζὸν ἀλεξικάκοιο δολοπλόκον ἤνεσε νύμφης.
ὃς τότε Βωλίγγεσσι μετέπρεπεν, ὡς μέσος ἄστρων
αἰθέρα φαιδρύνων ἀμαρύσσεται Ἕσπερος ἀστήρ,
Ἕσπερος, ἑσπομένης λιποφεγγέος ἄγγελος ὄρφνης.
Γίγγλων δ' ὑψικάρηνος ἀερσιπόδης τε Θυραιεὺς
ὑψινεφὴς θ' Ἵππαλμος ὑπὲρ πυμάτης κλίμα γαίης
ὤπλισαν αἰόλα φῦλα δοριθρασέων Ἀραχωτῶν
Δερσαίων τε φάλαγγας ὁμήλυδας, οἵ τε σιδήρῳ
κτεινομένους κατ' Ἄρηα χυτῇ κρύπτουσι κονίῃ
(κτεινομένους κατὰ δῆριν ἐτυμβεύοντο κονίῃ).
Καὶ στρατὸν ἀγκυλότοξον ἀολλίσσας ἐπικούρων
Ἀβράθοος βραδὺς ἦλθε· νεοτμήτων δὲ κομάων
αἰδόμενος κεκόρυστο, χόλον καὶ πένθος ἀέξων

[a] A people east of the middle Indus.
[b] Round Candahar in Afghanistan.
[c] Line 151 is only a variant of 150, and something is lost,

me up too with my father in the deep pit. I am nothing for you to fear, nothing, even if the king hears of it. Who is angry with one who pities a corpse? Who is angry with one dying a cruel death? Who does not pity the dead? I will close my father's sinking eyes. Shut me up there: who grudges death? Let us die together, and let one tomb receive daughter and father!"

135 Her pleading won them. The girl ran into the den, bringing light for her father's darkness. In that pit, she let the milk of her breast flow into her father's mouth, to avert his destruction, and felt no fear.

138 Deriades marvelled to hear the pious deed of Eërië. He set free the clever girl's father from his prison, like a ghost; the fame of it was noised abroad, and the Indian people praised the girl's breast which had saved a life by its cunning.

143 So now this man was conspicuous among the Bolinges,[a] as Hesperos shines amid the stars and brightens the sky, Hesperos, harbinger of the murky gloom which follows when light fails.

146 Ginglon highheaded, and Thyraieus striding big, and Hippalmos tall as the clouds, beyond the farthest region of earth had armed the different tribes of spearproud Arachotes,[b] and battalions of Dersaioi their neighbours, who when men are slain with steel in battle cover their bodies under mounds of earth.[c]

152 Habrathoös came with a host of bowmen whom he had gathered in support, but he had been slow in arming for shame of his hair newly shorn. He nursed

to the effect that those who are not killed in battle are buried in some other way, or not at all.

βουκεράου βασιλῆος, ἐπεί νύ οἱ ἄφρονι λύσσῃ
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος ὅλην ἀπεκείρατο χαίτην,
Ἰνδοῖς πικρὸν ὄνειδος. ἀναγκαῖος δὲ μαχητὴς
εἰς ἑνοπὴν μόγις ἦλθε, καὶ αἰπυλόφῳ τρυφαλείῃ
λωβητὴν ἐκάλυπτε λιπότριχον ἄντυγα κόρσης,
κρυπτὸν ἐνὶ κραδίῃ μεθέπων κότον· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
ἤματι μὲν πολέμιζεν, ἀεὶ δ' ὑπὸ πάννυχον ὥρην
ἄγγελον ἀγγέλλοντα νοήματα Δηριαδῆος
Βάκχῳ πιστὸν ἔπεμπεν ὀπάονα· λαθριδίως δὲ
Δηριάδῃ κεκόρυστο καὶ ἀμφαδίην Διονύσῳ.
Ξούθων δ' ἄγρια φῦλα καὶ ἐγρεμόθων Ἀριηνῶν
καὶ Ζοάρων ἐκόρυσσε γονὴν καὶ φῦλον Ἐάρων
Κασπείρων τε γένεθλα καὶ Ἀρβίας, οἵ τ' ἔχον αὐτὸν
Ὕσπορον αἰγλήεντι διαστίλβοντα ῥεέθρῳ,
ἠλέκτρου κομόωντα βαθυπλούτοισι μετάλλοις,
οἵ τ' ἔχον Ἀρσανίην εὐδείελον, ἧχι γυναῖκες
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν ἐθήμονι Παλλάδος ἱστῷ
ὀξείαις παλάμῃσιν ὅλον τελέουσι χιτῶνα.
Τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ χωρήσσοντο κυβιστητῆρι κυδοιμῷ
Κυραῖοι, δεδαῶτες ἁλίκτυπον ἄντυγα νήσων,
Ἄρεος εἰναλίοιο δαήμονες· ὑγροπόρους δὲ
ὁλκάδας οὐ δεδάασιν, ἀδεψήτῳ δὲ βοείῃ
δουρατέων πλώουσι τύπῳ τεχνήμονι νηῶν·
δέρμασι δ' ἰθύνουσι νόθον πλόον, οἷς ἔνι ναύτης
ἕζεται ἀκλύστοισιν ἐν οἰδμασι ποντοπορεύων,
ὁλκάσι μιμηλοῖσι θαλάσσια νῶτα χαράσσων.
τοὺς Θύαμις κόσμησε καὶ Ὄλκασος,
ὅρχαμος ἀνδρῶν,

---

* So he says!

resentment and grievance against Deriades the horned king; because the overbearing monarch in a fit of mad folly had cut off all his hair, a bitter insult to an Indian. Compelled to join in the war, he came unwillingly, and hid the shame of his hairless temples under a highplumed helmet, cherishing secret rancour in his heart. When battle came, he joined the fight in the daytime; but always in the hours of the night he would send a trusty servant to Bacchos, and tell him the plans of Deriades. Thus he fought secretly for Deriades, but openly for Dionysos.[a] He brought the savage tribes of Xuthoi and of battle-stirring Arienoi [b] and the breed of Zoares and the clan of Eares, the Caspeirian [c] peoples and Arbians [d]: those who held Hysporos that bright shining stream, so proud of its deep wealthy mines of amber; and those who held conspicuous Arsaniē, where the women in one day at the loom of Pallas, which they know so well, finish a whole robe with their quick hands.

173 Besides these came the Cyraioi,[e] ready for diving-work in the war. They know the seabeaten coasts of islands, and they are skilful in battle by sea; but seafaring barges they know not. They go floating in coracles of untanned hide, which they manage as well as a shipwright's vessel of wood; they guide their makeshift course in the skins, where the mariner sits in shelter, navigating over the waves and cutting the back of the sea in his mimic barge. These were commanded by Thyamis and princely

[b] Probably the people of Aria, that is eastern Khorassan and western and N.-W. Afghanistan.

[c] Of Cashmir.

[d] Probably the people round the river Arabis, the Purali or else the Habb, both situated west of the Indus.

[e] From places round the mouths of the Indus.

Ταρβήλου δύο παῖδες ἀκοντοφόροιο τοκῆος.
Καὶ πολὺς ἐσμὸς ἵκανεν Ἀρειζάντειαν ἐάσας,
ξείνου δουρατέου μέλιτος τροφόν, ἦχι πιόντα
ἠερίης ζείδωρον Ἑώιον ἀρδμὸν ἐέρσης
δένδρεα χαιτήεντα μελίρρυτον, ὡς ἀπὸ σίμβλων,
δαιδαλέην ὠδῖνα σοφῆς τίκτουσι μελίσσης,
αὐτοτόκων πετάλων χλοερὸν ποτόν· εἰς πεδίον γὰρ
ἀρτιφανὴς Φαέθων, ὅτε λούεται Ὠκεανοῖο,
ὄμπνιον Ἠφὼς ἀποσείεται ἰκμάδα χαίτης,
ῥαίνων ζωοτόκοιο φυτηκόμον αὔλακα γαίης.
τοῖον Ἀρειζάντεια φέρει μέλι, τῷ ἔπι χαίρων
νηχόμενος πτερύγεσσιν ὑπὲρ πετάλοιο χορεύων
ἵπταται ἄσπετος ὄρνις· ὄφις δέ τις ἀγκύλος ἕρπων,
μιτρώσας ἑλικηδόν, ὁμόπλοκος ἠδέ δένδρῳ,
ἰκμάδα λειριόεσσαν ἀμέλγεται ἅρπαγι λαιμῷ,
χείλεσι λιχμώων γλυκερὴν ὠδῖνα κορύμβων·
δενδραίην δὲ δράκοντες ἀναβλύζοντες ἐέρσην
ἠδὺ μέλι προχέουσι, καὶ οὐ τόσον ἰὸν ἀλήτην
πικρὸν ἀποπτύουσιν, ὅσον γλυκὺ χεῦμα μελίσσης·
ἦχι μελισταγέεσσιν ἐπ' ἀκρεμόνεσσιν ἀείδει
ὠρίων, γλυκὺς ὄρνις, ὁμοίιος ἔμφρονι κύκνῳ·
οὐ μὲν ἀνακρούει Ζεφυρηίδι σύνθροος αὔρῃ
ὑμνοτόκων πτερύγων ἀνεμώδεα ῥοῖζον ἰάλλων,
ἀλλὰ σοφοῖς στομάτεσσι μελίζεται, οἷά τις ἀνὴρ
πηκτίδι νυμφοκόμῳ θαλαμηπόλον ὕμνον ἀράσσων.
κατρεὺς δ' ἐσσομένοιο προθεσπίζει χύσιν ὄμβρου,

---

[a] This seems to be a much distorted version of sugar-cane. Perhaps it alludes to tapping for toddy.

[b] The *horion* is unidentified, if any such bird exists at all. Our only detailed account of it, Cleitarchos cited by Aelian, *De natura animalium* xvii. 22, says it is like a heron,

Holcasos, two sons of one father, Tarbelos the javelineer.

183 A great swarm had come from Areizanteia, nurse of the strange tree-honey ; where the trees drink the fruitful moisture of morning dew, and their leaves run honey, and so they produce the neat travail of the clever bee as if from a hive, the yellow juice born of the leaves alone.[a] For Hyperion, just appearing after his bath in the Ocean, scatters upon the plain the wholesome juice of his hair in the morning, and waters the plant-growing furrows of earth the giver of life. Such honey Areizanteia brings : rejoicing in this, great flocks of birds swim on their wings and dance above the leaves ; or a coiling serpent creeps along, and girdles the sweet tree with enfolding loops, while he sucks the delicate juice with greedy mouth and licks with his lips the sweet travail of the clusters. So snakes dribble out the treejuice and drop delicious honey, they spit out abroad more of the sweet sap of the bee than their own bitter scattering poison. There on the honeydropping branches is that sweet bird the horion,[b] singing like the inspired swan. He does not strike up in tune with the west wind whirring in the air with musical wings ; but he sings a lay with understanding beak, like a man twangling the strings for a wedding hymn to wait upon a bride. There the catreus[c] foretells a shower

except that its eyes are dark blue, an admirable singer and very amorous.

[c] The *katreus* is probably the monâl pheasant. But the accounts we have of it (this passage, Cleitarchos in Aelian, *op. cit.* xvii. 23, Strabo xv. 1. 69, which also mentions the melodious song of the *horion* and cites Cleitarchos) give no accurate picture and contain details which do not fit the monâl. Anyhow, no pheasant can sing a note.

ξανθοφυής, λιγύφωνος· ἀπὸ βλεφάρων δέ οἱ αἴγλη
πέμπεται ὀρθριηῆσι βολαῖς ἀντίρροπος Ἠοῦς·
πολλάκι δ' ἠνεμόεντος ὑπὲρ δένδροιο λιγαίνων
σύνθροος ὠρίωνος ἀνέπλεκε γείτονα μολπήν,
φοινικέαις πτερύγεσσι κεκασμένος· ἦ τάχα φαίης,
μελπομένου κατρῆος ἑὸν ὕμνον ἀκούων,
ὄρθριον αἰολόδειρον ἀηδόνα κῶμον ὑφαίνειν.
κεῖθι καὶ ἐγρεμόθων μερόπων στρατός,
οὓς ἐπὶ χάρμην
ἄτρομος Ἱππάλμοιο πάις θώρηξε Πυλοίτης,
γνωτὸν ἔχων Βιλλαῖον, ὁμόστολον ἡγεμονῆα.
Τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ θωρήσσοντο Σίβαι καὶ λαὸς Ὑδάρκης,
καὶ στρατὸς ἄλλος ἵκανε πόλιν Καρμῖναν ἐάσας·
τῶν ἅμα Κύλλαρος ἦρχε καὶ Ἀστράεις,
πρόμος Ἰνδῶν,
Βρόγγου δίζυγα τέκνα τετιμένα Δηριαδῆι.
Καὶ στόλος ἄλλος ἵκανε τριηκοσίων ἀπὸ νήσων,
αἵ τε περιστιχόωσιν ἀμοιβάδες ἄλλυδις ἄλλαι
γείτονες ἀλλήλῃσιν, ὅπῃ περιμήκεῖ πορθμῷ
δίστομος Ἰνδὸς ἄγων μετανάστιον ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ,
ἐρπύζων κατὰ βαιὸν ἀπ' Ἰνδώου δονακῆος
λοξὸς ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο παρ' Ἠώου στόμα πόντου,
ἔρχεται αὐτοκύλιστος ὑπὲρ λόφον Αἰθιοπῆα·
ἦχι θερειγενέων ὑδάτων ὑφούμενος ὁλκῷ
χεύμασιν αὐτογόνοις ἐπὶ πήχεῖ πῆχυν ἀέξει,
καὶ χθόνα πιαλέην ἀγκάζεται ὑγρὸς ἀκοίτης,
τέρπων ἰκμαλέοισι φιλήμασι δυφάδα νύμφην,
οἶστρον ἔχων πολύπηχυν ἀμαλλοτόκων ὑμεναίων,
μέτρῳ ἀμοιβαίῳ παλιναυξέα χεύματα τίκτων

---

[a] These represent, if anything, the few islands of the Gulf of Kutch.

of rain to come, goldenyellow, clearintoning; sparkles flash from his eyes like the morning gleams of Dawn. Often trilling upon a treetop in the air he weaves a song in tune with the horion beside him, splendid with purple wings; if you hear the catreus singing his early hymn, you might almost say it was the nightingale pouring her morning music from her changeful throat. There also dwelt the battle-stirring host which Pyloites the fearless son of Hippalmos had armed for the war, and with him was Billaios his brother and fellow-leader.

218 Next came the Sibai under arms, and the Hydarcan people, with another host from the city of Carmina. Their joint leaders were Cyllaros and Astraëis the Indian prince, two sons of Brongos honoured by Deriades.

222 Another host came from three hundred islands,[a] scattered here and there, or in groups together, which lie about that place where the Indos on an endless course pours out its winding travelling stream by two enclosing mouths,[b] after creeping in its slow curving course from the Indian reedbeds over the plain to its mouth by the Eastern sea, after first rolling down the heights of the Ethiopian mountains[c]: swollen by the mass of summerbegotten waters it increases cubit by cubit with selfrising floods, and embraces the rich land like a watery husband, who rejoices a thirsty bride with his moist kisses and enfolds her in many passionate arms for a sheaf-bearing bridal, while he begets in his turn other

[b] The delta.

[c] The Eastern and Western Ethiopians are mentioned in Hom. *Od.* i. 23. Nonnos seems to see the Eastern in the Himalayas or the Hindu Kush.

Νεῖλος ἐν Αἰγύπτῳ καὶ ἑώιος[1] Ἰνδὸς Ὑδάσπης.
κεῖθι μελαμψήφιδα διαξύων ῥόον ὁπλῇ
νήχεται ὑδατόεις ποταμήιος ἵππος ἀλήτης,
οἷος ἐμοῦ Νείλοιο θρειγενὲς οἶδμα χαράσσων
ναιετάει,[2] βυθίοιο δι' ὕδατος ὑγρὸς ὁδίτης
μηκεδαναῖς γενύεσσιν· ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖο δὲ βαίνει
αἰχμῇ καρχαρόδοντι διασχίζων ῥάχιν ὕλης,
καὶ διερὴν ἀχάρακτον ἔχων γένυν ἅρπαγα καρπῶν
μιμηλῇ δρεπάνῃ σταχυηφόρα λήια τέμνει,
ἀμητὴρ ἀσίδηρος ἀμαλλοφόρου τοκετοῖο·
τοῖα μὲν ἑπταπόροιο φατίζεται εἴκελα Νείλου
Ἰνδῴου ποταμοῖο φέρειν μένος. οἱ δὲ λιπόντες
νήσων ἀγκύλα κύκλα καὶ ἕδρανα γείτονος Ἰνδοῦ
ἄνδρες ἐθωρήσσοντο μαχήμονες, ὧν πρόμος ἀνὴρ
Ῥίγβασος ἡγεμόνευεν, ἔχων ὕνδαλμα Γιγάντων.
Οὐδὲ γέρων Ἄρητος ἐλείπετο Δηριαδῆος
εἰς ἐνοπὴν καλέοντος, ἀνὴρ βαρύς· ἀλλὰ καθάψας
χαλκοβαρῆ λασίοιο κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα
γηραλέου κούφιζεν ὑπὲρ νώτοιο βοείην,
αὐχένι κυρτωθέντι περικρεμάσας τελαμῶνα.
καὶ στρατιὴν θώρηξεν ἀναγκαῖος πολεμιστὴς
πέντε σὺν υἱήεσσι, Λύκῳ καὶ ὁμήλυδι Μύρσῳ,
Γλαύκῳ καὶ Περίφαντι καὶ ὠφιγόνῳ Μελανῆι.
καὶ πολιὴν πλοκαμῖδα περισφίγξας τρυφαλείῃ
λαιὸν ἐυτροχάλοιο μετέστιχε δηιοτῆτος,
δεξιτερὸν πολέμοιο κέρας τεκέεσσιν ἐάσας,
οὓς φύσις ἀφθόγγων στομάτων σφρηγίσσατο δεσμῷ,
γλῶσσαν ὑποσφίγξασα σοφῆς ὀχετηγὸν ἰωῆς·
ὁππότε γὰρ θαλάμοιο παρὰ φλιῇσι χορεύων

ever-recurrent streams[a]: so Nile in Egypt, and the eastern Hydaspes in India. There swims the travelling riverhorse through the waters, cleaving with his hoof the blackpebble stream, just like the dweller in my own Nile, who cuts the summer-begotten flood and travels through the watery deeps with his long jaws. He mounts the shores, splitting the woody ridges with sharp-pointed tooth; with only a wet ungraven jaw to ravage the fruits, he cuts the cornbearing harvest with this makeshift sickle, reaper of sheafbearing crops without steel.

245 Such are said to be the doings of the mighty Indian river like sevenmouth Nile. These men of war then, from the rounded shores of the islands and from the settlements of the Indos, now came under arms: their leader was Rhigbasos, one of gigantic stature.

250 Nor was old Aretos missing when Deriades summoned all to war. A heavy man he was; but he fitted a heavy bronze corselet over his hairy chest, and carried an oxhide shield on his aged back, slung by a strap over his bent neck. He also armed his force under compulsion for the war, he and five sons, Lycos and Myrsos together, Glaucos and Periphas and Melaneus the lateborn. He covered his gray curly hairs with a helmet, and repaired to the left wing of his battle circuit, leaving the right to his sons.

261 These were men whose lips nature had closed with the seal of silence, having tied each tongue, the channel of intelligent speech. For when at the door-posts of the bridal chamber in the sacred dance

[a] Irrigating canals or the like, filling in the rainy season.

[1] So MSS.: Ludwich Νείλου . . . λώιον.
[2] So MSS.: Ludwich ἀντιάει.

Λαοβίην ζυγίοιο γάμου πιστώσατο θεσμῷ
παιδογόνοις Ἄρητος ὁμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις,
ἔνθεον ἔπλετο θάμβος, ἐπεὶ γαμίῳ παρὰ βωμῷ
νυμφοκόμῳ πεπόνητο θυηπολέων Ἀφροδίτῃ
νυμφίος ἀρτιχόρευτος, ἐν εὐύμνῳ δὲ μελάθρῳ
δοῦπον ἀνακλάγξασα λεχώιον ἀνθερεῶνος
μάντις ἐπεσσομένων ἐβαρύνετο πουλυτόκος σῦς,
ἀλλοίην καὶ ἄπιστον ἐλαφρίζουσα λοχείην,
καὶ νεπόδων ὤδινε νόθον γένος, ἐκ λαγόνων δὲ
ὑγρὴν ἰχθυόεσσαν ἀνηκόντιζε γενέθλην,
ἀντὶ τόκου χθονίοιο λοχευσαμένη τόκον ἅλμης.
καὶ συὸς ἰχθυγόνοιο πολύστομος ἵπτατο Φήμη
λαὸν ἀολλίζουσα· πολυσπερέες δὲ πολῖται
χερσαίην πολύτεκνον ἐθηήσαντο γενέθλην,
ἰσοφυὲς μίμημα θαλασσοτόκοιο λοχείης.
μαντιπόλον δ' ἐρέεινε θεηγόρον· εἰρομένῳ δὲ
ἐσσομένην θέσπιζεν ἀφωνήτων στίχα παίδων,
εἰναλίης ἴνδαλμα λιπογλώσσοιο γενέθλης.
καὶ τότε μάντις ἔλεξε προάγγελα θέσφατα κεύθειν,
ὄφρά κεν ἱλάσκοιτο τανύπτερον υἱέα Μαίης,
γλώσσης ἡγεμονῆα, σοφῆς ἰθύντορα φωνῆς.
Λαοβίη δ' ὤδινεν, ἀμοιβαίῃ δὲ λοχείῃ
τίκτε συὸς βρεφέεσσιν ἰσηρίθμων στίχα παίδων,
ἰχθύσιν ἀφθόγγοισιν ἐοικότας, οὓς μετὰ νίκην
Βάκχος ἄναξ ἐλέαιρε, λιποφθόγγων δ' ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
γλώσσης δεσμὸν ἔλυσε, καὶ ἤλασεν ἤλικα σιγήν,
φωνὴν δ' ὀψιτέλεστον ἐπεξύνωσεν ἑκάστῳ.
τοῖσι συνεστρατόωντο φερεσσακέες πολεμισταί,
οἵ τε Πύλας ἐνέμοντο καὶ οἱ λάχον ἐγγύθεν Εὔρου

Aretos pledged his troth to Laobië, according to the rites of lawful marriage, joining with her in wedlock for the begetting of children, a miracle divine was wrought. The bridegroom, fresh from his own wedding dance, had been busy at the marriage-altar sacrificing to Aphrodite the Lady of Brides; and while the hall resounded with hymns, a sow big with young in her pain shrieked out the cry of labour from her throat, prophetic of things to come, and dropt an uncanny incredible litter—a bastard brood of marine creatures, a shoal of wet fish she shot out of her womb, spat of the brine not spat of the land! Rumour flew abroad with many mouths, telling of the fishmother sow and gathering the people; farscattered burghers came to stare at this numerous generation of land-creatures, the very image of seaborn spawn.

279 He asked the prophetic interpreter of God's will: to the question, he foretold a succession of dumb children to come, like the voiceless generation of the deep sea. And the seer bade him to hide the prophetic oracle, that he might propitiate the long-winged son of Maia, governor of the tongue, guide of intelligent speech.

285 Laobië was brought to bed, and in one birth after another brought forth children equal in number to the sow's young ones, and dumb like fishes. After the victory, Lord Bacchos had pity on these, and loosed the tie of the tongue in their dumb throats, drove away the silence which had been their companion from birth, bestowed upon each a voice perfected at last.

291 Along with these were mustered shieldbearing warriors: those who dwelt in Pylai, and those who

ναιομένην Εὔκολλα, μαχήμονος ἔνδιον Ἠοῦς,
καὶ ζαθέην Γορύανδιν εὐσπορον αὔλακα γαίης.
Τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ θωρήχθησαν,
ὅσοι λάχον ἄντυγας Οἴτης,
μητέρα δενδρήεσσαν ἀμετροβίων ἐλεφάντων,
οἷς φύσις ὤπασε κύκλα διηκοσίων ἐνιαυτῶν
ζώειν ἀενάοιο χρόνου πολυκαμπέι νύσσῃ,
ἠὲ τριηκοσίων· καὶ βόσκεται ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
ἐκ ποδὸς ἀκροτάτου μελανόχροος ἄχρι καρήνου·
γναθμοῖς μηκεδανοῖσιν ἔχων προβλῆτας ὀδόντας
δίζυγας, ἀμητῆρι τύπῳ γαμψώνυχος ἅρπης,
θηγαλέῳ τμητῆρι, διαστείχει στίχα δένδρων
ποσσὶ ταινυκνήμοισιν· ἔχων δ' ὦδαλμα καμήλων
καὶ λοφίην ἐπίκυρτον, ἐῷ πολυχανδέι νώτῳ
ἐσμὸν ἄγει νήριθμον ἐπασσυτέρων ἐλατήρων,
δινεύων στατὸν ἶχνος ἀκαμπέι γούνατος ὀλκῷ,
καὶ τύπον εὐρυμέτωπον ἐχιδναίοιο καρήνου,
αὐχένα βαιὸν ἔχων κυρτούμενον· εἶλε δὲ λεπτὸν
ὄμμασιν ἰσοτύποισι συῶν ὦδαλμα προσώπου,
ὑψιφανής, περίμετρος· ἑλισσομένου δὲ πορείῃ
οὔατα μὲν λιπόσαρκα, παρήορα γείτονι κόρσῃ,
λεπταλέων ἀνέμων ὀλίγῃ ῥιπίζεται αὔρῃ·
πυκνὰ δὲ μαστίζουσα δέμας νωμήτορι παλμῷ
λεπτοφυὴς ἐλάχεια τινάσσεται ἄστατος οὐρή.
πολλάκι δ' ἐν πολέμοισι γένυν προβλῆτα τινάσσων
ἀνέρι ταυροκάρηνος ἐπέχραεν ἠλίβατος θήρ,
ξείνην καρχαρόδοντα φέρων ἑτερόστομον ἅρπην,
δινεύων ἑκάτερθε γενειάδος ἔμφυτον αἰχμήν·
πολλάκι δ' εὐθώρηκα μετάρσιον ἀσπιδιώτην
ὄρθιον ἠέρταζε πεπαρμένον ἅρπαγι λαιμῷ,
ἄνδρα δὲ καρχαρόδοντι κατεπρήνιξεν ἀκωκῇ
καὶ νέκυν αὐτοκύλιστον ἐπὶ στροφάλιγγι κονίης

possessed a habitation in Eucolla, the district of war-like Eos near the East Wind, and divine Goryandis with soil well fitted for seed.

295 After these came armed those who possessed the curves of Oita,[a] woody mother of longliving elephants, to which nature has granted to live through two hundred rolling years, rounding so often the turning-point of eternal time, or even three hundred. Black they are from the point of the foot to the head, and they feed side by side. Each has projecting teeth on his long jaws, two of them, hooked like a reaper's sickle, sharp and cutting, and he marches through the ranks of trees on his long legs ; he has a curved neck like a camel, and on his capacious back he carries an innumerable swarm of riders in rows, swinging a firm foot with unbending [b] knees. He has a short curved neck, and a wide forehead shaped like a snake. The eyes on his face are like the little eyes of a pig. He is towering, enormous : as he rolls along, the skinny ears close to the temple on each side, move like fans in the lightest breath of air. A thin little restless waving tail whips the body with a continual regular movement. Often in battle the mountainous beast shakes a tusk and attacks a man like a pilking bull, striking with the borrowed sharptoothed sickle on each side of his mouth [c] and swinging natural spears on both cheeks. Often when he has pierced a man, he lifts him straight up with greedy throat, armour and shield and all ; or he throws one down with sharp-pointed tusk, picks up the body as it rolls helpless

[a] Not the Greek Oita.
[b] A common ancient delusion.
[c] Meaning apparently that he has blades fastened to his tusks.

ὑψόθεν ἠκόντιζε παλινδίνητον ἀλήτην,
αἰθύσσων ἑλικηδὸν ἴτυν σκολιοῖο γενείου
κάρχαρον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παρὰ προβολῆσιν ὀδόντων
ἀντίτυπον σπειρηδὸν ἐχιδνήεσσιν ἀκάνθαις,
ἄχρι ποδῶν τανύων κεχαραγμένον ἄορ ὀδόντων.
τοὺς μὲν ἄναξ Διόνυσος ἄγων μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
Καυκασίην παρὰ πέζαν Ἀμαζονίου ποταμοῖο
εἰς φόβον εὐπήληκας ἀνεπτοίησε γυναῖκας,
ἠλιβάτων λοφιῆσιν ἐφαδρήσσων ἐλεφάντων.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν μετὰ δῆριν. ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ Λυαίου
Δηριάδῃ καλέοντι τότε πρόμος ἦλθε Πυλοίτης,
ὀρθοπόδην ἐλέφαντα κατὰ κλόνον ἡνιοχεύων,
καλλιτόκου Μαραθῶνος Ἀρειμανὲς αἷμα γενέθλης·
καί οἱ ἐς ὑσμίνην ἑτερόθροος ἕσπετο γείτων
λαὸς ἐυκρήδεμνον Ἐριστοβάρειαν ἐάσας.

Δερβίκων δὲ γένεθλα συνέσπετο Δηριαδῆι
Αἰθίοπές τε Σάκαι τε καὶ ἔθνεα ποικίλα Βάκτρων,
καὶ πολὺς οὐλοκόμων Βλεμύων στρατός.
ἀλλοφανῆ δὲ
Αἰθίοπες μεθέπουσι τύπον τεχνήμονα χάρμης·
ἵππου γὰρ φορέοντες ὁλωλότος ἄντυγα κόρσης
ψευδόμενοι κρύπτουσιν ἀληθέα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,
καὶ κεφαλὴν βροτέην ἑτέρῳ σφίγγουσι προσώπῳ,
ἄπνοον ἀσκήσαντες ἐς ἔμπνοον, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
δήιον ἀγνώσσοντα νόθῳ κλονέουσι καρήνῳ·
καὶ πρόμος ἐκ στομάτων ἀπατήλιον ἧχον ἰάλλει,
ἵππιον ἀνδρομέῃ προχέων χρεμετισμὸν ἰωῇ.
Οἱ μὲν ἀολλίζοντο καλεσσαμένου βασιλῆος.

---

[a] See Plutarch, *Greek Questions* 56, with Halliday's notes.

[b] Of the Pamir plateau.

[c] Of Afghan Turkestan and Badakshan.

in a swirl of dust and throws it hurtling through the air at random ; he throws about this way and that way the jagged ring of teeth in his crooked jaw, beside the tusks ranged in strings like the backbone of a snake, and stretches down to his feet the sharp sword of the tusks.

329 These creatures after the Indian war [a] Lord Dionysos led to the Caucasian district by the Amazonian River, and scattered those helmeted women, as he sat on the back of a mountainous elephant. But this was after the war. In this conflict, when Deriades sent out his summons to war with Lyaios, the chieftain Pyloites joined him driving a straightlegged elephant into the fray. He was the warlike blood of the race which produced Marathon, one blessed in his children ; and he was followed to the conflict by a neighbouring people of different speech, from Eristobareia with her lovely coronals.

339 Tribes of Derbices were there with Deriades, Ethiopians and Sacai [b] and various nations of Bactrians,[c] and a great host of woolly-headed Blemyes.[d] The Ethiopians follow a peculiar and clever fashion in battle.[e] They wear the top of a dead horse's head, hiding in this disguise the true shape of their faces. Thus they fasten another face on the human head, and join the dead to the living. So in the battle they startle the unwitting foe with this bastard head ; and their chieftain lets out a deceitful sound from his mouth, and gives vent to a horse's neigh with his manly voice.

350 These were the hosts which gathered at their

[d] A tribe who dwelt south of Egypt. These and the Ethiopians had no connexion with India.

[e] For the Ethiopian war-dress, see Herodotus vii. 70. 2.

πάντων δ' ἡγεμόνευεν ἐς Ἄρεα κοίρανος Ἰνδῶν,
ὃν διερῇ φιλότητι πατὴρ ἔσπειρεν Ὑδάσπης,
Ἀστρίδος εὐώδινος ὁμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις,
κούρης Ἠελίοιο. φάτις δέ τις, ὅττί ἑ μήτηρ
Νηιὰς Ὠκεανοῖο γένος τεκνώσατο Κητώ,
ἦν ποτε παφλάζοντι διερπύζων περὶ παστῷ
νυμφίος ὑδατόεντι γάμῳ πήχυνεν Ὑδάσπης
γνήσιον αἷμα φέρων Τιτήνιον· ἀρχεγόνων γὰρ
ἐκ λεχέων Θαύμαντος ἐγείνατο δίζυγα φύτλην
Ἠλέκτρη ῥοδόπηχυς ὁμευνέτις, ἧς ἀπὸ λέκτρων
καὶ ποταμὸς βλάστησε καὶ ἄγγελος Οὐρανιώνων,
Ἶρις ἀελλήεσσα καὶ ὠκυρέεθρος Ὑδάσπης,
ἡ μὲν ἐπεντύνουσα ποδῶν δρόμον, ὃς δὲ ῥοάων·
ἄμφω δ' ἀντικέλευθον ἴσην μεθέπουσι πορείην,
Ἶρις ἐν ἀθανάτοισι καὶ ἐν ποταμοῖσιν Ὑδάσπης.

Τόσσος ἄρα στρατὸς ἦλθε· πόλις δ' ἐστείνετο λαῷ·
καὶ στίχες εὐπήληκες ἐμιτρώθησαν ἀίταις,[1]
τετραπόρων πλήσαντες ἐν ἄστεῖ κύκλα κελεύθων·
οἱ μὲν ἐπὶ τριόδοισιν ἐπήτριμοι, οἱ δ' ἐνὶ βόθροις,
ἄλλοι δ' ἠλιβάτοιο πρὸ τείχεος, οἱ δ' ἐπὶ πύργων
νήδυμον ὕπνον ἴαυον ἀκοντοφόρων ἐπὶ λέκτρων.
ἡγεμόνων δὲ φάλαγγας ἑῷ ξείνισσε μελάθρῳ
Δηριάδης, καὶ πάντες ἀμοιβαίων ἐπὶ θώκων
ξεινοδόκῳ βασιλῆι μιῆς ἥπτοντο τραπέζης.
τοῖσι μὲν ἔσπερα δεῖπνα καὶ ἐννυχίου πτερὸν Ὕπνου
μέμβλετο, καὶ στρατὸς εὗδεν ἐνόπλιος Ἄρεῖ γείτων·
ἐγρεμόθῳ δ' εὕδοντες ἐφωμίλησαν ὀνείρῳ,
μιμηλὴν Σατύροισιν ἀναστήσαντες Ἐννώ.

[1] ἀίταις Rose, ἀήταις MSS.

king's call. The whole army was led to battle by the emperor of the Indians, son of Hydaspes the watery lover in union with Astris daughter of Helios, happy in her offspring—men say that her mother was Ceto, a Naiad daughter of Oceanos—and Hydaspes crept into her bower till he flooded it, and wooed her to his embrace with conjugal waves. He had the genuine Titan blood ; for from the bed of primeval Thaumas his rosyarm consort Electra brought forth two children—from that bed came a river and a messenger of the heavenly ones, Iris quick as the wind and swiftly flowing Hydaspes, Iris travelling on foot and Hydaspes by water. Both had an equal speed on two contrasted paths : Iris among the immortals and Hydaspes among the rivers.

366 So great then, was the host there assembled. The city was crammed with people ; helmeted crowds were surrounded by favourite young squires till they filled the circle of the streets that ran all four ways in the city, some thick at the threeways, some in the moat, some on the height of the walls, while others lay quietly on the turrets and slept under arms. The company of leaders was entertained by Deriades in his own hall, and all touched the same table as their hospitable king in turns on rows of seats. Feasting engaged them in the evening, the wing of sleep in the night : the army slumbered under arms on the eve of battle, and slumbering they had to do with battlestirring dreams, as they fought against shadows like Satyrs.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΒΔΟΜΟΝ

Ἕβδομον εἰκοστὸν μεθέπει στίχας, ᾗσι Κρονίων
εἰς μόθον ὁπλίζει Βρομίῳ ναετῆρας Ὀλύμπου.

Ἄρτι δὲ λυσιπόνοιο τιναξαμένη πτερὸν Ὕπνου
ἀντολίης ὤιξε θύρας πολεμητόκος Ἠώς,
καὶ Κεφάλου λίπε λέκτρα σελασφόρα· βαλλόμενος δὲ
ἀντιπόρῳ Φαέθοντι μέλας λευκαίνετο Γάγγης·
καὶ φυγὰς ἀρτιχάρακτος ἐχάζετο κῶνος ὁμίχλης
σχιζόμενος φαέεσσιν· ἀπὸ δροσεροῖο δὲ δίφρου
ὄρθριος εἰαρινῇσιν ἐλούετο καρπὸς ἐέρσαις.
Καὶ κλόνος ἦν.
Φαέθων δὲ πυριτρεφέων δρόμον ἵππων
ἀενάων ἐτέων φλογόεις ἀνεσείρασε ποιμήν,
γείτονος εἰσαΐων κορυθαιόλον Ἄρεος ἠχώ,
καὶ στρατὸν αἰχμάζειν προκαλίζετο μάρτυρι πυρσῷ,
θερμὸν ἀκοντίζων ῥοδόεν βέλος· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
αἱμαλέης ξένον ὄμβρον ἀπ' ἰκμάδος ὑέτιος Ζεὺς
οὐρανόθεν κατέχευε, φόνου πρωτάγγελον Ἰνδῶν.
καὶ φονίαις λιβάδεσσιν Ἐνναλίου νιφετοῖο
δύψια κυανέης ἐρυθαίνετο νῶτα κονίης
Ἰνδῴου δαπέδοιο· νεοσμήκτου δὲ σιδήρου
Ἠελίου σελάγιζε βολαῖς ἀντίρροπος αἴγλη.
Φαινομένας δὲ φάλαγγας
ἐπὶ κλόνον ὥπλισεν Ἰνδῶν

BOOK XXVII

The twenty-seventh deals with the array in which Cronion musters the dwellers in Olympos for battle to help Dionysos.

Now warbreeding Dawn had just shaken off the wing of carefree sleep and opened the gates of sunrise, leaving the lightbringing couch of Cephalos. Dark Ganges was whitened as he met the touches of Phaëthon, and the cone[a] of gloom newly cleft apart fled away torn by his beams; the crops were bathed in the spring morning by the drops of dew from his car.

8 Then came tumult. Phaëthon, blazing shepherd of the everflowing years, checked the course of his firebred steeds, when he heard the sound of flashhelm Ares rattling close by, and summoned the host to spearthrust, shooting a rosy ray with witnessing torch: Rainy Zeus poured down from heaven a rain of blood,[b] a strange shower which foretold bloodshed for the Indians. The thirsty back of black dust on the Indian ground was reddened with those gory drops of battle-shower; the sheen of newburnished steel glittered against the beams of Helios.

19 Now the battalions of Indians were seen:

[a] *i.e.* the conical shadow of the earth.
[b] Hom. *Il.* xi. 53, xvi. 459.

Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος, ἐποτρύνων δὲ μαχητὰς
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρος ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος·
" Δμῶες ἐμοί, μάρνασθε, πεποιθότες ἠθάδι Νίκῃ,
καὶ θρασὺν ὃν καλέουσι κερασφόρον υἷα Θυώνης
λάτριν ἰσοκραίριον τελέσσατε Δηριαδῆος.
κτείνατέ μοι καὶ Πᾶνας ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ·
εἰ δὲ θεοὶ γεγάασι, καὶ οὐ θέμις ἐστὶ δαΐξαι
Πανὸς ἀνουτήτοιο δέμας τμητῆρι σιδήρῳ,
Πᾶνας ὀρεσσινόμους λησσόμαι, ἔνδοθι λόχμης
ἔθνεα βουκολέοντας ἐρημονόμων ἐλεφάντων.
πολλοὶ θῆρες ἔασι καὶ ἐνθάδε, τοῖσι συνάψω
Φῆρας ὁμοῦ καὶ Πᾶνας ὀρεσσινόμου Διονύσου·
κούρῃ δ' ἠμετέρῃ θαλαμηπόλον ἐσμὸν ὀπάσσω,
δαινυμένου Μορρῆος ὑποδρηστῆρα τραπέζης.
καί τις ἀνὴρ Φρυγίηθεν ὁμόστολος οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ
Ἰνδῴου ποταμοῖο δέμας λούσειε ῥεέθροις,
ἀντὶ δὲ Σαγγαρίου καλέσει πατρῷον Ὑδάσπην·
ἄλλος ἀνὴρ Ἀλύβηθεν ὁμαρτήσας Διονύσῳ
ἐνθάδε θητεύσειε, καὶ ἀργυρέου ποταμοῖο
χεύματα καλλείψας πιέτω χρυσαυγέα Γάγγην.
χάζεό μοι, Διόνυσε, φυγὼν δόρυ Δηριαδῆος·
ἔστι καὶ ἐνθάδε πόντος ἀπείριτος· ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης
Ἀρραβίης μετὰ κῦμα καὶ ἠμετέρῃ σε δεχέσθω·
εὐρύτερος βυθὸς οὗτος ἐρεύγεται ἄγριον[1] ὕδωρ,
καὶ Σατύρους καὶ Βάκχον ἐπάρκιός ἐστι καλύψαι
καὶ στίχα Βασσαρίδων· οὐ μείλιχος ἐνθάδε Νηρεύς,
οὐ Θέτις Ἰνδῴη σε δεδέξεται, οὐδέ σε κόλπῳ
ξεινοδόκον μετὰ κῦμα πάλιν φεύγοντα σαώσει,
αἰδομένη βαρύδουπον ἐμὸν πατρῷον Ὑδάσπην.

[1] So mss.: ἀγκύλον Ludwich.

Deriades the presumptuous made them arm for battle, and encouraged his soldiers as he uttered this menacing speech :

[22] " Fight, my servants, and look for our wonted victory ! The bold hornbearing son of Thyone, as they call him, you must make the lackey of Deriades, who also bears horns on his head ! Kill me those Pans also with devastating steel. Or if they are gods, and it is not permitted to pierce the body of unwounded Pan with cutting steel, then I make prey of the mountainranging Pans, and they shall tend herds of elephants in the wilderness. There are plenty of wild beasts here also, with which I will join the wildbeast Centaurs and Pans of hillranging Dionysos ; or I will make them a swarm of attendants for my daughter, and waiters upon the festal table of Morrheus.

[34] " Many a Phrygian soldier in the train of wineface Bacchos will bathe his body in the streams of the Indian river, and call Hydaspes home instead of Sangarios ; many a soldier who has come from Alybe with Dionysos shall here be a serf—let him forget the water of his silvern [a] river and drink of the goldgleaming Ganges.

[40] " Give place to me, Dionysos ! flee from the spear of Deriades ! We have a vast sea here also ; then let ours also receive you, after the Arabian waves ! Ours is a wider deep which spouts its wild waters, enough to swallow Satyrs and Bacchants and ranks of Bassarids. Here no friendly Nereus, no Indian Thetis will receive you and save you, like those hospitable waves, when you flee a second time ; for our Thetis dreads the deep rumbling Hydaspes of my

[a] *Cf.* xi. 311.

ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· 'Κρονίωνος Ὀλύμπιον αἷμα κομίζω.'
Αἰθέρα Γαῖα λόχευσε χορῷ κεχαραγμένον ἄστρων·
Οὐρανόθεν γένος ἔσχες· ἐμὴ δέ σε Γαῖα καλύψει·
καὶ Κρόνον ὠμηστῆρα νέων θοινήτορα παίδων
Οὐρανόθεν γεγαῶτα κατέκρυφε κόλπος ἀρούρης.
εἰμὶ δοριθρασέος στρατιῆς πρόμος· εἰμὶ Λυκούργου
φέρτερος, ὅς σε δίωκε καὶ ἀπτολέμους σέο Βάκχας·
σὸν γένος οὐ κλονέει με Διιπετές· αἰνομόρου γὰρ
σῆς Σεμέλης ἤκουσα πυριβλήτους ὑμεναίους·
μὴ στεροπὴν ἀγόρευε Διὸς νυμφοστόλον εὐνῆς,
μὴ κεφαλὴν Κρονίωνος ἢ ἄρσενα μηρὸν ἐνίψῃς·
οὐ Διὸς ὠδίνοντος ἐμὲ κλονέουσι λοχεῖαι·
πολλάκις ὠδίνουσαν ἐμὴν ἐνόησα γυναῖκα.
σὺν σοὶ δ', ἢν ἐθέλῃ, γενέτης τεὸς αὐτοτόκος Ζεὺς
ἄρσενι θωρήξειεν ἀρηγόνα θῆλυν Ἀθήνην,
Νίκην ἣν καλέουσιν, ἵνα πρηῶνας ἀράξας
Παλλάδος αἱμάξω κεφαλὴν ταμεσίχροϊ πέτρῳ
ἢ δορὶ τολμήεντι, καὶ εὐκεράων ἀπὸ τόξων
μηρὸν ἀπειλητῆρος ὀιστεύσω Διονύσου,
βουκεράων Σατύρων ἡγήτορος, οὐταμένου δὲ
καὶ Διὶ καὶ Βρομίῳ καὶ Παλλάδι μῶμον ἀνάψω·
εἰ δὲ σὺν ἀμφοτέροισι κορύσσεται ἀμφιγυήεις,
δεύομαι Ἡφαίστου τεχνήμονος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτῷ
τεύχεα χαλκεύσειε πολύτροπα Δηριαδῆι.
οὐ τρομέω ποτὲ θῆλυν ἐγὼ πρόμον· εἰ δὲ τινάσσει
ἀστεροπὴν γενετῆρος, ἔχω πατρώιον ὕδωρ.
καὶ θρασύν, ὃν καλέουσιν ὁμόγνιον αἷμα Λυαίου,
Αἰακὸν οὐρανίοιο Διὸς βλάστημα τοκῆος
Ζηνὶ καταχθονίῳ δεδαϊγμένον Ἄιδι πέμψω·

---

[a] Nice is sometimes a title of Athena, sometimes the name of an attendant on her. [b] Hephaistos.

home. But you will say : ' I have in me Cronion's Olympian blood.' But Earth produced the sky dotted with its troop of stars : you have your birth from heaven, but my Earth shall cover you up. Cronos himself, who banqueted on his own young children in cannibal wise, was covered up in Earth's bosom, son of Heaven though he was. I am chief of a spearbold army ; I am stronger than Lycurgos, who drove you away and your unwarlike Bacchant women. Your divine birth does not trouble me, for I have heard of the firestruck nuptials of your ill-fated Semele. Speak not of the lightning which attended upon the bed of Zeus, boast not of Cronion's head or his manly thigh. The childbed of Zeus in labour does not trouble me ; I have often seen my own wife in labour. Let your father help you, if he likes, your father Zeus self-delivered, by arming female Athena, whom they call [a] Victory, to help you the male : only that I may break off cliffs, and make the head of Pallas bloody with a cutflesh rock or a daring spear, and hit with an arrow from my bow of horn the thigh of threatening Dionysos, while he leads his horned Satyrs ; and when he is wounded may fasten disgrace upon Zeus and Bromios and Pallas! And if the Hobbler [b] shall arm to support them both, Hephaistos the artist is the one I want, to make all sorts of armour in his smithy for Deriades also.[c] I fear not the female chieftain : if she brandishes her father's lightning, I have my father's water.

75 " Bold Aiacos also, who is of kindred blood with Lyaios as they say, offspring of heavenly Zeus, I will smash and send to Hades, the Zeus of the under-

[c] As well as Achilles, *Il.* xviii.

οὐδὲ μιν ἁρπάξειε δι' ἠέρος ἱπτάμενος Ζεύς.
καὶ πολέας Κρονίδαο δεδουπότας υἷας ἀκούω·
Δάρδανος ἐκ Διὸς ἔσκε καὶ ὤλετο, καὶ θάνε Μίνως,
οὐδέ μιν ἐρρύσαντο Διὸς ταυρώπιδες εὐναί·
εἰ δὲ θεμιστεύει καὶ ἐν Ἅιδι, τίς φθόνος Ἰνδοῖς,
Αἰακὸς εἰ φθιμένοισι δικάζεται; ἦν δ' ἐθελήσῃ,
κοιρανίην νεκύων ἐχέτω καὶ σκῆπτρα βερέθρου.
καὶ δολιχοῖς μελέεσσιν ἐπιφαύοντας Ὀλύμπου
Γηγενέας Κύκλωπας ὀλέσσατε μὴ δορὸς αἰχμὴν
γαστρὶ μέσῃ πήξαντες ἢ αὐχένι, χαλκοβαρὲς δὲ
ὀφθαλμῷ τροχόεντι βέλος τετορημένον ἔστω.
μὴ χθονίους Κύκλωπας ὀλέσσατε· καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνων
δεύομαι· Ἰνδῴῳ δὲ παρήμενος ἐσχαρεῶνι
Βρόντης μὲν βαρύδουπον ἐμοὶ σάλπιγγα τελέσσῃ
βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἰσόκτυπον, ὅφρά κεν εἴην
Ζεὺς χθόνιος, Στερόπης δὲ νέην ἀντίρροπον αἴγλην
ἀστεροπῆς τεύξειε καὶ ἐνθάδε· καί μιν ἐλέγξω
μαρνάμενος Σατύροισιν, ἵνα φρένα μᾶλλον ἀμύξῃ
Δηριάδην κτυπέοντα καὶ ἀστράπτοντα δοκεύων
ζηλήμων Κρονίδης, πεφοβημένος ὅρκαμον Ἰνδῶν
ὑψιγόνου φλογόεντος ἀκοντιστῆρα κεραυνοῦ.
τίς φθόνος, εἰ πρηστῆρι μαχήμονα χεῖρα κορύσσω;
μητρὸς ἐμῆς γενέτης, φλογερῶν ἐπιήρανος ἄστρων,
αὐτὸς ὅλος Φαέθων πυρόεις πρόμος· εἰ δὲ τοκῆος
αἷμα φέρω ποταμοῖο, καὶ ὑδατόεντι βελέμνῳ
μαρνάμενος μόθον ὑγρὸν ἀναστήσω Διονύσῳ,
Βάκχων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα ῥοαῖς ποταμοῖο καλύπτων.
καὶ βυθίων τμήξαντες ἁλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ

---

* Son of Zeus and Electra the Pleiad, ancestor of the Trojan kings.

world; Zeus will not fly through the air and carry him off. Indeed I hear that many sons of Zeus have been struck down in the past. Dardanos [a] was sprung from Zeus, and he perished; Minos died, and the bullfaced marriage of Zeus did not save him —if he is a judge still in Hades, what do Indians care if Aiacos does become a judge among the dead? [b] If he likes, let him be king of the corpses and monarch of the pit! Do not kill the Earthborn Cyclopeans who touch Olympos with their long limbs, do not transfix them with a spearpoint in belly or neck, let the heavy stroke of bronze pierce their one round eye.—No, kill not the Cyclopeans of the earth, for I want them too: they shall sit in an Indian smithy! Brontes shall make me a heavyrumbling trumpet to mock the thunder's roar, that I may be an earthly Zeus; Steropes shall make here on earth a new rival lightning: I will try it in fighting against Satyrs,[c] that Cronides may be jealous, and tear his heart yet more to see Deriades thundering and lightening—he shall fear the Indian chieftain hurling a newmade fiery thunderbolt!

99 "Who can begrudge it, if I provide my warrior hand with the fiery whirlwind? My mother's father, governor of the flaming stars, Phaëthon, is himself a potentate all of fire; and if on my father's side I have the blood of a river, I will fight even with watery missiles and make watery war upon Dionysos, drowning the heads of my enemy Bacchants in river floods. Go and cut down the Telchines of the deep

[b] Minos, son of Zeus and Europa, has this position from Homer (*Od.* xi. 568 ff.) on; Aiacos, in the Attic tradition.

[c] Nonsense; there would be none left to fight. Either Nonnos is more than usually puzzle-headed or his text is corrupt.

σώματα Τελχίνων τυμβεύσατε γείτονι πόντῳ,
πατρὶ Ποσειδάωνι μεμηλότα, δαιδαλέου δὲ
δίφρου γλαυκὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ὑγροπόρων γένος ἵππων
νίκης πόντια δῶρα κομίσσατε Δηριαδῆι.
καὶ ναέτην βαρύδεσμον ἀπειρώδινος Ἀθήνης
Ἡφαίστου πυρόεντος ἀπόσπορον αἴθοπι πυρσῷ
φλέξατε, τὸν καλέουσιν Ἐρεχθέα· καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνου
αἷμα φέρει περίπυστον Ἐρεχθέος, ὃν ποτε μαζῷ
παρθενικὴ φυγόδεμνος ἀνέτρεφε Παλλὰς ἀμήτωρ,
λάθριον ἀγρίπνῳ πεφυλαγμένον αἴθοπι λύχνῳ·
μιμνέτω Ἰνδῴη κεκαλυμμένος αἴθοπι κίστῃ,
καὶ κενεῷ ζοφόεντος ἐν ἔρκεϊ παρθενεῶνος.
καὶ τροχαλοὺς δρηστῆρας ἐυσκάρθμοιο βοείης,
ἴδμονας εὐπήληκος Ἐνυαλίοιο χορείης,
ἄξατέ μοι Κορύβαντας ἀτευχέας· ὀλλυμένοις δὲ
διχθαδίοις τεκέεσσιν ἐπικλαύσειε Καβειρώ,
Λημνιὰς ἀκρήδεμνος· ἀπορρίψας δὲ πυράγρην
αἰθαλόεις Ἥφαιστος ἑῆς ὀλετῆρα γενέθλης
ἤμενον ἀθρήσειεν ὑπὲρ δίφροιο Καβείρων
ἵππων χαλκοπόδων ἐπιβήτορα Δηριαδῆα.
κτείνω μὲν Διὸς υἷας· Ἀρισταῖον δὲ δαμάσσαι
οὐ φθονέω Μορρῆι, λαγωβόλον υἱέα Φοίβου,
οὐτιδανῆς ἐλατῆρα φιλοπτολέμοιο μελίσσης.
ὑμεῖς μὲν δρεπάνοισι καὶ ἀμφιπλῆγι μαχαίρῃ
κτείνετε Βασσαρίδων ἁπαλὰς στίχας, ὑψίκερων δὲ
παῖδα Διὸς κερόεις ποταμήιος υἱὸς ὀλέσσει,
μή τις ὑποπτήσσειεν ἰδὼν ἐλατῆρα λεαίνης
ἢ πρόμον ἀγροτέρης ἐπιβήμενον ἰξύος ἄρκτου,

with devastating steel, bury their bodies in the neighbouring sea and let Poseidon their father look after them, and bring to Deriades, as trophies of victory from the sea, the blue harness of their finewrought car and all their seafaring horses ! Burn with your blazing torch the burgher heavychained of the city of maiden Athena, the offspring of fiery Hephaistos whom they call Erechtheus ; for he too has the blood of that illustrious Erechtheus,[a] whom unmothered Pallas once nursed at her breast, she the virgin enemy of wedlock, secretly guarding him by the wakeful light of a lamp : let him remain hidden in a shining Indian box, and enclosed in an empty cell of her darksome maiden chamber.[b]

120 " Disarm me the Corybants also and lead them captive ; let Lemnian Cabeiro [c] unveiled lament the death of her two sons ; let sooty Hephaistos throw down his tongs, and see the destroyer of his race sitting in the car of the Cabeiroi, see Deriades driving the bronzefoot horses !

126 " I will slay the sons of Zeus ! I do not grudge Morrheus to conquer Aristaios, that son of Phoibos who hunts the hare and scatters the poor pugnacious bees.[d] Go you and slay the battalions of soft Bassarids with your sickles and twoedged swords ; but the highhorned son of Zeus shall fall to the horned son of a river. Let no one shrink when he sees him riding a lioness, or mounted like a champion on the loins of a wild bear, let none shrink from the grim

[a] He means Erichthonios, *cf.* xiii. 172 ff.

[b] *i.e.* she hid him in a box when he was a baby ; now she may have (the ashes of) his descendant sent to her in another.

[c] Mother (in late mythology) of the Cabeiroi.

[d] *Cf.* Virg. *Georg.* iv. 86-87.

μὴ θηρῶν ζυγίων βλοσυρὸν στόμα· τίς γὰρ ἀλύξει
πόρδαλιν ἠὲ λέοντα κορυσσομένων ἐλεφάντων;"
Ὡς φαμένου βασιλῆος ἐπὶ κλόνον ἦιον Ἰνδοί,
οἱ μὲν ὑπὲρ νώτοιο σιδηροφόρων ἐλεφάντων,
οἱ δὲ συνεστρατόωντο θυελλοπόδων ὑπὲρ ἵππων.
καὶ πέλας ἦν πρυλέων στρατὸς ἄπλετος,
οἱ μὲν ἀκωκάς,
οἱ δὲ σάκος φορέοντες, ὁ δὲ κληῖδα φαρέτρης·
ἄλλος ἀνηέρταζεν ἀνὴρ χαλκήλατον ἅρπην
ἀμητὴρ πολέμοιο, καὶ ἔστιχεν ἄλλος ἀείρων
ἀσπίδα καὶ θοὰ τόξα καὶ ἠνεμόεντας ὀιστούς.
Καὶ μόθον ἐστήσαντο παρὰ στόμα γείτονος Ἰνδοῦ,
εἰς πεδίον προθέοντες. ἀπ' εὐδένδροιο δὲ λόχμης
ἀσπίσι καὶ ξιφέεσσι καὶ ἀρραγέεσσι πετήλοις
θυρσοφόρος Διόνυσος ἰοὺς ἐκόρυσσε μαχητάς.
καὶ πισύρων ἀνέμων φλογερῆς ἀντώπιον Ἠοῦς
τέτραχα τεμνομένην στρατιὴν ἐστήσατο Βάκχων·
πρώτην μὲν βαθύδενδρα παρὰ σφυρὰ
κυκλάδος Ἄρκτου,
ἦχι πολυσπερέων ποταμῶν πεφορημένον ὁλκῷ
Καυκασίου σκοπέλοιο Διπετὲς ἔρχεται ὕδωρ,
τὴν αὐτὴν παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ περιμήκεϊ πορθμῷ
χεῦμα παλινδίνητον ἄγει βαρύδουπος Ὑδάσπης·
τὴν ἑτέρην δὲ φάλαγγα συνήρμοσεν, ὁππόθι γαίης
μεσσατίης στεφανηδὸν ἐς ἑσπέριον κλίμα νεύων
δίστομος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἑὸν ῥόον Ἰνδὸς ἐλίσσει,
χεύμασιν ἀμφίζωστον ἐπιστέψας Παταλήνην·
καὶ τριτάτην κόσμησεν, ὅπῃ νοτίῳ παρὰ κόλπῳ
κύματι πορφύροντι μεσημβριὰς ἔλκεται ἅλμη·
καὶ στρατιὴν εὔχαλκον ἄναξ ἔστησε τετάρτην
ἀντολίης ὑπὸ πέζαν, ὅθεν δονακῆα διαίνων
στέλλεται εὐόδμοισι κατάρρυτος ὕδασι Γάγγης.
330

jaws of wild beasts under the yoke : for who will run before leopard or lion with armed elephants on his side ? "

136 After this oration of their king, the Indians went to battle, some on the backs of steelclad elephants, some upon stormfoot horses beside them. Close behind came an infinite host of footmen, armed with pikes or shields or capped quiver : one man carried a sickle of beaten bronze like a harvester of war, another marched lifting a buckler and quick bow and windswift arrows.

144 So they rushed forth into the plain, and opened the fray near the mouth of the Indus. But from the trees of the forest Dionysos, thyrsus in hand, armed his warriors with shields and swords and invincible leafage. He divided his army of Bacchants into four parts, and posted them facing the dawn in the direction of the four winds. The first was among the thick trees by the feet of the circling Bear, where the skyfallen water of many scattered rivers comes pouring down from the Caucasos [a] mountains, in that very place where heavyrumbling Hydaspes brings his flood eddying in his endless course. The second battalion he placed where twimouth Indus bends his flood, curving through the mountains towards the western district of the land between,[b] and surrounds Patalene with his waters. The third he drew up where in the southern gulf the southern sea [c] rolls with ruddy waves. The fourth mailed army the king posted towards the land of sunrise, whence Ganges moves watering the reed-

[a] Hindu Kush.
[b] Between the two arms of the delta.
[c] The Erythraian Sea (Indian Ocean).

κεκριμένης δὲ φάλαγγος ἐυκνήμιδος ἑκάστης
τέσσαρας εὐπήληκας ἑκόσμεεν ἡγεμονῆας,
καὶ στρατὸν ὀτρύνων λαοσσόον ἴαχε φωνήν·
" Βασσαρίδες, καὶ δεῦρο χορεύσατε, δυσμενέων δὲ
κτείνατε βάρβαρα φῦλα, καὶ ἐγχεσι μίξατε θύρσους,
μίξατε καὶ ξιφέεσσι· καὶ ἠθάδος ἀντὶ τραπέζης
σάλπιγξ ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἐμοῖς Σατύροισι γενέσθω
πηκτὶς ἐμή· χλοερὴ δὲ καταιχμάζουσα σιδήρου
δούρατα νικήσειεν ἀκαχμένα φυλλὰς ὀπώρη·
ἀντὶ δὲ νυκτελίοιο χοροστασίης Διονύσου
αὐλὸς ἐμὸς φθέγξαιτο μετάτροπον ὕμνον Ἐνυοῦς,
τερψινόου Βρομίοιο λιπὼν ἐπιδόρπιον Ἠχώ.
εἰ μὲν ἐμοὶ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνειεν Ὑδάσπης
μηδὲ πάλιν Βάκχοισι παλίγκοτον οἶδμα κορύσσῃ,
ἔσσομαι εὐάντητος, ὅλον δέ οἱ ἁγλαὸν ὕδωρ
χεύμασι ληναίοισιν ἐς Εὔιον οἶνον ἀμείψω,
τεύχων λαρὰ ῥέεθρα, καὶ ἀγριάδος λόφον ὕλης
μιτρώσω πετάλοισι καὶ ἀμπελόεντα τελέσσω·
εἰ δὲ πάλιν προχοῇσιν ἀλεξικάκοισιν ἀρήξει
Ἰνδοῖς κτεινομένοισι καὶ υἱέι Δηριαδῆι,
ἀνδροφυὴς κερόεσσαν ἔχων ποταμηίδα μορφήν,
χεῦμα γεφυρώσαντες ὑπερφιάλου ποταμοῖο
ἴχνεσιν ἀβρέκτοισιν ὁδεύσατε δίψιον ὕδωρ,
καὶ γυμνῇ ψαμάθῳ πατέων αὐχμηρὸν Ὑδάσπην
πεζὸς ὄνυξ εὔιππος ἐπιξύσειε κονίην.
εἰ δὲ πολυπτοίητος Ἀρειμανέων πρόμος Ἰνδῶν
αἰθερίου Φαέθοντος ἀπόσπορός ἐστι γενέθλης,
καὶ Φαέθων πυρόεσσαν ἐμοὶ στήσειεν Ἐννώ,
θυγατέρος κερόεσσαν ἐῆς ὠδῖνα γεραίρων,
γνωτὸν ἐμοῦ Κρονίδαο πάλιν Φαεθοντίδι χάρμῃ
πόντιον ὑδατόεντα πυρὸς σβεστῆρα κορύσσω·

beds with his fragrant waves. The host thus divided and under arms, he appointed four helmeted leaders, and addressed a rousing oration to them all :

167 " Dance here also, you Bassarids ! Slay the barbarian tribes of your enemies, match thyrsus against spear, against sword also; let my harp become a trumpet which stirs war for the Satyrs, instead of its familiar banqueting-table. May the green leafy vintage strike down the steel, may it conquer the sharpened spear ! Instead of the nightly dancings of Dionysos, let my pipes take another tune and sing the battle-hymn—let them leave the suppertune of mindcharming Bromios.

176 " If Hydaspes would bend a submissive knee to me, and never again arm his rebellious flood against the Bacchoi, I will treat him kindly ; I will change all his glorious water into Euian wine with streams from the winepress, making his waters strong, I will crown the peaks of his wild forest with my leaves and make it all vine : but if ever again he shall help with his protecting flood the falling Indians and his son Deriades, taking the horned river-shape in a man's body, then make a dam over the presumptuous river, and cross the thirsty water as on a highroad with unwetted feet, and let the hoof of fine horses tread on a dry Hydaspes with bare sand and scrape the dust there.

189 " If the terrified chief of warmad Indians is sprung from Phaëthon's heavenly race, and if Phaëthon should set up fiery war against me to honour his daughter's horned offspring, I will arm once more my Cronion's brother [a] against Phaëthon's attack, a quencher for his fire from the watery sea. I

[a] Poseidon.

Θρινακίην δ' ἐπὶ νῆσον ἐλεύσομαι, ὁππόθι ποῖμναι
καὶ βόες αἰθερίοιο πυραυγέος Ὑπερίονος,
Ἠελίου δὲ θύγατρα, δορικτήτην ἄτε κούρην,
Λαμπετίην ἀέκουσαν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δούλια σύρω,
ὄφρα γόνυ κλίνειε· καὶ εἰς ὄρος Ἀστρὶς ἁλάσθω,
μυρομένη βαρύδεσμον ὀπάονα Δηριαδῆα·
ἐλθέτω, ἣν ἐθέλῃ, μετανάστιος εἰς χθόνα Κελτῶν,
ὄφρα φυτὸν γεγαυῖα σὺν Ἠλιάδεσσι καὶ αὐτὴ
πυκνὰ φιλοθρήνοισιν ἐπικλαύσειε ῥείθροις.
σπεύσατέ μοι καὶ κύκλα μελαρρίνοιο προσώπου
Ἰνδῶν ληιδίων λευκαίνετε μύστιδι γύψῳ,
καὶ θρασὺν ἀμπελόεντι περιπλεχθέντα κορύμβῳ . . .
νεβρίδα χαλκοχίτωνι καθάψατε Δηριαδῆι·
καὶ Βρομίῳ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνων μετὰ νίκην
Ἰνδὸς ἄναξ ῥίψειεν ἐὸν θώρηκα θυέλλαις,
κρείσσονι λαχνήεντι δέμας θώρηκι καλύπτων,
καὶ πόδα πορφυρέοισι περισφίγξειε κοθόρνοις
ἀργυρέας ἀνέμοισιν ἐὰς κνημῖδας ἐάσας,
καὶ μετὰ φοίνια τόξα καὶ ἠθάδος ἔργα κυδοιμοῦ
ὄργια νυκτιχόρευτα διδασκέσθω Διονύσου,
βάρβαρα δινεύων ἐπιλήνια βόστρυχα χαίτης.
δυσμενέων δὲ κάρηνα κομίσσατε σύμβολα νίκης
Τμῶλον ἐς ἠνεμόεντα, πεπαρμένα μάρτυρι θύρσῳ.
πολλὰς δ' ἐκ πολέμοιο μεταστήσω στίχας Ἰνδῶν
ζωγρήσας μετ' Ἄρηα, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ Λυδῶν
πήξω μαινομένοιο κεράατα Δηριαδῆος."
Ὣς φάμενος θάρσυνεν· ἐπερρώοντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
Σειληνοὶ δ' ἀλάλαζον Ἀρηιφίλης μέλος Ἠχοῦς
καὶ Σάτυροι κελάδησαν ὁμοφθόγγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν·
καὶ τυπάνου κελάδοντος ὁμόθροος ἔβρεμεν ἠχὼ

[a] *Cf.* Hom. *Od.* xii. 127 ff. [b] *Cf.* xxxviii. 432.
[c] A process of purification in some mystery-cults.

will go to the island of Thrinacia,[a] where are the sheep and oxen of the fireflashing heavenly Charioteer, and drag the sun's daughter Lampetië under the yoke of slavery, to bow the knee like a girl captured by the spear. Then let Astris wander away to the mountains, to bewail her son Deriades a slave in heavy chains : let her go, if she likes, to settle in the Celtic land, that she also may turn into a tree with the Heliads and weep often in floods of sorrowful tears.[b]

204 " Make haste, I pray, and whiten the round blackskin faces of the captive Indians with the initiate's chalk[c] ; and bring me the bold king[d] swathed in clusters of vine ; throw a fawnskin about Deriades in his coat of mail. Let the Indian king bend a slave's knee to Bromios after my victory, and throw his corselet to the winds, covering his body in a better corselet of fur. Let him press his foot into purple buskins, and leave his silver greaves to the breezes. After his deadly arrows and the deeds of battle which he knows, let him learn the nightdancing rites of Dionysos, and shake his curls of barbarian hair over the winepress. Bring enemy heads as trophies of victory to breezy Tmolos, pierced with the witnessing thyrsus. Many long lines of Indians I will bring away from the war alive after fighting is done, and I will fix on a Lydian gatehouse the horns of mad Deriades."

221 With this speech he gave them courage. The Bacchant women made haste, the Seilenoi shouted the tune of the battle-hymn, the Satyrs opened their throats and shouted in accord ; the sound of the beating drum rang out, beating time with its terri-

[d] Something has fallen out.

φρικαλέον μύκημα, φιλοκροτάλων δὲ γυναικῶν
χερσὶν ἀμοιβαίῃσιν ἀράσσετο δίκτυπος ἠχώ·
καὶ νομίῃ Φρύγα ῥυθμὸν ἀγέστρατος ἴαχε σύριγξ.
Καὶ στρατιῆς προκέλευθος ἐπιβρίθουσα κυδοιμῷ
Μυγδονίη μάρμαιρε δι' ἠέρος ἄλλομένη φλόξ,
Βακχείην πυρόεσσαν ἀπαγγέλλουσα λοχείην·
Σειληνοῦ δὲ γέροντος ἀπ' εὐκεράοιο μετώπου
μαρμαρυγὴ σελάγιζεν· ὀρεσσαύλοιο δὲ Βάκχης
δέσμιος ἀπλέκτοισι δράκων ἐσφίγγετο χαίταις·
καὶ Σάτυροι πολέμιζον· ἐλευκαίνοντο δὲ γύψῳ
μυστιπόλῳ, καὶ φρικτὸν ἐπῃώρητο παρειαῖς
ψευδομένου νόθον εἶδος ἀφωνήτοιο προσώπου.
καί τις ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισι μεμηνότα τίγριν ἰμάσσων
δίφρα διεπτοίησεν ὁμοζυγέων ἐλεφάντων·
καὶ πολιὸς κεκόρυστο Μάρων ἑλικώδεϊ θαλλῷ,
ἡμερίδων ὄρπηκι διασχίζων δέμας Ἰνδῶν
μαρναμένων.—καὶ πάντες, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
Ζηνὶ παρεδριόωντες ἔσω θεοδέγμονος αὐλῆς
πασσυδὸν ἠγορόωντο πολυχρύσων ἐπὶ θώκων.
τοῖσι δὲ δαινυμένοισιν ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσων
εὐχαίτης γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἐωνοχόει Γανυμήδης.
οὐ τότε γὰρ Τρώεσσιν Ἀχαικὸς ἔβρεμεν Ἄρης,
ὡς πάρος ὄφρα κύπελλα πάλιν μακάρεσσι κεράσσῃ
Ἥβη καλλιέθειρα, καὶ ἀθανάτων ἑκὰς εἴη
Τρώιος οἰνοχόος, μὴ πατρῴδος οἶτον ἀκούσῃ.
τοῖσι συναγρομένοις ἀγορήσατο μητίετα Ζεύς,
ἔννεπε δ' Ἀπόλλωνι καὶ Ἡφαίστῳ καὶ Ἀθήνῃ·
"Ἄξονος ὀμφαίοιο θεηγόρε κοίρανε Πυθοῦς,
τοξοσύνης σκηπτοῦχε, σελασφόρε, σύγγονε Βάκχου,
μνώεο Παρνησσοῖο καὶ ὑμετέρου Διονύσου·
Ἄμπελος οὔ σε λέληθεν ἐφήμερος· οἶσθα καὶ αὐτὴν
ἀμφοτέρων σκοπέλων διδυμάονα μύστιδα πεύκην·

fying boom, the rattling women clanged their double strokes with alternate hands ; the shepherd's syrinx piped out its Phrygian notes to summon the host.

231 In front of the army, pushing to the fray, the Mygdonian torch shone leaping through the air, proclaiming the fiery birth of Bacchos. The horned brow of old Seilenos sparkled with light ; snakes were twined in the unplaited hair of the hillranging Bacchant women. The Satyrs also fought ; they were whitened with mystic chalk,[a] and on their cheeks hung the terrifying false mask of a sham voiceless face. One lashing a maddened tiger against his foes scattered the cars of linked elephants. Hoary Maron was armed with a clustering shoot, and pierced the bodies of fighting Indians with a branch of garden-vine.

241 All the inhabitants of Olympos were sitting with Zeus in his godwelcoming hall, gathered in full company on golden thrones. As they feasted, fair-hair Ganymedes drew delicious nectar from the mixing-bowl and carried it round. For then there was no noise of Achaian war for the Trojans as once there was, that Hebe with her lovely hair might again mix the cups, and the Trojan cupbearer might be kept apart from the immortals, so as not to hear the fate of his country. Now Zeus Allwise addressed the assembly, and spoke to Apollo and Hephaistos and Athena :

252 " Prophetic sovereign of the prophetic axle of Pytho, Prince of Archery, lightbringer, brother of Bacchos, remember Parnassos and your Dionysos ! You did not fail to see Ampelos who lived but a day ; you know also the double mystic torch of the double

[a] *Cf.* 205.

ἀλλὰ κασιγνήτοιο τεοῦ προμάχιζε Λυαίου,
Βασσαρίδων ἐπίκουρος Ὀλύμπια τόξα τιταίνων·
Παρνησσοῦ δὲ γέραιρε τεὴν ξυνήονα πέτρην,
ὁππόθι κωμάζουσα χοροίτυπος ἴαχε Βάκχη,
σοὶ μέλος ἐντύνουσα καὶ ἀγρύπνῳ Διονύσῳ,
Δελφικὸν ἀμφοτέροισιν ὁμόζυγον ἀψαμένη πῦρ.
μνώεο σῆς, κλυτότοξε, λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης·
δὸς χάριν ἀμφοτέροισι, καὶ Ἀγρέι καὶ Διονύσῳ·
ὡς Νόμιος Σατύρων νομίων προμάχιζε γενέθλης.
Ἥρης ζῆλον ἄλαλκε βαρύφρονα, μή ποτε Φοίβου
μητρυιὴ γελάσειε Διωνύσοιο φυγόντος,
ἤ τις ἐμῶν μεθέπουσα χόλον καὶ ζῆλον ἐρώτων
αἰὲν ἐμοῖς τεκέεσσι κορύσσεται· οὔ σε διδάξω
μητέρος ὑμετέρης λόχιον πόνον, ἡνίκα παίδων
δίζυγα φόρτον ἔχουσα πολύπλανος ἦιε Λητώ,
κέντροις παιδογόνοισιν ἰμασσομένη τοκετοῖο,
ὁππότε Πηνειοῖο φυγὰς ῥόος, ὁππότε Δίρκη
μητέρα σὴν ἀπέειπεν, ὅτε δρόμον εἶχε καὶ αὐτὸς
Ἀσωπὸς βαρύγουνος ὀπίστερον ἴχνος ἑλίσσων,
εἰσόκε Δῆλος ἄμυνε μογοστόκος, εἰσόκε Λητὼ
οὐτιδανοῖς πετάλοισι γέρων μαιώσατο φοῖνιξ.
καὶ σύ, Διὸς πατέρος καὶ μητέρος ἄτρομε κούρη,
γνωτῷ, Παλλάς, ἄμυνε τεῆς κοσμήτορι πάτρης·
ῥύεο σοὺς ναετῆρας ἐφεσπομένους Διονύσῳ,
μηδὲ τεοῦ Μαραθῶνος ὀλωλότα τέκνα νοήσῃς·
Ἀκταίης δὲ γέραιρε φερέπτολιν ὄζον ἐλαίης·
Ἰκαρίῳ δὲ γέροντι χαρίζεο· καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνῳ
δώσει ποικιλόβοτρυς ἐὴν Διόνυσος ὀπώρην·
μνώεο Τριπτολέμοιο καὶ εὐαρότου Κελεοῖο,

peaks.[a] Come now, fight for Lyaios your brother! Bend your Olympian bow to help the Bassarids. Glorify the cliff of your Parnassos common to both, where the Bacchant woman holding revel has raised her voice in song to you and sleepless Dionysos, and kindled one common Delphian flame for both. Remember your lionslaying Cyrene,[b] illustrious Archer! Be gracious to Agreus and Dionysos both: as the Herdsman, fight for the generation of Satyr herdsmen. Repel the heavyhearted jealousy of Hera, that the stepmother of Apollo may not laugh to see Dionysos run! She always cherishes jealousy and resentment for my loves, and attacks my children. I will not remind you of your mother's tribulation in childbirth,[c] when Leto carried her twin burden and had to wander over the world, tormented with the pangs of childbirth; when the stream of Peneios fled from her, when Dirce refused your mother, when Asopos himself made off dragging his lame leg behind him—until Delos gave help to her labour, until the old palmtree played the midwife for Leto with her poor little leaves.

278 "And you, Pallas, fearless daughter, for whom Zeus was father and mother both, help your brother, the ornament of your country! Save your people who are following Dionysos, do not look on while the sons of your Marathon perish! Glorify the growth of your Athenian olive, which gave you a city. Grant this grace to old Icarios,[d] for one day Dionysos will give his rich bunches of fruit to him also. Remember Triptolemos and the good plowman Celeos, and do not

[a] The Dionysiac rites held in winter on Parnassos.
[b] *Cf.* v. 215.
[c] *Cf.* Callim. *Hymns* iv. 71 ff.
[d] *Cf.* xlvii. 34 ff.

μὴ ταλάρους γονόεντας ἀτιμήσῃς Μετανείρης·
καὶ γὰρ ἀοσσητῆρος ἐριταφύλου σέο Βάκχου
Ζεὺς γονόεις ὠδῖνα πατὴρ ἐγκύμονι μηρῷ,
θηλυτέρην δ' ἐλόχευσε τεὴν ὠδῖνα καρήνῳ.
ἀλλὰ τεὴν δονέουσα γενέθλιον ἥλικα λόγχην,
αἰγίδα δ' αἰθύσσουσα κυβερνήτειραν Ἐνυοῦς,
γίνεό μοι Σατύροισι βοηθόος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
αἰγὸς ὀρεσσινόμου λασίους φορέουσι χιτῶνας·
καὶ θεὸς ἀγρονόμων, νομίης σύριγγος ἀνάσσων,
αἰγίδος ὑμετέρης ἐπιδεύεται αἰγίβοτος Πάν,
ὃς πρὶν ἀσυλήτοισιν ἐμοῖς σκήπτροις συνερίζων
μάρνατο Τιτήνεσσι, γαλακτοφόρου δὲ τιθήνης
αἰγὸς Ἀμαλθείης ὀρεσίδρομος ἔπλετο ποιμήν·
ῥύεό μιν μετόπισθε βοηθόον Ἀθθίδι χάρμῃ,
Μηδοφόνον ῥυτῆρα τινασσομένου Μαραθῶνος·
αἰγίδα σεῖο τίνασσε προασπίζουσα Λυαίου,
σεῖο κασιγνήτου μελαναίγιδος, ὃς σέο πάτρην
ῥύσεται ἐξελάσας Βοιώτιον ἡγεμονῆα·
καὶ μέλος ἀείσει ζωάγριον ἀστὸς Ἐλευθοῦς
πιστὸν ἀνευάζων Ἀπατούριον υἷα Θυώνης,
εἰ μιγάδην Φρύγα ῥυθμὸν ἀνακρούσουσιν Ἀθῆναι
Λιμναῖον μετὰ Βάκχον Ἐλευσινίῳ Διονύσῳ.
ὦ γένος ἀλλοπρόσαλλον Ὀλύμπιον· ἃ μέγα θαῦμα·
ξείνῳ Δηριαδῆι παρίσταται Ἀργολὶς Ἥρη,

[a] The Eleusinians who received Demeter in her wanderings.

[b] The Boeotians having invaded Attica, it was agreed to settle the matter by single combat between their leader, Xanthos, and the Athenian champion Melanthios. As they were about to begin, Melanthios saw a figure clad in a black goatskin behind his opponent, and objected to having to fight two at once. Xanthos turned round to look, and Melanthios took advantage of this to kill him. Somehow identifying the phantom as Dionysos, the Athenians instituted a cult of him under the title Melanaigis, He of the black

insult the fruitful baskets of Metaneira.[a] For Zeus your fruitful father bore the birthpangs of the helper, your Bacchos of the vine, in his pregnant thigh, and you, the girl-child, in his head. Come now, raise the lance born along with you, shake your goatcape the aegis, the governor of war, be helper to my Satyrs, because they also wear hairy skins of the mountain goats ; the god of countrymen himself, lord of the shepherd's pipes, goatfoot Pan, needs your aegis-cape. He once helped to defend my inviolable sceptre and fought against the Titans, he once was mountain-ranging shepherd of the goat Amaltheia my nurse, who gave me milk ; save him, for he in the after-time shall help the Athenian battle, he shall slay the Medes and save shaken Marathon. Shake your aegis-cape and protect Lyaios, your brother in his black goatskin-cape, who shall drive out the Boiotian captain and save your country[b] ; then the citizen of Eleutho shall sing a hymn of salvation, calling Euoi for Apaturios the faithful son of Thyone, if Athens shall celebrate together in Phrygian tune, after her Limnaian Bacchos, Dionysos of Eleusis.

308 "O you family of Olympos, facing all ways! Ah, here is a great marvel! Hera of Argos stands by

Goatskin. See, for some modern criticism of this curious tale, Rose, *Handbook of Gk. Lit.*, pp. 131 f.

Iacchos, an obscure Eleusinian god, was identified with Dionysos (Bacchos) at a fairly early date in Athens ; he is the "Eleusinian Dionysos" meant here, and was prominent in the historical celebrations under Athenian patronage of the Eleusinian Mysteries. The Apaturia, which Dionysos has really nothing to do with, was a festival at which children were enrolled in their fathers' clans. Limnaios was a local Athenian title of Dionysos, from the position of his temple in the Limnai, or Marshes, a piece of low-lying ground of somewhat uncertain locality.

Κεκροπίδας δὲ φάλαγγας ἀναίνεται Ἀτθὶς Ἀθήνη,
μητρὶ δὲ πιστὰ φέρων, ἐμὸν υἱέα Βάκχον ἐάσας
καὶ στρατιὴν Θρήισσαν ἐφεσπομένην Διονύσῳ,
ῥύεται Ἰνδὸν ὅμιλον ἐμὸς Θρηίκιος Ἄρης.
ἀλλὰ πυρὶ φλογόεντι συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ,
μοῦνος ἐγὼ πάντεσσι κορύσσομαι, εἰσόκε Βάκχος
κυανέην προθέλυμνον ἀιστώσειε γενέθλην.
καὶ σύ, τελεσσιγόνου φιλοπάρθενε νυμφίε Γαίης,
ἠρεμέεις, Ἥφαιστε, καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγεις Μαραθῶνος,
ἦχι θεᾶς ἀγάμου γάμιον σέλας; οὔ σε διδάξω
μυστιπόλους σπινθῆρας ἀειφανέος σέο λύχνου.
λάρνακα παιδοκόμου μιμνήσκεο παρθενεῶνος,
ᾧ ἔνι κοῦρος ἔην Γαιήιος, ᾧ ἔνι κούρη
σὸν σπόρον αὐτοτέλεστον ἀνέτρεφεν ἄρσενι μαζῷ·
σὸν πέλεκυν κούφιζε μογοστόκον, ὄφρα σαώσῃς
σῷ λοχίῳ βουπλῆγι τεῆς ναετῆρας Ἀθήνης.
ἠρεμέεις, Ἥφαιστε, καὶ οὐ σέο τέκνα σαώσεις;
ἠθάδα πυρσὸν ἄειρε προασπιστῆρα Καβείρων,
ὄμμα δὲ σεῖο τίταινε, καὶ ἀρχαίην σέο νύμφην
μεμφομένην σκοπίαζε τεὴν φιλόπαιδα Καβειρώ·
Λημνιὰς Ἀλκιμάχεια τεῆς ἐπιδεύεται ἀλκῆς."
Ὣς φαμένου σπέρχοντο θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
ξυνοὶ ἀοσσητῆρες Ἀθηναίῃ καὶ Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος ὁμάρτεε Τριτογενείῃ.
ἀθανάτοις δ' ἑτέροισιν ὁμίλεε σύνδρομος Ἥρη,
Ἄρεα χειρὸς ἔχουσα καὶ εὐρυρέεθρον Ὑδάσπην,
δυσμενέων συνάεθλον ὁμοζήλοιο κυδοιμοῦ,

---

[a] *Cf.* on xiii. 172.

Deriades the foreigner ; Athena of Attica renounces the warriors of Cecrops ; my own Ares of Thrace true to his mother deserts my son Bacchos, and the Thracian host which follows Dionysos, and saves an Indian horde ! But I alone fight for Dionysos with my blazing fire, one against all, until Bacchos shall destroy the black nation root and branch. And you Hephaistos, lover of the Maiden, bridegroom of creative Earth,[a] do you sit still and care nothing for Marathon, where the wedding torch [b] of the unwedded goddess is shining ? I will not remind you of the mystical sparks of your everburning light. Remember the casket in that childcherishing maiden chamber, in which was the son of Earth, in which the Girl nursed your selfbegotten offspring with her manly breast. Lift up your axe that played the midwife,[c] to save the people of your Athena with your delivering hatchet ! Do you sit still, Hephaistos, and will not you save your children ? Lift your accustomed torch to defend the Cabeiroi ; turn your eye and see your ancient bride, your Cabeiro, reproaching you in love for her sons. Valiant Alcimacheia [d] of Lemnos needs your valour ! "

331 After this appeal the gods who dwelt in Olympos departed in haste. Athenaia and Apollo united together as helpers, and fiery Hephaistos went along with Tritogeneia. Hera joined herself to the other party of immortals, leading Ares by the hand, and wideflowing Hydaspes, to help the enemy with equal ardour. Rout and Terror went in their

[b] Obscure. Does Nonnos take some Marathonian rite in which torches were used to commemorate Athena's marriage with Hephaistos ?

[c] He split Zeus's head with it to let Athena out.

[d] A Mainad ; for her death, see xxx. 192.

τοῖσι Φόβος καὶ Δεῖμος ὁμέμποροι, οἷσι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἀντίπαλος Βρομίοιο φερέσταχυς ἵκετο Δηώ,
ζωογόνῳ φθονέουσα φιλοσταφύλῳ Διονύσῳ,
ὅττι μέθης ποτὸν εὗρε, παλαίτερον εὖχος ἐλέγξας
Ζαγρέος ἀρχεγόνοιο φατιζομένου Διονύσου.

company, and with them cornbearing Deo, the rival of Bacchos, being jealous of lifegiving Dionysos who loved the grapes because he had discovered the beverage of wine ; and this dimmed the pride of ancient Zagreus, the god who first of all had the name of Dionysos.[a]

[a] *Cf.* bk. vi., especially 206.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΟΓΔΟΟΝ

Εἰκοστὸν σκοπίαζε καὶ ὄγδοον, ὁππόθι πολλὴν
Κυκλώπων πυρόεσσαν ἐσαθρήσειας Ἐννώ.

Ἔνθά τις ἀπρήνητος ἔην ἔρις· ἀμφότεροι γὰρ
Φαῦνος Ἀρισταῖός τε μίαν συνέλασσαν Ἐννώ,
οἷσιν ἐφωμάρτησε καὶ Αἰακός, ἄξια ῥέζων
Ζηνὸς ἑοῦ γενετῆρος, ὑπὲρ νώτοιο τιταίνων
ἀσπίδα χαλκείην πολυδαίδαλον, ἧς ἐνὶ κύκλῳ
δαίδαλα πολλὰ πέπαστο,
τά περ κάμε Λήμνιος ἄκμων.
Καὶ στρατιὴ κεκόρυστο πολύτροπος
εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν
σπερχομένων ἀγεληδόν· ὁ μὲν ταμεσίχροϊ κισσῷ
κραιπνὸς ἐς ὑσμίνην πολυδαίδαλα δίφρα νομεύων
πορδαλίων ἐπέβαινεν, ὁ δὲ φρίσσοντι λεπάδνῳ
ζεῦξεν Ἐρυθραίων ὀρεσίδρομον ἅρμα λεόντων
καὶ βλοσυρὴν ἴθυνε συνωρίδα, κυανέας δὲ
ἄλλος ἐριπτοίητος ἀκοντίζων στίχας Ἰνδῶν
ἀστεμφὴς ἀχάλινον ἐτέρπετο ταῦρον ἰμάσσων,
καί τις ἀναΐξας Κυβεληίδος εἰς ῥάχιν ἄρκτου
ἔχραε δυσμενέεσσι, καὶ οἴνοπα θύρσον ἐλίσσων
ἡνιόχους ἐφόβησε τανυκνήμων ἐλεφάντων·
ἄλλος ἀκοντίζων στρατιὴν ταμεσίχροϊ κισσῷ
οὐ ξίφος, οὐ σάκος εἶχε περίτροχον, οὐ δόρυ χάρμης

BOOK XXVIII

Look at the twenty-eighth also, where you will see a great fiery fight of Cyclopians.

Now there was implacable conflict ; for both Phaunos and Aristaios fought side by side, and Aiacos joined them, doing deeds worthy of Zeus his father, shaking the shield over his back, that shield of bronze curiously wrought on its disc with many patterns of fine art, which the Lemnian anvil had made.

7 And the host came armed in all its many forms, hastening in troops to the Indian War. One with his fleshcutting ivy stormed into battle, guiding a fine car with a team of panthers ; one yoked lions of the Erythraian hills to his chariot, and drove the grim pair bristling under the yokestrap. Another sat tight on an unbridled bull, and amused himself by lashing its flanks, as he cast his javelins furiously among the black Indian ranks. Another leapt on the back of a bear of Cybele, and attacked the enemy, shaking the vinewrapt thyrsus and scaring the drivers of long-legged elephants. Another shot at the foe with fleshcutting ivy ; no sword he had, no round buckler,

φοίνιον, ἀλλὰ πέτηλα φυτῶν ἑλικώδεα σείων
λεπτῷ χαλκοχίτωνα κατέκτανεν ἀνέρα θαλλῷ.
καὶ πάταγος βρονταῖος ἐπέκτυπεν εἴκελος αὐλῷ·
Σειληνοὶ δ' ἰάχησαν· ἐπεστρατόωντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
νεβρίδας ὡς θώρηκα κατὰ στέρνοιο βαλοῦσαι.
καί τις ὀρεσσινόμων Σατύρων, ἅτε πῶλον ἐλαύνων,
ποσσὶ διχαζομένοισιν ὑπὲρ ῥάχιν ἧστο λεαίνης.
Ἰνδοὶ δ' ἀνταλάλαζον, ἀολλίζων δὲ μαχητὰς
βάρβαρος ἐσμαράγησεν ἀγέστρατος αὐλὸς Ἐνυοῦς·
στέμματα μὲν κορύθεσσιν,
ἐπέκτυπε δ' αἰγίδι θώρηξ,
ἔγχεσι θύρσος ἔθυσε, καὶ ἰσάζοντο κοθόρνοις
ἀντίτυποι κνημῖδες· ὁμοζυγέων δὲ φορήων
στοιχάδες ἀλλήλῃσιν ἐπηρείδοντο βοεῖαι,
καὶ πρυλέες πρυλέεσσιν, ἀερσιλόφῳ δὲ καρήνῳ
Μυγδονίην πήληκα Πελασγιὰς ὦθεε πήληξ.
Καὶ κλόνος ἦν προμάχων ἑτερότροπος·
ὃς μὲν ἀείρων
Βακχείης ἐλέλιζε μετάρσιον ἅλμα χορείης,
ὃς δὲ πεσὼν στενάχιζεν, ὁ δ' ἐκροτάλιζε πεδίλῳ,
ὃς δὲ τυπεὶς ἤσπαιρεν, ὁ δ' ἐσκίρτησε Λυαίῳ·
ἄλλος ἀπὸ στομάτων πολεμήιον ἦχον ἰάλλων
Ἄρεος ἔγχος ἔμελπεν, ὁ δ' εἰλαπίνην Διονύσου·
καὶ τελετῇ Βρομίοιο συνεσμαράγησεν Ἐνυώ,
Εὔια δ' ἴαχε ῥόπτρα, καὶ ἠγήτειρα κυδοιμοῦ
λαὸν ἀολλίζουσα συνέκτυπε πηκτίδι σάλπιγξ,
σπονδῇ λύθρον ἔμιξε, φόνον δ' ἐκέρασσε χορείῃ.
Ἔνθα πολὺ πρώτιστος, ἑῷ ποδὶ κοῦφος ὀρούσας,
ἀντία Δηριάδαο κατηκόντιζε Φαληνεύς,
καὶ τύχεν ἀρρήκτοιο σιδηρείοιο χιτῶνος·
οὐ δὲ τιταινομένη χροὸς ἥψατο λοίγιος αἰχμή,
ἀλλὰ παραΐξασα πάγη χθονί· λυσσαλέος δὲ

no deadly spear of battle, but shaking clustered leaves of plants he killed the mailed man with a tiny twig. Thunder crashed like sounding pipes : the Seilenoi shouted, the Bacchant women came to battle with fawnskins thrown across their chests instead of a corselet. And a Satyr of the mountains sat astride on the back of a lioness, as if he were riding a colt.

27 The Indians on their part raised their warcry, and the barbarian pipes of war sounded to summon the host and assemble the fighting men. Garlands knocked against helmets, corselet against goatskin, thyrsus rushed upon spear, greaves were matched against buskins ; rows of shields pressed against each other as the ranks which carried them met together, footmen against footmen ; Pelasgian helmet pushed Mygdonian helmet with highnodding plume.[a]

35 Many and various were the fates of the fighting men. One bounded high in air with the Bacchic dance ; one lay groaning upon the ground ; one merrily stamped his shoon ; one gasped under a wound ; one skipt in honour of Lyaios. Another let out the warcry from his lips, and sang of Ares' lance, another of the festival of Dionysos ; the warshout resounded together with the worship of Bromios, Euian tambours roared, trumpet blared with harp leading the combat and gathering the people, mingled gore with libation, confused bloodshed with dance.

45 There well to the front lightly poised on his foot, Phaleneus cast a spear straight at Deriades and struck the unbreakable coat of mail ; the deadly point thus cast did not reach the flesh, but glanced off and stuck in the ground. Mighty Corymbasos

[a] Imitated from *Il.* xvi. 215-217.

Δηριάδῃ πέλας ἐχθρὸν ἐπαΐσσοντα νοήσας
ἀλκήεις ἐκίχησε Κορύμβασος, ἐσσυμένου δὲ
λαιμὸν ἀπηλοίησε μεσαίτατον ἄορι τύψας,
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἤμησε· δαϊζομένου δὲ καρήνου
αἱμοβαφὴς ἀκάρηνος ἐπὶ χθόνα πῖπτε Φαληνεύς.
Ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ μόθος ὦρτο πολύθροος· ἀκρότατον δὲ
Δεξίοχος Φλογίοιο μεσόφρυον ἔξεσε χαλκῷ,
πλήξας ἄκρα μέτωπα διχαζομένης τρυφαλείης·
αὐτὰρ ὁ ταρβήσας, ὀλίγον γόνυ γουνὸς ἀμείβων,
μηκεδανῇ κεκάλυπτο κασιγνήτοιο βοείῃ,
Δαρδανίης ἅτε Τεῦκρον ὀιστευτῆρα γενέθλης
εἰς σάκος ἐπταβόειον ἐδέχνυτο σύγγονος Αἴας,
πατρώῃ συνάεθλον ἀδελφεὸν ἀσπίδι κεύθων.
αὐτίκα δ' ἐκ κολεοῖο Κορύμβασος ἄορ ἐρύσσας
αὐχένα Δεξιόχοιο κατεπρήνιξε μαχαίρῃ·
καὶ ταχὺς ἀσπαίροντι θορὼν περιδέδρομε νεκρῷ
οἰστρομανὴς Κλύτιος, πρυλέων πρόμος· ὑψιλόφου δὲ
κραιπνὸς ἐριπτοίητος ἀκόντισε Δηριαδῆος·
ἀλλὰ δόρυ προμάχοιο παρακλιδὸν ἔτραπεν Ἥρη,
καὶ Κλυτίῳ κοτέουσα καὶ Ἰνδοφόνῳ Διονύσῳ·
ἔμπης δ' οὐκ ἀφάμαρτε ταχὺς πρόμος·
ἀλλὰ τορήσας
θηρὸς ἀμαιμακέτοιο πελώριον ἀνθερεῶνα
ὀρθοπόδην ἐλέφαντα κατέκτανε Δηριαδῆος·
καὶ μογέων ὀδύνῃσιν ὅλην ἐτίναξεν ἀπήνην
αὐχένι κυανέῳ περιδέξιος ἠλίβατος θήρ·
καὶ γένυν αἰθύσσων σκολιὴν προβλῆτα προσώπου
αἱμοβαφῆ ζυγίων ἀνεσείρασε δεσμὰ λεπάδνων·
ἀλλὰ πολυκλήιστον ὑπὸ ζυγὸν ἄορι κάμψας
αὐχενίων ἀνέκοψεν ὁμόζυγον ὁλκὸν ἱμάντων
ἡνίοχος ταχυεργός· ἀπ' εὐρυβάτοιο δὲ φάτνης
ὑψιφανῆ νέον ἄλλον ἐλὼν ἔζευξε Κελαινεύς.

noticed the enemy as he rushed at Deriades, and madly attacked him—struck his neck as he charged and sheared it through with his sword, mowing off the head : at the shearing stroke, Phaleneus headless and bathed in blood fell to the ground.

55 About him rose a tumultuous din. Dexiochos grazed the forehead of Phlogios,[a] and his blade cleft the helmet and cut the brow : the wounded man, startled, moved back step by step[b] and took shelter behind his brother's great shield, as Aias used to receive his kinsman Teucros, that shooter of arrows against the Dardanian nation, under his sevenhide shield, and sheltered his brother and comrade under his father's targe.[c] In a moment, Corymbasos drew sword from sheath, and cut through the neck of Dexiochos with his blade. Quickly with a mad leap over the palpitating body came Clytios, a leader of the footmen, and raging wildly cast at high-crested Deriades ; but Hera turned the spear away from the man, for she hated Clytios and Indian-slaying Dionysos both. Yet the warrior's quick shot did not miss ; it pierced the monstrous throat of the straightlegged elephant which Deriades rode, and killed the furious beast. The mountainous creature in agony cleverly shook the whole car which he carried on his black neck ; and shooting out the trunk which curved round his face, disengaged the blood-stained ropes of his yokepads. The driver quickly dived under the famous yoke, and sword in hand, cut the mass of knotted straps which held the yoke over the neck ; then Celaineus brought a new one hightowering from the wide stables and got it ready.

[a] See xxvi. 45. [b] From *Il.* xi. 547.
[c] See xiii. 461, and Hom. *Il.* viii. 266.

Καὶ Κλύτιος θρασὺς ἔσκεν ἀνεικέος ἐλπίδι νίκης·
Δεξιόχου δὲ φονῆα καλέσσατο θυιάδι φωνῇ,
λοίγιον ὑβριστῆρι χέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνι·
" Στῆθι, κύων, μὴ φεῦγε, Κορύμβασε, καί σε διδάξω,
οἷοι ἀκοιτιστῆρες ὀπάονές εἰσι Λυαίου.
ὑμέας εἰς Φρυγίην λήισσομαι, ἄστεα δ' Ἰνδῶν
δῃώσει δόρυ τοῦτο, καὶ Ἰνδοφόνον μετὰ νίκην
Δηριάδην θεράποντα Διωνύσοιο τελέσσω·
παρθενικὴ δ' ἀνάεδνος ἐὴν λύσειε κορείην,
δεχνυμένη Σατύροιο δασυστέρνους ὑμεναίους,
Ἰνδὴ Μυγδονίοιο μιαινομένη σχεδὸν Ἔρμου."
Ὡς φαμένου κεχόλωτο Κορύμβασος, ὀφρυμόθου[1] δὲ
φθεγγομένου Κλυτίοιο διέθρισεν ἀνθερεῶνα·
καὶ κεφαλὴ πεπότητο μετάρσιος ἅλματι Μοίρης,
αἱμαλέῃ ῥαθάμιγγι περιρραίνουσα κονίην.
Καὶ νέκυν ὀρχηστῆρα παλιντρόχητον ἐάσας
Σειληνοὺς ἐφόβησε Κορύμβασος, ἔξοχος Ἰνδῶν,
ἔξοχος ἠνορέην μετὰ Μορρέα καὶ βασιλῆα.
αἰχμητὴν δὲ Σέβητα βαλὼν ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα μαζοῦ
χάλκεον ὦθεεν ἔγχος ἔσω χροός, αἱμαλέου δὲ
δούρατος ἑλκομένοιο χυτῇ κατέβαλλε κονίῃ.
Οἰνομάῳ δ' ἐπόρουσεν· ὁ μὲν φυγὰς εἴκελος αὔραις
εἰς στρατιὴν Βρομίοιο τεθηπότι χάζετο ταρσῷ·
καί μιν ἰδὼν ἐδίωκεν ὀπίστερος, ἐν δ' ἄρα νώτῳ
μεσσατίῳ δόρυ πῆξε· διαΐσσουσα δὲ ῥιπῇ
γαστέρος ἀντιπόροιο παρ' ὀμφαλὸν ἄνθορεν αἰχμή·
αὐτὰρ ὁ φοινήεντι πεπαρμένος ἀμφὶ σιδήρῳ
πρηνὴς ἀρτιδάικτος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίῃ·
τὸν δὲ κατὰ βλεφάρων θανατηφόρος ἔσκεπεν ἀχλύς.
οὐδὲ μόθων ἀπέληγε πέλωρ πρόμος· ἀλλὰ μαχηταὶ

[1] So mss.: Ludwich ὀφρυμόθου.

81 Now Clytios grew bold with hope of victory undisputed. He challenged the slayer of Dexiochos in a madman's voice, and uttered fatal words with insulting tongue :

84 " Stand, dog ! Flee not from me, Corymbasos ! I will show you what javelin-throwers are the servants of Lyaios ! I will lead you all captive into Phrygia —this my spear shall devastate the cities of India— after the Indian-slaying victory I will make Deriades the lackey of Dionysos ! The virgin shall loose her maidenhood without bridegifts—she shall accept a shaggychested Satyr for husband, an Indian ravished beside Mygdonian Hermos ! "

92 Corymbasos was infuriated by these words. Clytios was too late—the other shore through his throat as he spoke. The head bounded high with a leap of fate, raining drops of blood on the dust.

96 Corymbasos left the dead body dancing and rolling on the ground, and scattered the Seilenoi, Corymbasos chief of the Indians pre-eminent for valour next to Morrheus and their king. He struck Sebes the spearman above the circle of his breast, and drove the spear of bronze into the flesh, drew out the bloody spear and left him there in a heap of dust. He leapt upon Oinomaos : he was retreating quick as the wind with startled foot towards the army of Bromios, but the other saw him and pursued, and thrust his spear into the middle of his back—the point leapt in and went through the belly with the thrust and out at the midnipple. The man transfixed with the bloody steel and new-slain sprawled flat on his face in the dust ; the mist of death came down on his eyelids. But the prodigious hero did

τέσσαρες εὐπήληκες ἐνὶ κτείνοντο φονῇ,
Τυνδάριός τε Θόων τε καὶ Αὐτεσίων καὶ Ὀνίτης.
Καὶ πολὺς' ἀρτιδάικτος ἔην νέκυς,
οὐ χθονὶ πίπτων
πρηνής, οὐ δαπέδῳ τετανυσμένος ὕπτιος ἀνήρ·
ἀλλὰ θανὼν ἀτίνακτος ἐπεστηρίζετο γαίῃ,
μαρναμένῳ προμάχῳ πανομοίιος, ὡς δόρυ πάλλων,
ὡς τανύων θοὰ τόξα καὶ ὡς βέλος εἰς σκοπὸν ἕλκων.
καὶ νέκυς ἀλκήεις ποθέων μετὰ πότμον Ἐνυὼ
νήματα Μοιράων ἐβιήσατο, δούρατι κούφῳ
εἴκελος αἰχμάζοντι, πολυσπερέων ἀπὸ τόξων
ἐκ κεφαλῆς βελέεσσι πεπαρμένος εἰς πόδας ἄκρους,
Ἄρεος ὀρθὸν ἄγαλμα· καὶ αἰχμητῆρα θανόντα
ὄμμασι θαμβαλέοισιν ἐθηήσαντο μαχηταί,
ἔγχος ἔτι κρατέοντα καὶ οὐ ῥίψαντα βοείην,
νεκρὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα καὶ ἄπνοον ἀσπιδιώτην.
Καί τις Ἀθηναίοιο τυχὼν δασπλῆτι σιδήρῳ
δεξιτερὴν ἤμησε, βραχίονος ἄκρον ἀράξας·
ἡ δὲ κυβιστήσασα φόνου βητάρμονι παλμῷ
ἤριπεν ἀρτιδάικτος, ὁμήλικι σύμπλοκος ὤμῳ,
ξανθὰ διαστίζουσα κατάρρυτα νῶτα κονίης.
καί νύ κεν ἀλλομένης ταναὸν δόρυ χειρὸς ἐρύσσας
ἔγχεϊ τηλεβόλῳ παλινάγρετον εἶχεν Ἐνυώ,
καὶ λαιὴ πολέμιζε δορυσσόος ἀντίτυπος χείρ·
ἀλλά μιν ἀντικέλευθος ἀνάρσιος ἔφθασεν ἀνήρ,
καὶ λαιὴν προθέλυμνον ἀμοιβάδι τύψε μαχαίρῃ·
καὶ παλάμη χθονὶ πῖπτεν, ἀκοντίζων δὲ φονῆα
αἱμαλέης ἔρραινεν ἑκηβόλος ὀλκὸς ἐέρσης
πορφυρέαις λιβάδεσσιν, ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο δὲ δειλὴ
ἅλμασιν αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπάλλετο μαινομένη χεὶρ
αἵματι φοινιχθεῖσα, καὶ ἀγκύλα δάκτυλα γαίῃ
εὐπαλάμῳ σφήκωσε μέσῳ γαμψώνυχι δεσμῷ,

not cease from slaughter. Four helmeted warriors were killed by this one slayer, Tyndarios and Thoön and Autesion and Onites.

113 Many a dead man also was there, just slain, yet he fell not forward to the ground, he lay not stretched out on his back : no, though dead he stood firmly on the earth, like a warrior fighting in the front, as if poising a spear, as if drawing bow and aiming a quick shot at a mark. The valiant dead, yearning for battle after fate had found him, compelled the threads of the Fates, like one casting a light spear, pierced from head to foot with arrows from countless bows, a standing image of Ares. The warriors gazed with wondering eyes at the dead spearman, who still held his spear and had not dropt his oxhide, a spearman corpse, a targeteer without life.

126 One struck an Athenian, and shore off his right arm with the dreadful steel, cutting through the top of the shoulder ; the limb just cut off with shoulder attached, fell rolling in the dance of death and scoring along a stretch of yellow dust. The man would have pulled the long spear out of the rolling hand and made fight again with a long throw, battling with spear throwing left instead of right ; but an enemy blocked his way and got in first, cutting off the left at the shoulder in its turn. The arm fell to the ground, and a farshot spout of bloody dew struck the slayer and drenched him with crimson drops ; on the ground the poor hand went madly rolling and jumping, reddened with blood, while the curved fingers caught a good handful of earth in its imprisoning clutch, as

---

[1] So MSS.: Ludwich Πύλος.

οἷα περισφίγγουσα πάλιν τελαμῶνα βοείης.
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν Ἀρήια δάκρυα λείβων·
"Ἄλλην εἰσέτι χεῖρα λιλαίομαι, ὄφρα τελέσσω
τριχθαδίαις παλάμῃσιν ἐπάξια Τριτογενείης·
ἔμπης καὶ μετὰ χεῖρας ἀνάρσιον ἄνδρα διώξω·
τοῦτό μοι ἠνορέης ἔτι λείψανον, ὄφρά τις εἴπῃ
εὖχος Ἀθηναίων περιδέξιον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοῖς
ποσσὶν ἀριστεύουσι δαϊζομένων παλαμάων."
Ὣς εἰπὼν προμάχοισιν ἐπέδραμεν εἴκελος αὔραις,
ὑσμίνην ἀσίδηρον ἐπεντύνων ὀλετῆρι.
οἱ δέ μιν ἀθρήσαντες ἐθάμβεον ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
καὶ πρόμον ἡμιτέλεστον ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταὶ
ἀμφιλαφεῖς· ὁ δὲ μοῦνος ἀφειδέι δέκτο μαχαίρῃ
πληγὴν ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἀμοιβαίοιο σιδήρου·
καὶ μόγις εἰς χθόνα πῖπτεν· ἔην δέ τις Ἄρεος εἰκὼν
ὀψιγόνῳ ναετῆρι φυλασσομένη γενετῆρα.
Οὐ τότε μοῦνος ὅμιλος ἐτέμνετο πεζὸς ὀδίτης,
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἱππήεσσιν ἔην φόνος· ἔστιχε δ' ἄλλος
ἄλλῳ πότμον ἄγων· ἐλατὴρ δ' ἐλατῆρα κιχήσας,
ἢ προτέρω φεύγοντι μετάφρενα δουρὶ δαΐζων,
ἢ σχεδὸν ἀντιόωντα κατὰ στέρνοιο τυχήσας,
ἱππόθεν ἀρτιδάικτον ἀπεστυφέλιξε κονίῃ.
καί τις ὑπὲρ λαπάρην βεβολημένος ἵππος ὀιστῷ
εἰς πέδον ἠκόντιζεν ἀπόσσυτον ἡνιοχῆα,
οἷος ἀερσιπότητος ἀλήμονι σύνδρομος αὔρῃ
Πήγασος ὠκυπέτης ἀπεσείσατο Βελλεροφόντην·

---

[a] There is a pun on the name, as if it contained the word "third." The difference of quantity would not be heard in the speech of Nonnos.

[b] Double-handed is said of those who are equally strong with both hands. Here it means double glory, for hands

if gripping again the shieldstrap. The man shed a soldier's tears, and spoke :

144 " What I want is another hand, that with three hands I may do deeds worthy of Tritogeneia ! [a] Never mind—I will pursue the enemy, if I leave my hands behind. So much remains for my valour ! Then all may tell a double-handed glory for Athens, how her sons are heroes when their hands are cut off and they have nothing but feet ! " [b]

150 So saying, he rushed like the wind into the battle, and attacked his destroyer unarmed. The enemy stared at him in amazement one and all, and surrounded the half-soldier on all sides ; he quite alone received stab after stab, as the steel struck again and again with merciless blows, until at last he fell to the ground, a warlike image preserving the memory of the progenitor for a citizen of later days.[c]

158 Not only those who fought on foot were cut down ; there was death for the horsemen too. On they went, one bringing fate for another. Rider caught rider, piercing his back with a spear as he fled before, or striking him face to face on the breast ; he shook him away [d] in the dust, new-slain, as he sat his horse. One horse struck by an arrow in the flank, shook off his rider headlong upon the ground, even as Pegasos flying high in the air as swift in his course as the wandering wind, threw Bellerophontes.[e]

and feet both, but the word neatly glances at the special circumstances.

[c] Very dubious ; the text is corrupt. Cynegeiros is supposed to be meant. He was the brother of Aeschylos, and at the battle of Marathon seized hold of a Persian ship with one hand ; when this was struck off, he seized it with the other.

[d] *i.e.* cleared his lance-point.

[e] When Bellerophon tried to ride him up to heaven.

ἄλλος ἐριπτοίητος ὀλισθηρῶν ἀπὸ νώτων
ὄρθιος ἱππείης διὰ γαστέρος εἰς χθόνα πίπτων
κύμβαχος ἐστήρικτο παρήορος, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
κρᾶτα βαλὼν ἐκύλισσε, λιπὼν πόδας εἰς ράχιν ἵππου.
Καὶ βριαροὶ Κύκλωπες ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχητάς,
Ζηνὸς ἀοσσητῆρες· ὁμιχλήεντι δὲ λαῷ
Ἀργίλιπος σελάγιζε φεραυγέα δαλὸν ἀείρων,
καὶ χθονίῳ κεκόρυστο πυριγλώχινι κεραυνῷ
μαρνάμενος δαΐδεσσι· καὶ ἔτρεμον αἴθοπες Ἰνδοὶ
οὐρανίῳ πρηστῆρι τεθηπότες ἀντίτυπον πῦρ·
καὶ πυρόεις πρόμος ἦεν· ἐπ' ἀντιβίων δὲ καρήνοις
Γηγενέος σπινθῆρες ἐτοξεύοντο κεραυνοῦ·
καὶ μελίας νίκησε καὶ ἄσπετα φάσγανα Κύκλωψ,
σείων θερμὰ βέλεμνα καὶ αἰθαλόεσσαν ἀκωκήν,
δαλὸν ἔχων ἅτε τόξα· καὶ ἄσπετον ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
Ἰνδὸν ὀιστευτῆρι κατέφλεγεν ἀνέρα πυρσῷ,
οὐχ ἕνα Σαλμωνῆα, νόθῳ δ' ἤλεγξε κεραυνῷ·
οὐχ ἕνα μοῦνον ἔπεφνε θεημάχον· οὐ μία μούνου
Εὐάδνη στενάχιζε μαραινομένου Καπανῆος.
Καὶ Στερόπης κεκόρυστο σέλας μιμηλὸν ἑλίσσων,
αἰθερίαις στεροπῇσι φέρων ἀντίκτυπον αἴγλην,
σβεστὸν ἔχων ἀμάρυγμα,
τό περ τέκεν Ἑσπερίη φλόξ,
σπέρμα πυρὸς Σικελοῖο καὶ αἴθοπος ἐσχαρεῶνος·
καὶ νεφέλῃ σκέπας εἶχεν ὁμοῖον, ἐνδόμυχον δὲ

---

[a] The mention of Salmoneus here is grotesquely inappropriate. He was king of Elis and pretended to be Zeus, imitating the thunder and lightning with a bronze implement of some kind and torches. Zeus therefore killed him with real lightning. The Indians are not mimicking anything, they are being killed with the Cyclops's imitation lightning!

Another in terror slipt off the horse's back and fell to the ground at full length over the horse's belly and hung by his side like a tumbler, and rolled along dragging his head on the ground with his feet on the horse's back.

172 Now the grim Cyclopes, allies of Zeus, surrounded the fighters. Argilipos lifted a shining torch and shed light on the throng through the dark clouds. He was armed with a firebarbed thunderbolt from the underworld, and fought with firebrands : the swarthy Indians trembled, amazed at that fire so like the heavenly firebursts. A champion all of fire he was, and the sparks of earthborn lightning showered upon the enemies' heads. The Cyclops conquered ash-pikes and countless swords, shaking his hot missiles and his flashing points, with brands for his arrows : one upon another, countless, he burnt the Indian men with the blazing shafts, chastising with pretended thunderbolt not one Salmoneus [a] alone, slaying not only one enemy of God ; not one Euadne alone groaned, or only one Capaneus was scorched up.

187 Steropes also was armed with a mimic lightning, which he brandished like the lightningflash of the sky, but an extinguishable brand, the child of Western flame, seed of Sicilian fire and that smoky forge ; a dark pall covered it like a cloud, and beneath it he

[a] Capaneus was one of the Seven against Thebes ; he was just mounting the walls when he declared Zeus himself could not stop him now ; Zeus took up the challenge and killed him with a thunderbolt. His wife Euadne grieved for him so bitterly that she threw herself on his funeral pyre. It is just possible that Nonnos means in 186 that many Indian women had occasion to perform suttee, but his ignorance of their customs is so dense that it is far from certain he had ever heard of such a thing.

κρύπτε καὶ ἂψ ἀνέφηνε σέλας διδυμάονι παλμῷ,
φέγγεος οὐρανίοιο φέρων τύπον· ἀστεροπὴ γὰρ
ἐρχομένη φεύγουσαν ἔχει παλινάγρετον αἴγλην.
Καὶ Βρόντης πολέμιζε μέλος κελαδεινὸν ἀράσσων,
βρονταίοις πατάγοισι χέων ἀντίκτυπον ἠχώ·
καὶ ξείνῃ ῥαθάμιγγι χαμαιγενέος νιφετοῖο
ποιητὸν προχέων μινυώριον αἴθριον ὕδωρ
μιμηλαῖς λιβάδεσσι νόθος πέλεν ἀννέφελος Ζεύς.
βροντῆς δ' ἰοστύπου τεχνήμονα δοῦπον ἐάσας
εἰς φόνον ἀντιβίων Σικελῷ κεκόρυστο σιδήρῳ,
καὶ δονέων ῥαιστῆρα μετάρσιον ὑψόθεν ὤμων
δυσμενέων ἤρασσε καρήατα πυκνὰ σιδήρῳ·
τύπτε δ' ἐπιστροφάδην ζοφερὰς στίχας, οἷά περ αἰεὶ
Αἰτναίῳ πατάγῳ σφυρήλατον ἄκμονα τύπτων.
καὶ σκοπιῆς πρηῶνα τανυκρήπιδος ἀράξας
ἔγχεϊ πετρήεντι κατέτρεχε Δηριαδῆος·
καὶ παλάμῃ περίμετρον ἀφειδέι πέτρον ἰάλλων
ἄντα κορυσσομένοιο μελαρρίνου βασιλῆος
στήθεα λαχνήεντα χαραδραίῃ βάλεν αἰχμῇ·
αὐτὰρ ὁ τοσσατίῳ μεθύων μυλοειδέι πέτρῳ
στέρνον ὅλον βεβάρητο· φόνον δ' ἤμυνεν Ἰδάσπης
παιδὸς ἑοῦ βληθέντος. ὁ δὲ θρασύς, ἕλκεϊ κάμνων,
ἀκαμάτων δόρυ θυῦρον ἑῶν ἀπεσείσατο χειρῶν,
χάλκεον εἰκοσίπηχυ, πέδῳ δ' ἔρριψε βοείην
αἰδομέναις παλάμῃσι· καὶ ἀδρανὲς ἄσθμα τιταίνων,
μαρμαρέῃ γλωχῖνι τετυμμένος ἄντυγα μαζοῦ,
ἠερόθεν προκάρηνος ἀπ' ἠλιβάτου πέσε δίφρου,
ὡς ἐλάτη περίμετρος ὑπέρλοφος—ἡ δὲ πεσοῦσα
ἄσπετον εὐρείης περιδέδρομε κόλπον ἀρούρης—.
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν προχυθέντες ἐς ἅρματα κούφισαν Ἰνδοί,
δειδιότες Κύκλωπα δυσειδέα, μή τινι ῥιπῇ
ὑψιτενῆ πάλιν ἄλλον ἐλὼν πρηῶνα κολώνης

now hid the light, now showed it, in alternating movements, just like the flashes in the sky ; for the lightning comes in flashes and goes again.

195 Brontes also was in the battle, rattling a noisy tune with a din like rolling thunderclaps : he poured an earthborn shower of his own with strange drops falling through the air, and lasting but a moment—an unreal Zeus he was, with imitated raindrops and no clouds. Then leaving the artificial noise of this mock thunder, he armed himself with Sicilian steel against the enemy ; swinging the iron hammer high over his shoulders he smashed many an enemy head, and struck the dusky ranks right and left, with a clang like the blows as if he were ever striking on the hammerbeaten anvil of Etna.

206 Next he broke off a crag from a farspreading rock, and rushed upon Deriades with this stony spear. He hurled the huge rock with merciless hand against the blackskin king who stood ready, and struck his hairy chest with its rocky point. The king was wholly staggered with the heavy blow of this huge millstone full on his chest, like a drunken man ; but Hydaspes rescued his stricken son from death. The bold king, crushed by the blow, dropt the furious spear from his never-tiring hands, the twentycubit spear of bronze, and threw his shield on the ground out of his shamed grasp, with little breath left in him ; struck on the round of his breast by the pointed stone, he fell down headlong out of his lofty car like a tall high-crested firtree, which falling encompasses a vast space of wide earth. The Indians crowded round him and lifted him into the car, fearing that the ugly Cyclops might get another crag of some lofty hill and throw

τρηχαλέῳ βασιλῆα κατακτείνειε βελέμνῳ,
μῆκος ἔχων ἰσόμετρον ἀερσιλόφου Πολυφήμου.
καὶ βλοσυροῦ προμάχοιο μέσῳ σελάγιζε μετώπῳ
μαρμαρυγὴ τροχόεσσα μονογλήνοιο προσώπου·
καὶ βλοσυροῦ Κύκλωπος ὑποπτήσσοντες ὀπωπὴν
θαμβαλέῳ δεδόνητο φόβῳ κυανόχροες Ἰνδοί,
οὐρανόθεν δοκέοντες Ὀλυμπιὰς ὅττι Σελήνη
Γηγενέος Κύκλωπος ἐναντέλλουσα προσώπῳ
πλησιφαὴς ἤστραπτε, προασπίζουσα Λυαίου.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ, Κύκλωπος ἰδὼν μίμημα κυδοιμοῦ,
ὑψινεφὴς ἐγέλασσεν, ὅτι χθονίων νεφελάων
δεχνυμένη ξένον ὄμβρον ἀπειρήτου διὰ κόλπου
νίφετο μὲν τότε γαῖα, χυτὴν δ' οὐκ εἶχεν ἐέρσην
ἄβροχα νῶτα φέρων γυμνούμενα δίψιος ἀήρ.
Καὶ Τράχιος κεκόρυστο·
κασιγνήτῳ δ' ἅμα βαίνων,
ἠλιβάτῳ παλάμῃ δονέων σάκος ἶσον ἐρίπνῃ,
ὑψινεφὴς ἐλάτην περιμήκετον εἶχεν Ἐλατρεύς,
ἔγχεϊ δενδρήεντι καρήατα δήια τέμνων.
Εὐρύαλος κεκόρυστο· διατμήξας δὲ κυδοιμῷ
ἐκ πεδίου φεύγοντα πολὺν στρατὸν ἄχρι θαλάσσης,
κόλπον ἐς ἰχθυόεντα περικλείων στίχας Ἰνδῶν,
δυσμενέας νίκησεν ἀκοντοφόρου διὰ πόντου,
ὄρθιον εἰκοσίπηχυ δι' ὕδατος ἄορ ἑλίσσων·
καὶ δολιχῷ βουπλῆγι ταμὼν ἁλιγείτονα πέτρην
ῥῖψεν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν· ἀτυμβεύτοιο δὲ πολλοὶ
διχθαδίης ἐνόησαν ἁλιβρέκτου λίνα Μοίρης,
Ἄρεϊ κυματόεντι καὶ ὀκριόεντι βελέμνῳ.
Τοῖς ἅμα σύγγονος ἄλλος ἀριστεύων Ἁλιμήδης
ἠλιβάτοις μελέεσσι πέλωρ βακχεύετο Κύκλωψ,

again, and slay their king with the rough missile—for he was as tall as highcrested Polyphemos.[a] In the middle of this grim champion's forehead glared the light of one single round eye; the blackskin Indians shook with wonder and fear when they saw the eye of the grim Cyclops; they thought Olympian Selene must have come down from the sky and risen in the earth-born Cyclops's face, shining with her full orb, to defend Lyaios.

233 Father Zeus, seeing how the Cyclops imitated his own noise, laughed on high in the clouds that the earth was then flooded with a strange kind of shower from earthclouds upon its bosom, a new experience, while the thirsty air had no downpour through its bare dry expanse.

238 Trachios also reared his head: and Elatreus, marching beside his brother, held and shook a shield like a towering crag, and held a long firtree high in the clouds, sweeping off the enemies' heads with his treespear.

242 Euryalos reared his head. He cut off a large body of fugitives in the battle, away from the plain and down towards the sea, shutting the Indian companies into the fishgiving gulf; so he conquered his foes over the lancebearing main as he thrust his twenty-cubit blade through the water. Then with long pole-axe he split off a rock near the brine, and threw it at his adversaries; many then felt the threads of Fate in double fashion without burial, struck with the jagged missile, and brinedrowned in watery strife.

257 Another Cyclops of the tribe went raging and scattering his foes, the prime warrior Halimedes, a

[a] The Cyclops in the *Odyssey*, who nearly sinks Odysseus's ship with a stone, ix. 480 ff.

καὶ δηίους ἐφόβησε· φυλασσόμενος δὲ προσώπου
κυκλάδος ὀμφαλόεντα προΐσχανε νῶτα βοείης.
καί μιν ἰδὼν Φλόγιος κταμένων τιμήορος Ἰνδῶν
τόξον ἐὸν κύκλωσε, καὶ ἠνεμόεν βέλος ἕλκων
μεσσοφαινῇ πτερόεντι βαλεῖν ἤμελλε βελέμνῳ·
ἀλλὰ τιτυσκομένοιο μαθὼν ἀντώπιον ὁρμὴν
δόχμιος ἐσσυμένοιο βολὴν ἀλέεινεν ὀιστοῦ
Κύκλωψ ὑψικάρηνος· ὁ δὲ πρηῶνα τινάσσων
ῥῖπτε κατὰ Φλογίου κραναὸν βέλος· αὐτὰρ ὁ φεύγων
ἅρμασι βουκεράοιο παρίστατο Δηριαδῆος,
καὶ μόγις ἠερόφοιτον ἀλεύατο μάρμαρον αἰχμήν,
κεῖθι μένων· κοτέων δὲ περὶ Φλογίοιο φυγόντος
λοίγιον ἀνθερεῶνα διαπτύξας Ἀλιμήδης
δώδεκα φῶτας ἔπεφνε μιῆς μυκήματι φωνῆς,
λυσσαλέης προχέων ὀλεσήνορα βόμβον ἰωῆς.
Κυκλώπων δ' ἀλαλητὸς ἐπεσμαράγησεν Ὀλύμπῳ
γλώσσαις σμερδαλέῃσι. καὶ ὀρχηστῆρες Ἐνυοῦς,
Δικταῖοι Κορύβαντες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῷ.
Δαμνεὺς μὲν πολέμιζεν ἀνάρσια φῦλα διώκων . . .
ἐν πεδίῳ δ' ἀλαλητός· ὀρινομένῃσι δὲ Βάκχαις
Πρυμνεὺς εὔδιος ἦλθεν, ἅτε πρυμναῖος ἀήτης
ῥυόμενος πλωτῆρα συνιππεύοντα θυέλλαις·
καὶ στρατιῇ πολύευκτος ἐπήλυθεν, οἷος ἱκάνει
νηυσὶ τινασσομένῃσι γαληναῖος Πολυδεύκης,
εὐνήσας βαρὺ κῦμα θυελλοτόκοιο θαλάσσης.
Ποσσὶ δ' ἐλαφροτέροισι διεπτοίησε μαχητὰς
Ὠκύθοος· πολέας δὲ κατέκτανεν ὀξέϊ πότμῳ,
τὸν μὲν ἐνὶ σταδίῃ δαμάσας δορί, τὸν δὲ βελέμνῳ
τηλεφανής, ἕτερον δὲ ταμὼν δασπλῆτι μαχαίρῃ·

[a] With his brother Castor. The appearance of the two (in the form of St. Elmo's fire) on the rigging of a ship is a portent of escape from a storm.

monster with towering limbs; guarding himself he held before his great round eye a bossy oxhide shield. Then Phlogios the avenger of the slain Indians saw him; he rounded his bow, and drew back the windswift shaft to pierce the eye in that forehead —and he would have done it, but as he aimed, the highheaded Cyclops saw the coming attack, and dodged the blow of the flying arrow by shifting aside. Then the other poised a rock and threw the rough missile at Phlogios; but he retreated and stood by the car of oxhorned Deriades, and thus just evaded the sharp stone flying through the air, and there he remained. But Halimedes, angry that Phlogios had retreated, opened his deadly throat, and with one loud roar slew twelve men by pouring out one man-destroying boom of his furious voice.

274 The warcries of the Cyclopes made Olympos ring with their terrible sounds; and the dancers of battle, the Dictaian Corybants, joined in the battle.

277 Damneus fought and pursued the enemy tribes. . . . On the plain the warcry sounded. Prymneus succoured the excited Bacchant women, like a fair wind which blows astern and saves the mariner riding with the gales; full welcome he came to the army, as Polydeuces [a] brings calm to buffeted ships when he puts to sleep the heavy billows of the galebreeding sea.

278 Ocythoös [b] with light quick step scared away the warriors. Many he slew with speedy fate, bringing down one with spear in stand-up fight, one with a shot at a distant view, cutting down another with

[b] See xiii. 144.

ἄλλον ἔτι προθέοντα, πεφυγμένον εἴκελον αὔραις,
λυσσήεις ἐκίχησε ποδήνεμα γούνατα πάλλων,
εἰς δρόμον Ἰφίκλῳ πανομοίιος, ὅς τις ἐπείγων
ταρσὰ ποδῶν ἀβάτοιο κατέγραφεν ἄκρα γαλήνης, 285
καὶ σταχύων ἐφύπερθε μετάρσιον εἶχε πορείην,
ἀνθερίκων πάτον ἄκρον ἀκαμπέα ποσσὶν ὀδεύων.
Ὠκύθοος πέλε τοῖος ἀελλόπος. ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
εἰλιπόδην ἔστησε Μίμας εὔρυθμον Ἐνυώ,
καὶ στρατὸν ἐπτοίησε, χοροίτυπον ἄορ ἐλίσσων, 290
σκαρθμὸν ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ἐνόπλιον ἴδμονι ταρσῷ,
οἷον ὅτε Κρονίοισιν ὑπ' οὔασι δοῦπον ἐγείρων
Πύρριχος Ἰδαίοισι σάκος ξιφέεσσιν ἀράσσων
ψευδομένης ἀλάλαζε μέλος μενεδήιον Ἠχοῦς,
Ζηνὸς ὑποκλέπτων παλιναυξέος ἔγκρυφον ἦβην· 295
τοῖον ἔχων μιμητὸν ἐνόπλιον ἅλμα χορείης
χαλκοχίτων ἐλέλιζε Μίμας ἀνεμώδεα λόγχην·
τέμνων δ' ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα, σιδήρεα λήια χάρμης,
Ἰνδοφόνοις πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀμφιπλῆγι μαχαίρῃ
δυσμενέων ἐτίταινε θαλύσια μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ, 300
ἀντὶ θυηπολίης βοέης καὶ ἐθήμονος οἴνου
λοιβὴν αἱματόεσσαν ἐπισπένδων Διονύσῳ. 302
Καὶ ποδὸς ἀσταθέος κυκλούμενος ἴδμονι ταρσῷ, 309
σύνδρομος Ὠκυθόῃ κορυθαιόλος ἦεν Ἄκμων· 310
μάρνατο δ' ἀστυφέλικτος ἅτε σφυρήλατος ἄκμων,
ἀσπίδα κουφίζων Κορυβαντίδα, τῆς ἐνὶ μέσσῳ
πολλάκις ὕπνον ἴαυεν ἐν οὔρεσι νηπίαχος Ζεύς·
καὶ Διὸς οἶκος ἔην ὀλίγον σπέος, ἔνθά ἑ κείνη
αἶξ ἱερὴ γλαγόεντι νόθῳ μαιώσατο μαζῷ, 315
ξεῖνον ἀναβλύζουσα σοφὸν γλάγος, εὖτε βοείῃ
κλεψιτόκοις πατάγοισι σακέσπαλον ἔβρεμεν Ἠχώ,

---

[a] Hom. *Il.* xxiii. 636 ff. [b] Acmon means anvil.

horrid knife; another still running onwards and flying like to the breezes the furious pursuer caught, plying his knees and feet quick as the wind—as good a runner as Iphiclos,[a] who used to skim the untrodden calm only touching the surface with the soles of his feet, and passed over a field of corn without bending the tops of the ears with his travelling footsteps. Ocythoös was like him windfooted.

288 Mimas was in the thick of the fray, making a dance of battle with woven paces and frightening the host, swinging a capering sword, the dancer-at-arms skipping in dead earnest with knowing leaps; as once the pyrrhic dance raised a noise in the ears of Cronos, and clanged sword on shield on Mount Ida, and rang out a valiant din to deceive the enemy, as he screened the stealthy nurture of growing Zeus. So mailclad Mimas brandished his spear in air in mimicry of the dance-at-arms, as he cut down the heads of his foes, an iron harvest of battle; so he offered the firstfruits of the enemy to witnessing Bacchos with Indianslaying axe and doublebiting sword; so he poured his libation of blood and gore to Dionysos, instead of the sacrifice of cattle and the wonted drinkoffering of wine.

309 Beside Ocythoös, Acmon with brilliant helmet moved his restless circling feet in knowing leaps. He fought unshakable like the hammerbeaten anvil of his name,[b] holding a Corybantic shield, which had often held in its hollow baby Zeus asleep among the mountains: yes, a little cave once was the home of Zeus, where that sacred goat played the nurse to him with her milky udder for a makeshift, and cleverly let him suck the strange milk, when the noise of shaken shields resounded beaten on the

τυπτομένη μέσα νῶτα κυβιστητῆρι σιδήρῳ.
ὧν χάριν ἀσκήσασα λίθον ψευδήμονα Ῥείη
ἀντίδοτον Κρονίδαο Κρόνου παρέθηκε τραπέζῃ.
Ὀξυφαὴς δ' Ἰδαῖος ἐδύσατο κῶμον Ἐνυοῦς,
ὀρχηστὴρ πολέμοιο πολύτροπον ἴχνος ἑλίσσων,
ἄσχετος Ἰνδοφόνοιο μόθου δεδονημένος οἴστρῳ.
Καὶ ζοφερὴν στίχα πᾶσαν ἀνεπτοίησε Μελισσεύς,
θάρσος ἔχων ἀδόνητον· ἐπωνυμίην δὲ φυλάσσων
φρικτὰ κορυσσομένης μιμήσατο κέντρα μελίσσης·
καὶ βαλίου Κουρῆτος ἀκοντιστῆρα τιταίνων
μάρμαρον ἀντιπόροιο Μελισσέος ἤμβροτε Μορρεύς,
ἤμβροτεν· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε μύλῳ Κορύβαντας ἁλέσσαι.
Ξυνὴν δ' εἰς ἓν ἰόντες ὁμόζυγον εἶχον Ἐνυὼ
Ἄρεος ὀρχηστῆρες ἀτερπέος· ἀμφὶ δὲ δίφρῳ
Δηριάδην στεφανηδὸν ἐμιτρώσαντο βοείαις
τεύχεα πεπλήγοντες, ἐν εὐρύθμῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
πύργον ἐκυκλώσαντο φερεσσακέεσσι χορείαις.
ἠχὴ δ' ἠερόφοιτος ἀνέδραμεν εἰς Διὸς αὐλάς,
καὶ κτύπον ἀμφοτέρων ἐπεδείδιον εὔποδες Ὧραι.

---

* Melissa is a bee.

back with tumbling steel to hide the little child with their clanging. Their help allowed Rheia to wrap up that stone of deceit, and gave it to Cronos for a meal in place of Cronides.

303 Sharpsighted Idaios entered the revels of war, that dancer of battle turning his intricate steps, incessantly shaken with the mad passion for Indian carnage.

306 Melisseus also scared all the dusky host with boldness unshaken. True to his name,[a] he imitated the bee up in arms with her terrible sting. Morrheus hurled a hurtling stone against the quick Curetian who faced him, but he missed Melisseus, he missed him—for it is not seemly that a Corybant should be killed with a millstone.

324 So the dancers of cruel war fought all together as one. Round the car of Deriades they gathered in a ring of shields, beating their armour, and surrounded the tower in rhythmic battle and shieldbearing dance. And the noise mounted through the air to the palace of Zeus, and the fairfooted Seasons trembled at the turmoil of both armies.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΝΝΑΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστῷ δ' ἐνάτῳ πολέμων ἀποχάζεται Ἄρης,
οἷά περ εἰς γάμον ἄλλον ἐπειγόμενος Κυθερείης.

Ἥρη δ' ὡς ἐνόησε δαΐζομένων στίχας Ἰνδῶν,
δύσμαχον ἔμβαλε θάρσος ἀγήνορι Δηριαδῆι.
καὶ πλέον οἶστρον ἔρωτος ἐδέξατο δηιοτῆτος
φρικτὸς ἄναξ· προμάχοις δὲ χέων λυσσώδεα φωνὴν
κυανέην στοιχηδὸν ὅλην περιδέδρομε χάρμην,
λαὸν ὅλον φεύγοντα παλίσσυτον εἰς μόθον ἕλκων,
ἄλλον ἐνηείῃ μετανεύμενος, ἄλλον ἀπειλῇ.
καὶ θρασὺς ἔπλετο μᾶλλον· ὁμηγερέες δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
κεκλομένου βασιλῆος ἐπὶ κλόνον ἔρρεον Ἰνδοί.
καὶ Σατύρων στίχα πᾶσαν
ἐκηβόλος ἔσχισε Μορρεύς,
πῇ μὲν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ὀπισθοτόνων ἀπὸ τόξων
πέμπων ἠερόφοιτον ἐπασσυτέρων νέφος ἰῶν,
πῇ δὲ παλινδίνητον ἐὸν δόρυ θοῦρον ἑλίσσων
Σειληνῶν κερόεσσαν ἀνεπτοίησε γενέθλην.
Εὐχαίτης δ' Ὑμέναιος ἐμάρνατο φάσγανα σείων,
Θεσσαλικῆς ἀκίχητος ὑπὲρ ῥάχιν ἥμενος ἵππου,
Ἰνδοὺς κυανέους ῥοδοειδέι χειρὶ δαΐζων·
ἀγλαΐῃ δ' ἤστραπτεν· ἴδοις δέ μιν εἰς μέσον Ἰνδῶν
Φωσφόρον αἰγλήεντα δυσειδέι σύνδρομον ὄρφνῃ·

BOOK XXIX

In the twenty-ninth, Ares retreats from the battle, being urged to another wedding by Cythereia.

When Hera saw the companies of Indians being destroyed, she threw on proud Deriades courage invincible. The terrible king felt the pride of an intenser ardour for strife. He went about through the whole black army rank by rank, pouring forth his frenzied voice among the forefighters, and rallying all the fugitive host back into the fray, changing one man's mind by gentle words, one by threats. He grew bolder still, and the Indians themselves recovered and rushed into battle at the summons of their king. Then farshooting Morrheus cut through the whole body of Satyrs : now he discharged a cloud of arrows through the air from his backbending bow against his adversaries ; now he cast his furious spear again and again, and disordered the horned generation of Seilenoi.

15 Longhaired Hymenaios fought swinging his sword, out of reach on the back of his Thessalian horse, and cut down black Indians with his rosy hand. He blazed in radiance : you might see him in the midst of the Indians, like the bright morning star against ugly darkness. He drove the enemy to

καὶ δηίους ἐφόβησεν, ἐπεί νύ οἱ εἵνεκα μορφῆς
μαρναμένῳ Διόνυσος ἐνέπνεεν ἔνθεον ἀλκήν.
Τὸν μὲν ἰδὼν Ἰόβακχος ἀριστεύοντα κυδοιμῷ
τέρπετο, καὶ συνάεθλον ἑῆς οὐκ ἤθελε χάρμης
ἀστεροπὴν Κρονίωνος, ὅσον μελίην Ὑμεναίου.
εἴ ποτε πῶλον ἔλαυνεν ἀπόσσυτον εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν,
δαιδαλέων Διόνυσος ἐμάστιεν αὐχένα θηρῶν,
ἵππῳ δ' ἅρμα πέλαζε παρ' ἡβητῆρι θαμίζων,
κοῦρον ἔχων, ἅτε Φοῖβος Ἀτύμνιον· ἵστατο δ' αἰεὶ
ἀγχιφανής, ἐρόεις δὲ καὶ ἄλκιμος εἰν ἑνὶ θεσμῷ
ἠιθέῳ μενέαινε φανήμεναι· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
καὶ νεφέων ἔψαυε συναιχμάζων Ὑμεναίῳ.
ἓν δέ ἑ μοῦνον ὄρινεν, ὅτι χθονίης ἀπὸ φύτλης
υἱὸς ἔην Φλεγύαο, καὶ οὐ Κρονίδαο τοκῆος.
καί οἱ ἀεὶ παρέμιμνε, πατὴρ ἅτε παῖδα φυλάσσων,
δειμαίνων, ἵνα μή τις ἐκηβόλος ἰὸν ἰήλας
κοῦρον ὀιστεύσειεν· ἐπερχομένων δὲ βολάων
δεξιτερὴν ἐτίταινε προασπίζων Ὑμεναίου.
καί οἱ ἀριστεύοντι τόσην ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν·
" Πέμπε βέλος, φίλε κοῦρε,
καὶ οὐκέτι μαίνεται Ἄρης·
κάλλεϊ Βάκχον ἔβαλλες ὀιστευτῆρα Γιγάντων,
βάλλε θεοῖς βελέεσσι καὶ ἄφρονα Δηριαδῆα,
δυσμενέων βασιλῆα θεημάχον, ὄφρά τις εἴπῃ·
' ἀμφοτέρων ἐτύχησε βαλὼν Ὑμέναιος ὀιστῷ,
εἰς χρόα Δηριάδαο καὶ εἰς κραδίην Διονύσου.' "
Ὣς φαμένου Βρομίοιο πολὺ πλέον ἤψατο χάρμης
ἱμερόεις Ὑμέναιος ἐκηβόλος, ᾧ ἔπι χαίρων
οἰστρήεις Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο μᾶλλον Ἐνυὼ
καὶ ζοφερὴν προθέλυμνον ὅλην ἐφόβησε γενέθλην·

flight, since for his beauty's sake Dionysos inspired him fighting with strength divine.

[22] And Iobacchos was glad when he saw him a champion in the battle ; he would not have chosen Cronion's lightning for ally in his war rather than the ashplant of Hymenaios. If he drove his colt into the throng of escaping Indians, Dionysos flicked the neck of his motley wild beasts, and brought up his car to the horse ; he kept close to the youth, and took him as his boy, as Phoibos with Atymnios.[a] He was always to be seen by his side, and desired the youth to notice him as lovely and valiant at once ; in the conflict he touched the clouds with pride to be Hymenaios's comrade in arms. One thing only incensed him, that the boy's father was earthborn Phlegyas and not Cronides. He was always near him, like a father guarding his son, for fear that some farshooter might let fly an arrow and hit the boy : as the shafts came, he held out his right hand to protect Hymenaios as with a shield. He encouraged the young champion with such words as these :

[39] " Shoot your shot, dear boy, and Ares will cease to rage ! Your beauty was the shot which hit Bacchos, whose arrows bring down the Giants. Shoot Deriades also with your shots, that foolish king of our enemies, that enemy of God ; that men may say, ' Hymenaios hit two marks with one arrow, the body of Deriades and the heart of Dionysos ! ' "

[45] At this speech of Bromios, the lovely farshooter Hymenaios attacked the battle with more vigour than before ; and Dionysos enamoured, rejoicing in him, rushed in with more fury and scattered the whole black nation out and out. One who saw Dionysos

[a] See xi. 230.

καί τις ἰδὼν Διόνυσον ἀφειδέι λαίλαπι χάρμης
Ἰνδῴων ἀκόρητον ὀιστευτῆρα καρήνων
τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε φιλοκτεάνῳ Μελανῆι·
"Τοξότα, πῇ σέο τόξα καὶ ἠνεμόεντες ὀιστοί;
ἡμέας ἀβροχίτωνες ὀιστεύουσι γυναῖκες.
ἀλλὰ βέλος προΐαλλε μινυθαδίῳ Διονύσῳ·
μή σε παραπλάγξειεν Ὀλύμπιον οὔνομα φήμης·
μὴ τρομέοις ποτὲ Βάκχον, ὃς ἐκ χθονίοιο τοκῆος
ὠκύμορον λάχεν αἷμα, Διὸς δ' ἐψεύσατο φύτλην.
δεῦρο βέλος προΐαλλε καί, εἰς σκοπὸν αἴ κε τυχήσῃς,
δέχνυσαι ἄσπετα δῶρα βαθυπλούτου βασιλῆος,
αἴ κεν ἴδῃ Διόνυσον, ἀγήνορα παῖδα Θυώνης,
πυρκαϊῆς ἐπιβάντα τεῷ δμηθέντα βελέμνῳ·
ἓν δὲ βέλος λύσειεν ὅλον μόθον. ἀμφοτέροις δέ,
ὕδατι χεῖρας ἄειρε καὶ εὔχεο μητέρι Γαίῃ·
ῥέζειν δ' ἀμφοτέροισι θυηπολίας μετὰ νίκην
ἀψεύστοις στομάτεσσιν ὑπόσχεο· καὶ παρὰ βωμῷ
ταυροφυὴς ἐχέτω κεραελκέα ταῦρον Ὑδάσπης,
Γαῖα δὲ κυανέη μελανόχροον ἄρνα δεχέσθω."
Ὡς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ὀιστοβόλον Μελανῆα,
ἄνδρα νοοπλανέων κτεάνων δεδονημένον οἴστρῳ·
αὐτὰρ ὁ σιγαλέος γυμνώσατο πῶμα φαρέτρης
ἰὸν ἑλὼν προβλῆτα, καὶ εἴρυσεν ἠθάδα νευρὴν
τόξον ὀπισθοτόνῳ παλάμης κυκλούμενος ὁλκῷ,
ἀκρότατον δὲ σίδηρον ἐρεισάμενος περὶ τόξῳ
φοίνια νεῦρα βόεια πελάσσατο γείτονι μαζῷ·
καὶ βέλος ἰθυκέλευθον ἀπεπλάγχθη Διονύσου
Ζηνὸς ἐρητύσαντος, ἐυστεφάνου δ' Ὑμεναίου
αἱμοβαφὴς πτερόεντι χαράσσετο μηρὸς ὀιστῷ.
Οὐ δὲ λάθεν Διόνυσον ἀπήορος ἰὸς ἀλήτης

like a merciless tornado in the field, piercing Indian heads insatiate with his arrows, said something like this to avaricious Melaneus [a] :

52 " Archer, where is your bow, where are your windswift arrows? Women in dainty dress are shooting their arrows at us ! Come, aim a shot at short-lived Dionysos ! Let not the legend of his Olympian name mislead you. Never fear Bacchos, who has in him the mortal blood of a quickfated father, and lies when he calls himself son of Zeus. Here—let fly your shot, and if you can hit the mark, accept infinite gifts from our wealthy king, if he sees Dionysos, Thyone's haughty son, brought down by your shaft and laid on a pyre. One shot would finish all our troubles. Pray to both—stretch out your hands to the Water and pray to Mother Earth, and with truthful lips vow to both sacrifice after victory ; at the altar let bullshaped Hydaspes hold a hornstrong bull, and let black Earth receive a black ram." [b]

68 With these words he persuaded Melaneus the archer, a man with a passion for mindbeguiling riches. Silently he took off the cap of his quiver and chose a long arrow ; then drew back the bowstring as he knew how to do, until the bow was rounded by a backward pull of his hand : he brought the deadly oxgut close to his breast till the steel point touched the bow, and the shaft sped straight — but Zeus made it swerve aside from Dionysos, and the winged arrow pierced the bloodbathed thigh of garlanded Hymenaios.

78 But Dionysos failed not to see the arrow swerve

[a] See xxvi. 257.

[b] Black victims are regular offerings to chthonians, *i.e.* deities living in and under the earth.

ἱπτάμενος ῥοιζηδόν, ἀφειδέι σύνδρομος αὔρῃ·
ἀλλὰ διεσσυμένοιο βολὴν θήλυνεν ὀιστοῦ,
καὶ φονίην ἀλάωσεν ἐκηβολίην Μελανῆος·
καὶ Παφίη γλωχῖνας ἀπηκόντιζε βελέμνου,
σύγγονος ἱμείροντι χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ,
καὶ βέλος ἔτραπε τόσσον ἀπὸ χροός, ὡς ὅτε μήτηρ
παιδὸς ἔτι κνώσσοντος ἀλήμονα μυῖαν ἐλάσσῃ,
ἠρέμα φάρεος ἄκρον ἐπαιθύσσουσα προσώπῳ.
Καὶ χροὸς ἄγριον ἕλκος ἐρευθομένου διὰ μηροῦ
ἀγχιφαὴς Γμέναιος ἐδείκνυε γείτονι Βάκχῳ,
δάκρυ χέων ἐρατεινὸν ὑπ' ὀφρύσιν, ὄφρα νοήσῃ
δεξιτερὴν ἐπίκουρον ἀλεξικάκου Διονύσου,
ἰητροῦ χατέων ζωαρκέος· αὐτὰρ ὁ λευκῆς
χειρὸς ἔχων Γμέναιον ἑῆς ἐπέβησεν ἀπήνης,
καί μιν ἄγων ἀπάνευθε πολυφλοίσβοιο κυδοιμοῦ
νωθρὸν ἐπὶ σκιόεντι πέδῳ παρὰ γείτονι φηγῷ
θῆκε καρηβαρέοντα· καὶ ὡς Γάκινθον Ἀπόλλων
ἔστενεν ἀνδροφόνῳ βεβολημένον ὀξέι δίσκῳ,
μεμφόμενος Ζεφύρου ζηλήμονος ἄσθμα θυέλλης,
οὕτω καὶ Διόνυσος ἀνέσπασε πολλάκι χαίτην,
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν ἐπικλαύσας Γμεναίῳ.
καὶ χροὸς ἐκτὸς ἐόντας ἰδὼν πώγωνας ὀιστοῦ
ἀσπάσιον λάχε θάρσος· ἀφ' αἱμαλέοιο δὲ μηροῦ
λευκὸν ἐρευθομένου διδυμόχροον ἕλκος ἀφάσσων
φειδομέναις παλάμῃσιν ἀνείρυσεν ἄκρον ὀιστοῦ.
δάκρυα δ' ἠβητῆρος ὀδυρομένοιο δοκεύων
ἀμφοτέροις κεχόλωτο, καὶ Ἄρεϊ καὶ Μελανῆι·
καὶ γλυκεροὺς ἱδρῶτας ἀποσμήξας Γμεναίου
μεμφομένοις στομάτεσσιν ὑποκρυφίην χέε φωνήν·
"Ἄμπελον ἔκτανε ταῦρος,
Ἄρης Γμέναιον ὀλέσσει.

aside, as it flew whizzing by, quick as the cruel breeze. But he softened the force of the flying shaft, and made of little avail the deadly longshot of Melaneus ; the Paphian too brushed away the barbs of the shaft, in grace to a sister's love of Dionysos her brother, and kept the shot just out of the flesh, as when a mother drives off a vagrant fly from her sleeping child, fanning his face with a corner of her robe.[a]

87 Hymenaios came close to Bacchos, and showed him the angry wound on his reddened thigh. An adorable tear dropt under his brows, that he might make sure of the helping right arm of Dionysos his protector : he wanted a physician to save his life. Then Dionysos caught Hymenaios's white arm and helped him up into his car ; he took him away from the tumult of battle, and made him sit down on the ground in the shade of an oak not far off, heavy and drooping his head. As Apollo bemoaned Hyacinthos,[b] struck by the quoit which brought him quick death, and reproached the blast of the West Wind's jealous gale, so Dionysos often tore his hair and lamented for Hymenaios with those unweeping eyes. When he saw the barbs of the arrow outside the flesh, he was glad and took courage, and just touching the white-red wound with gentle hands, he drew out the arrow-point from the reddened thigh. Then seeing the tears of the sorrowful boy he was angry with Ares and Melaneus both. He wiped off the sweat from sweet Hymenaios, he said reproachfully under his breath :

108 " A bull killed Ampelos, Ares will kill Hy-

[a] This scene is modelled on Hom. *Il.* iv. 88 ff.
[b] See x. 255.

αἴθε δὲ πάντας ἔπεφνεν, ὅσους ἐκόρυσσα μαχητάς,
καλλείψας ἕνα μοῦνον ἀνούτατον· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
ποῖον ἄχος κλονέει με δαϊζομένοιο Καβείρου;
ὠτειλὴ Σατύρου πότε που, πότε Βάκχον ὀρύῃ;
Σειληνὸς πεσέτω σταφυληκόμος· ἐσμὸς ἀλάσθω
Βασσαρίδων, καὶ μοῦνον ἀπήμονα παῖδα νοήσω.
ἰλήκοι κλυτότοξος· Ἀρισταίοιο πεσόντος
ποῖον ἐμοί ποτε πένθος, ἐυρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
κρείσσονα κικλήσκοντος ἐὴς ὠδῖνα μελίσσης;
οὐ τάχα μοι πέπρωτο φυγεῖν ποτε παιδὸς ἀνίην,
ὅττι πάλιν τάχα τοῦτον ὀλωλότα παῖδα νοήσω.
τίς βαρὺς ἀμφοτέροις φθόνος ἔχραεν; εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
Ἥρη δερκομένη ζηλήμονι Βάκχον ὀπωπῇ
καὶ νέον ἀμητῆρα μελαρρίνοιο γενέθλης,
ἠιθέῳ φθονέουσα καὶ ἱμείροντι Λυαίῳ
ὥπλισε θοῦρον Ἄρηα βαλεῖν Ὑμέναιον ὀιστῷ,
Ἰνδῴην μεθέποντα νόθην ἄγνωστον ὀπωπήν,
ὄφρα νόον δυσέρωτος ἀνιήσειε Λυαίου.
ἀλλὰ βέλος ταύων ἢ φοίνια τόξα τιταίνων
ψευδαλέῳ Μελαινῆι κορύσσομαι, ὄφρα τελέσσω
ποινὴν ἱμερόεντος ὀφειλομένην Ὑμεναίου.
αἴ κε θάνῃς, Ὑμέναιε, λιπὼν ἀτέλεστον Ἐνυώ,
χάζομαι ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ οὐκέτι θύρσον ἀείρω.
δυσμενέας ξύμπαντας ἐγὼ ζώοντας ἐάσω,
ἀμήσας ἕνα φῶτα, τεὸν Μελανῆα φονῆα.
οὐ κτάνε Δηριάδης σε, καὶ εἰ κοτέει Διονύσῳ.
ἰλήκοις, Κυθέρεια· μετὰ θρασὺν υἱέα Μύρρης
μείλιχον ἄλλον Ἄδωνιν ἀμείλιχος ἤλασεν Ἄρης,
ἤλασε καὶ ῥοδέου χροὸς ἥψατο, καὶ διὰ μηροῦ
ἄρτι πάλιν κελάρυζεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ λύθρος Ἐρώτων·
ἀλλὰ τεῷ ποθέοντι χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ
πέμπέ μοι ἐνθάδε Φοῖβον ἀδελφεόν, ἶδμονα τέχνης

menaios ! Would he had killed all the warriors whom I have armed, and left me this one unwounded ! What pain troubles me if a Cabeiros is slain in battle ? When could a Satyr's wound excite Bacchos, when, I ask ! Let the grapewreathed Seilenos fall, let a swarm of Bassarids be scattered, so long as I see the boy alone unhurt. If Aristaios fell—forgive me, illustrious Archer ! what should I care for one who calls the travail of his bee better than the drops of my precious vintage ! I seem to be destined never to be without sorrow for some boy, now I seem likely to be in mourning again for the loss of this one. What heavy spite has attacked both ! If I dare to say so, Hera looked with jealous eye on Bacchos and the young reaper of the blackskin nation ; to spite the young man and enamoured Lyaios, she armed furious Ares to shoot Hymenaios with an arrow, disguised unknown under an Indian shape, that she might plague the mind of Lyaios deep in love. Well, I will assail this false Melaneus, aiming a bloodthirsty shot or casting a lance, that I may exact the price due for lovely Hymenaios. If you die, Hymenaios, I will leave this war unfinished, I will retreat from the battle and lift my thyrsus no longer. I will leave all my enemies alive, when I have mown down one fellow, Melaneus your slayer. Not Deriades killed you, even if he hates me. Ungentle Ares has assailed another gentle Adonis after the bold son of Myrrha—forgive me, Cythereia ! He assailed him and touched his rosy flesh, now once more the blood of all the Loves has trickled from a thigh on the ground. O be gracious to your Dionysos in his passion ! Send me here Phoibos our brother, who

λυσιπόνου, καὶ κοῦρον ἀκέσσεται. ἴσχεο, φωνή·
Φοῖβον ἔα κατ' Ὄλυμπον ἀκηδέα, μή μιν ὀρίνῳ
ἕλκεος ἱμερόεντος ἀναμνήσας Ὑακίνθου.
πέμπέ μοι, ἣν ἐθέλῃς, Παιήονα· κεῖνος ἱκέσθω·
ἄμμορός ἐστι πόθων, ἀλλότριός ἐστιν Ἐρώτων. 145
ὠτειλῆς τύπον ἄλλον ἐσέδρακον· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
ἄλλος ἀνὴρ κενεῶνα τυπεὶς φονίσσεται αἰχμῇ,
ἄορι δ' ἄλλος ἔχει παλάμης πόνον, ὃς δὲ βελέμνῳ
εἰς λαπάρην, ἕτερος δὲ δι' οὔατος· ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
λοίγιον ἕλκος ἔχοντι συνουτήθην Ὑμεναίῳ." 150
Εἶπε καὶ ἐπτοίητο παρακλιδὸν ὄμματι λοξῷ
ὠτειλὴν χαρίεντος ὀπιπεύων Ὑμεναίου.
μηρῷ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φιλεύιον ἄνθος ἐλίξας,
λευκὸν ἐρευθομένῳ διδυμόχροον ἕλκος ἀφάσσων,
κοῦρον ἀνεζώγρησεν ἑῷ παιήονι κισσῷ, 155
οἶνον ἀλεξητῆρα περιρραίνων Ὑμεναίῳ.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ὀπὸς ταχυεργός, ἐπειγόμενος γάλα πῆξαι, 157
χιονέης κυκόων ἀπαμείρεται ὑγρὸν ἔέρσης, 160
ὄφρά μιν ἐντύνειε πεπηγμένον αἰπόλος ἀνὴρ 158
κυκλώσας ταλάροιο τύπῳ, τροχοειδέι ταρσῷ· 159
ὣς ὅ γε φοίνιον ἕλκος ἀκέσσατο Φοιβάδι τέχνῃ· 161
καὶ νέος ἀρτεμέων παλινάγρετον εἶχεν Ἐνυώ,
χειρὸς ἀκεσσιπόροιο Διωνύσοιο τυχήσας.
καὶ βέλος ἠερόφοιτον ἐκηβόλον εἰς σκοπὸν ἕλκων
τόξα πάλιν κύκλωσε, τιτυσκόμενος δὲ βελέμνῳ 165
ἀντίδοτον πόρεν ἕλκος ὁιστοβόλῳ Μελανῆι.
Καὶ θρασὺς ἔσσυτο κοῦρος· ἐφεσπόμενος δὲ Λυαίῳ
αἰεὶ φῶτας ἔβαλλε καὶ οὐκέτι λείπετο Βάκχου.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις σκιόεις τύπος ἀνέρος, ἄπνοος ἕρπων,
ἀγχιφανὴς ἀχάρακτος ὁμόδρομος ἀνδρὸς ὁδεύει, 170

---

[a] See iii. 153.
[b] Imitated from *Iliad* v. 902-904.

knows the art of healing all pains, and he will make the boy whole.

141 "But stay, my voice! Leave Phoibos undisturbed in Olympos, or I may provoke him by recalling the wound of his beloved Hyacinthos.[a] Send me Paiëon, if it be your pleasure: let him come; he has no part in desire, he is alien to the Loves. This is a new kind of wound I have seen. On the battlefield a man is struck in the flank with a spear and the red blood runs, another has a sword-wound in the hand, another is shot in the side or through the ear; but when Hymenaios got his death-wound, I was struck to the heart with Hymenaios."

151 He spoke, and shivered as his eye glanced aside and saw the wound of charming Hymenaios. Gently fingering the twicolour white and red of the wounded thigh, he twined about it the plant of Euios, and gave the boy new life with his healing ivy, sprinkling Hymenaios with the wholesome wine. As the quick-working figjuice[b] that curdles milk in a trice, mixes with the white liquid and takes away its wet, when a goatherd prepares to compress the stuff in the shape of a cheese-basket on a round mat, so quickly he made the bleeding wound whole by Phoibos's art; and the young man sound and whole began fighting again, after a touch of the healing hand of Dionysos. Again he rounded his bow and drew an airflying long-shot upon the mark; he took aim at Melaneus who shot the arrow, and dealt him a wound in revenge with his own arrow.

167 Now the boy rushed boldly forward. He followed Lyaios, and never fell behind Bacchos now, striking and striking the enemy. As the shadowy shape follows a man, moving inanimate, marching

καί οἱ ἀεὶ σπεύδοντι συνέσπεται, ἱσταμένου δὲ
ἵσταται, ἐζομένου δὲ παρέζεται, ἐν δὲ τραπέζῃ
μιμηλαῖς παλάμῃσι συνέμπορος εἰλαπινάζει·
ὣς ὅ γε κοῦρος ἔμιμνεν ὁμόδρομος οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ.
οὐδὲ μάχης Διόνυσος ἐλώφεεν· ἀλλὰ τορήσας
μεσσοπαγῆ κούφιζε πεπαρμένον ἀνέρα θύρσῳ
ὄρθιον ὑψιπότητον, ἐν ἠερίῃ δὲ κελεύθῳ
Ἰνδὸν ἐλαφρίζων ζηλήμονι δείκνυεν Ἥρῃ.
Καὶ τελέων τρισσῆσιν ἐπωνυμίῃσιν Ἐνυὼ
θεῖος Ἀρισταῖος, δεδαημένος Ἄρεος Ἀγρεύς,
ὡς Νόμιος πολέμιζε καλαύροπα χερσὶ τινάσσων,
νυμφίος Αὐτονόης ἑκατηβόλος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
τόξον ἔχων κλυτότοξον ἑὸν μιμεῖτο τοκῆα,
θάρσος ἔχων ὑπέροπλον ὁιστοβόλοιο τεκούσης,
Κυρήνης προτέρης Ὑψηίδος· αἰνομανῆ δὲ
δέσμιον ἐζώγρησεν ἀνάρσιον ἄτρομος Ἀγρεύς
ἀγρεύσας ἅτε θῆρα· καὶ ἀντιβίων ὀλετῆρα
ἠθάδι χειρὶ τίταινε βαρὺν λίθον, οἷον ἐρείσας
πιαλέης ἔθλιψε χυτὰς ὠδῖνας ἐλαίης·
δυσμενέας δ' ἐφόβησεν ἀγήνορας ἠθάδι ῥόμβῳ,
σείων χαλκὸν ἐκεῖνον, ὃν ἐν παλάμῃσι τινάσσων
φοιταλέης ἐφόβησε μεμηνότα κέντρα μελίσσης.
Θρηικίης δὲ Σάμοιο πυρισθενέες πολῖται
Λημνιάδος δύο παῖδες ἐβακχεύοντο Καβειροῦς·
Ἡφαίστου δὲ τοκῆος ἐρευθομένου πυρὸς ἀτμῷ
συγγενέας σπινθῆρας ἀνηκόντιζον ὀπωπαί.
τοῖσι μὲν ἐξ ἀδάμαντος ἔην ὄχος· ἀμφὶ δὲ πῶλοι
χαλκείῃ κροτέοντες ἀρασσομένην κόνιν ὁπλῇ
καρχαλέον χρεμετισμὸν ἀνήρυγον ἀνθερεῶνος,
οὓς γενέτης Ἥφαιστος ἀμιμήτῳ κάμε τέχνῃ

---

* See v. 216.

close beside him without a mark on it, as it goes with him when he runs, stands when he stands, sits beside him when he sits, and at table shares the meal with an image of hands : so the boy kept beside Bacchos the winegod as he went. And Dionysos rested not in his fighting : nay, he ran a man through the middle and spitted him on his thyrsus, lifted him high aloft upright, and holding the Indian up in the airy ways displayed him to jealous Hera.

179 That divine warrior also played his part, Autonoë's farshooting bridegroom, as befitted his three names, Aristaios the divine, Agreus the hunter wellskilled in war, Nomios the fighting herdsman cudgel in hand. He held his bow in the conflict, like his bowfamous sire, full of the pre-eminent courage of his archeress mother, Cyrene daughter of Hypseus in the olden time.[a] Fearless Agreus hunted one mad enemy like a wild beast and took him prisoner. With experienced hand he hurled a heavy stone for the death of his adversaries, as if he were crushing and pounding the melting travail of the fat olive ; he scattered his proud enemies with his favourite bull-roarer, swinging the bronze plate which he used to whirl when he scattered the maddened stings of the swarming bees.

193 Two firestrong citizens of Samothrace also ran wild, sons of Lemnian Cabeiro ; their eyes flashed out their own natural sparks, which came from the red smoky flame of their father Hephaistos. They rode in a car of adamant ; a pair of colts beat the dust with rattling hooves of brass, and they sent out a dry whinnying from their throats. These father Hephaistos had made with his inimitable art,

πυρσὸν ἀπειλητῆρα διαπνείοντας ὀδόντων,
οἷα καὶ Αἰήτῃ, βριαοῷ σημάντορι Κόλχων,
χαλκοπόδων μόρφωσε συνωρίδα δίζυγα ταύρων,
τεύχων χερμὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ἔμπυρον ἱστοβοῆα.
Εὐρυμέδων μὲν ἔλαυνε, πυριβλήτῳ δὲ χαλινῷ
ἔμπυρον ἡνιόχευε σιδηροπόδων γένυν ἵππων·
χειρὶ δὲ Λήμνιον ἔγχος, ὅ περ κάμε πάτριος ἄκμων,
δεξιτερῇ κούφιζεν, ἐπ' εὐφυέεσσι δὲ μηροῖς
φάσγανον ἠώρησε σελασφόρον· εἰ δέ τις ἀνήρ,
ἀκροτάτοις ὀνύχεσσι λίθον τινὰ βαιὸν ἀείρας
θηγαλέης ἤρασσε πυρίδρομα νῶτα μαχαίρης,
αὐτόματοι σπινθῆρες ὀιστεύοντο σιδήρου.
Ἄλκων δ' αἰθαλόεντι συνήρμοσε χεῖρα βελέμνῳ,
πατρῴης Ἐκάτης θιασώδεα πυρσὸν ἑλίσσων.
Καὶ φάλαρον σείοντες ἀερσιλόφου τρυφαλείης
Δικταῖοι Κορύβαντες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῷ,
εἰς μόθον οἰστρηθέντες· ἀμιλλητῆρι δὲ χαλκῷ
φάσγανα τυπτομένῃσιν ἐπέκτυπε γυμνὰ βοείαις
σκαρθμοῖς ἀντιτύποισι· φερεσσακέος δὲ χορείης
ῥυθμὸν ἐμιμήσαντο ποδῶν ἑλικώδεϊ παλμῷ,
Ἄρεϊ βακχευθέντες. ὀρεσσαύλων δὲ νομήων
Ἰνδῴη δεδάικτο γονὴ Κουρῆτι σιδήρῳ·
καί τις ἀνὴρ προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίῃ,
εἰσαΐων μύκημα βαρυγδούποιο βοείης.
Καί τις ἀερτάζουσα φιλάνθεμον ἔγχος Ἐνυοῦς
Βασσαρὶς ἠκόντιζεν· ἀβακχεύτου δὲ γενέθλης
ἄρσενα πολλὰ κάρηνα δαΐζετο θήλεϊ θύρσῳ.
καὶ λασίῃ παλάμῃ σκοπιὴν λοφόεσσαν ἀείρων
οὔρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα ταμὼν ἐκορύσσετο Ληνεύς,
πέμπων ὀκριόεσσαν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἀκωκήν.
Βάκχη δ' ἀμφαλάλαζε· καὶ ἀμπελόεντι ὀιστοὶ
κισσοφόρων παλάμῃσιν ἐδινεύοντο γυναικῶν.

breathing defiant fire between their teeth, like the pair of brazenfoot bulls which he made for Aietes the redoubtable ruler of the Colchians,[a] with hot collars and burning pole. Eurymedon drove and guided the fiery mouths of the ironfoot steeds with a fiery bridle ; in his right hand he held a Lemnian spear made on his father's anvil, and by his wellmade thigh hung a flashing sword—if a man picked up a small stone in his fingertips and struck it against the fine-grained surface of the sharp blade, sparks flashed of themselves from the steel. Alcon grasped a fiery bolt in one hand, and swung about a festal torch of Hecate from his own country.

215 The Dictaian Corybants joined battle, shaking the plumes of their highcrested helmets, rushing madly into the fray. Their naked swords rang on their beaten shields in emulation, along with resounding leaps ; they imitated the rhythm of the dance-at-arms with quick circling movements of their feet, a revel in the battlefield. The Indian nation was ravaged by the steel of those mountaineer herdsmen, the Curetes. Many a man fell headlong into the dust when he heard the bellow of the heavy-dumping oxhides.

225 The Bassarid lifted her leafy weapon of war, and cast: from that Bacchos-hating generation many men's heads were brought low by the woman's thyrsus. Leneus cut off the peak of a hill to arm himself, and raising the crested rock with a hairy hand, he hurled the jagged mass at his adversaries. The Bacchant women shouted their warcry around, and viny arrows were whirled by the hands of ivy-

[a] It was Jason's task to yoke them, see Apoll. Rhod. iii. 409 ff.

ἔνθα μέλος πλέξασα καὶ Ἄρεϊ καὶ Διονύσῳ
Εὐπετάλη κεκόρυστο, φιλοσταφύλῳ δὲ πετήλῳ
κέντορα κισσὸν ἔπεμπεν ἀλοιητῆρα σιδήρου,
Ἰνδῴην δρυόεντι γονὴν ὀλέκουσα κορύμβῳ.
καὶ δηίων κλονέουσα νέφος ῥηξήνορι θύρσῳ
Τερψιχόρη φιλόβοτρυς ἐπεσκίρτησε κυδοιμῷ,
κύμβαλα δινεύουσα βαρύβρομα δίζυγι χαλκῷ·
οὐ τόσον Ἡρακλέης Στυμφηλίδας ἤλασε βόμβῳ
χαλκὸν ἔχων βαρύδουπον,
ὅσον στρατὸν ἤλασεν Ἰνδῶν
Τερψιχόρη κτυπέουσα χοροῦ πολεμήιον Ἠχώ.
καὶ Τρυγίη βαρύγουνος ἐλείπετο νόσφιν ὁμίλου
ὑστατίη καὶ ἔπηξε φόβῳ πόδας· οὐδέ τις αὐτῇ
Σειληνῶν παρέμιμνε· λίπον δέ μιν αὐτόθι μούνην
ταρβαλέην, χατέουσαν ἀρηγόνος· ἀκροπότῃ δὲ
χεῖρας ὄρεξε Μάρωνι, Μάρων δ' ἀπέειπε γεραιήν,
ὅττι χοροὺς ἀνέκοπτε φιλακρήτων Κορυβάντων
καὶ Σατύρων· αἰεὶ δὲ θεοῖς ἠρᾶτο δαμῆναι
γηραλέην ἀνόητον ὑπ' ἔγχεϊ Δηριαδῆος.
καὶ Καλύκη πολέμιζε παρισταμένη Διονύσῳ
οἰστρομανής. τρομερῆς δὲ μέθης ἐλελίζετο παλμῷ
Οἰνώνη προθέουσα· βαρυνομένη δὲ κυδοιμῷ
γούνατα μὲν μογέεσκε, φιλακρήτοιο δὲ νύμφης
οἰδαλέοι σμήριγγες ἐδινεύοντο καρήνου.

Καὶ στόνος ἦν βαρύδουπος· ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Ἀστράεις Σταφύλην, Καλύκην δ' ἐδίωκε Κελαινεύς.
Σειληνῶν δὲ φάλαγγα δορυσσόος ἤλασε Μορρεὺς

[a] Not the Muse but a "dance-enjoying" Bassarid.
[b] His fifth labour. See Rose, *Hdb. of Gk. Myth.*, p. 213.

bearing women. Then Eupetale wove a lay for Ares and Dionysos, and attacking cast the piercing ivy, which smashed the steel with leaves of the vine, and destroyed the Indian nation with clusters of leaves.

237 Grapelover Terpsichore [a] danced about in the turmoil, sweeping off clouds of enemies with man-breaking thyrsus, and swinging round the double plates of the heavyresounding cymbals. Not so loud was the bang of the heavythumping rattle of Heracles, when he drove away the Stymphalian birds,[b] as the noise Terpsichore made, when she drove away the Indian army with the battledin of her dance.

243 Trygië with limping knee was left behind the company last of all, her feet frozen with fear. Not one of the Seilenoi kept beside her; but they left her there alone frightened, without a helper. She held out her hands to Maron the hard drinker, but Maron would have nothing to do with the old woman because she only hindered the dances of winegreedy Corybants and Satyrs: he did nothing but pray to the gods to let the silly old hag fall before the spear of Deriades.

251 Calyce also fought by the side of Dionysos, mad with fury. But Oinone [c] ran to the front, and danced in the staggering steps of drunkenness. Her knees were weary and heavy in the struggle, the tippling girl's soaking locks were swinging about her head.

256 The din was deafening; with emulous tumult Astraëis chased Staphyle, Celaineus chased Calyce. Shakespear Morrheus drove off a company of Sei-

[c] These names mean something like Winy, Bunchy, Cuppy or Poddy, Petally, Bowery.

θεινομένην βουπλῆγι· μιῇ δ' ἐλατῆρος ὁμοκλῇ
'Αστραῖος δεδόνητο, Μάρων φύγεν, ὤκλασε Ληνεύς,
Σειληνοῦ τρία τέκνα δασύτριχος, ὅς δίχα λέκτρων
ἄσπορος αὐτολόχευτος ἀνέδραμε μητρὸς ἀρούρης.
ἱμερτὴν δὲ Δόρυκλος ἀνεπτοίησε Λυκάστην. . .
Τῆσι θεὸς χραίσμησε, νεουτήτων δὲ γυναικῶν
ἕλκεσι φάρμακα πάσσεν· 'Ενναλίῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
τειρομένην ποδὸς ἄκρον ἀνάμπυκα ῥύσατο Γόργην,
κλήματος ἀμπελόεντι περισφίγξας πόδα δεσμῷ·
Εὐπετάλης δ' ἰχῶρα νεόσσυτον ἔσβεσεν οἴνῳ,
καὶ Σταφύλης χυτὸν αἷμα κατεπρήυνεν ἀοιδῇ·
Μυρτοῦς δ' οὐταμένην παλάμην ἰήσατο μύρτῳ,
καὶ Καλύβην ἐσάωσεν ἀνειρύσσας βέλος ὦμου,
ἕλκεϊ φοινήεντι περιρραίνων πόμα ληνοῦ·
Νύσης δ' ἄλγος ἔπαυσε νεουτήτοιο προσώπου,
χρίσας ἕνθα καὶ ἕνθα παρηίδα λευκάδι γύψῳ·
ὄμμασι δ' ἀκλαύτοισιν ἐπεστενάχιζε Λυκάστῃ.
'Αλλ' ὅτε Βασσαρίδων ὀδύνας πρηΰνατο τέχνῃ
θυρσομανὴς Διόνυσος, ἐμάρνατο μείζονι χάρμῃ.
καί τις ἀμερσινόοιο κατάσχετος ἅλματι λύσσης
Βασσαρὶς 'Ινδὸν "Αρηα μετέστιχε θυιὰς 'Ενυώ,
ἀμφὶ σέ, Λύδιε δαῖμον· ἀπὸ πλοκάμοιο δὲ Βάκχης
ἀφλεγέος σελάγιζε κατ' αὐχένος αὐτόματον πῦρ.
Καὶ βριαρῶν προμάχων ἑτερόζυγον ἐσμὸν ἐγείρων
αὐλὸς ἐπεσμαράγησεν ἀγέστρατον "Αρεος 'Ηχώ,
καὶ διδύμαις παλάμῃσι φιλοσμαράγων Κορυβάντων
ἄντυγες ἀμφιπλῆγος ἀνεκρούοντο βοείης,
κύμβαλα δ' ἐκροτάλιζε, μεταλλάξασα δὲ μολπὴν
Πανιὰς ἡδυμέλεια μόθους ἐμελίζετο σύριγξ·
ἀντιβίων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέβρεμον· ἀμφιλαφεῖς δὲ

lenoi, beating them with his poleaxe : at one shout of the driver Astraios was shaken, Maron fled, Leneus collapsed, the three sons of shaggyhaired Seilenos, who himself sprang up out of mother earth unbegotten and self-delivered ; and Doryclos scared away the charming Lycaste. . . .

264 These the god helped, and besprinkled the women's fresh wounds with healing drugs. Unveiled Gorgë he saved, when wounded in the foot by a hostile spear, wrapping the foot in a bandage of vine-leaves. He staunched the newly-flowing ichor of Eupetale with wine, and stayed the stream of blood from Staphyle with a charm, healed Myrto's wounded hand with myrtle, saved Calybe's life by pulling the arrow out of her shoulder, and pouring the draught of the winepress on the bleeding wound ; he ended the pain of Nyse's just-wounded face by smearing her cheeks on both sides with white chalk. With tearless eyes he mourned over Lycaste.

276 But after he had soothed the pains of the Bassarids by his art, Dionysos thyrsus-mad fought with still greater fury. One wild Bassarid, possessed by the throes of sense-robbing madness, was harrying the Indians in the conflict, for thy honour, O Lydian god ! and from the Bacchant's hair shone a spontaneous flame about her neck, which burnt her not.

282 Yet another swarm of sturdy champions was soon stirred up by the sound of the drooling pipes which gathered the army to war, and the loverattle Corybants beating their hands on both sides of the rounded skin, the tinkling cymbals, the syrinx of Pan with its changeable sweet notes tuning up for battle. The enemy ranks answered with tumultuous noise,

ἠερόθεν πτερόεντες ἀνερροίζησαν ὀιστοί.
λίγξε βιός, βόμβησε λίθος, μυκήσατο σάλπιγξ.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πόρον ἶξον, ὅπῃ πεφορημένος ὁλκῷ
λευκὸν ὕδωρ μεθύοντι ῥόῳ φοίνιξεν Ὑδάσπης,
δὴ τότε Βάκχος ἄυσε βαρυσμαράγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν,
ὁππόσον ἐννεάχιλος ἐπέβρεμεν ἐσμὸς Ἐνυοῦς
φρικτὸν ὁμογλώσσων στομάτων θρόον· ἀσταθέες δὲ
ξανθὸν ἀλυσκάζοντες ἐπὶ ῥόον ὤκλασαν Ἰνδοί,
ἄλλοι δ' ἐν πεδίῳ· στρατιὴ δ' ἐμερίζετο Βάκχου,
δυσμενέας κτείνουσα καὶ ἐν δαπέδῳ καὶ Ὑδάσπῃ,
δίψῃ καρχαλέῃ κεκαφηότας, ὁππότε γαίης
ἠὼς μέσσον ἀνέσχε, καὶ ἔτρεμε θερμὸς ὀδίτης
αἴθοπος Ἡελίοιο μεσημβρίζουσαν ἰμάσθλην.
Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις προκαλίζετο κοίρανον Ἰνδῶν,
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων λυσσώδεϊ λαιμῷ·
"Τίς φόβος;
εἰ ποταμοῖο φέρει γένος ὄρχαμος Ἰνδῶν,
οὐρανόθεν λάχον αἷμα· χερειότερος δὲ Λυαίου
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος, ὅσον Διός ἐστιν Ὑδάσπης.
ἦν δ' ἐθέλω, νεφέων σχεδὸν ἵσταμαι· ἦν δ' ἐθελήσω,
ἵξεται ἰθυκέλευθον ἐμὸν βέλος ἄχρι Σελήνης.
εἰ δὲ μέγα φρονέεις μεθέπων κεραελκέα μορφήν,
εἰ δύνασαι, προμάχιζε βοοκραίρῳ Διονύσῳ."
Ὣς φαμένου βρυχηδὸν ἐμυκήσαντο μαχηταί·
ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος ἔριζε συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ.
αἰγείοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐμάρνατο μειλίχιος Πάν,
ὀξὺ δὲ τοξευτῆρος ὅλον κενεῶνα χαράξας
θηγαλέῃ Μελανῆος ἀνέσχισε γαστέρα χηλῇ,
ποινὴν ἕλκος ἔχοντος ἀπαιτίζων Ὑμεναίου,

showers of winged arrows came whizzing through the air : twanged the bow, banged the stone, bellowed the trumpet.

291 But as soon as they came to the ford, where Hydaspes rolling along had reddened his white water with drunken streams, then Bacchos shouted from his deep-roaring throat as loud as the horrid clamour which comes from the throat of a swarm of nine thousand men roaring together as one.[a] The Indians could not stand ; restless they fled away, and crouched some in the yellow stream, some on the land. The army of Bacchos divided, slaying the enemy both on land and in the Hydaspes, panting with dry thirst, at the time when day has reached the middle of the earth, and a heated wayfarer trembles under the midday lash of blazing Helios.

302 Then the vinegod challenged the Indian king, and poured a menacing speech from his furious throat :

304 " What is there to fear ? If the Indian chieftain claims descent from a river, I have my blood from heaven ! Overweening Deriades is as much less than Lyaios, as Hydaspes is less than Zeus ! If it be my pleasure, I can rise to the clouds ; if it be my pleasure, my shot will go straight to the Moon ! If you are proud because you have a hornstrong shape, fight if you can a duel with horned Dionysos."

311 As he spoke, the warriors roared and gnashed their teeth : man vied with man in fighting by the side of Dionysos. A friendly Pan fought with his goatsfeet : with a sharp stroke of his pointed hoof he tore all down the hollow flank of archer Melaneus and laid open his belly ; this was his revenge for

[a] An echo of Hom. *Il.* v. 860.

ὄφρα πυρισφρήγιστον ἐλαφρίσσειεν ἀνίην
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν ὀδυρομένου Διονύσου.
Λυσσήεις δ' Ἰόβακχος ἐπέδραμε δηιοτῆτι,
καὶ νεφέων ἔψαυσε καὶ ἥψατο χερσὶν Ὀλύμπου,
ἄλλοτε μηκύνων ταναὸν δέμας, αἰθέρι γείτων,
καὶ χθονὶ ταρσὸν ἔπηξε, καὶ ἠέρα τύψε καρήνῳ.
Τοῖσι δὲ μαρναμένοισιν ἐπήλυθεν Ἕσπερος ἀστήρ,
λύων Ἰνδοφόνοιο θεμείλια δηιοτῆτος.
Ἄρεϊ δ' ὑπνώοντι παρίστατο νεύματι Ῥείης
φάσματα ποικίλλουσα δολοπλόκος ὄψις ὀνείρου,
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα, νόθῃ σκωειδέι μορφῇ·
"Ἄρες, Ἄρες, σὺ μὲν εὕδε, δυσίμερε, μοῦνος ἰαύων
χαλκοχίτων· Παφίην δὲ τὸ δεύτερον ὑψόθι λέκτρων
ὑμετέρην Ἥφαιστος ἔχει προτέρην Ἀφροδίτην,
ἐκ δὲ δόμων ἐδίωκε Χάριν, ζηλήμονα νύμφην·
ἀρχαίην δὲ δάμαρτα παλίνδρομον εἰς γάμον ἕλκων
αὐτὸς Ἔρως τόξευεν ἀναινομένην Ἀφροδίτην,
Ἡφαίστῳ γενετῆρι φέρων χάριν. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
Ζῆνα μέγαν παρέπεισε πόθων ἀδίδακτος Ἀθήνη,
παρθενικὴ δολόμητις, ὅπως Ἥφαιστον ἀλύξῃ,
μνησαμένη νόθα λέκτρα πεδοτρεφέων Γιγάντων,
μὴ πρότερον μετὰ πότμον Ἐρεχθέος ἄρσενι μαζῷ
ἄλλον ἀεξήσειε νεώτερον υἱὸν ἀρούρης.
ἔγρεο, καὶ Θρήισσαν ἰὼν ἐπὶ πέζαν ἐρίπνης
δέρκεο σὴν Κυθέρειαν ἐθήμονος ἔνδοθι Λήμνου,
δέρκεο, πῶς προπύλαια Πάφου καὶ ἑδέθλια Κύπρου
ἄνθεσιν ἐστεφάνωσεν ὁμόστολος ἑσμὸς Ἐρώτων,

---

* Hephaistos in the *Iliad* is married to Charis; in the bard's song of the *Odyssey*, to Aphrodite. The reason for the difference is presumably that both marriages are rather alle-

the wound of Hymenaios, to relieve the firesealed agony of Dionysos mourning with tearless eyes.

319 Madly Iobacchos rushed into the fray; he lengthened his tall body until he reached the clouds and grasped Olympos with his hands, near neighbour to the sky, standing firm on earth and touching heaven with his head.

323 So they fought, until the evening star came on them and razed the foundations of the Indian massacre. Then at Rheia's nod a deceitful vision stood by Ares, painting fantastic pictures in his sleep, and spoke thus in shadowy counterfeit shape:

328 "Sleep on Ares, sleep on hapless lover, now you lie alone in your coat of mail! But the Paphian —Hephaistos lies again in his bed and possesses Aphrodite, once yours! He has chased out of the house Charis his jealous bride [a]; Eros himself has shot reluctant Aphrodite with an arrow, and brought back the ancient wife to a second marriage to please Hephaistos his father. Indeed, Athena herself, who knows nothing of love, has persuaded great Zeus—the cunning virgin! She wants to evade Hephaistos,[b] for she remembers the makeshift marriage on the nourishing soil, and would not nurse another son of the earth on her manlike breast, a younger brother of Erechtheus now the first is dead.

340 "Awake! Go to the upland plain of the Thracian mountain, and see your Cythereia in her own familiar Lemnos. See how her swarm of attendant Loves have crowned with flowers the portals of Paphos and the buildings of Cyprus; hear the women of Byblos

gory than myth, much less cult: Craftsmanship marries Charm or Beauty.

[b] *Cf.* xiii. 171 ff.

Βυβλιάδων δ' ἐπάκουε μελιζομένων Ἀφροδίτην
καὶ νεαρὴν φιλότητα παλιννόστων ὑμεναίων.
Ἄρες, ἐνοσφίσθης σέο Κύπριδος· ἀνδροφόνον γὰρ
ὁ βραδὺς ὠκὺν Ἄρηα παρέδραμε. μέλπε καὶ αὐτὸς
Ἡφαίστῳ πυρόεντι συναπτομένην Ἀφροδίτην.
Σικελίης δ' ἐπίβηθι, παρισταμένους δὲ καμίνῳ
λίσσεό μοι Κύκλωπας· ἀριστοπόνου δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
ἴδμονες Ἡφαίστοιο, σοφῶν ζηλήμονες ἔργων,
σοὶ δόλον ἐντύνουσι, καὶ ἀρχαίῳ σέο δεσμῷ
ὁπλότερον τελέσουσιν ὁμοίιον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸς
ἀμφοτέρους δολίῃσιν ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι πιέζων
δήσῃς φῶρα γάμοιο τεῷ ποινήτορι δεσμῷ,
εἰλιπόδην Ἥφαιστον ἐπισφίγξας Ἀφροδίτῃ·
καί σε θεοὶ ξύμπαντες ἐπαινήσουσιν Ὀλύμπου
δέσμιον ἀγρεύσαντα τεῶν συλήτορα λέκτρων.
ἔγρεο, καὶ σὺ γένοιο δολοπλόκος· ἔγρεο, νύμφης
ἁρπαμένης ἀλέγιζε. τί σοι κακὰ Δηριαδῆος;
σιγῇ ἐφ' ἡμείων, Φαέθων μὴ μῦθον ἀκούσῃ."
Ὡς φαμένη πεπότητο. καὶ αὐτίκα κῶμα τινάξας
πρώιον ἀρτιχάρακτον ὀπιπεύων φάος Ἠοῦς
θερμὸς Ἄρης ἀνέπαλτο, Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ἐγείρας
ζεῦξαι φοίνιον ἅρμα ταχύδρομον· οἱ δὲ τοκῆι
σπερχομένῳ πείθοντο· καὶ ἀγκυλόδοντι χαλινῷ
Δεῖμος ἐριπτοίητος ἐπισφίγξας γένυν ἵππων
δέσμιον αὐχένα δοῦλον ἐπεσφήκωσε λεπάδνῳ,
ζεύγλην δ' ἀμφὶς ἔδησεν· Ἄρης δ' ἐπεβήσατο δίφρου·
καὶ Φόβος ἡνιόχευεν ὄχον πατρῷον ἐλαύνων,
εἰς Πάφον ἐκ Λιβάνου πεφορημένος, ἐκ δὲ Κυθήρων
ἄστατον ἔτραπεν ἅρμα
Κεραστῖδος εἰς χθόνα Κύπρου·
πολλάκι, πολλάκι Λῆμνον ἐδέρκετο, καὶ πλέον ἄλλων
ζηλήμων σκοπίαζε πυρίπνοον ἐσχαρεῶνα,

celebrate Aphrodite in their hymns, and the fresh love of a wedlock renewed again.

346 "Ares, you have lost your Cypris![a] The slow one has outrun murderous Ares the quick! Sing a hymn yourself to Aphrodite united with fiery Hephaistos! Set foot in Sicily, put your prayer, if you please, to the Cyclopes standing by their forge. They are in the secrets of Hephaistos the master craftsman, they can rival his clever work; they will invent an artifice for you and make a later imitation of your net, that you too may smother them both in galling meshes, and fasten the thief of your marriage in avenging toils, and bind limpfoot Hephaistos to Aphrodite. Then all the gods of Olympos will applaud you, when you have caught the ravisher of your bed in those bonds. Awake! be the cunning schemer in your turn! Awake—attend to your stolen bride! What are the woes of Deriades to you?—But let us be silent, or Phaëthon may hear."

362 She spoke, and flew away. At once lusty Ares threw off slumber and saw the early streaks of the morning's light. In hot haste he leapt up, and awoke Rout and Terror to yoke his deadly quickrunning car. They obeyed their urgent father. Furious Terror set the crooktooth bit in the horses' mouths, and fastened their obedient necks under the yokestrap, and fitted the neckloop on each: Ares mounted the car, and Rout took the reins and drove his father's chariot. From Libanos to Paphos he sped, and turned the hurrying car from Cythera to the land of horned Cyprus. Often, often he looked towards Lemnos; most of all he jealously watched the firebreathing forge.

[a] See Hom. *Od.* viii. 329; and the rest of that scene.

Κύπριν ἀνιχνεύων τροχαλῷ ζηλήμονι ταρσῷ,
εἴ μιν ἐσαθρήσειε παρ' Ἡφαίστοιο καμίνοις,
ὡς πάρος, ἱσταμένην, καὶ ἐδείδιε, μή οἱ ὀπωπὴν
καπνὸς ἀμαλδύνειε μελαινομένης Ἀφροδίτης.
ἔδραμε καὶ μετὰ Λῆμνον ἐς οὐρανόν, ὄφρα σιδήρῳ
νυμφιδίην μακάρεσσιν ἀναστήσειεν Ἐννώ,
καὶ Διὶ καὶ Φαέθοντι καὶ Ἡφαίστῳ καὶ Ἀθήνῃ.

tracking Cypris with swift jealous foot, if perchance he could see her standing as long ago beside Hephaistos's furnace, and feared the smoke might hide Aphrodite's face with black. Then he left Lemnos and rose into the heaven, that spear in hand he might arouse battle for his bride among the Blessed, confronting Zeus and Phaëthon and Hephaistos and Athena.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ μετὰ νέρτερον οἶκον ἀνάγκης
Τέκταφον Εὐρυμέδων δεδαϊγμένον Ἄιδι πέμπει.

Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἑπτάζωνον ἐς οὐρανὸν ἔδραμεν Ἄρης
ζηλήμων, βαρύμηνις. ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ χορεύων
θαρσήεις Διόνυσος ἐπέχραεν αἴθοπι λαῷ,
πῇ μὲν ἐνὶ πρώτοισι θορὼν ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ,
πῇ δὲ μέσος προμάχοισιν· ἀκοντιστῆρι δὲ θύρσῳ
κυανέης ἤμησε θαλύσια δηιοτῆτος,
δυσμενέος δὲ φάλαγγος ἐμαίνετο φῦλα δαΐζων·
καὶ Σατύρους θάρσυνεν ἐς Ἄρεα Δηριαδῆος,
ὡς ἴδε Βάκχος Ἄρηα λελοιπότα φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν·
ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος ἔριζε. κορυμβοφόρου δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
δεξιτερὸν στόμα λάβρον ἐπιτρέψας Διονύσῳ
λαιὸν Ἀρισταῖος κέρας ἔτρεχε δηιοτῆτος.

Καὶ Βρομίου θεράποντας ὀπιπεύων ἔτι Μορρεὺς
μαρναμένους πετάλοισι καὶ ἀνθεμόεντι βελέμνῳ
ἄφρονι Δηριάδῃ πολυθαμβέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
"Δηριάδη, τί τὸ θάμβος; ἐμοὶ πίπτουσι μαχηταί,
βαλλόμενοι θύρσοισι καὶ οὐτιδανοῖσι πετήλοις,
ὁπλοφόρους δ' ὀλέκουσιν ἀνάσπιδες· ἀκλινέες δὲ
Βασσαρίδες, πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀμφιπλῆγι μαχαίρῃ
τυπτόμεναι, μίμνουσιν ἀνούτατοι. εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
καὶ σύ, λιπών, σκηπτοῦχε, τεὴν χαλκήλατον αἰχμὴν

BOOK XXX

In the thirtieth, Eurymedon sends Tectaphos slain to Hades, into the lowest house of constraint.

So Ares rose to the sevenzone sky, jealous, heavy with rancour. But Dionysos danced boldly into the battle and assailed the swarthy people, now leaping upon the first ranks with earthshaking bound, now right in the midst of the forefighters. With his darting thyrsus he mowed the firstfruits of his black harvest, and furiously cut down the tribes of the enemy throng. When he saw that Ares had abandoned the Indian contest, he cheered on the Satyrs to attack Deriades, and each outdid the other. Aristaios left to Dionysos the boisterous right wing of the clusterbearing host, and ran to the left of the battle.

13 Now when Morrheus saw the servants of Bromios still fighting with leaves and flowery shafts, he called out in great amazement to foolish Deriades—

16 " What is this marvel, Deriades ? My warriors fall, struck with a thyrsus or rubbishy leaves—the shieldless slay the armed ! Nothing shakes the Bassarids ; strike them with axe or two-edged sword, they remain unwounded ! You do the same, if I may say so, my lord king—let be your bronze-

οἴνοπα θύρσον ἄειρε μιαιφόνον, ὅττι σιδήρου
δυσμενέες πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι κορύμβοις.
οὔ ποτε τοῖον ὄπωπα μόθου τύπον· οὐτιδανοὶ δὲ
θύρσοι ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀρείονές εἰσιν ἀκόντων.
δός καὶ ἐμοὶ κλονέειν χλοερὸν βέλος· ἡμέτεροι γὰρ
ἀπτολέμου νάρθηκος ἐνικήθησαν ὀιστοί·
δός μοι ξανθὰ πέδιλα φορήμεναι, ὅττι καὶ αὐταὶ
ἀρραγέες κνημῖδες ὑπεκλίνοντο κοθόρνοις.
τί πλέον, εἰ χάλκειον ἔχω σάκος, εὖτε γυναῖκες
μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσιν ἀτευχέες, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
κύμβαλα δινεύουσι, καὶ ὀκλάζουσι μαχηταί,
καὶ στεφάνοις τρυφάλεια καὶ εἴκαθε νεβρῖδι θώρηξ;
πολλάκι δ' ἀντικέλευθος ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου
ὠισάμην ἄρρηκτον ἀνασχίσσαι κενεῶνα,
πέμπων εὔσκοπα δοῦρα, καὶ ὡς ἔψαυε Λυαίου,
ὀξυβελὴς ἄγναμπτος ἐκάμπτετο χαλκὸς ἀκόντων."
Ὡς φαμένου μείδησεν ἄναξ θρασύς,
ἀμφὶ δὲ γαμβρῷ
ὄμματα λοξὰ τίταινε χόλου κήρυκι σιωπῇ·
καί οἱ ἀπειλήτειραν ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωήν·
"Τί τρομέεις Διόνυσον ἀτευχέα, νήπιε Μορρεῦ;
ἠδὺς ὁ δειμαίνων Σατύρων παίζουσαν Ἐνυώ."
Ὡς φάμενος θάρσυνεν ἀταρβέι γαμβρὸν ἀπειλῇ.
καὶ Βρομίου προμάχοισι
πέλωρ ἐκορύσσετο Μορρεύς·
οὔτασε δ' Εὐρυμέδοντα, μέσον βουβῶνα χαράξας
ἔγχεϊ φοινήεντι· διαΐσσουσα δὲ μηροῦ
πιαλέην τάμε σάρκα λιπόχροα θυιὰς ἀκωκή·
γούνατι δ' ὀκλάζοντι χαμαὶ πέσε. χαλκοχίτων δὲ
Ἄλκων οὐκ ἀμέλησε κασιγνήτοιο πεσόντος,
ἀλλὰ βιαζομένῳ πρόμος ἤλυθεν ἔγχος ἀείρων
καὶ σάκος εὐδίνητον· ὅλον δ' ἐκάλυπτε μαχητήν,

beaten spear and lift a vinethyrsus, if you would shed blood, since the enemy are much more triumphant with their bunches of twigs than steel. I never saw a conflict of this kind: the rubbishy thyrsus in volleys is better than our javelins.

[26] "Give me too a green weapon to shake! for our arrows have been beaten by the unwarlike fennel. Give me yellow boots to wear, since even our unbreakable greaves have given way to the buskins. What good is it if I have a brazen shield, when women are more triumphant unarmed, and swing their cymbals in battle, while warriors collapse, while helmets yield to garlands and corselet to fawnskin? Often I have met unwounded Dionysos and thought to tear through his unbreakable flank: I have let fly my spear with good aim, and when it touched Dionysos, the unbending sharp point of the bronze was bent!"

[38] When he finished, the bold monarch smiled, and looked askance at his goodson in silent witnessing anger; then he broke out into bold menacing words:

[41] "Why do you tremble at unarmed Dionysos, you fool Morrheus? A nice thing to fear Satyrs playing at battle!"

[43] This fearless boast encouraged his goodson. The prodigious Morrheus attacked the warriors of Bromios. He wounded Eurymedon, cut through the groin with his blood-stained spear: the mad point ran through the thigh and tore the skin from the fat flesh; collapsing he fell on his knee to the ground. Mailclad Alcon did not neglect his brother's fall; but lifting spear and round buckler he made for the fallen man, and covered the warrior well, holding the

ἀσπίδι πυργώσας δέμας ἀνέρος, ἀντιβίοις δὲ
σείων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλινδίνητον ἀκωκὴν
γνωτῷ γνωτὸς ἄμυνε· καὶ οὐταμένῳ περιβαίνων,
οἷα περὶ σκύμνοισι λέων, βρυχήσατο λαιμῷ,
χείλεϊ λυσσήεντι χέων Κορυβαντίδα φωνήν.
καί μιν ὀπιπεύων κυκλούμενον ἴδμονι ταρσῷ
γνωτοῦ κεκλιμένοιο προασπιστῆρα Καβείρου
ἰσοφυὴς Τυφῶνι πέλωρ βακχεύετο Μορρεύς,
γνωτοῖς διχθαδίοις κεκορυθμένος, ὅφρά κε μήτηρ
δίζυγα δακρύσειεν ὁλωλότα τέκνα Καβειρώ,
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν ἑνὶ τμηθέντα σιδήρῳ.
καί νύ κεν ἀμφοτέρους ἰσοελκέι δῶκεν ὀλέθρῳ,
ἀλλὰ διὰ στομάτων βεβιημένον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
Λήμνιον Εὐρυμέδων γενέτην ἐκαλέσσατο φωνῇ·
"Ὦ πάτερ, ἐργοπόνοιο πυρίπνοε κοίρανε τέχνης,
δός μοι ὀφειλομένην προτέρην χάριν, ὁππότε μούνη
Σικελίην τρικάρηνον ἀλωιὰς ἥρπασε Δηώ,
δῶρα καλυπτομένης ὀπτήρια Περσεφονείης,
Ἑσπερίους δ' ἀνέκοψε τεοὺς φυσήτορας ἀσκοὺς
καὶ πλατὺν ἐσχαρεῶνα καὶ ἄρπαγα σεῖο πυράγρην·
ἀλλά μιν ἐπτοίησα προασπίζων γενετῆρος,
ἄκμονος ὑμετέροιο βοηθόος· ἐξ ἐμέθεν δὲ
σῷ Σικελῷ σπινθῆρι μέλας θερμαίνεται ἀήρ.
ῥύεό μοι σέο παῖδα, τὸν ἄγριος οὔτασε Μορρεύς."
Εἶπε, καὶ οὐρανόθεν πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος ὀρούσας
σύγγονον ἀμφελέλιζε πολυσχιδὲς ἀλλόμενον πῦρ,
δινεύων παλάμῃ πυρόεν βέλος· ἀμφὶ δὲ δειρὴν
Μορρέος αὐτοέλικτος ἑλίσσετο πυρσὸς ἐχέφρων,
αὐχένι μιτρώσας πυριθαλπέος ὁρμὸν ἀνάγκης
εἰλυφόων· πυρόεν δὲ μετὰ στέφος ἀνθερεῶνος
ταρσὸν ἐς ἐσχατόωντα θορὼν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ
ἀμφὶ πόδα προμάχοιο πυρίπλοκον ἔπλεκε σειρήν,

shield tower-like over his body, and thrusting right and left his unresting spear, brother protecting brother against the foe. He straddled across the wounded man, as a lion over his cubs, shouting loud and letting out mad Corybantic cries from his lips. When Morrheus saw him moving with neat steps about his brother, defending the fallen Cabeiros, the monster went raging like Typhon and attacked both brothers, that Cabeiro might shed her tears for two dead sons, slain in one day with one spear. And now he would have dealt equal destruction to both, but Eurymedon called upon his Lemnian father with voice that gasped and strained from his mouth:

66 "O Father, firebreathing lord of our laborious art! Grant me the boon once earned, when Deo of the threshing-floor alone seized threecliff Sicily, as sightingprize for Persephoneia hidden there, and knocked over your windblown bellows in the west and your wide forge and gripping tongs: but I defended my father and scared her off, protecting your anvil. You owe it to me that the air is black and hot with your Sicilian sparks! Then save your son I pray, whom savage Morrheus has wounded!"

76 At these words fiery Hephaistos leapt down from heaven, and sent a flame leaping and fluttering with many tongues about his son, whirling in his hand a shoot of fire. About Morrheus's neck the flame crawled and curled of itself as if it knew what it was doing, and rolled round his throat a necklace of fireblazing constraint; the blazing throat once encircled, it ran down with a springing movement to the end of his toes, and wove a plait of fiery threads

σείων ἐν δαπέδῳ σταθερὸν σέλας ἅλματι πεζῷ·
θερμάνθη δὲ κάρηνον ἀναπτομένης τρυφαλείης.
καί νύ κεν ἐπρήνικτο τυπεὶς φλογόεντι βελέμνῳ,
εἰ μὴ Δηριάδαο πατὴρ ἤμυνεν Ὑδάσπης·
ἦστο γὰρ ὑσμίνην δεδοκημένος ὑψόθι πέτρης,
ταυροφυὴς νόθον εἶδος ἔχων βροτοειδέι μορφῇ·
ὃς μιν ἀνεζώγρησε χέων ἀντίπνοον ὕδωρ,
ψύχων θερμὸν ἄημα πυριβλήτοιο προσώπου,
λύματα τεφρήεντα διασμήχων τρυφαλείης·
Μορρέα δ' ἁρπάξας ζοφερῇ χλαίνωσεν ὁμίχλῃ,
πορφυρέῃ νεφέλῃ κεκαλυμμένα γυῖα καλύψας,
μή μιν ἀποκτείνειε σελασφόρος ἀμφιγυήεις,
Λήμνιον αἰθύσσων θανατηφόρον ἁπτόμενον πῦρ,
μὴ προτέρου φθιμένοιο γέρων φιλότεκνος Ὑδάσπης
γαμβρὸν ἴδῃ πάλιν ἄλλον ὀλωλότα Δηριαδῆος,
μηδὲ μόρον Μορρῆος ἅμα κλαύσειεν Ὀρόντῃ.
Πυρσοφόρος δ' Ἥφαιστος ὅλους ἐδίωκε μαχητὰς
ἱσταμένους περὶ παῖδα νεούτατον, ὑψόθι δ' ὤμου
υἱὸν ἐλαφρίζων ἐπερείσατο γείτονι φηγῷ,
νόσφιν ἀπὸ φλοίσβοιο, καὶ ἐζώγρησε πεσόντα,[1]
οὐταμένῳ βουβῶνι φερέσβια φάρμακα πάσσων.
Οὐδὲ μόθου προτέροιο
λελασμένος ἔπλετο Μορρεύς·
ἀλλὰ πάλιν κεκόρυστο φυγὼν πυρόεσσαν Ἐνυὼ
καὶ πρόμον ἀστράπτοντα καὶ αἰθαλόεσσαν ἀκωκήν·
καὶ Φλόγιον Στροφίοιο πολύστροφον υἷα κιχήσας
ἔκτανεν, ὀρχηστῆρα φιλοσκάρθμου Διονύσου,
ὅς τις ἀδακρύτοιο παρ' εἰλαπίνῃσι Λυαίου
ἀντιτύπων ἑλέλιζε πολύτροπα δάκτυλα χειρῶν,
καὶ θάνατον Φαέθοντος ἐχέφρονι χειρὶ τινάσσων

[1] So mss.: Ludwich παθόντα.

over the warrior's foot, and there firmly fixt on the earth scattered its dancing sparks—the helmet caught fire and his head was hot enough! And now he would have fallen flat, struck with the fiery shot, had not Deriades' father Hydaspes come to the rescue. For he sat watching the battle high on a rock, his bull-form having a false guise of human shape. He poured a quenching stream and saved the man's life, cooling the hot blast from the firebeaten face, brushing off the ashes and dirt from the helmet. Then he caught up Morrheus wrapt in a darksome cloud, covered and hid his limbs in a livid mist; that the firebearing Crookshank might not destroy him with his blazing shower of deadly Lemnian flame; that old Hydaspes, the tender-hearted father, might not see another goodson of Deriades perish after the first, and lament the death of Morrheus along with Orontes.[a]

100 But firebearing Hephaistos drove away all the warriors who stood round the just-wounded boy. Then lifting his son on his shoulder he took him out of the fray and rested him against an oaktree hard by; he spread wholesome simples upon the wounded groin, and saved him alive after his collapse.

105 Yet Morrheus had not forgotten the fight he had begun. He reared his head again, having escaped the fiery attack, the blazing assailant, the flaming points. He caught Phlogios the son of Strophios rolling about and killed him; that dancer of spring-heel Dionysos, who at the banquets of tearless Lyaios, used to flicker the twisting fingers of his mimicking hands. He would depict by gesture Phaëthon's death with sensitive hand, until he made

[a] See xvii. 262 ff.

δαιτυμόνας ποίησεν ἀήθεα δάκρυα λείβειν,
ψευδαλέου Φαέθοντος ἐπικλαίοντας ὀλέθρῳ·
καὶ νέον αἰθαλόεντα καὶ αὐτοκύλιστον ὑφαίνων
λευγαλέον πόρε πένθος ἀπενθήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
τοῦτον ἰδὼν σκαίροντα δορυσσόος ἔννεπε Μορρεύς·
" Ἄλλοῖος χορὸς οὗτος,
ὃν ἔπλεκες ἄγχι τραπέζης·
ὀρχηθμὸν γελόωντα παρὰ κρητῆρι τιταίνων
ὀρχηθμὸν στονόεντα πόθεν μετὰ δῆριν ὑφαίνεις;
εἰ δὲ καὶ οἶστρος ἔχει σε χοροστασίης Διονύσου,
Ἄιδι μυστιπόλευε, καὶ οὐ γύψοιο χατίζεις
αὐτοβαφῆ μεθέπων κεκονιμένα κύκλα προσώπου·
ἦν ἐθέλῃς δέ, χόρευε φιλοθρήνῳ παρὰ Λήθῃ,
Περσεφόνη δ' ἀγέλαστος ἀγαλλέσθω σέο μολπῇ."
Ἔννεπε κυδιόων, καὶ ἐπέδραμεν ἶσος ἀέλλῃ,
Σειληνοὺς δ' ἐφόβησεν. ἀμαιμακέτῳ δὲ μαχαίρῃ
Τέκταφος ὠμάρτησε σακέσπαλος, ὃν ποτε δήσας
Δηριάδης ἔκρυφεν ἔσω γλαφυροῖο βερέθρου.
οὐδὲ φυγεῖν μόρον εὗρε τὸ δεύτερον· ἐν γὰρ ἀνάγκῃ
τίς δύναταί ποτε πότμον ἀπ' ἀνέρος ἐχθρὸν ἐρύκειν,
νηλὴς πανδαμάτειρα θανεῖν ὅτε Μοῖρα κελεύει;
οὐ γὰρ Τέκταφον εὗρε δόλος θνήσκοντα σαῶσαι,
ὃς τότε λυσσώων στρατιὴν ἐδίωξε Λυαίου,
εὐκεράων Σατύρων φιλοπαίγμονα γυῖα δαΐζων·
ἐγρεμόθου δ' ἤμησε Πυλαιέος ἀνθερεῶνα,
Ὀνθυρίου δὲ μέτωπον ἀφειδέι τύψε μαχαίρῃ,
καὶ Πίθον εὐρύστερνον ἀπηλοίησε σιδήρῳ.
καί νύ κεν ἄλλον ὁμιλον
ἐπασσυτέρων κτάνε Βάκχων,
ἀλλά μιν Εὐρυμέδων ταχὺς ἔδρακε, καί οἱ ὑπέστη
δίστομον ἀντιβίην Κορυβαντίδα χειρὶ τινάσσων·
ἔθλασε δ' ἄκρα μέτωπα· διχαζομένου δὲ καρήνου

the feasters weep with tears quite out of place, mourning the death of an imaginary Phaëthon ; as he depicted the young man blazing and hurtling down, he would bring painful grief upon Dionysos who feels no grief. When shakespear Morrheus saw him tumbling there, he said :

118 " That was a different jig you danced near the table ! You played a merry dance by the mixing-bowl—why do you pace a groaning dance on the battlefield ? Well, if you have a passion for a dancing turn of Dionysos, go show to Hades your mystic rites. You need no chalk—your round face is well dusted of itself. Or dance if you like before Lethe the dirge-fancier, and let unsmiling Persephone have the pleasure of watching your capers."

126 So he cried exultant, and leaping swift as the wind on the Seilenoi put them to flight. And shake-shield Tectaphos followed with devastating sword : he was the one whom Deriades once kept imprisoned in the deep pit ; but he could not escape fate a second time. For when necessity comes, who can save a man from cruel destiny, when hard allvanquishing Fate bids him die ? Nor could a trick now save Tectaphos from death. Madly he then pursued the army of Lyaios and sliced the sportive limbs of the horned Satyrs : he shore through the throat of Pylaieus the broilbreeder, he struck Onthyrios's brow with pitiless blade, he destroyed broadbreasted Pithos with bare steel. And indeed he would have killed a crowd of Bacchants besides ; but quickfoot Eurymedon saw him and rushed up, shaking his Corybantian twibill against him. He smashed his forehead and

ὄρθιος αἰμαλέης ἀνεκήκιεν αὐλὸς ἐέρσης·
καὶ πρόμος εἰς χθόνα πῖπτε, περιρραίνων δὲ κονίην
ἡμιθανὴς κεκύλιστο, πεδοσκαφέος δὲ μελάθρου
ἀρχαίην κακότητα καὶ ὁπλοτέρης λίνα Μοίρης
ἔστενε, καὶ δολίου μεμνημένος εἰσέτι φίλτρου
παιδὸς ἀλεξικάκου κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ,
τοῦ δὲ κινυρομένοιο κατέρρεε δάκρυα λύθρῳ·
" Μῆτερ ἐμὴ καὶ μαῖα, δολοπλόκε δύσγαμε κούρη,
τίπτέ μοι οὐ σχεδὸν ἦλθες,
ὅτ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθον ὀλέθρου;
νῦν πόθεν οὐ χραίσμησας ἐμοὶ πάλιν,
ἄτρομε κούρη;
πῇ σέο φίλτρον ἔβη φυσίζοον; ἦ ῥα φυλάσσεις
πιστὰ τεῷ ζώοντι καὶ οὐ θνήσκοντι τοκῆι;
εἰ δόλος ἐξ Ἀΐδαο δυνήσεται ἄνδρα κομίζειν,
δίζεό μοι δόλον ἄλλον ἀρείονα, δίζεο βουλὴν
κερδαλέην θανάτοιο, μετὰ χθονίους κενεῶνας
ὄφρα πύλας Ἀΐδαο καὶ ἐν πολέμοισιν ἀλύξω,
εἰ πέλε νόστιμος οἶμος ἀνοστήτοιο βερέθρου."
Τοῖον ἔπος μόγις εἶπε, καὶ οὐκέτι πείθετο φωνή.
καὶ γενέτην ὀρόωσα νεούτατον ὑψόθι πύργου
οἰκτρὴ ποικιλόδακρυς ἀνέβλυε πενθάδα φωνὴν
Ἑρίη· σκολιὴν δὲ κόμην ἤσχυνε κονίῃ,
στήθεα γυμνώσασα δαϊζομένοιο χιτῶνος,
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἤρασσεν· ἀνηκέστῳ δὲ τοκῆι,
οἷά περ εἰσαΐοντι, τόσην ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν·
" Υἱὲ πάτερ βαρύποτμε
γαλακτοφόρου σέο κούρης,
σήμερον ἀπνεύστοις ἐπὶ χείλεσι σεῖο θανόντος
ποῖον ἔχω γλάγος ἄλλο φερέσβιον, ᾧ ἔπι δειλὴ
ψυχὴν ὑμετέρην παλινάγρετον εἰς σὲ κομίσσω;
ποῖον ἐγὼ πάλιν ἄλλον ἀρηγόνα μαζὸν ὀρέξω;

clove his head—a jet of bloody dew spouted up and the champion fell to the ground, soaking the dust. Half-dead he rolled on the ground, lamenting the ancient torture of the earth-dug pit, and the threads of this later Fate; remembering still the clever scheme of his daughter which saved him from death, he wailed and mingled his tears with his blood:

150 "O my mother and my nurse, my girl, O clever unhappy wife! Why did you not come near me when I was nigh unto death? Why could you not help me now again, fearless girl? What has become of your lifegiving drink? Are you true to your father while he lives, and not while he is dying! If a trick can bring back a man from Hades, seek me another and better trick, seek a plan useful against death, that after the hollow pit in the earth I may escape the gates of Hades in war as well, if there be a way to return from the pit whence no man returns."

160 He could scarce finish these words, when his voice failed him. Poor Eërië on the lofty walls could see her just-wounded father, and amid showers of tears she uttered a cry of mourning. She stained her tangled hair with dust, she rent her garments and bared her breast, she beat her head; and cried aloud to her father although now past cure, as if he could still hear:

167 "My son! illfated father of the daughter who gave you her milk! To-day there is no breath from your lips! You are dead—what milk have I now to give you life, to bring back your soul again, ah me unhappy! What breast can I offer you now to give

αἴθε καὶ Ἀιδονῆα δυνήσομαι ἠπεροπεύειν.
σοί, πάτερ, ἓν γέρας ἄλλο φυλάσσεται· οὐ γὰρ ἐάσω
μοῦνον ἐνὶ φθιμένοις σε· σὺ δὲ κταμένης σέο κούρης
δέξο καὶ αὐχένος αἷμα μετὰ προτέρου γάλα μαζοῦ.
ἔλθετε, Δηριάδαο φυλάκτορες, ἀντὶ δὲ κείνου
δείξατέ μοι μυχὸν ἄλλον ἔσω χθονός, ἦχι μολοῦσα
νεκρὸν ἐμὸν γενετῆρα πάλιν ζώοντα τελέσσω·
οὐκ Ἀΐδης φυλάκεσσιν ὁμοίοις, ὄφρα τελέσσω
λυσίπονον δόλον ἄλλον ἀοσσητῆρα τοκῆος.
ἤθελον ἆορ ἐκεῖνο μιαιφόνον, ὄφρα δαμείην
πατροφόνῳ βαρύθυμος ὀλισθήσασα σιδήρῳ.
οὗτος, ὃς ἡμετέρου κεφαλὴν ἔτμηξε τοκῆος,
κτεῖνε καὶ Ἠερίην μετὰ Τέκταφον, ὄφρά τις εἴπῃ·
' καὶ γενέτην καὶ παῖδα μιῇ πρήνιξε μαχαίρῃ.' ''
Ἔννεπε δακρυχέουσα· πόνος δ' ἠέξετο μείζων.
καὶ διδύμαις στρατιῇσιν ἐπερρίπιζεν Ἐνυώ . . .
Ταιναρίδην δ' ἔκτεινε Δασύλλιον ἄορι Μορρεύς,
μή ποτε δυσμενέεσσιν ἀπορρύψαντα βοείην,
ἀντιβίοις ἀτίνακτον Ἀμυκλαῖον πολιήτην,
γναθμοῦ δεξιτεροῖο παρ' ὀστέον ἔγχος ἐρείσας.
ἔκτανε δ' Ἀλκιμάχειαν ὀριδρομον, εἰν ἑνὶ θεσμῷ
ἠνορέην καὶ κάλλος ὑπέρτερον ἥλικος ἥβης,
κούρην Ἀρπαλίωνος ἐριστα φύλοιο τοκῆος,
ἣ πέλε τολμήεσσα καὶ εἰς δόμον ἤλυθεν Ἥρης
κισσὸν ἀερτάζουσα, τὸν Ἀργολὶς ἔστυγε δαίμων,
ὅσσον ἐρευθιόωσαν ἐθήμονα φίλατο ῥοιήν·
καὶ βρέτας εὐποίητον ἐμάστιεν οἴνοπι θύρσῳ,
χάλκεον ἀμπελόεντι δέμας πλήσσουσα κορύμβῳ,
μητρυιὴν βαρύμηνιν ἀτιμάζουσα Λυαίου.
οὐδὲ χόλον δασπλῆτα καθαψαμένης φύγεν Ἥρης
Λημνιὰς Ἀλκιμάχεια θεημάχος· ἀλλ' ἐνὶ γαίῃ
ὀθνείῃ κτερέιστο, μετὰ πτολέμους δὲ τοκῆα

you help? O if I can cajole Aïdoneus too! For you, father, only one tribute remains for me to render: I will not leave you alone among the dead. Accept the blood of your slain daughter's throat as once you took the milk of her breast. Come here, warders of Deriades! Show me another pit in the ground instead of the old one, where I may enter and once more make my dead father live.—But Hades is not like those warders, to let me devise another trick for my father's help and solace his pains. O if I had that deathdealing sword, that I might fall and perish in my despair by the steel that murdered my father! You man who cut off my father's head, kill Eërië as you killed Tectaphos, that men may say—'Both father and daughter he destroyed with one sword!'"

186 So she cried amid her tears. Now the battle grew fiercer: Enyo fanned the flame in both armies. Morrheus killed Dasyllios Tainarides with his sword, driving the blade through the right jawbone: Dasyllios the man of Amyclai, ever unshaken by any assault, who never lost shield to an enemy. He killed also Alcimacheia the highland girl, for beauty and valour alike pre-eminent above her yearsmates. She was daughter to Harpalion famous for his vines; she had dared to enter the temple of Hera laden with ivy, which that goddess of Argos hated as much as she loved her favourite red pomegranate, dared to beat the fine statue with the vineleaves of her thyrsus, to beat the brazen figure with bunches of grapes—insulting the resentful stepmother of Lyaios! But she did not escape the frightful wrath thus kindled in Hera: no, Lemnian Alcimacheia who defied the gods was buried in a strange land—

οὐκ ἴδεν Ἀρπαλίωνα τὸ δεύτερον, οὐκ ἴδε πάτρην,
Λῆμνον Ἰησονίης νυμφίον Ὑψιπυλείης·
ἀλλὰ παρὰ ξείνοισι χυτῇ κεκάλυπτο κονίῃ,
πότμον ἀμειβομένη τιμήορον. ἃ μέγα δειλή,
ἤμβροτεν Ἀρπαλίωνος, ἐνοσφίσθη δὲ Λυαίου.
Οὐδὲ δαϊζομένης ζαμενὴς ἐκορέσσατο Μορρεὺς
Μαινάδος Ἀλκιμάχης θεοπαίγμονος·
ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν
Ἤλιδα ναιετάουσαν Ὀλύμπιον οὖδας ἀρούρης
Ἀλφειοῦ παρὰ χεῦμα φιλοστεφάνου ποταμοῖο
ἔκτανε Κωδώνην ἔτι παρθένον. ἵλατε, Μοῖραι,
οὐ πλοκάμους ἐλέαιρε μαραινομένοιο καρήνου,
οὐ ῥοδέην ἀκτῖνα κονιομένοιο προσώπου·
οὐδὲ περὶ στέρνοισιν ἴσον τροχοειδέι μήλῳ
μαζὸν ἰδὼν ἐλέαιρεν, ἀκαμπέα κέντορα μίτρης,
οὐδὲ βαθυνομένοιο τομὴν ᾐδέσσατο μηροῦ,
ἀλλὰ τόσον κτάνε κάλλος ἀώριον· οὐταμένη δὲ
ἡ μὲν ἐπὶ χθονὶ πῖπτεν· ἀπειρεσίας δὲ διώκων
Μαινάδας εὐπέπλους κορυθαιόλος ἔκτανε Μορρεύς,
Εὐρυπύλην Στερόπην τε Σόην τ᾽ ἤμησε μαχαίρῃ,
καὶ Σταφύλην ἐδάιξεν, ἐρευθαλέην τε Γιγαρτὼ
οὔτασε, καὶ ῥοδόεντος ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο τορήσας
στέρνα Μελικταίης φονίῳ πόρφυρε σιδήρῳ.
Καὶ φθονεροὶ Τελχῖνες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῷ,
ὃς μὲν ἔχων ἐλάτην περιμήκετον, ὃς δὲ κρανείου
θάμνον ὅλον πρόρριζον, ὁ δὲ πρηῶνος ἀράξας
ἄκρον ἀπηλοίησε, καὶ εἰς μόθον ἦιεν Ἰνδῶν
λᾶαν ἀκοντιστῆρα μεμηνότι πήχεϊ σείων.

---

[a] The Argonauts touched there on their way to Colchis, 412

she did not return from the war, she never again saw Harpalion her father, she never saw her own country, Lemnos, the bridechamber of Jason and Hysipyleia [a]; death was her punishment, and she lay among strangers under a mound of earth. Ah hapless girl! she lost Harpalion, she was severed from Lyaios.

209 But furious Morrheus was not content with slaying Alcimache, the Mainad who mocked the gods; he slew also Codone, still a maiden, whose home was the Olympian soil of Elis beside Alpheios, the garland-loving [b] river. Forgive me, ye Fates! He had no pity for the tresses of that head which was soon to wither, none for the rosy glow of that face soiled in the dust; no pity when he saw the breast with its two round apples, and the firm pressure on the breastband; no respect for the deep cleft of the thigh. No! all that beauty he killed in the bud. Struck down she fell to the ground; and Morrheus with nodding plume chased Mainads innumerable in their fine robes. Eurypyle, Sterope, Soë he mowed down with his sword, Staphyle he cleft asunder, ruddy Gigarto he wounded, and pierced Melictaina's breast above the pink nipple, staining his deadly steel with crimson.

226 The spiteful Telchines also joined the battle. One held a tall firtree; one had a cornel, trunk and roots and all; one broke off the peak of a cliff and rushed against the Indians, whirling his darting rock with furious arms and crushing the foe.

and mated with the Lemnian women, who had killed their own men; Hypsipyle, their queen, had twin sons by Jason.

[b] Because the Olympian Games were celebrated on its bank.

Ἥρη δ' ἀλλοπρόσαλλος ἐπιβρίθουσα Λυαίῳ
δῶκε μένος καὶ θάρσος ἀγήνορι Δηριαδῆι,
καί οἱ ἀριστεύοντι σελασφόρον ὤπασεν αἴγλην
εἰς φόβον ἀντιβίοισι· κορυσσομένου δὲ φορῆος
ἀσπίδος Ἰνδώης ἀμαρύσσετο φοίνιος αἴγλη,
καὶ κυνέης σελάγιζεν ὑπὲρ λόφον ἀλλομένη φλόξ.
καὶ θρασὺς ἔτρεμε Βάκχος, ὅπως ἴδε Δηριαδῆος
ὀμφαλὸν ἀστράπτοντα πυριβλήτοιο βοείης
καὶ σέλας ἠερόφοιτον ἀναπτομένης τρυφαλείης·
τὸν μὲν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἐθάμβεεν, οὐδέ οἱ ἔτλη
ἀντιάσαι, νοέων δὲ κορυσσομένης δόλον Ἥρης
ποσσὶν ἀναινομένοισιν ἐχάζετο δηιοτῆτος.
Καὶ τότε θαρσήεντες ἐπὶ κλόνον ἦιον Ἰνδοί,
ὑσμίνην Βρομίοιο λελοιπότος· εἰσορόων δὲ
Δηριάδης ἐδάϊζεν ἐπασσυτέρων στίχα Βάκχων
ἐγχείῃ ἑκάτερθε παλινδίνητον ἑλίσσων.
Ἀσχαλόων δ' Ἰόβακχος ἀνήμεν εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
καὶ κλονέειν ἀνέμοισιν ἐπέτρεπεν ἐλπίδα χάρμης,
μητρυιῆς τρομέων χόλον ἄγριον. ἦλθε δ' Ἀθήνη
οὐρανόθεν· πρὸ γὰρ ἦκε διάκτορον ὑψιμέδων Ζεύς,
γνωτὸν ὅπως φεύγοντα, φόβῳ πεφοβημένον Ἥρης,
εἰς ἐνοπὴν ἐρύσειε μεταστρέψαντα μενοινήν·
στῆ δ' ὄπιθεν, ξανθῆς δὲ κόμης ἐδράξατο Βάκχου,
μούνῳ φαινομένη βλοσυρὴ θεός· ἐκ δὲ προσώπου
μαρμαρυγὴν πυρόεσσαν ἀνηκόντιζον ὀπωπαί·
καὶ νοεροὺς σπινθῆρας ἐπιπνείουσα Λυαίῳ
μεμφομένη κοτέουσα φιλοπτολέμῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
" Πῇ φεύγεις, Διόνυσε;
τί σοι φόβος ἀντὶ κυδοιμοῦ;
πῇ σέθεν ἄλκιμα θύρσα καὶ ἀμπελόεντες ὀιστοί;
ἀμφὶ σέθεν τίνα μῦθον ἐμῷ Κρονίωνι βοήσω;

231 Fickle Hera, still heavy against Lyaios, gave courage and spirit to lordly Deriades, and showed a brilliant glow upon his triumphant course for the terror of his foes. When he came forth in arms a fatal glow sparkled from the Indian shield, dazzling flames leapt over the crest of his helmet. Bold as he was, Bacchos trembled when he saw the flashing boss of Deriades' fireshot shield and the plumes of the helmet burning in the air. Dionysos was amazed when he saw, and had not the heart to meet him; but he retreated from the battle with unwilling feet, when he understood the device of Hera in arms.

243 Then the Indians took courage, and moved to the fight as Bromios left the field; Deriades saw it, and swept the thronging ranks of Bacchants while he swung his blade right and left again and again.

247 Iobacchos in distress retired to the woodland ridge, and left the winds to blow away his hope of victory, since he feared his stepmother's fierce resentment. But Athena came down from heaven; for Zeus ruling on high sent her, on the errand to change the mind of her brother, now a fugitive in dread of Hera, and to bring him back to the battle. She stood behind him, and caught Bacchos by his yellow hair,[a] seen by him alone, that grim goddess: from her face the eyes flashed a fiery gleam, and breathing sparks of good sense upon Lyaios she spoke angrily in warlike tones of rebuke:

258 "Whither do you flee, Dionysos? Why flight instead of fight? Where is your mighty thyrsus and your arrows of vine? What word shall I tell of

[a] After Hom. *Il.* i. 197.

ποῖον ἴδον κατὰ δῆριν ὁλωλότα κοίρανον Ἰνδῶν;
ζώει Δηριάδης καὶ μάρναται εἰσέτι Μορρεύς.
ποίην δ' οὐρανίην ἐπεδείκνυες ἔμφυτον ἀλκήν;
ἢ Λιβύης ἐπέβης; ἢ Περσέος εἶχες ἀγῶνα;
ἢ Σθεννοῦς ἴδες ὄμμα λιθώπιδος ἠὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
δύσμαχον Εὐρυάλης μυκώμενον ἀνθερεῶνα;
ἢ πλοκάμους ἐνόησας ἐχιδνοκόμοιο Μεδούσης,
καί σε πολυσπερέων περιδέδρομε χάσμα δρακόντων;
οὐ Σεμέλη τέκε παῖδα μαχήμονα· Γοργοφόνον δὲ
ἄξιον υἷα λόχευσεν ἐμοῦ Διὸς Ἀκρισιώνη·
οὐ γὰρ ἐμὴν δρεπάνην
πτερόεις ἀπεσείσατο Περσεύς,
Ἑρμείαν δὲ γέραιρεν ἑῶν δωτῆρα πεδίλων.
γείτονα μάρτυν ἔχω πετρώδεα θῆρα θαλάσσης·
εἴρεό μοι Κηφῆα, τά περ κάμε Περσέος ἅρπη·
ἀντολίην δ' ἐρέεινε καὶ ἕσπερον· ἀμφότερον γάρ,
Νηρεΐδες τρομέουσι τὸν Ἀνδρομέδης παρακοίτην,
Ἐσπερίδες μέλπουσι τὸν ἀμητῆρα Μεδούσης.
Αἰακὸς ἀπτοίητος ὁμοίως οὐ πέλε Βάκχῳ,
οὐ φύγε Δηριάδην, οὐκ ἔτρεμε φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν.
χθιζὰ πάλιν σε φόβησεν Ἄραψ πρόμος; ἐξέτι κείνου
ἄζομαι Ἄρεα θοῦρον ἰδεῖν[1] γενετῆρα Λυκούργου,
ἀδρανίην βοόωντα φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου.
σὸς καὶ ἐμὸς γενέτης οὐκ ἔτρεμε δηιοτῆτα,
εὖτε θεοὶ Τιτῆνες ἐθωρήχθησαν Ὀλύμπῳ.
ποίην Ὀρσιβόην λήισσαο δεσπότιν Ἰνδῶν;
Χειροβίην οὐκ εἶδε δορικτήτην σέο Ῥείη.
ἱλήκοι Διὸς εὖχος, ἀδελφεὸν οὔ σε καλέσσω

[1] Ludwich ἰδὼν, Keydell ἰδεῖν. Athena speaks.

---

[a] See on xviii. 291 ff. [b] Danaë.
[c] Wife of Deriades: see xxvi. 352.

you to my Cronion? Have I seen the Indian king dead on the battlefield? No—Deriades lives, Morrheus fights on!

263 "What have you shown of inborn heavenly prowess? Have you set foot in Libya?[a] Have you had the task of Perseus? Have you seen the eye of Sthenno which turns all to stone, or the bellowing invincible throat of Euryale herself? Have you seen the tresses of viperhair Medusa, and have the open mouths of her tangled serpents run round you? No fighter was Semele's son; Acrisios's daughter[b] bore the Gorgonslayer, a son worthy of my Zeus, for winged Perseus did not throw down my sickle, and he thanked Hermeias for lending his shoes. I have a witness ready here, the monster of the deep turned to stone; pray ask Cepheus, what the sickle of Perseus did. Ask the east, and ask the west; for both know—the Nereïds tremble before Andromeda's husband, the Hesperids sing him who cut down Medusa.

278 "Aiacos was not affrighted, he was not like Bacchos, he did not run from Deriades, he did not shrink from the Indian battle! Did the Arab chief frighten you again yesterday? I am still ashamed to look at Ares, the furious father of Lycurgos, when he publishes abroad the cowardice of runaway Dionysos.

283 "Your father and mine feared not battle, when the Titan gods armed themselves against Olympos. Where is Orsiboë—have you taken the Indian Queen?[c] Rheia has not seen Cheirobië[d] captive of your spear. Zeus forgive my boast—but I will not call you brother, when you run from Deriades

[a] Wife of Morrheus.

Δηριάδην φεύγοντα καὶ ἀπτολέμων γένος Ἰνδῶν.
ἀλλὰ λαβὼν σέο θύρσα πάλιν μιμνήσκεο χάρμης,
καὶ στρατιῆς προμάχιζε, κορυσσομένῃσι δὲ Βάκχαις
ὄψεαι εὐθώρηκα συναιχμάζουσαν Ἀθήνην,
αἰγίδα κουφίζουσαν ἀνούτατον ὅπλον Ὀλύμπου."

Ὣς φαμένη Βρομίῳ μένος ἔμπνεεν· αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμῷ
θαρσήεις πολέμιζε τὸ δεύτερον, ἐσσομένης δὲ
νίκης ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐπέτρεπε Τριτογενείῃ.

Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον,
τίνα δ' ὕστατον ἔκτανε Βάκχος,
ὁππότε μιν θάρσυνε μόθων ἀκόρητος Ἀθήνη;
κτεῖνε μὲν ἀντιβίων ἑκατοντάδα νηλέι θύρσῳ,
πολλοῖς δ' ἕλκος ὅπασσε πολύτροπον ἔγχεϊ τύπτων
ἠὲ φυτῶν ἑλίκεσσιν ἢ εὐόρπηκι κορύμβῳ,
ἢ λίθον αἰχμάζων κραναὸν βέλος· οἱ δὲ τυπέντες
δαιμονίῃ καναχηδὸν ἐβακχεύθησαν ἰμάσθλῃ.
Φρίγγου δ' οὔτασεν ὦμον ἀριστερὸν ὀξέι θύρσῳ·
ὃς δὲ θορὼν ἀκίχητος ἐχάζετο· τὸν δὲ φυγόντα
θηγαλέῳ βουπλῆγι κατεπρήνιξε Μελισσεύς.
Ἐγρετίῳ δ' ἐπόρουσε φιλεύιον ἔγχος ἑλίσσων
θυρσομανὴς Διόνυσος ἑκηβόλος· ἱπταμένη δὲ
Βακχιὰς ἐρροίζησε δι' ἠέρος ἔγχεος αἰχμὴ
ἄνδρα βαλεῖν ἐθέλουσα, καὶ Ἐγρετίοιο φυγόντος
ἔχραε Βωλίγγεσσι, καὶ ἐγρεμόθους Ἀραχώτας
εἰς φόβον ἐπτοίησε· φιλακρήτῳ δὲ πετήλῳ
φρικτὰ δοριθρασέων ἐδαΐζετο φῦλα Σαλαγγῶν·
καὶ στρατὸς ἐρτοίητο φερεσσακέων Ἀριηνῶν·
καὶ προμάχους Φρίγγοιο καὶ Ἐγρετίοιο διώκων
Εὔιος ἐπτοίησεν ὅλον στρατὸν Οὐατοκοίτην·
καὶ Λύγον αἱματόεντος ἀπεστυφέλιξε κυδοιμοῦ
ἀλκήεις Ἰόβακχος· ἐφεδρήσσοντα δὲ δένδρῳ
οὔτασε Μειλανίωνα δολοπλόκον οἴνοπι θύρσῳ,

and the unwarlike nation of India! Come, take your thyrsus again and remember the battle; fight in the van of the army, and you will see Athena well armed and fighting beside the armed Bacchants: she will lift her aegis-cape, the invincible weapon of Olympos!"

293 Thus the goddess inspired Bromios with strength. Then he took courage and fought boldly again, entrusting all his hope of coming victory to Tritogeneia.

296 Now whom first, whom last did Bacchos slay, when Athena insatiate of battle made him brave? He slew a round hundred of his enemies with destroying thyrsus, and he wounded many in many ways, striking with spear or bunches of twigs or clustered branches, or throwing stone, a rough missile. Those who were hit by the divine flail went rushing madly about with a great noise. He wounded Phringos in the left shoulder with sharp thyrsus, and he rushed away out of reach; but Melisseus caught him and brought him down with a sharp poleaxe. Dionysos thyrsus-mad leapt after Egretios, shaking his Euian spear for a long shot: the sharp Bacchic blade flew whizzing through the air, eager to strike the man—and Egretios escaped. But the god attacked the Bolinges, and scared into flight the strife-stirring Arachotai. With his intoxicating vine leaves he swept away the terrible tribes of spearbold Salangoi; and the host of shielded Arienoi were scattered. The Euian scattered the whole host of the Earsleepers in his chase after the forefighters of Phringos and Egretios. Iobacchos in his might beat off Lygos also out of the gory battle. Cunning Meilanion hid in a tree, and from his hiding-place

Βασσαρίδας κρυφίοισιν ὀιστεύοντα βελέμνοις·
ἀλλά μιν ἐζώγρησεν ἀπήμονα δύσμαχος Ἥρη,
ὅττι δόλῳ κεκόρυστο καὶ ἔχραε πολλάκι Βάκχαις
κρυπταδίοις πολέμοισιν· ἀεὶ δέ μιν ἔκρυφε πέτρη
ἢ φυτὸν ὑψικάρηνον ὑποκλεφθέντα πετήλοις,
ἀνέρας ἀφράστοισιν ὀιστεύοντα βελέμνοις.
Ἰνδοὶ δ' ἀνδροφόνοιο μετεσσεύοντο κυδοιμοῦ
ἠνορέην τρομέοντες ἀνικήτου Διονύσου.

showered arrows among the Bassarids, but the god hit him with his thyrsus of vine. Formidable Hera saved him unhurt, because he had often used this trick of arms, and attacked Bacchants, making war from ambush. He was always hidden by a rock or concealed by the leaves of a tall tree, shooting men unnoticed with his arrows.

325 The Indians retreated at last from the carnage of the battle, fearing the valour of unconquered Dionysos.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΠΡΩΤΟΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ πρώτῳ μειλίσσεται Ἥρη
Ὕπνον ἐπὶ Κρονίδῃ καὶ Περσεφόνην ἐπὶ Βάκχῳ.

Ὡς ὁ μὲν Ἰνδῴοιο τυπεὶς ἴυγγι κυδοιμοῦ
Βάκχος Ἐρυθραίης περιδέδρομε κόλπον ἀρούρης,
χρύσεα χιονέῃσι παρηίσι βόστρυχα σείων.
Ἥρη δὲ φθονεροῖσιν ἀνοιδαίνουσα μερίμναις
ἄκρον ἀπειλητῆρι κατέγραφεν ἠέρα ταρσῷ,
αὐτόθι παπταίνουσα πολυσπερέων στρατὸν Ἰνδῶν
θύρσοις ἀνδροφόνοισιν ἀλοιηθέντα Λυαίου.
καὶ χόλον ἄλλον ἔγειρεν Ἐρυθραίῳ παρὰ πόντῳ
Ἀνδρομέδης ὁρόωσα πολύπλοκα λείψανα δεσμῶν
καὶ λίθον ἐν ψαμάθῳ, βλοσυρὸν τέρας ἐννοσιγαίου.
ἀχνυμένη δ' ἐὸν ὄμμα παρέτραπε, μὴ παρὰ πόντῳ
Γοργοφόνου Περσῆος ἴδῃ χαλκήλατον ἅρπην.
Ἤδη γὰρ ταχύγουνον ἐν ἠέρι ταρσὸν ἐλίσσων
δίψιον ἀμφὶ τένοντα Λίβυν πορθμεύετο Περσεύς,
νηχόμενος πτερύγεσσι· μονογλήνου δὲ γεραιῆς
Φορκίδος ἀγρύπνοιο λαβὼν ὀφθαλμὸν ἀλήτην
δύσβατον ἄντρον ἔδυνε, καὶ ἀμώων παρὰ πέτρῃ
λήια συρίζοντα, θαλύσια λοξὰ κομάων,
Γοργόνος ὠδίνοντα διέθρισεν ἀνθερεῶνα,
καὶ δρεπάνην φοίνιξε· δαϊζομένης δὲ Μεδούσης

BOOK XXXI

In the thirty-first, Hera propitiates Sleep for Cronides, and Persephone for Bacchos.

So struck by the spell of the Indian conflict, Bacchos sped about the bosom of the Erythraian land, shaking the golden locks against his snow-white cheeks.

4 But Hera, swelling with jealous passions, scored the air with menacing sole, when she beheld the host of scattered Indians beaten like corn in the threshing where they stood, by the manslaying thyrsus of Lyaios. Again she awakened a new resentment, seeing the heap of Andromeda's broken chains beside the Erythraian sea, and that rock lying on the sand, Earthshaker's monstrous lump.[a] Bitterly she turned her eye aside, not to glimpse by the sea the bronze-forged sickle of Gorgonslaying Perseus.

13 For Perseus already was ferrying across to the thirsty stretches of Libya, swimming on his wings and circling in the air a quickfoot knee. He had taken the travelling eye of Phorcys's old one-eyed daughter unsleeping; he dived into the dangerous cave, reaped the hissing harvest by the rockside, the firstfruits of curling hair, sliced the Gorgon's teeming throat and stained his sickle red. He cut off the head and

[a] The monster turned to stone.

αἱμοβαφῆ παλάμην ὀφιώδεϊ λοῦσεν ἐέρσῃ,
κρᾶτα ταμών· χρυσέῳ δὲ σὺν ἄορι παῖδα λοχεύων
ἱππείην ἐλόχευσε γονὴν διδυμητόκος αὐχήν.
Καὶ φθονερὸς πραπίδεσσι χόλος
διεπάφλασεν Ἥρης
ζῆλον ἐρευγομένης ἐπὶ Περσέι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
ἤθελε δὲ Κρονίδαο καὶ ὄμματα καὶ φρένα θέλγειν
εἰς γάμον ἠπεροπῆα καὶ εἰς πτερὸν ἡδέος Ὕπνου
ἑλκομένου μετὰ λέκτρον, ὅπως δολίῃ τινὶ τέχνῃ
Ζηνὸς ἔτι κνώσσοντος ἐπιβρίσειε Λυαίῳ.
ὀρφναίην δ' Ἀΐδαο μετήλυθε πανδόκον αὐλήν·
Περσεφόνην δ' ἐκίχησε, δολόφρονι δ' ἴαχε μύθῳ·
" Ὀλβίστην ἐνέπω σε, θεῶν ὅτι τηλόθι ναίεις·
οὐ Σεμέλην ἐνόησας ἔσω ναίουσαν Ὀλύμπου.
δείδια, μὴ Διόνυσον, ὃν ἀνδρομέη τέκε γαστήρ,
ἀστεροπὴν κρατέοντα μετὰ Ζαγρῆα νοήσω
ἢ χθονίαις παλάμῃσιν ἐλαφρίζοντα κεραυνούς·
συλήθῃς, φερέκαρπε· παρὰ σταχυώδεϊ Νείλῳ
ἀντὶ τεῆς Δήμητρος ἀμαλλοτόκοιο τεκούσης
ἄλλῃ κῶμον ἄγουσι, νόθη δέ τις ὄμπνια Δηὼ
ταυροφυὴς κερόεσσα φατίζεται Ἰναχὶς Ἰώ.
Ἄρεα δ', ὃν περ ἔτικτον, ὃν οὐρανίη τέκε γαστήρ,
υἱὸν ἐμὸν χθονίῳ πεπεδημένον ἀκλέι δεσμῷ
κρύψεν ἔσω κεράμοιο περισφίγξας Ἐφιάλτης·
οὐδέ οἱ ἐχραίσμησεν ἐμὸς πόσις οὐράνιος Ζεύς,
ἀλλὰ τόκον Σεμέλης φλογερῶν ἐρρύσατο πυρσῶν,
καὶ βρέφος εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἀνεζώγρησε κεραυνοῦ,

[a] Pegasos and Chrysaor: see Hesiod, *Theogony* 282.

bathed a bloodstained hand in that viperish dew; then as Medusa was slain, the neck was delivered of its twin birth, the Horse and the Boy with the golden sword.[a]

24 Then jealous resentment boiled up in Hera's breast, and she belched spleen against Perseus and Dionysos; and she purposed to enchant the eyes and heart of Cronides in deceitful love, under the wing of sweet sleep that is brought on after the bed, that while Zeus yet slumbered she might find some cunning trick to crush Lyaios.[b] Away she went to the gloomy all-welcoming court of Hades; there she found Persephone, and told her a crafty tale:

32 "Most happy I call you, that you dwell so far from the gods! You have not seen Semele at home in Olympos. I fear I may yet see Dionysos, one born of a mortal womb, master of the lightning after Zagreus, or lifting the thunderbolt in earth-born hands. Cornbringer, you have been robbed! Beside the Nile with his harvests they hold festival for another, instead of your sheafbearing mother Demeter; they tell of a spurious bountiful Deo, bullbred, horned, Inachos's daughter Io.[c]

41 "And Ares, the one I brought forth, born of a heavenly womb, my own son, was shackled tight inglorious in earthly fetters in a jar,[d] where Ephialtes had hidden him. Nor did heavenly Zeus my husband help him—but he rescued Semele's son from the flaming fire, he saved Bacchos from the thunderbolt, while still a baby brat, his bastard son half-finished!

[b] The following scene imitates Hom. *Il.* xiv. 153 ff.

[c] *i.e.* the Egyptians do not worship Demeter, but Isis, whom Greek mythologists equated with Io.

[d] See *Il.* v. 385 ff.

ἡμιτελῆ νόθον υἷα· δαΐζομένου δὲ μαχαίραις
Ζαγρέος οὐ προμάχιζεν ἐπουρανίου Διονύσου.
τοῦτό με μᾶλλον ὄρινεν, ὅτι Κρονίδης πόλον ἄστρων
ἕδνα πόρεν Σεμέλῃ καὶ Τάρταρα Περσεφονείῃ·
οὐρανὸς Ἀπόλλωνι φυλάσσεται, οὐρανὸν Ἑρμῆς
ναιετάει· σὺ δὲ τοῦτον ἔχεις δόμον ἔμπλεον ὄρφνης.
τί πλέον, ὅττι δράκοντος ἔχων φευδήμονα μορφὴν
δεσμὸν ἀσυλήτοιο τεῆς σύλησε κορείης,
εἰ μετὰ λέκτρον ἔμελλε τεὰς ὠδῖνας ἀλύσαι;
Ζεὺς μὲν ἄναξ κατ' Ὄλυμπον
ἔχει δόμον ἔμπλεον ἄστρων,
γνωτῷ δ' ὑγρομέδοντι γέρας πόρεν ἁλμυρὸν ὕδωρ,
καὶ ζόφον ἀχλυόεντα τεῷ πόρεν οἶκον ἀκοίτῃ.
ἀλλὰ τεὰς θώρηξον Ἐρινύας οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ,
μὴ βροτὸν ἀθρήσαιμι νόθον σκηπτοῦχον Ὀλύμπου,
αἴδεο λισσομένην Διὸς εὐνέτιν, αἴδεο Δηώ,
αἴδεο λισσομένην καθαρὴν Θέμιν, ὄφρά κεν Ἰνδοὶ
βαιὸν ἀναπνεύσωσι τινασσομένου Διονύσου·
ἔσσό μοι ἀχνυμένῃ τιμήορος, ὅττι Κρονίων
Βάκχῳ νέκταρ ὄπασσε καὶ Ἄρεϊ λύθρον Ἐνυοῦς.
μηδὲ νέον Διόνυσον ἀνυμνήσωσιν Ἀθῆναι,
μηδὲ λάχῃ γέρας ἶσον Ἐλευσινίῳ Διονύσῳ,
μὴ τελετὰς προτέροιο διαλλάξειεν Ἰάκχου,
μὴ τάλαρον Δήμητρος ἀτιμήσειεν ὀπώρῃ."
Ὡς φαμένη συνέχευεν ὅλην φρένα Περσεφονείης,
δάκρυσι ποιητοῖσι διαινομένοιο προσώπου,
αἰμύλα κωτίλλουσα. θεὰ δ' ἐπένευσε θεαίνῃ,
καί οἱ δῶκε Μέγαιραν ὁμόστολον, ὄφρα τελέσσῃ
βάσκανον ὄμμα φέρουσα νόον ζηλήμονος Ἥρης.

---

[a] Remarkably accurate for Nonnos. Iacchos, one of the

But Zagreus the heavenly Dionysos he would not defend, when he was cut up with knives!

49 "What made me angrier still, was that Cronides gave the starry heaven to Semele for a bridegift,—and Tartaros to Persephoneia! Heaven is reserved for Apollo, Hermes lives in heaven—and you have this abode full of gloom! What good was it that he put on the deceiving shape of a serpent, and ravished the girdle of your inviolate maidenhead, if after the bed he was to destroy your babe?

56 "Lord Zeus holds the starry hall on Olympos; he has given the briny sea to his brother the water king for his prerogative; he has given the cloudy house of darkness to your consort. Come now, arm your Furies against wineface Bacchos, that I may not see a bastard and a mortal king of Olympos. Pity the wife of Zeus who prays to you, pity Deo, pity praying Themis the immaculate, that the Indians may have a little space to breathe while Dionysos is shaken. Be the avenger of my sorrow, because Cronion has given nectar to Bacchos and the blood of battle to Ares! Let not Athens sing hymns to a new Dionysos, let him not have equal honour with Eleusinian Dionysos, let him not take over the rites of Iacchos [a] who was there before him, let not his vintage dishonour Demeter's basket!"

70 The whole mind of Persephoneia was perturbed while she spoke, babbling deceit as the false tears bedewed her cheeks. Goddess bowed assent to goddess, and gave her Megaira to go with her, that with her evil eye she might fulfil the desire of Hera's jealous heart.

Eleusinian deities, was not the same as Dionysos, though early identified with him.

Ἡ δὲ θυελλήεντι διαΐξασα πεδίλῳ
τρὶς μὲν ἀνηέρθη, τὸ δὲ τέτρατον ἵκετο Γάγγην·
καὶ νέκυν Ἰνδὸν ὅμιλον ἀμειδέι δείξε Μεγαίρῃ
καὶ στρατιῆς ἱδρῶτα καὶ ἠνορέην Διονύσου·
Ἰνδοφόνους δὲ Μέγαιρα πόνους ὁρόωσα Λυαίου
ζηλήμων ἐμέγηρε καὶ οὐρανίης πλέον Ἥρης.
ἡ δὲ νόῳ κεχάρητο· δρακοντοκόμῳ δὲ θεαίνῃ
σαρδόνιον γελόωσα κατηφέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
" Οὕτω ἀριστεύουσι νέοι βασιλῆες Ὀλύμπου,
οὕτω ἀκοντίζουσι νόθοι Διός· ἐκ Σεμέλης δὲ
Ζεὺς ἕνα παῖδα λόχευσεν, ἵνα ξύμπαντας ὀλέσσῃ
Ἰνδοὺς μειλιχίους καὶ ἀμεμφέας· ἀλλὰ δαείη
Ζεὺς ἄδικος καὶ Βάκχος,
ὅσον σθένος ἐστὶ Μεγαίρης.
ὦ πόποι, οἷον ἄθεσμον ἔχει νόον ὑψιμέδων Ζεύς·
Τυρσηνοῖς ἀδίκοις οὐ μάρναται, ὅττι μαθόντες
φώρια θεσμὰ βίαια κακοξείνων ἐπὶ νηῶν
ἅρπαγες ἀλλοτρίων Σικελῇ πλώουσι θαλάσσῃ·
οὐ κτάνε δυσσεβέων Δρυόπων γένος, οἷς βίος αἰχμὴ
καὶ φόνος· εὐσεβίῃ δὲ μεμηλότας ἔκτανεν Ἰνδούς,
οὓς τάχα πασιμέλουσα Θέμις μαιώσατο μαζῷ.
ὦ πόποι, οἷον ἄθεσμον ἔχει νόον· ἀθάνατον γὰρ
θνητὸς ἀνὴρ ἔφλεξε τόσον καὶ τοῖον Ὑδάσπην,
θνητὸς ἀνὴρ ἔφλεξε, τὸν οὐράνιος τέκετο Ζεύς."
Ὣς φαμένη πεπότητο δι' αἰθέρος· ἡ δὲ σιωπῇ
γείτονα Καυκασίης ὑπὸ φωλάδα πέζαν ἐρίπνης
φρικτὸν ἀμειψαμένη μελέων ὀφιώδεα μορφήν,
γλαυκὴ φυὴν ἰκέλη μένεν αὐτόθι, μέχρι νοήσῃ
Ζῆνα μέγαν κνώσσοντα· τὰ γὰρ φάτο κοίρανος Ἥρη.

75 Hera then shot away with stormwinged shoe: three strides she made, and the fourth brought her to Ganges.[a] She pointed out to unsmiling Megaira the crowd of dead Indians, the sweat of the army and the prowess of Dionysos. When the Fury beheld the deathdealing feats of Lyaios, her jealous heart was furious even more than heavenly Hera. Then Hera was glad; and with a grim laugh she addressed the snakyhaired goddess in despondent voice:

83 "See how the young kings of Olympos triumph! See how the bastards of Zeus ply the spear! Zeus has been delivered of one son from Semele, that he may destroy all the Indians in a mass, the gentle innocents! Let Zeus the lawbreaker learn, and Bacchos, how great is the strength of Megaira! For shame—what a lawless mind has Zeus ruling on high! He never attacks the lawbreaking Tyrsenians, because they learn thieves' laws of violence, and sail the Sicilian Sea in their unfriendly ships, and rob other men of their own. He slew not the impious tribe of Dryopes, where life is sharp steel and murder; but he did slay the Indians whose heart is set on piety, whom famous Themis herself, I think, nursed at her breast. For shame—what a lawless mind he has! when a mortal man has set on fire immortal Hydaspes, so noble and so great, a mortal man has set on fire him whose father was heavenly Zeus!"

98 With these words, she flew away through the upper air; and silently in a cave of the neighbouring Caucasian cliff, Megaira cast off the terrible serpent shape, and waited there in the form of an owl until she should see great Zeus fast asleep, for that was Queen Hera's command.

[a] Imitated from *Il.* xiii. 20.

Αὐτὴ δὲ Χρεμέταο μετήιεν Ἕσπερον ὕδωρ
Ἥρη μητιόωσα, γέρων βαρὺς ὀππόθι κάμνει
οὐρανίῃ στροφάλιγγι Λίβυς κυρτούμενος Ἄτλας,
καὶ Ζεφύρου δυσέρωτος ἐδίζετο σύγγαμον Ἶριν,
Ζηνὸς ἐπειγομένοιο διάκτορον, ὄφρα τελέσσῃ
ἠερόθεν σκιόεντι ποδήνεμον ἄγγελον Ὕπνῳ.
τὴν δὲ καλεσσαμένη φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·
"Ἶρις, ἀεξιφύτου Ζεφύρου χρυσόπτερε νύμφη,
εὔλοχε μῆτερ Ἔρωτος, ἀελλήεντι πεδίλῳ
σπεῦδε μολεῖν ζοφόεντος ἐς Ἑσπέριον δόμον Ὕπνου·
δίζεο καὶ περὶ Λῆμνον ἁλίκτυπον· εἰ δέ μιν εὕρῃς,
λέξον, ἵνα Κρονίωνος ἀθελγέος ὄμματα θέλξῃ
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν, ὅπως Ἰνδοῖσιν ἀρήξω.
ἀλλὰ δέμας μετάμειβε, μελανζώνου δὲ θεαίνης
μορφὴν Νυκτὸς ἔχουσα δυσειδέα μητέρος Ὕπνου
γίνεο κυανέη ψευδώνυμος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἀντιτύποις μελέεσσιν, ὅτε χρέος ἐστὶν ἀνάγκης,
εἰς Θέμιν, εἰς Κυθέρειαν, ἐς Ἄρτεμιν εἶδος ἀμείβω.
Πασιθέης δ' ὑμέναιον ὑπόσχεο, τῆς διὰ κάλλος
ἱμείρων ἀνύσειεν ἐμὸν χρέος· οὔ σε διδάξω,
ὅττι γυναιμανέων τις ἐπ' ἐλπίδι πάντα τελέσσει."
Ὡς φαμένης πεπότητο θεὰ χρυσόπτερος Ἶρις
ἠέρα παπταίνουσα, καὶ εἰς Πάφον,
εἰς χθόνα Κύπρου
ἁπλανὲς ὄμμα τίταινε, τὸ δὲ πλέον ὑψόθι Βύβλου
Ἀσσυρίου σκοπίαζεν Ἀδώνιδος εὔγαμον ὕδωρ,
διζομένη περίφοιτον ἀλήμονος ἴχνιον Ὕπνου.
εὗρε δέ μιν γαμίοιο παρὰ κλέτας Ὀρχομενοῖο·

103 Hera herself made her way brooding to the waters of Chremetes [a] in the west, where that afflicted ancient, Libyan Atlas, wearily bends under the whirling heavens ; and she sought out the wife of jealous Zephyros,[b] Iris, the messenger of Zeus when he is in a hurry—for she wished to send her swift as the wind from heaven with a message for shadowy Sleep. She called Iris then, and coaxed her with friendly words :

110 " Iris, goldenwing bride of plantnourishing Zephyros, happy mother of Love ! [c] Hasten with stormshod foot to the home of gloomy Sleep in the west. Seek also about seagirt Lemnos, and if you find him tell him to charm the eyes of Zeus uncharmable for one day, that I may help the Indians. But change your shape, take the ugly form of Sleep's mother the blackgirdled goddess Night ; take a false name and become darkness, since I also change my limbs into the aspect of Themis, of Cythereia, of Artemis when need compels. Promise him Pasithea for his bride, and let him do my need from desire of her beauty. I need not tell you that one lovesick will do anything for hope."

124 At these words, Iris goldenwing flew away, peering through the air. To Paphos, to the land of Cyprus she directed her unwavering eye ; most of all she gazed above Byblos, on the wedding water of Assyrian Adonis,[d] seeking the wandering track of vagrant Sleep. She found him on the slopes of

[a] In N.-W. Africa, probably the Senegal.

[b] Yet again an allusion to Hyacinthos, whose legend is a positive obsession to Nonnos.

[c] So Alcaios, frag. 8 Diehl ; usually Eros is Aphrodite's son.

[d] See xx. 144.

κεῖθι γὰρ αὖτις ἔμιμνε νοοπλανὲς ἴχνος ἑλίσσων,
Πασιθέης ἐρόεντα παρὰ προπύλαια θαμίζων.
Καὶ δέμας ἀλλάξασα μετάτροπον ἄσκοπος Ἶρις
κυανέης ἄγνωστον ἐδύσατο Νυκτὸς ὀπωπήν·
Ὕπνου δ' ἐγγὺς ἴκανε δολοπλόκος· οἷα δὲ μήτηρ
κλεψιούροις ὀάροις ἀπατήλιον ἴαχε φωνήν·
" Τέκνον ἐμόν, τέο μέχρις ἐμὲ Κρονίδης ἀθερίζει;
οὐχ ἅλις, ὡς Φαέθων με βιάζεται, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
Ὄρθρος ἀκοντίζει με καὶ ἠριγένεια διώκει;
Ζεὺς νόθον υἷα φύτευσεν, ὅπως ἐμὸν Ὕπνον ἐλέγξῃ.
εἰς βροτὸς αἰσχύνει με καὶ υἱέα· παννύχιος γὰρ
μυστιπόλῳ σπινθῆρι φεραυγέα δαλὸν ἀνάπτων
Βάκχος ἀμαλδύνει με, καὶ ἐγρήσσων σε χαλέπτει.
Ὕπνε, τί πανδαμάτωρ κικλήσκεαι; οὐκέτι θέλγεις
ἀνέρας ἐγρήσσοντας, ὅτι χθονίοιο Λυαίου
κῶμον ἐμὸν νίκησε νόθον σέλας· ἡμετέρων γὰρ
φαιδροτέραις δαΐδεσσι κατακρύπτει φλόγας ἄστρων.
εἰς βροτὸς αἰσχύνει με φαεσφόρος, ὅττι καλύπτει,
καὶ μεγάλην περ ἐοῦσαν, ἐμῆς ἀκτῖνα Σελήνης.
ἄζομαι ἠριγένειαν ἐπεγγελόωσαν Ὁμίχλῃ,
ὅττι νόθον μεθέπω νύχιον σέλας· ἀλλοτρίῳ γὰρ
ποιητῷ Φαέθοντι φαείνομαι ἠματίη Νύξ.
ἀλλὰ σύ μοι, φίλε κοῦρε, χολώεο δίζυγι θεσμῷ
μυστιπόλοις Σατύροισι καὶ ἀγρύπνῳ Διονύσῳ·
δὸς χάριν ἀχνυμένῃ σέο μητέρι, δὸς χάριν Ἥρῃ,
καὶ Διὸς ὑψιμέδοντος ἀθελγέα θέλξον ὀπωπὴν
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν, ὅπως Ἰνδοῖσιν ἀρήξῃ,
οὓς Σάτυροι κλονέουσι καὶ εἰσέτι Βάκχος ὀρίνει.
Ὕπνε, τί πανδαμάτωρ κικλήσκεαι; ἦν ἐθελήσῃς,

---

[a] Does it mean that it was the city of his hoped-for bride, the Charites being the goddesses of Orchomenos?

nuptial Orchomenos[a]; for there he delayed again and trailed his distracted foot, a frequent visitor at the door of his beloved Pasithea.

132 Then Iris changed her shape, and all unseen she put on the look of dark Night unrecognizable. She came near to Sleep, weaving guile; and in his mother's guise uttered her deceitful speech in cajoling whispers:

136 "My child, how long is Cronides to despise me? Is it not enough that Phaëthon does me violence, that Morning shoots me, and Dawn pursues me? Zeus has got a bastard son, just to confound my dear Sleep! One mortal by himself insults me and my son: all night long Bacchos destroys me, and provokes you, by keeping wide awake and kindling his blazing torch with mystic sparks. Why are you named All-vanquisher, Sleep? No longer you charm wakeful men, now that the spurious gleam of earthborn Lyaios has conquered my revels—for he hides the flames of my stars by brighter torches of his own. One mortal by himself insults me, a new Lightbringer who covers the beams of my Moon great as they are. I am shamed before Day when she mocks at darkness, because I have a false brightness in the night: for a foreign unnatural Sun makes me shine as if night were day. O my dear son! you must resent this on two counts—resist the mystical Satyrs, resist Dionysos the sleepless! Grant this boon to your sorrowful mother, grant this boon to Hera, and charm the charmproof eye of Zeus in the Highest, just for one day, that she may help the Indians whom the Satyrs scatter in rout and still Bacchos harries.

158 "O Sleep, why are you named Allvanquisher? If it be your pleasure, pray turn your eye, and you

τρέψον ἐμοὶ τεὸν ὄμμα, καὶ ἑπταπύλῳ παρὰ Θήβῃ
πάννυχον ἐγρήσσοντα πάλιν Κρονίωνα νοήσεις·
λῦσον ἀτασθαλίην ἀδίκου Διός· Ἀμφιτρύων μὲν
νόσφιν ἑοῦ θαλάμοιο σιδηροχίτων μετανάστης
μάρναται· Ἀλκμήνῃ δὲ παρέζεται ἐνδόμυχος Ζεύς,
νυμφιδίην ἀκόρητος ἔχων τρισέληνον ὁμίχλην.
μὴ Διὸς ἐγρήσσοντος ἴδω καὶ νύκτα τετάρτην.
ἀλλά, τέκος, Κρονίωνι κορύσσεο, μὴ πάλιν ἄλλην,
μὴ πάλιν ἐννεάκυκλον ἀναπλήσειεν ὁμίχλην.
Μνημοσύνης προτέρης μιμνήσκεο· τῇ παριαύων
ἐννέα νύκτας ἔμιμνεν, ἔχων ἄγρυπνον ὀπωπήν,
οἶστρον ἔχων πολύτεκνον ἀκοιμήτων ὑμεναίων.
παιδαμάτωρ θεὸς ἄλλος ὁμόπτερος, εἴκελος Ὕπνῳ,
βαιὸς Ἔρως, Κρονίδην ὀλίγῳ νίκησε βελέμνῳ.
Γηγενέων δ' ἐλέαιρε γονὴν μελανόχροον Ἰνδῶν·
δὸς χάριν· ὑμετέρης γὰρ ὁμόχροές εἰσι τεκούσης·
ῥύεο κυανέους, κυανόπτερε· μηδὲ χαλέψῃς
Γαῖαν ἐμοῦ γενετῆρος ὁμήλικα, τῆς ἄπο μούνης
πάντες ἀνεβλάστησαν, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου.
μὴ τρομέοις Κρονίδην, ὅτε σύγγαμος ἵλαος Ἥρῃ·
μὴ τρομέοις Σεμέλην, ἣν ἔφλεγεν αὐτὸς ἀκοίτης.
οὐ στεροπὴ πυρόεσσα δυνήσεται ἰσοφαρίζειν,
οὐ βροντὴ βαρύδουπος ἀρασσομένων νεφελάων·
μοῦνον ἐμοὶ πτερὰ πάλλε, καὶ ἀκλινέων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
μίμνει Ζεὺς ἀτίνακτος,
ὅσον χρόνον, Ὕπνε, κελεύεις.
ἔκλυον, ὡς ποθέεις Χαρίτων μίαν· ἀλλ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
οἶστρον ἔχων θαλάμοιο φυλάσσεο, μηδὲ χαλέψῃς
μητέρα Πασιθέης, ζυγίην θαλαμηπόλον Ἥρην.

---

[a] i.e. Zeus was begetting Heracles. That night was, by miracle, of thrice the usual length.

shall perceive Cronion wakeful once again through the night in sevengate Thebes. Make an end of the wantonness of Zeus Lawbreaker! Amphitryon is far from his bridal chamber, steelclad and in the battle; Zeus makes himself at home by the side of Alcmena, enjoying insatiate three moons of bridal darkness! Let me not see Zeus yet wakeful for a fourth night.[a]

166 "Nay, my son, arm you against Cronion—let him not have more darkness, nine full circles more! Remember Mnemosyne [b] in the old time before us; how he lay by her side for nine whole nights, with eyes ever wakeful, full of passion for many children in that unresting bridal. Another allvanquishing god, winged like Sleep, little Love, conquered Cronides with a tiny dart.

173 "Pity the blackskin nation of earthborn Indians! Grant this boon—for they have the same colour as your mother—save the black ones, O Blackwing! Do not provoke Earth, my father's agemate,[c] from whom alone we are all sprung, we who dwell in Olympos. Tremble not before Zeus, when his consort Hera is favourable: tremble not before Semele, whom her own bedfellow burnt up. No fiery lightning can equal you, no loud thunderclaps from the bursting clouds: do but flap me your wings, and Zeus lies immovable on unshaken bed, so long as you command him, Sleep! I have heard that you want one of the Graces; then if you have in your heart an itch for her bedchamber, have a care! Do not provoke Pasithea's mother, Hera the handmaid of wedded love! And if you dwell with

[b] Mother of the nine Muses.

[c] Night is daughter of Chaos, and Chaos and Earth were the first of beings, see Hesiod, *Theog.* 116-123.

εἰ δὲ σὺ ναιετάεις παρὰ Τηθύι Λευκάδα πέτρην,
Δηριάδῃ χραίσμησον, ὃν ἤροσεν Ἰνδὸς Ὑδάσπης·
γείτονι πιστὰ φύλαξον, ἐπεὶ τεὸς ἠχέτα γείτων
Ὠκεανὸς κελάδων προπάτωρ πέλε Δηριαδῆος."
Ὣς φαμένη παρέπεισε. καὶ οἷά τε μητρὸς ἀκούων
Ὕπνος ἀνεπτοίητο, καὶ ὤμοσεν ὄμματα θέλγειν
Ζηνὸς ἀκοιμήτοιο καὶ εἰς τριτάτης δρόμον Ἠοῦς·
ἀλλά μιν ἤτεεν Ἶρις, ἵνα Κρονίωνα πεδήσῃ
ὑπνώειν ἕνα μοῦνον ἐπὶ δρόμον ἠριγενείης.
αὐτόθι δ' Ὕπνος ἔμιμνε, δεδεγμένος εὔγαμον ὥρην.
Καὶ ταχινὴ πεπότητο θεὰ παλινόστιμος Ἶρις·
σπερχομένη δ' ἤγγειλεν ἀμεμφέα μῦθον ἀνάσσῃ.
Ἡ δὲ θυελλήεντι δι' ἠέρος ἵπτατο ταρσῷ,
καὶ δόλον ἔπλεκεν ἄλλον, ὅπως Διὸς ἐγγύθεν ἔλθῃ
κεστὸν ἀερτάζουσα, πόθου θελξίφρονα μίτρην.
καὶ Παφίην μάστευεν· ὑπὲρ Λιβάνοιο δὲ μούνην
Ἀσσυρίην ἐκίχησεν ἐρημαίην Ἀφροδίτην
ἐζομένην· Χάριτες γὰρ ἐς ἄνθεα ποικίλα κήπων
εἱαριναὶ στέλλοντο, χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο,
ἡ μὲν ἀμεργομένη Κίλικα κρόκον, ἡ δὲ κομίζειν
βάλσαμον ἱμείρουσα καὶ Ἰνδῴου δονακῆος
φυταλίην, ἑτέρη δὲ ῥόδων εὐώδεα ποίην.
Θαμβαλέη δ' ἀδόκητος ἑῶν ἀνεπήλατο δίφρων,
ὡς Διὸς εἶδε δάμαρτα, Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη·
ἀχνυμένην δ' ὁρόωσα πολύτροπον ἴαχε φωνήν·
"Ἥρη, Ζηνὸς ἄκοιτι, τί σοι χλοάουσι παρειαί;
τίπτε τεαί, βασίλεια, κατηφέες εἰσὶν ὀπωπαί;
ἦ ῥα πάλιν πέλεν ὄμβρος ἐπίκλοπος ὑέτιος Ζεύς;
μὴ πάλιν ἔπλετο ταῦρος ἐν ὕδασιν ὑγρὸς ὀδίτης;

Tethys by the Leucadian Rock, do help Deriades the son of Indian Hydaspes: be true to a neighbour, for resounding Ocean your loud-voiced neighbour was an ancestor of Deriades."

191 With this appeal, she won his consent. Then Sleep as one obeying a mother started up, and swore to charm the eyes of unresting Zeus even until the third dawn should come; but Iris begged him to fasten Cronion with slumber for the course of one day only. There Sleep remained, awaiting the happy season of marriage.

197 Then goddess Iris returned flying at speed, and hastened to deliver her welcome message to her queen.

199 But Hera flew through the air on stormswift sole, and wove another plan, to visit Zeus carrying the cestus, that mindcharming girdle of desire. She sought for the Paphian; and found Assyrian Aphrodite seated in a solitary spot upon Libanos, alone, for the Graces, those dancers of Orchomenos, had been sent away to gather the various flowers of spring in the gardens—one to gather Cilician crocus, one eager to bring balsam and sprouts of the Indian reed, another for the fragrant petals of the rose.

209 Wondering and startled, Aphrodite the daughter of Zeus leapt up from her seat, when she saw the consort of Zeus in sorrow; and the wily creature cried out—

212 "Hera, queen of Zeus! why are your cheeks pale! Why are your eyes downcast, my queen? Can it be that Rainy Zeus has once more become a shower of deceit?[a] Has he become a bull again, a drenched wayfarer in the waters? What second

[a] As with Danaë.

τις πάλιν Εὐρώπη σε βιάζεται; ἠὲ τίς ἄλλη
Ἀντιόπη Νυκτῆος ἀναινομένου γενετῆρος
ψευδαλέου Σατύρου λασίῃ νυμφεύεται εὐνῇ;
μὴ νέος εἰς γάμον ἄλλον ἐπείγεται ἵππος ἐχέφρων,
μιμηλοῖς στομάτεσσι νόθον χρεμετισμὸν ἰάλλων;
μὴ Σεμέλην ἑτέρην λοχίῳ μνηστεύσατο πυρσῷ
καὶ στεροπὴν ἐλέλιζε κυβερνήτειραν Ἐρώτων;
μὴ δαμάλης ἐπὶ λέκτρον ἐυκραίροιο χορεύει
μυκηθμὸν προχέων φιλοτήσιον; ἦν ἐθελήσῃς,
Ζηνὸς ὀπιπευτῆρα βοοσκόπον ἄλλον ἐγείρω,
βουκόλον ἀγρύπνοις κεχαραγμένον Ἄργον ὀπωπαῖς.
εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένῃ, καὶ ὅσον σθένος ἐστίν, ἀρήξω."

Ὡς φαμένην δολόεντι θεὰ προσπτύξατο μύθῳ·
"Κύπρι θεά, θνητοῖσιν ἐάσομεν οὐδας Ὀλύμπου·
Ζεὺς Σεμέλην ἐς Ὄλυμπον ἀνήγαγε, μητέρα Βάκχου,
ἄξει καὶ Διόνυσον ἐς αἰθέρα. τίς δόμος Ἥρην
δέξεται; ἢ τίνα χῶρον ἐλεύσομαι; αἰδέομαι δέ,
μὴ Σεμέλην ἐσίδοιμι νόθην βασίλειαν Ὀλύμπου.
δείδια, μὴ ζοφόεντος ἴδω δόμον Ἰαπετοῖο,
μή με λαβὼν ἐλάσειε μετὰ Κρόνον ἐκτὸς Ὀλύμπου.
δείδια, μὴ μετὰ γαῖαν ἐν αἰθέρι νέκταρ ἐλέγχων
ἄμπελον, ἣν καλέουσι, καὶ ἐν μακάρεσσι φυτεύσῃ.
μή ποτε τοῦτο γένοιτο, Δίκη καὶ Γαῖα καὶ Ὕδωρ.
κλήματα μὴ κομίσειεν ἐς αἰθέρα, μὴ χάριν οἴνης
οὐρανὸν ἀμπελόεντα μετ' ἀστερόεντα καλέσσω,

---

[a] Zeus loved Antiope, daughter of Nycteus of Thebes, and she bore him Amphion and Zethos. That he came to her disguised as a Satyr must have been stated in some lost poem, for it is mentioned by Ovid, *Met.* vi. 110, as well as here.

Europa is disturbing you ? Is there another Antiope [a] in the hairy embrace of a sham Satyr, although Nycteus her father forbids ? Is there a new horse [b] with a mind in him hasting to another bridal, while he lets out a false whinny between mimicking lips ? Has he wooed another Semele with birthdelivering brand, and cast his lightning to show the way for love ? Does he dance to the bed of some pretty-horned heifer [c] while he utters a loving moo ? Well, if you like, you can find up another cowkeeper to spy upon Zeus, a herdsman Argos, tattooed with unsleeping eyes ! Answer my questions, and I will help all I can."

228 The goddess greeted her kindly with deceitful words :

229 " Cypris goddess, we must leave the ground of Olympos for mortals. Zeus has brought to Olympos Semele the mother of Bacchos, and he will bring Dionysos himself to heaven. What mansion will receive Hera ? To what place shall I go ? I am ashamed lest I behold Semele, the usurping queen of Olympos. I fear he may take me and drive me out of Olympos like Cronos, and I may have to see the dark house of Iapetos.[d] I fear he may shame the nectar, and bring from earth what they call the vine, to plant it in heaven even among the Blessed.

240 " O Justice, O Earth, O Water, let this never be ! May he never bring its twigs to heaven ! that I should speak of the Viny Sky instead of the Starry Sky, in honour of the grape ! that I should

[b] The shape in which Zeus begat Peirithoös on Dia, schol. on Hom. *Il.* i. 263.

[c] *i.e.* has he found a new Io ?

[d] One of the Titans who fell with Cronos.

μηδὲ πίω ποτὸν ἄλλο μετὰ γλυκὺ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου.
δείδια, μὴ μενέχαρμον ἴδω μεθύουσαν Ἀθήνην,
μὴ δόρυ κουφίσσειεν ἐπ' Ἄρεϊ καὶ Κυθερείῃ,
μὴ σφαλερῇ ῥαθάμιγγι νοοσφαλέος Διονύσου
αἰθέρι τολμήεσσαν ἀναστήσωσιν Ἐννὼ
ἀστέρες οἰνοπλῆγες ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι μανέντες,
μή ποτε βακχευθέντες ὅλοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου
ὄργια μιμήσαιντο φερεσσακέων Κορυβάντων.
οὐχ ἅλις αἰσχος ἐκεῖνο θεοστυγές, ὅττι δοκεύω
Τρώιον ἠβητῆρα, Διὸς δρηστῆρα κυπέλλων,
οὐρανὸν αἰσχύνοντα καὶ οἰνοχόον Διὸς Ἥβην,
χερσὶν ἐπιχθονίῃσιν ὅτε γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἀφύσσει;
αἰδομένη δ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐλεύσομαι· ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
αἰθέρα καλλείψω, Γανυμήδεϊ καὶ Διονύσῳ·
αἰθέρα καλλείψω, Σεμέλης δόμον. εἷς δόμος ἔστω
οὐρανὸς ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ Περσέι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
ἴξομαι εἰς ἐμὸν Ἄργος, ἐς ἀγλαὸν ἄστυ Μυκήνης,
ἐν χθονὶ ναιετάουσα· σὺν ἀχνυμένῃ δὲ τεκούσῃ
ἔσπεται αὐτὸς Ἄρης, σέο νυμφίος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
Σπάρτης σῆς ἐπίβηθι, καὶ εὐθώρηκα δεχέσθω
χαλκείῳ σὺν Ἄρηι χολωομένην Ἀφροδίτην.
οἶδα, πόθεν μεθέπω τάδε πήματα· πατρὸς Ἐρινὺς
ὕβριν ἀπαιτίζει με βιαζομένοιο τοκῆος,
ὅττι Κρόνου γενετῆρος ἐπιβρίθουσα κυδοιμῷ
σὺν Διὶ μαρναμένῳ Τιτηνιὰς ἔχραεν Ἥρῃ·
καλὸν ἐμοί, Διόνυσον ἰδεῖν κατὰ μέσσον Ὀλύμπου
ἥμενον ἐγγὺς Ἔρωτος, ὁμέστιον ἀφρογενείῃ,
αἰγίδα κουφίζοντα μετὰ Κρονίδην καὶ Ἀθήνην.
ἀλλά, θεά, χραίσμησον, ἐμῆς δ' ἐπίκουρον ἀνίης
δός μοι κεστὸν ἱμάντα, τεὴν πανθελγέα μίτρην,

ever quaff another drink after the sweet nectar of Olympos! I fear to see warlike Athena drunken, shaking her spear against Ares and Cythereia—the stars wineshotten and maddened against each other, arousing reckless battle in heaven with the staggering drops of mindshaking Dionysos—all that dwell in Olympos infuriated, and mimicking the revels of carryshield Corybants!

252 "Is it not shame enough, an impious thing, that I see the Trojan boy cup-lackey to Zeus, disgracing heaven and Hebe cupbearer of Zeus, when he ladles sweet nectar with human hands? Yes, I will go in my shame to earth; heaven I will leave to those two, Ganymedes and Dionysos—heaven I will leave, the home of Semele! Let heaven be common home for those two, Perseus and Dionysos. I will retire to my Argos, to the glorious city of Mycene, and I will settle on earth. With his unhappy mother will go Ares himself, your bridegroom. Come yourself too, and set foot in your Sparta, and let Sparta receive corseleted [a] Aphrodite in her anger along with brazen Ares.

264 "I know where I get these troubles from. My father's Avenger demands bloodprice from me for violence done to a father, because Hera the Titan's daughter took strong part in the war against Cronos her father and helped Zeus in his fight. A fine thing for me to see Dionysos sitting in the midst of Olympos beside Eros, at the same table as the Foamborn,[b] bearing the aegis once borne by Cronides and Athena. Help me, goddess, I pray! Lend me to aid my need your cestus band, your allcharming belt,

[a] Ἐνόπλιος, the famous Armed Aphrodite of Sparta.
[b] Aphrodite.

εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν, ὅπως Διὸς ὄμματα θέλξω,
καὶ Διὸς ὑπνώοντος ἐμοῖς Ἰνδοῖσιν ἀρήξω.
δισσὴ ἐγὼ γενόμην ἑκυρὴ σέθεν· ἡμετέρου γὰρ
υἱέος Ἡφαίστοιο καὶ Ἄρεος ἔπλεο νύμφη.
δὸς χάριν ὀψιτέλεστον, ἐπεὶ κυανόχροες Ἰνδοὶ
ξεινοδόκοι γεγάασιν Ἐρυθραίης Ἀφροδίτης,
οἷς κοτέων Διόνυσος ἐπέχραεν, οἷσι καὶ αὐτὸς
θηλυμανὴς ἄστοργος ἐχώσατο παιδοτόκος Ζεύς,
καὶ στεροπὴν ἐλέλιξε συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ·
δός μοι κεστὸν ἱμάντα βοηθόον, ᾧ ἔνι μούνῳ
θέλγεις εἰν ἑνὶ πάντα· καὶ ἄξιός εἰμι φορῆσαι,
ὡς ζυγίη γεγαυῖα καὶ ὡς συνάεθλος Ἐρώτων."

just for one day—that I may charm the eyes of Zeus, and while Zeus slumbers I may help my Indians. I am twice your goodmother, for you have been bride of my Hephaistos and Ares both. Grant this boon at last ; for the blackskin Indians have always hospitably entertained Erythraian Aphrodite, and these Indians Dionysos has assailed in his fury, on these Indians Zeus has wreaked his anger—Zeus the womanmad, the heartless, Zeus the bearer of children, he has battled for Dionysos and cast his lightnings upon them ! Lend me your cestus band to help, with which alone you charm all in one ! I am worthy to wear it, patroness of wedlock [a] and fellow-helper of the Loves."

[a] *Ζυγίη*, She of the Yoke (of wedlock), is one of her titles, as marriage-goddess, the Latin Iuno Iugaria.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ τῷ δευτέρῳ εἰσὶ κυδοιμοὶ
καὶ Διὸς ὑπναλέοιο λέχος καὶ λύσσα Λυαίου.

Ὡς φαμένη παρέπεισε· δολοφράδμων δ' Ἀφροδίτη
πείθετο κερδοσύνῃσιν, ἀνειρύσσασα δὲ κόλπου
Ἥρῃ δῶρον ἔδωκε θελήμονι κεστὸν Ἐρώτων.
καί τινα μῦθον ἔλεξε χάριν θελκτῆρος ἱμάντος·
" Δέχνυσο τοῦτον ἱμάντα, τεῆς ἐπίκουρον ἀνίης· 5
θέλξεις δ' εἰν ἑνὶ πάντα πόθων ἰθύντορι κεστῷ,
Ἥλιον καὶ Ζῆνα καὶ αἰθέρα καὶ χορὸν ἄστρων·
καὶ ῥόον ἀστήρικτον ἀτέρμονος Ὠκεανοῖο."
Εἶπε, καὶ Ἀσσυρίην Λιβανηΐδα δύσατο πέτρην.
Ἥρη δ' ἀστερόφοιτον ἐδύσατο κύκλον Ὀλύμπου, 10
καὶ ταχινὴ πάνλευκον ἐὴν ἐπεκόσμεε μορφήν·
πολλάκι δ' ἰσάζουσα καθειμένον ἄχρι μετώπου
πλαζομένης ἔστησε μετήλυδα βότρυν ἐθείρης· 13
καὶ πλεκτὴν θυόεντι κόμην ἐδίηνεν ἐλαίῳ, 16
τοῦ καὶ κινυμένοιο μετ' αἰθέρα καὶ μετὰ πόντον
γαῖαν ὅλην ἐμέθυσσε μύρου δολιχόσκιος ὀδμή.
καὶ κεφαλῇ στέφος εἶχε παναίολον, ᾧ ἔνι πολλαὶ
λυχνίδες ἦσαν, Ἔρωτος ὁμόστολοι, ὧν ἄπο πέμπει 20
φαιδρὰ τινασσομένων ἀμαρύγματα Κυπριδίη φλόξ·
εἶχε δὲ πέτρον ἐκεῖνον, ὃς ἀνέρας εἰς πόθον ἕλκει,
οὔνομα φαιδρὸν ἔχοντα ποθοβλήτοιο Σελήνης,

BOOK XXXII

In the thirty-second are battles, and the bed of sleeping Zeus, and the madness of Bacchos.

APHRODITE was won. The mistress of wiles obeyed the cunning request, and drawing the cestus up from her bosom she bestowed it upon willing Hera, and thus she spoke and described the witchery of the strap:

5 "Accept this strap to help your trouble. You shall charm all in one with this cestus, the guide to all desire—Sun and Zeus and the company of stars, and the evermoving stream of boundless Ocean."

9 This said, she plunged beneath the rocks of Assyrian Libanos. But Hera passed to the star-scattered circle of Olympos. Quickly she decked out her allwhite body. Often she guided the straying clusters of floating hair and arranged them in even rows down to her forehead; she touched up the plaits with sweetscented oil—stir it, and the farspreading scent of the unguent intoxicates heaven and sea and the whole earth. She put on her head a coronet of curious work, set with many rubies, the servants of love; when they move, the Cyprian flame sends out bright sparklings. She wore also that stone which draws man to desire, which has the bright name of the desire-struck Moon; and the stone which is en-

καὶ λίθον ἰμείρουσαν ἐρωτοτόκοιο σιδήρου,
καὶ λίθον Ἰνδώην φιλοτήσιον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἐξ ὑδάτων βλάστησεν ὁμόγνιος ἀφρογενείης,
κυανέην θ' ὑάκινθον, ἐράσμιον εἰσέτι Φοίβῳ·
ἀμφὶ δ' ἑοῖς πλοκάμοισιν ἐρωτίδα δήσατο ποίην,
ἣν φιλέει Κυθέρεια καὶ ὡς ῥόδον, ὡς ἀνεμώνην,
καὶ φορέει μέλλουσα μιγήμεναι υἱέι Μύρρης·
καὶ λαγόνας στεφανηδὸν ἀήθεϊ δήσατο κεστῷ·
εἶχε δὲ ποικίλον εἶμα παλαίτατον, ᾧ χύτο νύμφης
κρυπταδίῃ φιλότητι κασιγνήτων ὑμεναίων
νυμφίον ἀρχαίης ἔτι λείψανον αἷμα κορείης,
κουριδίης φιλότητος ἵνα μνήσειεν ἀκοίτην·
νιψαμένη δὲ μέτωπα καλύψατο νώροπι πέπλῳ,
καὶ περόνην συνέεργεν, ἑοῦ κληῖδα χιτῶνος·
καὶ δέμας ἀσκήσασα καὶ ἀθρήσασα κατόπτρῳ
ὡς πτερὸν ἠὲ νόημα δι' αἰθέρος ἔδραμεν Ἥρη.

Καὶ Διὸς ἐγγὺς ἵκανεν· ἰδὼν δέ μιν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
θερμοτέρους ἐς Ἔρωτας ἰμάσσετο κέντορι κεστῷ·
καὶ Διὸς εἰσορόωντος ἐδουλώθησαν ὀπωπαί·
καί μιν ὀπιπεύων Κρονίδης ἐξείρετο μύθῳ·

"Ἥρη, τίπτε βέβηκας Ἑώιον εἰς κλίμα γαίης;
τίς χρειώ σε κόμιζε; τί σήμερον ἐνθάδε βαίνεις;
ἦ ῥα πάλιν κοτέουσα κορύσσεαι οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ,
καὶ ποθέεις Ἰνδοῖσιν ὑπερφιάλοισιν ἀρῆξαι;"

Ἔννεπε· καὶ γελόωντι νόῳ πολυμήχανος Ἥρη
ζηλομανὴς ἀγόρευε παραιφαμένη παρακοίτην·

---

[a] Lodestone. [b] Pearl?

[c] Probably myrtle, which is often associated with the rose, and it is of course associated with Myrrha. *Cf.* Pausanias

amoured of iron the loveproducing[a]; and the Indian stone of love,[b] offspring itself of the waters and akin to the Foamborn; and the deep blue sapphire still beloved of Phoibos. About her hair she twined that herb[c] of passion which Cythereia loves as much as the rose, as much as the anemone, which she wears when she is about to mingle her love with Myrrha's son.[d] She bound the unaccustomed cestus about and about her flanks[e]; but the embroidered robe she wore was her oldest, still bearing the bloodmarks of maidenhead left from her bridal, to remind her bedfellow of their first love when she came to her brother a virgin in that secret union. She washed her face, and wrapt about her a shining robe and clasped it with a brooch to lock up her tunic. Having thus adorned herself and surveyed all in the mirror, Hera sped through the air, swift as a bird, swift as a thought.[f]

38 She came near to Zeus. And when Zeus Highest and Mightiest saw her, the goading cestus whipt him to hotter love. As Zeus looked upon her, his eyes were enslaved, and staring hard Cronides spoke these words:

42 "O Hera, why have you come to this eastern clime? What need has brought you? Why are you here to-day? Are you again full of wrath and armed against Bacchos of the vine? Do you desire to help those overweening Indians?"

46 He spoke, and crafty Hera with laughing heart, yet mad with jealousy, answered, deluding her husband:

vi. 24. 6 ἔχουσι δὲ ἡ μὲν αὐτῶν [the Charites] ῥόδον, ἀστράγαλον δὲ ἡ μέση, καὶ ἡ τρίτη κλῶνα οὐ μέγαν μυρσίνης.

[a] Adonis.

[e] She wore it as a *strophion*, the ancient equivalent of stays.

[f] Hom. *Od.* vii. 36.

" Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἄλλος ἔχει με φίλος δρόμος·
οὐ γὰρ ἱκάνω
Ἄρεος Ἰνδῴοιο καὶ Ἰνδοφόνου Διονύσου
ἀλλοτρίας μεθέπουσα μεληδόνας, ἀντολίης δὲ
γείτονος Ἠελίοιο μετέρχομαι αἴθοπας αὐλὰς
σπερχομένη· πτερόεις γὰρ Ἔρως παρὰ Τηθύος ὕδωρ
Ὠκεανιάδος Ῥοδόπης δεδονημένος οἴστρῳ
συζυγίην ἀπέειπε· καὶ ἔπλετο κόσμος ἀλήτης,
καὶ βίος ἀχρήιστος ἀποιχομένων ὑμεναίων·
τοῦτον ἐγὼ καλέουσα παλίνδρομος ἐνθάδε βαίνω·
οἶσθα γάρ, ὡς Ζυγίη κικλήσκομαι, ὅττι καὶ αὐτῆς
χεῖρες ἐμαὶ κρατέουσι τελεσσιγόνου τοκετοῖο."
Τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσαν ἀμείβετο θερμὸς ἀκοίτης·
" Νύμφα φίλη, λίπε δῆριν· ἐμὸς Διόνυσος ἀγήνωρ
ἀμώων προθέλυμνον ἀβακχεύτων γένος Ἰνδῶν
χαιρέτω· ἀμφοτέρους δὲ γαμήλια λέκτρα δεχέσθω·
οὐ γὰρ ἐπιχθονίης ἀλόχου πόθος, οὐδὲ θεαίνης
θυμὸν ἐμὸν θελκτῆρι τόσον βακχεύσατο κεστῷ . . .
οὐδ' ὅτε Τηϋγέτης Ἀτλαντίδος, ἧς ἀπὸ λέκτρων
πρεσβυγενὴς πολιοῦχος ἀεξήθη Λακεδαίμων·
οὐ τόσον ἠρασάμην Νιόβης παρὰ γείτονι Λέρνῃ,
κούρης ἀρχεγόνοιο Φορωνέος· οὐ τόσον Ἰοῦς
φοιτάδος Ἰναχίης ταυρώπιδος, ἣ παρὰ Νείλῳ
τίκτε γονὴν Ἐπάφοιο καὶ ἀρχεγόνου Κεροέσσης·
οὐ Παφίης τόσον ἦλθον ἐς ἵμερον, ἧς χάριν εὐνῆς
Κενταύρους ἐφύτευσα βαλὼν σπόρον αὔλακι γαίης·
ὡς σέο νῦν μεθέπω γλυκερὸν πόθον. ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτὴ

48 "No, Father Zeus, I have a different errand of my own. I came not to concern myself with others' troubles, warlike Indians and Indianslaying Dionysos, but I hasten to visit the blazing court of the East near to Helios. For Eros is on the wing beside the waters of Tethys, struck with passion for Rhodope Ocean's daughter, and he has renounced his matchmaking! So the order of the universe is out of joint, life is worthless when wedlock is gone. I have been to summon him, and here I am on the way back. For you know I am called the Lady of Wedlock, because my hands hold the accomplishment of childbirth."

59 So she spoke aloud, and her consort glowing made reply:

60 "Beloved bride, let quarrels be! Let my proud Dionysos cut down root and branch those Indians who will have no Bacchos, and goodbye to him! But let a bridebed receive us both! Not for any mate, neither mortal woman nor goddess, was I ever so charmed in soul at the touch of the cestus; no, not even when I had Teÿgete[a] Atlas's daughter, from whose bed was born Lacedaimon the ancient prince—not so did I love Niobe,[b] the daughter of primeval Phoroneus beside Lerna—not so did I love Inachos's Io, the wandering heifer, from whom beside the Nile came the line begun by Epaphos and primeval Ceroessa—not so did I desire the Paphian, for whose sake I dropt seed in the furrow of the plowland and begat the Centaurs,[c] as I now feel sweet desire for you! And so you shoot your own husband with

[a] An obscure genealogy; the mountain Taygetos and the district Lacedaemon are provided with eponyms.

[b] Zeus's first earthly love is an Argive heroine; no connexion with the daughter of Tantalos.

[c] See xiv. 193 ff.

ὡς Ζυγίη γεγανῖα καὶ ὡς μεδέουσα γενέθλης
Κυπριδίοις βελέεσσιν ὁιστεύεις παρακοίτην;"
Ὣς εἰπὼν χρυσέας νεφέλας πυργηδὸν ἑλίξας
δινωτὴν ἐπίκυρτον ἐνεσφαίρωσε καλύπτρην·
καὶ θαλάμου ποιητὸς ἔην τύπος, ὃν τότε κύκλῳ
Ἶριδος αἰθερίης ἑτερόχροος ἔστεφε μορφὴ
πορφυρέη, καὶ Ζηνὶ καὶ ἀγλαοπήχεϊ νύμφῃ
αὐτόματον σκέπας ἦεν ὀρεσσαύλων ὑμεναίων,
καὶ τύπος αὐτοτέλεστος ἀναγκαίης πέλεν εὐνῆς.
Οἱ δὲ γάμου χαρίεντος ὁμίλεον ἠδέι θεσμῷ·
Γαῖα δὲ κηώεσσαν ἀναπτύξασα λοχείην
ἄνθεσιν ἱμερτοῖσι γαμήλιον ἔστεφεν εὐνήν·
καὶ κρόκος ἐβλάστησε Κίλιξ καὶ ἐφύετο μίλαξ,
θήλειϊ δ' ἄρσενα φύλλα συνέπλεκε γείτονι ποίῃ,
οἷα πόθου πνείων καὶ ἐν ἄνθεσιν ἁβρὸς ἀκοίτης,
καὶ λέχος ἀμφοτέρων ἐπεκόσμεε διπλόος ὄρπηξ,
Ζῆνα κρόκῳ πυκάσας καὶ μίλακι σύγγαμον Ἥρην·
καὶ Διὸς ὀξὺν ἔρωτα νοήμονι δείκνυε σιγῇ
ἱμερόεις νάρκισσος ἐπιθρῴσκων ἀνεμώνῃ.
οὐδέ τις ἀθανάτων σκιόεν λέχος, οὐ τότε Νύμφαι
γείτονες, οὐ Φαέθων πανεπόψιος, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
ἔδρακεν ἄφθιτα λέκτρα βοώπιδος ὄμμα Σελήνης·
πυκνοῖς γὰρ νεφέεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη σκέπας εὐνῆς,
καὶ Διὸς ὄμματα θέλξεν ὁμόστολος Ὕπνος Ἐρώτων.
Ὄφρα μὲν ἁβρὸς ἴανεν ἐν ἄνθεσι θελγόμενος Ζεύς,
ἀγκὰς ἔχων παράκοιτιν ἀθηήτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων,
τόφρα δὲ ποικιλόμορφος ἐν οὔρεσι φοιτὰς Ἐρινὺς
νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισιν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσῳ·

Cyprian shafts, being the Lady of Wedlock and queen of creation ! "

[76] He spoke, and assembling with a whirl golden clouds like a wall, he arched them eddying above like a round covering dome. It was something in the shape of a bridal chamber, so contrived that the purple manicoloured bow of heavenly Iris was then round it like a crown. Thus there was a natural covering for the loves of Zeus and his fairarmed bride as they mated there in the open hills, and there was the shape of a couch self-formed to serve their need.

[83] While they communed under the sweet canon of gracious marriage, Earth unfolded her teeming perfumes and crowned the marriage bed with lovely flowers : there sprouted Cicilian saffron, there grew bindweed, and wrapt his male leaves about the female plant by his side, as though breathing desire, and himself a dainty mate in the world of flowers. So the double growth adorned the bed of the pair, covering Zeus with saffron and Hera his wife with bindweed ; lovely iris leaping upon anemone portrayed by a meaning silence the sharp love of Zeus. No immortal then beheld the shaded bed of the divine ones, not the Nymphs of the neighbourhood, not Phaëthon allseeing, not even the soft eye of Selene herself saw that imperishable bed ; for the couch was covered with thick shady clouds round about, and Sleep the servant of the Loves had charmed the eyes of Zeus.

[98] While Zeus slept delicately charmed among the flowers, holding his wife in his arms on that bed unseen, the Fury of many shapes wandering among the hills armed herself against Dionysos by Hera's com-

καὶ κτύπον ἐσμαράγησεν ἐπ' ὀφθαλμοῖσι Λυαίου,
σεισαμένη βαρύδουπος ἐχιδνήεσσαν ἰμάσθλην·
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐλέλιξε, δρακοντείων δὲ κομάων
φρικτὰ τινασσομένων ἐπεσύρισε λοίγιος ἠχώ,
καὶ σκοπιὴν ἔρραινον ἐρημάδα πίδακες ἰοῦ . . .
ἄλλοτε θηρείοιο τύπον φαίνουσα προσώπου
αἰνομανὴς ἔφριξε λέων πυκινότριχι λαιμῷ,
χάσματι φοινήεντι καταΐσσων Διονύσου.
Τὸν μὲν ἀμερσινόοιο κατάσχετον ἄλματι λύσσης
Ἄρτεμις ἐσκοπίαζε, καὶ ἤθελε λύσσαν ἐλάσσαι,
ἀλλά μιν ἐπτοίησε βαρύκτυπος ὑψόθεν Ἥρη,
πυρσὸν ἀκοντίζουσα· καὶ εἴκαθε δεσπότις ἄγρης
μητρυιῇ κοτέουσα· φύλαξ δέ τις ἔπλετο Βάκχου
μαινομένου, καὶ θῆρας ἑοὺς ἀνέκοψεν ἀπειλῇ,
καὶ κύνας ἀγρευτῆρας ἐπεσφηκώσατο δεσμῷ,
αὐχενίων σφίγξασα πολύπλοκον ὁλκὸν ἱμάντων,
μὴ χρόα δηλήσαιντο νοοσφαλέος Διονύσου.
Νερτερίῳ δὲ Μέγαιρα κελαινιόωσα χιτῶνι
εἰς ζόφον αὖτις ἵκανεν, ἐπαιθύσσουσα Λυαίῳ
φάσματα ποικιλόμορφα· κατὰ Βρομίοιο δὲ πολλαὶ
ἰοβόλοι ῥαθάμιγγες ὀιστεύοντο καρήνου
καὶ βλοσυροὶ σπινθῆρες· ἀεὶ δέ οἱ ἔνδον ἀκουῆς
Ταρταρίης σύριζε λαθίφρονος ἦχος ἰμάσθλης.
Καὶ μογέων Διόνυσος ἐρημάδος ἔνδοθι λόχμης
δύσβατα φοιτητῆρι διέστιχεν οὔρεα ταρσῷ
ἄσθματι δαιμονίῳ δεδονημένος· ἀμφὶ δὲ πέτραις,
οἰστρομανὴς ἅτε ταῦρος, ἑὰς ἤρασσε κεραίας,
τρηχαλέον μύκημα χέων λυσσώδεϊ λαιμῷ·
Πᾶνα δὲ καλλείψασα καὶ ὑστερόφωνον ἀοιδὴν
φθόγγῳ μαινομένῳ μυκήσατο δύσθροος Ἠχώ,
ἀντίτυπον θρασὺν ἦχον ἀμειβομένη Διονύσου.
καὶ βαλίας ἐλάφους, λασίας δ' ἐδίωκε λεαίνας

mands. She made a great rattling over Lyaios's eyes, loudly cracking her snaky whip ; she shook her head, and a deadly hiss issued from her quivering serpent-hair, terrible, and fountains of poison drenched the rocky wilderness. . . . At times, again, she showed a face like some wild beast ; a mad and awful lion with thick bristles upon his neck, threatening Dionysos with bloody gape.

110 Then Artemis saw Bacchos caught in a fit of mind-marauding madness, and would have driven the madness away, but Hera with heavy noise aloft cast a burning brand at her and scared her off. The mistress of the hunt gave way in anger to her step-mother. But she did protect maddened Bacchos a little ; she held back her wild beasts with threatenings, and shackled the hunting dogs, fastening straps round and round their necks that they should not hurt the flesh of delirious Dionysos.

119 Now Megaira black in her infernal robe went back into the darkness, and sent out many spectral visions to Lyaios. Showers of poison-drops were shot upon the head of Bromios and big fat sparks ; ever in his ears was the whistling sound of the hellish whip which robbed him of his senses.

125 Thus tormented in the lonely forest, Dionysos paced the pathless mountains with wandering foot, shaken by terrible pantings. Like a mad bull, he dashed his horns against the rocks, and a harsh bellow came from his maddened throat. Echo left Pan and mimicked his tune no more, but bellowed an ugly sound in frenzied tone, repeating the wild noise of Dionysos. He swift as the storm chased the dappled

Βάκχος ἀελλήεις, μεθέπων ὀρεσίδρομον ἄγρην·
οὐδέ οἱ ἄγχι λέων θρασὺς ἦιε· ταρβαλέη δὲ
ἄρκτος ἐριπτοίητος ἐκεύθετο φωλάδι πέτρῃ
λύσσαν ἀπειλητῆρος ὑποπτήσσουσα Λυαίου,
δεχνυμένη βλοσυρῇσι θεήλατον ἦχον ἀκουαῖς·
μηκεδανοὺς δὲ δράκοντας ἐρειδομένους τινὶ πέτρῃ
μείλιχα λιχμώοντας ἀπέθρισε νηλέι θύρσῳ·
καὶ σκοπιὰς ἐτίναξε ταναγλώχινι κεραίῃ
κτείνων ἀκλινέων ἱκετήσια φῦλα λεόντων·
καὶ δρύας εὐκάρποιο μετερρίζωσεν ἀρούρης,
Ἀδρυάδας δ' ἐδίωκεν· ὁιστεύων δὲ κολώνας
Νηιάδας ποταμοῖο μετήλυδας ἤλασε Νύμφας.
Βασσαρίδες δ' ἀλάληντο καὶ οὐχ ἥπτοντο Λυαίου,
καὶ Σάτυροι φρίσσοντες ἐνεκρύπτοντο θαλάσσῃ,
οὐδέ οἱ ἐγγὺς ἵκοντο τεθηπότες ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς,
μή σφιν ἐπαΐξειε χέων ἑτερόθροον ἠχώ,
ἀφρὸν ἀκοντίζων χιονώδεα, μάρτυρα λύσσης.
Δηριάδης δ' ὑπέροπλον ἔχων θράσος ἔχραε Βάκχαις,
νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισι τινασσομένου Διονύσου.
ὡς δ' ὅτε χειμερίων ῥοθίων μυκώμενος ὁλκῷ
ἅπλοος ἀντιπόροις βακχεύετο πόντος ἀέλλαις,
κύμασιν ἠλιβάτοισι κατάρρυτον ἠέρα νίφων,
πρυμναίους δὲ κάλωας ἀφειδέι κύματος ὁρμῇ
λαίλαπες ἐρρήξαντο, καὶ ἄσθματι λαῖφος ἐλίξας
ἱστὸν ἀνεχλαίνωσε κεκυφότα λάβρος ἀήτης
λαίφεσιν ἀμφίζωστον, ἐδοχμώθη δὲ κεραίη,
ναῦται δ' ἀσχαλόωντες ἐπέτρεπον ἐλπίδα πόντῳ·
ὣς τότε Βάκχον ὅριναν ὅλον στρατὸν Ἰνδικὸς Ἄρης.
Ἔνθά τις οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἔην ἔρις, οὐ κλόνος ἀνδρῶν
ἶσος ἔην, οὐ δῆρις ὁμοίιος· ἀκάματος γὰρ

deer and shaggy lionesses, plying his highland hunt. No lion so bold as to come near him ; the bear appalled and scared hid in a secret cave, fearing the menacing madness of Lyaios, hearing the sound of the god in her rough ears. With pitiless thyrsus he cut through long pythons lying on a stone and gently licking him : he shook the rocks with long-pointed horn : he killed troops of lions, unyielding beasts but now seeking mercy : he rooted up trees from the fruitful soil, he chased the Hadryads, he volleyed the cliffs and drove the Naiad nymphs out of the river homeless. Bassarids went scattering and would not come within touch of Lyaios, Satyrs shivered and hid in the sea ; they would not come near him, dazed at the threatening onset, lest he dash at them letting out that outlandish roar, spitting snowy foam, the witness of madness.

151 Now Deriades with exceeding great boldness attacked the Bacchant women, while Dionysos was being shaken at the command of Hera. As when the sea bellowing with the rush of wintry surge, unnavigable, is driven wildly by contrary winds, and floods the soaking air with waves mountain-high : the blasts have parted the stern-hawsers in the pitiless assault of the billows, the violent wind has tangled up the canvas with its breath and made a cloak of girdling sails round the bending mast, the yard is askew, the sailors in despair have thrown hope to the sea[a]—so the Indian Ares threw into confusion the whole Bacchic army.

162 Then came a struggle out of all order, then came an unequal fight, a one-sided struggle ; for

[a] Thrown it away, that is.

νόστιμος ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἐπέβρεμε χάλκεος Ἄρης,
Μωδαίου[1] προμάχοιο φέρων τύπον, ὃς πλέον ἄλλων
ὑσμίνης ἀκόρητος ἀτερπέι τέρπετο λύθρῳ,
ᾧ πλέον εἰλαπίνης φόνος εὔαδεν· ἐν δὲ βοείῃ,
οἷά τε Γοργείων πλοκάμων ὀφιώδεας ὅλκους,
γραπτὸν ἐνσμήριγγος ἔχων ἴνδαλμα Μεδούσης
Δηριάδῃ πέλεν ἶσος, ὁμόχροος· οὔ τότε μορφῆς
ῥιγεδανῆς ἀγέλαστον ἔχων μίμημα προσώπου,
καὶ σκολιὴν πλοκαμῖδα φέρων καὶ σῆμα βοείης,
αἰνομανὴς πεφόρητο μόθῳ λαοσσόος Ἄρης,
καὶ προμάχους θάρσυνεν. ὁμογλώσσῳ δ' ἀλαλητῷ
Βάκχου μὴ παρεόντος ἀταρβέες ἔβρεμον Ἰνδοί,
καὶ κτύπον ἐννεάχιλον ἐπέκτυπε λοίγιος Ἄρης,
φοιταλέην συνάεθλον ἔχων Ἔριν· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
στῆσε Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ὀπάονα Δηριαδῆος.
καὶ στρατιὴν οἵστρησαν ἐρημονόμου Διονύσου
Δηριάδης καὶ κῶμα Διὸς καὶ σίνδρομος Ἄρης.

Συμμιγέες δὲ φάλαγγες ὁμοζήλοιο κυδοιμοῦ
Βασσαρίδων στίχα πᾶσαν ἐμιτρώσαντο σιδήρῳ,
καὶ πολέες φεύγοντες ἐνὶ κτείνοντο φονῆι,
θεινόμενοι ξιφέεσσιν. Ὀμηρίδες, εἶπατε, Μοῦσαι,
τίς θάνε, τίς δούπησεν ὑπ' ἔγχεϊ Δηριαδῆος·
Αἰβίαλος Θύαμίς τε καὶ Ὀρμένιος καὶ Ὀφέλτης,
Κρίασος Ἀργασίδης, Τελέβης καὶ Λύκτιος Ἀνθεὺς
καὶ Θρόνιος καὶ Ἄρητος ἐυμμελίης τε Μοληνεὺς
ἀλκήεις τε Κόμαρκος· ἐτείνετο δ' ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
ἔγχεϊ Δηριάδαο νέκυς στρατός· ὀλλυμένων δὲ
ὃς μὲν ἔην δαπέδῳ τετανυσμένος, ὃς δὲ ῥεέθροις
πλώετο κυματόεντα φέρων μόθον,[2] ὃς δὲ θαλάσσῃ

[1] See Crit. Intr. [2] So mss.: Ludwich μόρον.

[a] From *Il.* v. 860, xiv. 148.

brazen Ares came back unwearied to awaken the conflict. He took the form of the champion Modaios, more than all others unsated with battle, whose joy was joyless carnage, whom bloodshed pleased better than banquets. On the shield he bore the graven image of Medusa with her bush of hair, like the viperine tresses of the Gorgon's head, and he was equal to Deriades, of the same colour. So then Ares took on Modaios's terrible shape and the copy of his unsmiling face, his curly hair and the blazon of his shield, and furiously raging rushed amid the fray to scatter the people, giving courage to his warriors. With one voice the Indians fearlessly roared their warcry, now Bacchos was not there, and deathly Ares shouted as loud as nine thousand,[a] with Discord moving by his side to support him ; in the battle he placed Rout and Terror [b] to wait upon Deriades. So the army of Dionysos, absent in the wilderness, was driven pellmell by Deriades, and his comrade Ares, and the slumber of Zeus.

181 So the mingled battalions fighting with one common ardour girded the whole company of Bassarids with a ring of steel ; many were slain by one slayer in their flight, smitten by swords. O ye Muses of Homer ! Tell me who died, who fell to the spear of Deriades ! Aibialos and Thyamis, Ormenios and Opheltes, Criasos Argasides, Telebes and Lyctian Antheus, Thronios and Aretos, Moleneus with his ashplant and Comarcos in his might—a host were laid out dead one upon another by the spear of Deriades. They fell as they were slain, one stretched out on the ground ; one swam in the water enduring trouble amid the waves ; one drowned in the sea

[b] The Homeric attendants of Ares.

ἀγχιπόρῳ δέδμητο, διωκόμενον δὲ σιδήρῳ
κύμασιν ἀρτιχάρακτον Ἄραψ τυμβεύσατο Νηρεύς·
ὃς δὲ θυελλήεντι δι' οὔρεος ἔδραμε ταρσῷ
Κῆρα φυγών, ἕτερος δὲ πεπαρμένον ἔγχος ἐάσας
μεσσοπαγὲς περὶ νῶτα μετέστιχεν ἔνδια λόχμης,
χρηίζων ἀπεόντος ἀλεξικάκου Διονύσου.

Λὐχήεις δ' Ἐχέλαος ἀτυμβεύτῳ πέσε πότμῳ,
Μορρέος ἠλιβάτοιο τυπεὶς ῥηξήνορι πέτρῳ,
Κύπριος, ἀρτιχάρακτον ἔχων ἔτι κύκλον ὑπήνης,
ὑψικόμῳ φοίνικι πανείκελος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
ἄβρὸς ἀκερσικόμης ἑκυλίνδετο λαμπάδα σείων,
πληγεὶς ἰσχίον ἄκρον, ὅπῃ χροὸς ἥλικι δεσμῷ
συμφερτὸν κοτύλῃ φύσις ἥρμοσεν ἄξονα μηροῦ·
καὶ θάνεν ἀπτομένην κρατέων ἔτι μυστίδα πεύκην,
ἀσπαίρων δὲ κάρηνον ἑῷ τεφρώσατο πυρσῷ,
φλέξας λιγνυόεντι πολύπλοκα βόστρυχα δαλῷ.
καί οἱ ἐπαυχήσας φιλοκέρτομος ἴαχε Μορρεύς·

" Κοῦρε, φατιζομένης ἀλλότριε σεῖο τιθήνης,
ἠβητὴρ Ἐχέλαε, γονὴν ἐψεύσαο Κύπρου·
οὐκ ἀπὸ Πυγμαλίωνος ἔχεις γένος, ᾧ πόρε Κύπρις
μηκεδανὴν βιότοιο πολυχρονίοιο πορείην·
οὔ σε τεῆς Παφίης ἐρρύσατο νυμφίος Ἄρης·
οὐδέ σοι ἄσπετα κύκλα παλιννόστων ἐνιαυτῶν
δῶκε τεὴ Κυθέρεια καὶ οὐ σκάζουσαν ἀπήνην,

---

[a] Hardly anything is known of the legend of Pygmalion, except that he was a king of Cyprus (probably originally a god, the first two syllables of his name being apparently a corruption of a divine Phoenician name). The tale how he made a beautiful statue of a woman, fell in love with it and successfully begged Aphrodite to make it live is the

hard by, whom Arabian Nereus buried in the waves newly wounded by the pursuing spear ; another ran over the hills with stormswift sole fleeing his fate ; another left the lance planted in the middle of his back and crawled into the heart of the bushes, longing for absent Dionysos to save him.

199 Proud Echelaos fell, and was left unburied, crushed by the manbreaking rock from gigantic Morrheus : he was a Cyprian, with the down fresh around his cheeks. He lay then like a palm spire with a head of leaves ; but in the battle he rushed about shaking his torch, a tender lad with uncropt hair, until he was struck on the top of the hip, where nature had fitted the axle in the cup of the thigh to grow together with the flesh of his body. He died holding the mystic pine still alight, and in his convulsions burnt his head to ashes with his own torch, setting fire to the braided hair with the smoking brand. Then Morrheus triumphed over him and mocked him :

210 " Boy, you must be a stranger to the land which is called your nurse—Echelaos lad, you have belied your birth as a Cyprian ! You are not sprung from Pygmalion,[a] to whom Cypris gave a long course of life and many years. Ares the bridegroom of your Paphian did not save you. Your Cythereia did not grant you infinite circles of revolving years and a car that stumbled not, that you might escape your

only well-known story concerning him. From this passage it appears that the goddess also granted him long life and that she gave him a carriage (not a war-chariot, for it was drawn by mules) which carried him safely out of all dangers. Lines 216-218 must refer to some tale concerning Pygmalion, for they are quite inappropriate to Echelaos, who evidently had been fighting on foot.

ὄφρα φύγῃς σέο πότμον ἀλεξιμόρων ἐπὶ δίφρων,
ἡμιόνων βαρύγουνον ἀεὶ δρόμον ἡνιοχεύων.
ἤλιτον, ἐκ Κύπροιο φέρεις γένος· ὠκύμορον γὰρ
Ἄρης καὶ σὲ δάμασσεν ὁμοίιον υἱέι Μύρρης."
Ὡς εἰπὼν πρυλέεσσι δορυσσόος ἤχμασε Μορρεύς·
εἰλιπόδην δὲ Βίλιθον ἑλὼν καὶ Δένθιν ἀλέσσας,
αὐχένα δ' ὀρχηστῆρος Ἐριγβώλοιο δαΐξας
ἔγχεϊ τηλεβόλῳ Φρυγίους ἐφόβησε μαχητάς·
Σηβέα δ' ὀκριόεντι κατεπρήνιξε βελέμνῳ·
Θηβαίων δὲ φάλαγγα καὶ Ἀκταίωνα διώκων
ἔκτανεν Εὐβώτην, Καδμηίδος ἀστὸν ἀρούρης,
σύννομον Ἀκταίωνος. ὁμοφθόγγῳ δ' ἀλαλητῷ
πολλοὶ Δηριάδαο πεφυζότες ἄπλετον ἀλκὴν
πασσυδὸν ὠλίσθησαν ὁμόζυγος εἰς λίνα Μοίρης,
αὐτοφόνῳ θνήσκοντες ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ,
ἀνδρὸς ἑνὸς ῥαπῆσιν· ἐπ' ἀλλήλοις δὲ πεσόντες
αἱμαλέῃ στοιχηδὸν ἐπεστόρνυντο κονίῃ
Κρίμισος, Ἰμαλέων, Φράσιος, Θάργηλος, Ἰάων,
οἷσι δαϊζομένοις ἐναρίθμιος ἤριπε Κοίλων,
καὶ νέκυς αἱματόεντι Κύης ἐκυλίνδετο πότμῳ·
καὶ φόνος ἄσπετος ἔσκε· δαϊζομένων δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἐχθρῷ δψὰς ἄρουρα θελήμονι λούσατο λύθρῳ,
δεχνυμένη ξένον ὄμβρον Ἐνυαλίου νιφετοῖο.
Βακχείης δὲ φάλαγγος ἔην κλόνος· ἀσταθέες γὰρ
πεζοὶ μὲν δεδόνηντο, φυγοπτολέμων δ' ἐλατήρων
εἰς φόβον εὐλάιγγες ἀνεκρούοντο χαλινοί·
ὧν ὁ μὲν οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐδύσατο κοιλάδα πέτρην,
ὃς δὲ μολὼν τανύφυλλον ὑπὸ κλέτας ἕζετο λόχμης
κρυπτόμενος πετάλοισιν, ὁ δὲ σπήλυγγα λεόντων,
ἄλλος ἀμαιμακέτοιο μετήιεν ἔνδιον ἄρκτου·
καί τις ἀερσιλόφοιο διὰ πρηῶνος ἀλύξας
ποσσὶν ὀρεσσινόμοισι διέστιχεν ἄκρα κολώνης.

fate on that fatefending waggon, as you ever drove a kneeheavy run of mules !—Wrong ! you do come from Cyprus. Fate caught you also quick when Ares vanquished you just like Myrrha's son." [a]

221 As he spoke the words, shakespear Morrheus thrust again at the footmen. He caught waddling Bilithos and killed Denthis, cut off the head of Erigbolos the dancer and put the Phrygian warriors to flight with farcast spear. Sebeus he brought down with a jagged stone ; he chased Actaion and the company of Thebans, and killed Eubotes, who dwelt in the Cadmeian country, a companion of Actaion. One common shriek arose as a multitude fleeing before the infinite might of Deriades in utter rout slipt into the meshes of one common fate, dying in heaps under the blows of one man and his murderous destroying steel, falling over each other and lying in rows on the bloodstained dust — Crimisos Himaleon Phrasios Thargelos Iaon : Coilon tumbled among them slain, Cyes rolled over in bloody death a corpse. The carnage was infinite : the steel cut them down, the thirsty soil accepted this foreign shower of war's torrents, and gladly bathed in the enemies' blood.

240 There was panic in the army of Bacchos. The footmen were shaken and ran, the horsemen checked their jewelled bridles to flee and escape. So one made for the hills and into a cave in the rocks, one crept into the bushes on the hillside and sat hidden under the leaves, one entered the cave of lions, another the den of a savage bear, one slunk over a high cliff and traversed the uplands with hillranging feet. A

[a] The son of Myrrha is Adonis ; the boar which killed him is now and then said to have been Ares in disguise.

Βάκχη δ' ἀρτιτόκοιο παρήλυθε θηρὸς ἐναύλους,
ταρβαλέῳ πρηῶνα διαστείβουσα πεδίλῳ·
οὐ γὰρ ἔχειν μενέαινε λεοντείην ἔτι πέτρην,
ἀλλὰ λιποσθενέων ἐλάφων ἐκίχησε καλιὴν
ἤθεσιν ἀδρανέεσσιν, ἐπεὶ προτέρην φρένα Βάκχη
εἰς κραδίην ἐλάφοιο μετέτραπεν ἀντὶ λεαίνης.
καί τις ἀελλοπόδων Σατύρων δειδήμονι ταρσῷ
ἔτρεχεν, ἀσταθέεσσιν ἀσάμβαλος εἴκελος αὔραις,
φεύγων Δηριάδαο θεημάχον ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς.
καὶ σκοπέλους ἐδίωκε γέρων Σειληνὸς ἀλήτης·
πολλάκι δ' εἰς χθόνα πῖπτε κονιομένοιο προσώπου,
ὀκλάζων βαρύγουνος ὀλισθηροῖσι πεδίλοις,
ἔμπαλιν ὀρθώσας λάσιον δέμας· ἐν δὲ κολώναις
ἀντὶ μόθου κεκάλυπτο, καὶ Εὔιον ἔγχος ἀνάγκῃ
κάλλιπεν ἀπτολέμοισι μεμηλότα θύρσον ἀέλλαις,
καὶ μόγις εὐπήληκος ἀλεύατο Μορρέος αἰχμήν.
ὀκναλέοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐχάζετο νωθρὸς Ἐρεχθεύς,
ἐντροπαλιζομένην τανύων εὔκυκλον ὀπωπήν,
αἰδόμενος μενέχαρμον ἐὴν πολιοῦχον Ἀθήνην.
Βακχείην δ' ἀέκων ἠρνήσατο Μαινάδα χάρμην
λαιὸν Ἀρισταῖος βεβολημένος ὦμον ὀιστῷ.
καὶ στρατιὴν ἀλέεινε δοριθρασέων Κορυβάντων
οὐτηθεὶς λασίοιο κατὰ στέρνοιο Μελισσεύς,
μαζὸν Ἐρυθραίῃ κεχαραγμένος ἄκρον ἀκωκῇ.
καὶ βλοσυροὶ Κύκλωπες ἀναιδέες εὔποδι ταρσῷ
εἰς φόβον ἠπείγοντο τεθηπότες, οἷς ἅμα φεύγων
Ἰνδῴην ἀδόνητος ἐλίμπανε Φαῦνος Ἐννώ.
εὐκεράου δὲ φάλαγγος ὅλον στρατὸν εἰς φόβον ἕλκων
πρεσβυγενὴς φύξηλις ἐχάζετο Παρράσιος Πάν,
σιγαλέοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην,
μή μιν ἴδῃ φεύγοντα δι' οὔρεος ἄστατος Ἠχώ,
καί οἱ ἐπεγγελάσειε καὶ ἀδρανέοντα καλέσσῃ.

Bacchant passed by the lair of a wild beast with a litter, and trod the uplands with timid shoe; now she wanted no longer a lion's rocky den, but she found a harbourage of weak deer in her craven mood—for she had changed her former heart into a deer's heart instead of a lioness. One of the stormswift Satyrs was running like the quick winds, unshod, with frightened foot, to escape the impious weight of Deriades' threats. An old Seilenos wandered scouring the cliffs. Often he sank with stumbling feet upon heavy knees, and fell to the ground and covered his face with dirt; then he lifted his hairy form again, but instead of fighting he hid among the hills, and with difficulty kept clear of helmeted Morrheus with his spear. The spear of Euios, the thyrsus, he was obliged to throw away for the peaceful winds to take care of. Erechtheus retired slowly with reluctant feet, turning again and again his round eyes backwards, for he was ashamed to think of Athena the warlike patron of his city. Aristaios hit by an arrow in the left shoulder, unwillingly refused to take further part in Mainad battle on behalf of Bacchos. Melisseus was avoiding the company of spearbold Corybants; he was pierced through his hairy chest and the Erythraian spear had gone through the nipple. The grim merciless Cyclopians hastened to flee discomfited with quick foot, and with them Phaunos also fled from the Indian battle though unshaken. An ancient Parrhasian Pan, himself a runaway, led to flight the whole horned company, and with silent feet plunged into the shadowy forest, that restless Echo might not see him escaping over the hills and mock him and call him coward.

Καὶ πρόμαχοι τότε πάντες ὑπέκφυγον·
ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
Αἰακὸς αὐτόθι μοῦνος ἐλείπετο, μαρνάμενος δὲ
δεύετο μὴ παρεόντος ἀνικήτου Διονύσου·
ἔμπης δ' αὐτόθι μίμνεν. ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο δὲ Νύμφαι
Νηιάδος βυθίοισιν ἐνεκρύπτοντο μελάθροις·
αἱ μὲν Ὑδασπιάδεσσιν ὁμήλυδες, αἱ δὲ φυγοῦσαι
Ἰνδὸν ἐς ἀγχικέλευθον ἐναυλίζοντο ῥεέθροις,
ἄλλαι Συδριάδεσσιν ὁμόστολοι, αἱ δ' ἐνὶ Γάγγῃ
λύθρον ἀπεσμήξαντο νεόσσυτον, ἃς τότε πολλὰς
ἐρχομένας ἀγεληδὸν ἐς ὑδατόεντας ἐναύλους
Νηιὰς ἀργυρόπεζα φιλοξείνῳ πυλεῶνι
δέξατο κυματόεντος ἐς αὔλια παρθενεῶνος.
ἄλλαι Ἀμαδρυάδος σκιεροῖς κρύπτοντο κορύμβοις,
δυσάμεναι δρυόεντας ἀνοιγομένους κενεῶνας.
πολλαὶ δ' ὑγροτόκους ὑπὸ πίδακας ἐγγύθι πέτρης
Βασσαρίδες κρουνηδὸν ἐκώκυον· ἀρτιχύτῳ δὲ
ὄμβρῳ δακρυόεντι φιλοθρήνοιο προσώπου
πληθομένη βαθύκολπος ὅλη πορφύρετο πηγή,
μυρομένη βαρὺ πένθος ἀπειθήτου Διονύσου.

281 Now the leaders had slunk away, all but Aiacos, who was left there alone in the battle fighting on, though he needed the presence of unconquered Dionysos. Nevertheless there he stayed. The Nymphs from the rocks had hidden in the deep hall of some Naiad ; these joined the nymphs of Hydaspes, those fled to neighbouring Indos and lodged in his waters, others went to the Sydros,[a] others washed off the fresh gore in the Ganges—these were many, they came in herds to the watery channels, and the silverfoot Naiad stood at her hospitable door to welcome them into the watery retreat of her virginal palace. Others hid under the shady branches of a Hamadryad or slipt into open holes in the trees. Many Bassarids were beside the watersprings near the rock shedding fountains of tears ; and the deep fountain itself, filled with the showers of tears newly shed upon her sorrowful countenance, grew all dark lamenting the heavy mourning of nevermourning Dionysos.

[a] The Sutlej.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΤΡΙΤΟΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ τριτάτῳ Μορρῆα δαμάζει
φλέξας θοῦρος Ἔρως ἐπὶ κάλλεϊ Χαλκομεδείης.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ φοιταλέῳ πεφορημένος ἅλματι ταρσῶν
εὐκεράῳ ταχύγουνος ὁμοίιος ἔσσυτο ταύρῳ,
λοίγιον ἄσθμα χέων ἑτερόφρονος οἴδματι λύσσης.
Καὶ Χάρις ὠκυπέδιλος Ἐρυθραίῳ παρὰ κήπῳ
φυταλιὴν εὔοδμον ἀμεργομένη δονακήων,
ὄφρα πυριπνεύστων Παφίων ἔντοσθε λεβήτων
Ἀσσυρίου μίξασα χυτὰς ὠδῖνας ἐλαίου
ἄνθεσιν Ἰνδῴοισι μύρον τεύξειεν ἀνάσσῃ,
ὁππότε παντοίην δροσερὴν ἐδρέψατο ποίην,
χῶρον ὅλον θηεῖτο· καὶ ἀγχιπόρῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ
λύσσαν ἑοῦ γενετῆρος ὀπιπεύουσα Λυαίου
ἀχνυμένη δάκρυσε, φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
πενθαλέοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἑὰς ἐχάραξε παρειάς·
καὶ Σατύρους σκοπίαζεν ὑποπτήσσοντας Ἐννώ,
Κωδώνην δ' ἐνόησε μινυνθαδίην τε Γιγαρτὼ
κεκλιμένας ἐφύπερθεν ἀτυμβεύτοιο κονίης·
Χαλκομέδην δ' ἐλέαιρε θυελλήεντι πεδίλῳ
μαινομένου Μορρῆος ἀλυσκάζουσαν ἀκωκήν,
καὶ φθονερὴ δεδόνητο ῥοδώπιδος εἵνεκα κούρης,
μή ποτε νικήσειεν ἐς ἀγλαΐην Ἀφροδίτην.

---

* Normally the Charites are daughters of Zeus; Dionysos

BOOK XXXIII

In the thirty-third, furious Love masters Morrheus, and sets him aflame for the beauty of Chalcomedeia.

But Bacchos himself, rushed away kneequick like a horned bull, carried in long leaps by his wandering feet, puffing deadly breath in the flood of his frenzied madness.

[4] One of the swiftshoe Graces was gathering the shoots of the fragrant reeds in the Erythraian garden, in order to mix the flowing juice of Assyrian oil with Indian flowers in the steaming cauldrons of Paphos, and make ointment for her Lady. While she plucked all manner of dew-wet plants she gazed all round the place ; and there in a forest not far off she saw the madness of Lyaios her father.[a] She wept for sorrow and tender affection, and tore her cheeks with her nails in mourning. Then she saw the Satyrs scurrying from battle ; she distinguished Codone and Gigarto, dead too soon, lying on the dust unburied ; she pitied Chalcomede fleeing with stormswift shoe from the blade of furious Morrheus—and indeed she was shaken with jealousy of the rosy-cheek maiden, for fear she might win the day with radiant Aphrodite.

[a] is their father only in Nonnos and one or two other late authors.

Ἀχνυμένη δ' ἐς Ὄλυμπον ἀνήιε, πενθάδι σιγῇ
ἄλγος ἑοῦ γενετῆρος ὑποκλέπτουσα Λυαίου·
καὶ χλόος εὐκύκλοιο παρηίδος ἄνθος ἀμείψας
μαρμαρυγὴν στίλβουσαν ἀπημάλδυνε προσώπου.
Τὴν δὲ κατηφιόωσαν Ἀδωνιὰς ἔννεπε Κύπρις,
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα παρήγορον, ἐκ δὲ προσώπου
Πασιθέης ἐνόησεν ἄχος κήρυκι σιωπῇ·
" Νύμφα φίλη, τί παθοῦσα τεὴν ἠλλάξαο μορφήν;
παρθένε, πῶς μετάμειψας ἐρευθαλέην σέο μορφήν;
εἰαρινὴν δ' ἀκτῖνα τίς ἔσβεσε σεῖο προσώπου;
οὐκέτι σῶν μελέων ἀμαρύσσεται ἄργυφος αἴγλη·
οὐκέτι δ', ὡς τὸ πρόσθε, τεαὶ γελόωσιν ὀπωπαί.
ἀλλὰ τεὰς ἀγόρευε μεληδόνας· ἦ ῥά σε τείρει
υἱὸς ἐμός, φιλέεις δὲ ποθοβλήτῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ
οἷα Σεληναίη τινὰ βουκόλον; ἦ ῥά που αὐτὴν
καὶ σὲ μετ' Ἠριγένειαν Ἔρως ἐπεμάστιε κεστῷ;
οἶδα, πόθεν χλοάουσι παρηίδες· ὅττί σε κούρην
νυμφίος ἀχλυόεις νυμφεύεται Ὕπνος ἀλήτης·
οὐ μὲν ἀναινομένην σε βιήσομαι, οὐδὲ συνάψω
λευκάδι Πασιθέῃ μελανόχροον Ὕπνον ἀκοίτην."
Ὣς φαμένης δάκρυσε Χάρις καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·
" Ἀενάου κόσμοιο φυτοσπόρε, μῆτερ Ἐρώτων,
βουκόλος οὐ κλονέει με,
καὶ οὐ θρασὺς ἵμερος Ὕπνου.
οὐ πέλον Ἠριγένεια δυσίμερος ἠὲ Σελήνη,
ἀλλὰ πόνος περίφοιτος ἀνιάζει με Λυαίου,
πατρὸς ἐμοῦ φρίσσοντος Ἐρινύας· ὑμετέρου δέ,
εἰ δύνασαι, προμάχιζε κασιγνήτου Διονύσου."
Ἔννεπε, καὶ γενετῆρος ὅλον πόνον εἶπεν ἀνάσσῃ
Βασσαρίδων τε φάλαγγας ἀπείρονας,
ἃς κτάνε Μορρεύς,
καὶ Σατύρων φύξηλιν ὅλον στρατόν, εἶπε καὶ αὐτὴν

[21] Sorrowing she returned to heaven, but she hid her grief for Lyaios her father in mournful silence. Pallor displaced the bloom on her rounded cheek, and dimmed the bright radiance of her face.

[25] Cypris, the lover of Adonis, saw Pasithea downcast, and understood the grief heralded by her silent face ; then she addressed to her these comforting words :

[28] " Dear girl, what trouble has changed your looks ? Maiden, what has made you lose your ruddy looks ? Who has quenched the gleams of springtime from your face ? The silvery sheen shines no longer upon your skin, your eyes no longer laugh as before. Come now, tell me your anxieties. Are you plagued by my son, perhaps ? Are you in love with some herdsman, among the mountains, struck with desire, like Selene ? Has Eros perhaps flicked you also with the cestus, like Dawn once before ?—Ah, I know why your cheeks are pale : shadowy Sleep, the vagabond, woos you as a bridegroom woos a maid ! I will not compel you if you are unwilling ; I will not join Sleep the blackskin to Pasithea the lilywhite ! "

[41] When Aphrodite had said this, the Charis weeping replied :

[42] " O mother of the Loves ! O sower of life in the everlasting universe ! No herdsman troubles me, no bold desire of Sleep. I am no lovesick Dawn or Selene. No, I am tormented by the afflictions of Lyaios my father, driven about in terror by the Furies. He is your brother—protect Dionysos if you can ! "

[48] Then she recounted all her father's afflictions to her mistress, and the countless ranks of Bassarids that Morrheus had killed, and all the fugitive host

δαιμονίην μάστιγα τινασσομένου Διονύσου
καὶ κινυρὴν σπαίρουσαν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο Γιγαρτώ,
Κωδώνην τ' ἀγόρενε προώριον· αἰδομένη δὲ
πένθος ὁμοῦ καὶ κάλλος ἐπέφραδε Χαλκομεδείης.
Καὶ ῥοδέου σπινθῆρα μεταλλάξασα προσώπου
ἠθάδα ῥῦψε γέλωτα φιλομμειδὴς Ἀφροδίτη.
Ἀγλαΐην δ' ἐκέλευσε διάκτορον, ὄφρα καλέσσῃ
υἱέα θοῦρον Ἔρωτα μετάρσιον ἠεροφοίτην,
ἀνδρομέης γονόεντα κυβερνητῆρα γενέθλης.
Καὶ Χάρις ἴχνος ἔκαμψε,
πολυστρέπτῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
σὺν χθονὶ πόντον ὄπωπε καὶ οὐρανόν, εἴ που ἐφεύροι
ἄστατον ἴχνος Ἔρωτος, ἐπεὶ πτερὰ πάντοθι πάλλει,
τέτραχα τεμνομένην κυκλούμενος ἄντυγα κόσμου.
Εὗρε δέ μιν χρυσέοιο περὶ ῥίον ἄκρον Ὀλύμπου
νεκταρέας ῥαθάμιγγας ἀκοντίζοντα κυπέλλοις·
πὰρ δέ οἱ ἵστατο κοῦρος ὁμέψιος ἁβρὸν ἀθύρων,
εὐχαίτης Γυμέναιος· ἀερσινόου δὲ τεκούσης
Οὐρανίης σοφὸν ἔργον ἐπισταμένης δρόμον ἄστρων
σφαῖραν ἄγων τροχόεσσαν ἀέθλια θήκατο νίκης,
Ἄργου δαιδαλέης ἀντίρροπον εἰκόνα μορφῆς·
καὶ πτερόεις εὔκυκλον Ἔρως μητρῷον ἀείρων
χρύσεον ὁρμὸν ἔθηκε θαλασσαίης Ἀφροδίτης,
νίκης φαιδρὸν ἄγαλμα παναίολον· ἀργύρεος δὲ
κεῖτο λέβης ἐν ἀγῶνι, καὶ οἰνοχύτου βρέτας Ἥβης
μεσσοφανῆ σκοπὸν εἶχε· καὶ ἱμερόεις Γανυμήδης
οἰνοχόος Κρονίδαο δικασπόλος ἦεν ἀγῶνος,
στέμμα φέρων παλάμῃσι. φιλακρήτων δὲ βολάων
λαχμὸς ἔην, μεθέπων ἑτερότροπα δάκτυλα χειρῶν·

of Satyrs, even Dionysos lashed with the fury's whip, and wailing Gigarto gasping on the ground, and Codone gone before her season: with shame she described the sorrows and beauty of Chalcomedeia.

55 Then sweetsmiling Aphrodite put off the wonted laugh from her radiant rosy face, and told her messenger Aglaia to call Eros her son, that swift airy flyer, that guide to the fruitful increase of the human race.

60 The Charis moved her footsteps, and turned her face this way and that way over earth and sea and sky, if somewhere she might find the restless track of Eros—for he beats his wings everywhere circling the four separate regions of the universe.

64 She found him on the golden top of Olympos,[a] shooting the nectar-drops from a cup.[b] Beside him stood Hymenaios, his fairhaired playfellow in the dainty game. He had put up as a prize for the victor something clever made by his haughty mother Urania, who knew all the courses of the stars, a revolving globe like the speckled form of Argos[c]; winged Eros had taken and put up a round golden necklace which belonged to his mother sea-born Aphrodite, a shining glorious work of art, as a prize of victory. A large silver basin stood for their game, and the shooting mark before them was a statue of Hebe shown in the middle pouring the wine. The umpire in the game was adorable Ganymedes, cupbearer of Cronides, holding the garland. Lots were cast for the shots of unmixed wine, with varied

[a] This scene recalls Apoll. Rhod. iii. 114, where she sends Eros to shoot Medea.

[b] *i.e.* playing cottabos, a game fashionable in classical Athens, in which wine was thrown out of cups at a mark.

[c] Covered with stars like the eyes of Argos.

καὶ τὰ μὲν ὀρθώσαντες ἀνέσχεθον, ἄλλα δὲ καρπῷ
χειρὸς ἐπεσφήκωτο συνήορα σύζυγι δεσμῷ·
ἀμφοτέροις δ' ἔρις ἦεν ἐπήρατος. ἁβροκόμης δὲ
πρῶτα λαχὼν Ὑμέναιος ἕλεν δέπας, ἱπταμένην δὲ
νεκταρέην ῥαθάμιγγα μετάρσιον ἠέρι πέμπων
ῥῦψε λέβητος ὕπερθε· καὶ οὐ τότε μητέρι Μούσῃ
εὐχωλὴν ἀνέφηνε· διεσσυμένη δὲ κυπέλλου
ἠέρα μέσσον ἔτυψεν ἀερσιπότητος ἐέρσῃ,
ἀλλὰ παρατρέψασα βολὴν βητάρμονι παλμῷ
ἑλκομένη παλίνορσος ἀγάλματος ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
ἄψοφος ἄκρον ἔτυψεν ἀδουπήτοιο καρήνου·
δεύτερος αἰολόμητις Ἔρως τεχνήμονι θεσμῷ
ἱμερόεν δέπας εἶλε, καὶ εὔξατο Κυπρογενείῃ
λάθριος ἐν πραπίδεσσι, καὶ ἁπλανὲς ὄμμα τανύσσας
εἰς σκοπὸν ἠκόντιζεν ἑκηβόλον ἱκμάδα πέμπων·
νεκταρέου δὲ ποτοῖο παλινδίνητος ἐέρσῃ
ἰθυτενὴς ἄγναμπτος ἀγάλματος ὑψόθι κόρσης
ἠερόθεν βαρύδουπος ἐπεσμαράγησε μετώπῳ·
ἶαχε δ' ἄβρὸν ἄγαλμα, καὶ υἱέι Κυπρογενείης
χρυσέῳ ἐσμαράγησε λέβης ἐπινίκιον ἠχώ·
καὶ στέφος ἄβρὸν Ἔρωτι
πόρεν γελάσας Γανυμήδης·
καὶ ταχὺς αἰόλον ὁρμὸν ἑλὼν καὶ σφαῖραν ἀείρων
διπλόον εἶχεν ἄεθλον ἐυρραθάμιγγος ἀγῶνος,
σκιρτήσας δὲ πόδεσσι, κυβιστήσας δὲ καρήνῳ
κυδιόων ἐχόρευεν Ἔρως θρασύς· ἀντιπάλου δὲ
πολλάκις ἀχνυμένοιο κατήγαγε χεῖρα προσώπου.
Ἀγλαΐη δέ οἱ ἄγχι παρίστατο· τερψινόου δὲ
δέξατο χερσὶν ἄνακτος ἀέθλια· νεῦσε δὲ κούρῳ

movements of the fingers[a]: these they held out, these they pressed upon the root of the hand closely joined together. A charming match it was between them.

81 Daintyhair Hymenaios drew the first try. He took the cup, and shot the flying nectar-drop high in the air over the basin; but he offered no prayer then to his mother the Muse: darting from the cup the dew went scattering high through the air, but the leaping drops turned aside and swerving fell back about the face of the statue so as to touch the top of the head without a sound.[b] Second, crafty Eros took hold of the lovely cup in a masterly way, and secretly in his heart prayed to Cyprogeneia; then with a steady eye on the mark, he shot the liquid into the distance—the dewy nectar went straight, unswerving, and curved round until it fell from the air upon the forehead above the temple with a loud plop. The elegant statue rang, and the basin echoed the sound of victory for the golden son of Cyprogeneia. Ganymedes laughing handed the dainty garland to Eros. Quickly he picked up the beautiful necklace and lifted the globe, and kept the two prizes of their cleverdrop game. Bold Eros went skipping and dancing for joy and turned a somersault, and tried often to pull his rival's hands from his sorrowful face.

105 Now Aglaia stood by him, and she received the prizes from the hands of the prince of heart's delight. She beckoned the boy aside, and with silence their

[a] First they played the finger game, It. *mora*, Lat. *micare digitis*; A. quickly opens and closes some of his fingers and B. has to say at once how many he has held out. This was to determine which should throw first apparently.

[b] So it was not a fair hit: the mark must make an audible sound (or, in some forms of the game, turn over) to count.

νόσφι μολεῖν, καὶ Ἔρωτος ἐς οὔατα μάρτυρι σιγῇ
ψευδομένης ἀγόρευε δολόφρονα μῦθον ἀνάσσης·
" Πανδαμάτωρ ἀδάμαστε,
βιοσσόε σύγχρονε κόσμου,
σπεῦσον, ἐπεὶ Κυθέρεια βιάζεται, οὐδέ τις αὐτῇ
ἀμφιπόλων παρέμιμνε, Χάρις φύγεν, ὤχετο Πειθώ,
καὶ Πόθος ἀστήρικτος ἐχάζετο· σοὶ δέ με μούνην
πέμψεν ἀνικήτοιο τεῆς χατέουσα φαρέτρης."
Ὣς φαμένην ἐρέεινεν Ἔρως, ἵνα πάντα δαείῃ·
ὅττι νέοι ξύμπαντες, ἀτέρμονος ὁππότε μύθου
ἀρχὴν εἰσαΐουσι, τέλος σπεύδουσιν ἀκοῦσαι·
καὶ στομάτων ἀχάλινον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωήν·
" Τίς Παφίην ἀκάχησεν ἐμήν;
ἵνα χεῖρα κορύσσω
μαρνάμενος πάντεσσι· βιαζομένης δὲ τεκούσης
νευρὴν πανδαμάτειραν ἐπὶ Κρονίωνα τανύσσω,
καὶ πάλιν οἰστρηθέντα γαμοκλόπον ὄρνιν Ἐρώτων
αἰετόν, ἤ τινα ταῦρον ἀλὸς πλωτῆρα τελέσσω·
εἰ δέ ἑ Παλλὰς ὄρινε καὶ ἤκαχεν ἀμφιγυήεις
Κεκροπίου λύχνοιο φερανγέα δαλὸν ἀνάψας,
μάρναμαι ἀμφοτέροισι, καὶ Ἡφαίστῳ καὶ Ἀθήνῃ·
εἰ δέ μιν ἰοχέαιρα λαγωβόλος εἰς χόλον ἔλκει,
ἔμπυρον Ὡρίωνος Ὀλύμπιον ἆορ ἐρύσσας
Ἄρτεμιν οἰστρήσαιμι, καὶ αἰθέρος ἐκτὸς ἐλάσσω . . .
κουφίζων πτερύγεσσιν ὁμόστολον υἱέα Μαίης,
οὐτιδανὴν καλέοντα μάτην ἐπαρηγόνα Πειθώ·
καλλείψας δὲ βέλεμνα καὶ ἔμπυρον ἅμμα φαρέτρης
δαφναίοις πετάλοισι θελήμονα Φοῖβον ἰμάσσω,
δέσμιον αὐδήεντι περισφίγξας ὑακίνθῳ·

---

[a] Grace, Persuasion, Desire.
[b] *i.e.* comes against her with a torch for his weapon;

only witness, she whispered into his ear the artful message of her intriguing mistress :

109 " Allvanquisher unvanquished, preserver of life co-eval with the universe, make haste ! Cythereia is in distress. None of her attendants has remained with her ; Charis has gone, Peitho has vanished, Pothos [a] the inconstant has left her ; she had none to send but me. She needs your invincible quiver ! "

114 No sooner had she spoken, than Eros wanted to know all about it ; for all young people, when they hear only the beginning of a story, are eager to hear the end. So he rattled out with that unbridled tongue of his—

118 " Who has hurt my dear Paphian ? Let me take arms in hand and fight all the world ! If my mother is in distress, let me stretch my allvanquishing bowstring against even Cronion, to make him once more a mad ravishing love-bird, an eagle, or a bull swimming the sea ! Or if Pallas has provoked her, if Crookshank [b] has hurt her by lighting the bright torch of the Cecropian light, I will fight them both, Hephaistos and Athena ! Or if Archeress hareslayer moves her to anger, I will draw the fiery Olympian sword of Orion to prick Artemis and drive her out of the sky ! ⟨Or if it is Hermes⟩ I will carry off with me Maia's son on my wings, and let him call useless Peitho in vain to his help.[c] Or I will leave my arrows and the fiery belt of my quiver, I will lash Phoibos a willing victim with cords of laurel leaves, holding him bound in a belt of speaking iris.[d] Indeed I fear not the

Cecropian = Athenian torch-races being a feature of Hephaistos's festival there.

[c] His wife in Nonnos, *cf.* v. 574.

[d] Nonnos is obsessed with this story ; the reader is referred to former notes.

οὐ μέν Ἐνυαλίου τρομέω σθένος, οὐδὲ μογήσω
Ἄρεα μαστίζων πεπεδημένον ἠδέι κεστῷ·
καὶ διδύμους φωστῆρας ὑποδρήσσοντας ἐρύσσω
εἰς Πάφον οὐρανόθεν, καὶ ὀπάονα μητρὶ κομίσσω
σὺν Κλυμένῃ Φαέθοντα, σὺν Ἐνδυμίωνι Σελήνην,
πάντες ἵνα γνώωσιν, ὅτι ξύμπαντα δαμάζω."
Εἶπε, καὶ ἰθυκέλευθον ἐν ἠέρι ταρσὸν ἑλίσσων
ἔφθασεν Ἀγλαΐην πτερύγων διδυμάονι ῥοίζῳ,
ἄχρι δόμων ἐπέβαινεν ἐπειγομένης Ἀφροδίτης.
Καὶ μέσον ἀγκὰς ἑλοῦσα γαληνιόωντι προσώπῳ
πεπταμένῳ πήχυνε γεγηθότι κοῦρον ἀγοστῷ,
γούνασι κουφίζουσα φίλον βάρος· ἐζομένου δὲ
καὶ στόμα παιδὸς ἔκυσσε καὶ ὄμματα· θελξινόου δὲ
ἁπτομένη τόξοιο καὶ ἀμφαφόωσα φαρέτρην,
οἷα χόλου πνείουσα, δολόφρονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
" Τέκνον ἐμόν, Φαέθοντος ἐλήσαο καὶ Κυθερείης·
οὐκέτι Πασιφάη μυκώμενα λέκτρα διώκει·
Ἥλιος γελάᾳ με, καὶ Ἀστρῖδος αἷμα κορύσσει
παιδὸς ἑῆς υἷῆα μαχήμονα Δηριαδῆα,
Βασσαρίδων ὀλετῆρα γυναιμανέος Διονύσου,
καὶ Σατύρων Βρομίοιο ποθοβλήτων ἐλατῆρα.
τοῦτό με μᾶλλον ὄρινεν, ὅτι βροτοειδέι μορφῇ
Ἄρης ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἔχων συνάεθλον Ἐννώ,
ἀρχαίης φιλότητος ἀφειδήσας Ἀφροδίτης,
νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισιν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσῳ,
Ἰνδῷῳ βασιλῆι συνέμπορος. ἀλλ' ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
Ἄρης Δηριάδαο, σὺ δὲ προμάχιζε Λυαίου·
ἔγχος ἔχει, σὺ δὲ τόξον ὑπέρτερον, ᾧ γόνυ κάμπτει

---

[a] Phaëthon is Helios here; Clymene his love was mother of the real Phaëthon.

[b] Aphrodite was angry with the Sun for revealing her

strength of Enyalios, it will not weary me to flog Ares when he is shackled by the delightful cestus. The two luminaries I will drag down from heaven to be drudges in Paphos, and give my mother for a servant Phaëthon with Clymene,[a] Selene with Endymion, that all may know that I vanquish all things!"

140 He spoke, and straight through the air he plied his feet, and reached the dwelling of eager Aphrodite long before Aglaia with his pair of whirring wings.

143 His mother with serene countenance took him into her embrace, and threw one happy arm round her boy, lifting him on her knees, a welcome burden. He sat there while she kissed the boy's lips and eyes; then she touched his mindcharming bow, and handled the quiver, and pretending to breathe anger, spoke these delusive words:

149 My dear child, you have forgotten Phaëthon and Cythereia! Pasiphaë no longer wants the bull's love.[b] Helios mocks at me, and arms the offspring of Astris, the warrior Deriades his own daughter's son, to destroy the Bassarids of womanmad Dionysos and to rout the love-stricken Satyrs of Bromios. But it has provoked me more than all, that battle-stirring Ares in mortal shape, with Enyo by his side, without regard for his old love of Aphrodite, has armed himself against Dionysos at Hera's bidding and supports the Indian king. Now then, on this field Ares is for Deriades—then you fight for Lyaios. He has a spear, you have a stronger bow, before

adultery with Ares, and so plagued all his children, Pasiphaë with monstrous love, Phaëthon with fatal ambition, and so on: *cf.* Hyginus, *Fab.* 148. 3.

Ζεὺς ὕπατος καὶ θοῦρος Ἄρης καὶ θέσμιος Ἑρμῆς·
δειμαίνει σέο τόξα καὶ ὁ κλυτότοξος Ἀπόλλων.
εἰ δὲ τεῇ, φίλε κοῦρε, χαρίζεαι ἀφρογενείῃ,
Βασσαρίδων προμάχιζε καὶ ἡμετέρου Διονύσου.
ἀλλὰ μολὼν ἀκίχητος Ἑώιον εἰς κλίμα γαίης
Ἰνδῴην παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ θεράπαινα Λυαίου
ἔστί τις ἐν Βάκχῃσιν, ὑπέρτερος ἤλικος ἦβης,
οὔνομα Χαλκομέδη φιλοπάρθενος—εἰ δέ κεν ἄμφω
Χαλκομέδην καὶ Κύπριν ἔσω Λιβάνοιο νοήσῃς,
οὐ δύνασαι, φίλε κοῦρε, διακρίνειν Ἀφροδίτην—·
κεῖθι μολὼν χραίσμησον ἐρημονόμῳ Διονύσῳ,
Μορρέα τοξεύσας ἐπὶ κάλλεϊ Χαλκομεδείης·
σεῖο δὲ τοξοσύνης γέρας ἄξιον ἐγγυαλίξω
Λήμνιον εὐποίητον ἐγὼ στέφος, εἴκελον αἴγλαις
Ἠελίου φλογεροῖο· σὺ δὲ γλυκὺν ἰὸν ἁλλῶν
δὸς χάριν ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ·
σὸν καὶ ἐμὸν κύδαινε γαμοστόλον ὄρνιν Ἐρώτων,
εὐφροσύνης κήρυκα βιοζυγέων ὑμεναίων."

Εἶπε θεά· καὶ μάργος Ἔρως ἀνεπάλλετο κόλπου
μητρὸς ἑῆς, καὶ τόξον ἐκούφισεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ βαιῷ
ὤμῳ παυδαμάτειραν ἐπηώρησε φαρέτρην·
καὶ πτερόεις πεπότητο δι' αἰθέρος· ἀμφὶ δὲ Κέρῃ
κυκλώσας πτερὰ κοῦφα βολαῖς ἀντώπιος Ἠοῦς
ἵπτατο μειδιόων, ὅτι τηλίκον ἡνιοχῆα
δίφρων οὐρανίων ὀλίγοις ἔφλεξε βελέμνοις,
καὶ σέλας Ἠελίοιο σέλας νίκησεν Ἐρώτων.
καὶ ταχὺς Ἰνδῴοιο μολὼν κατὰ μέσσον ὁμίλου
τόξον ἐὸν στήριζεν ἐπ' αὐχένι Χαλκομεδείης·
καὶ βέλος ἰθύνων ῥοδέης περὶ κύκλα παρειῆς
Μορρέος εἰς φρένα πέμψεν. ἐρετμώσας δὲ πορείην
νηχομένων πτερύγων ἑτερόζυγι σύνδρομος ὁλκῷ

which bend the knee Zeus the Highest and furious Ares and Hermes the lawgiver; even that Archer Apollo fears your bow. If you will give a boon to your Foamborn, fight for the Bassarids and our Dionysos. Go I pray, to the Eastern clime and let no one catch you—go to the Indian plain, where there is a handmaid of Lyaios amongst the Bacchants, more excellent than her yearsmates, named Chalcomede, who loves the maiden state—but if you should see Chalcomede and Cypris both together in Libanos, you cannot tell which was Aphrodite, my dear boy! Go to that place and help Dionysos ranging the wilds, by shooting Morrheus for the beauty of Chalcomedeia. I will give you a worthy prize for your shooting, a wellmade Lemnian[a] chaplet, like the rays of fiery Helios. Shoot a sweet arrow, and you will do a grace both to Cypris and to Dionysos; honour my bridesmaid bird of love[b] and yours, the herald of lifelong wedding and happy hearts!"

180 So spoke the goddess; and Eros wildly leapt from his mother's lap and took up his bow, slung the allvanquishing quiver about his little shoulder, and sailed away on his wings through the air; round Cerne he turned his flight opposite the rays of morning, smiling that he had set afire that great charioteer of the heavenly car with his little darts, and the light of the loves had conquered the light of Helios. Soon he was moving in the midst of the Indian host, and laid his bow against the neck of Chalcomedeia, aiming the shaft round her rosy cheek, and sent it into the heart of Morrheus. Then paddling his way with the double beat of his floating wings he

[a] *i.e.* made by Hephaistos.
[b] Presumably the dove.

πατρῴους ἀνέβαινεν ἐς ἀστερόεντας ὀχῆας,
καλλείψας πυρόεντι πεπαρμένον Ἰνδὸν ὀιστῷ.
Αἰεὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πόθου δεδονημένος ἰῷ, 195
παρθένος ἦχι βέβηκε, δυσίμερος ἦιε Μορρεύς,
μείλιχον ἄορ ἔχων, πεφιδημένον ἔγχος ἀείρων,
καὶ θρασὺν ἱμερόεντι νόον μαστίζετο κεστῷ·
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν περίκυκλον ἐρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων
νεύμασι Κυπριδίοισιν ἀθελγέας εἵλκεν ὀπωπάς. 200
Ἡ δὲ δολοφρονέουσα παρήπαφεν ὅρχαμον Ἰνδῶν,
οἷά περ ἰμείρουσα, πόθου δ' ἀπεμάξατο κούρη
ψευδαλέον μίμημα· καὶ αἰθέρος ἥπτετο Μορρεύς,
ἐλπίδι μαψιδίῃ πεφορημένος· ἐν κραδίῃ γὰρ
παρθενικὴν ἐδόκησεν ἔχειν βέλος ἶσον Ἐρώτων, 205
κοῦφος ἀνήρ, ὅτι παῖδα σαόφρονα δίζετο θέλγειν
κυανέοις μελέεσσι, καὶ οὐκ ἐμνήσατο μορφῆς.
καί οἱ ἐπεγγελόωσα δόλῳ φιλοπαίγμονι κούρη
ἀγχιφανὴς ἐρέθιζε δυσίμερον, ἀντιβίῳ δὲ
εἶπεν ἀνυμφεύτοιο ποδήνεμα γούνατα νύμφης, 210
πῶς ποτε Φοῖβον ἔφευγε, Βορηίδι σύνδρομος αὔρῃ,
πῶς διερὸν παρὰ χεῦμα τιταινομένου ποταμοῖο
παρθένιον πόδα πῆξε παρ' εὐρυρέεθρον Ὀρόντην,
ὁππότε γαῖα χανοῦσα παρ' εὐύδρου στόμα λίμνης
παῖδα διωκομένην οἰκτίρμονι δέξατο κόλπῳ. 215
Τοῖον ἔπος φαμένης ἀνεπάλλετο χάρματι Μορρεύς,
ἓν δέ ἑ μοῦνον ὄρινε, διωκομένην ὅτι Δάφνην
καὶ θεὸς οὐκ ἐκίχησε καὶ οὐκ ἐμίηνεν Ἀπόλλων·
καὶ βραδὺν ἔννεπε Φοῖβον· ἀεὶ δ' ὑπεμέμφετο γαίῃ,
παρθένον ὅττι κάλυψεν ἀπειρήτην ὑμεναίων· 220
δείδιε γὰρ τρομέων γλυκερῷ πυρί, μή τι καὶ αὐτὴ
εἴη Χαλκομέδη φιλοπάρθενος, οἷά τε Δάφνη,

mounted to the starry barriers of his father, leaving the Indian transfixed with the fiery shaft.

[195] Now Morrheus moved lovesick this way and that way, struck by the arrow of desire, wherever the maiden went ; the sword he lifted was tame, his spear hung idle, his bold spirit was lashed by the cestus of love, he turned his enamoured gaze all about and moved his eyes at the bidding of Cypris, uncomforted.

[201] But the girl cunningly deceived the Indian chieftain, as if desiring him, yet it was only a false pretence of love that she modelled ; and yet Morrheus touched heaven soaring in vain hope, for he thought she had in her heart a wound of maiden love like his own. Shallow man ! he forgot his looks, and sought to charm a girl in her right mind with his black body. The girl had good sport in her playful tricks, showed herself near him and teased the lovesick man. She told her enemy how the knees of that unwedded Nymph [a] fled swift on the breeze, how she ran once from Phoibos quick as the north wind, how she planted her maiden foot by the flood of a longwinding river, by the quick stream of Orontes, when the earth opened beside the wide mouth of a marsh and received the hunted girl into her compassionate bosom.

[216] At this tale of hers Morrheus jumped for joy —one thing only annoyed him, that the god never caught Daphne when she was pursued, that Apollo never ravished her. He called Phoibos a sluggard, and always blamed Earth for swallowing the girl before she knew marriage. Trembling with the sweet fire, he feared that Chalcomede also like

[a] Daphne.

μή μιν ἰδὼν φεύγουσαν ἐτώσιον εἰς δρόμον ἔλθῃ,
μοχθίζων ἀτέλεστον ἐς ἵμερον, ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε νὺξ ἀνέτελλε, κατευνήτειρα κυδοιμοῦ,
Χαλκομέδη μὲν ἵκανεν ἐρημάδος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
ἴχνια μαστεύουσα νοοπλανέος Διονύσου·
οὐ τότε ῥόπτρα φέρουσα καὶ Εὐια κύμβαλα Ῥείης
ὄργια μυστιπόλευεν ἀκοιμήτοιο Λυαίου,
ἀλλὰ κατηφιόωσα καὶ οὐ ψαύουσα χορείης
εἶχεν ἀσιγήτοισιν ἀήθεα χείλεσι σιγήν,
νοῦσον ἀλεξητῆρος ἐπισταμένη Διονύσου.
Ὀκναλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι μόγις βραδὺς ἦε Μορρεύς,
ἐντροπαλιζομένῳ δεδοκημένος ὄμματι νύμφην,
μεμφόμενος Φαέθοντα ταχυδρομον· ἐσπόμενον δὲ
Χαλκομέδῃ νόον εἶχεν ὁμόστολον· ἀσχαλόων δὲ
Κυπριδίοις ὀάροισιν ἀνήρυγε θῆλυν ἰωήν,
αἰθύσσων νυχίων ὑποκάρδιον ἰὸν Ἐρώτων·
"Ἔρρε, βέλος καὶ τόξον Ἀρήιον· ἱμερόεν γὰρ
φέρτερον ἄλλο βέλος με βιάζεται· ἔρρε, φαρέτρη·
κεστὸς ἱμὰς νίκησεν ἐμῆς τελαμῶνα βοείης.
οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδεσσι μαχήμονα χεῖρα κορύσσω·
ἀλλὰ θεὸν πατρῷον, ὕδωρ καὶ γαῖαν ἐάσας
βωμὸν ἀναστήσω καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ,
ῥύψας χάλκεον ἔγχος Ἐνυαλίου καὶ Ἀθήνης.
οὐκέτι πυρσὸν ἔχων θωρήσσομαι· ἀδρανέος γὰρ
δαλὸν Ἐνυαλίοιο κατέσβεσε πυρσὸς Ἐρώτων·
ἄλλῳ θερμοτέρῳ πυρὶ βάλλομαι. αἴθε καὶ αὐτός,
αἴθε γυναιμανέων Σάτυρος πέλον, ὄφρα χορεύσω
μεσσόθι Βασσαρίδων, παλάμῃ δ' ἵνα πῆχυν ἐρείσας
σφίγξω δεσμὸν ἔρωτος ἐπ' αὐχένι Χαλκομεδείης.
εἰς Φρυγίην Διόνυσος ὀπάονα Δηριαδῆος
δουλοσύνης ἐρύσειεν ὑπὸ ζυγόν, ἀντὶ δὲ πάτρης

Daphne might be in love with maidenhood, feared he might see her fleeing and chase her in vain, wasting his pains on desire unattainable like Apollo.

225 But when night came up and sent the battle to rest, Chalcomede traversed lonely wooded heights seeking traces of distracted Dionysos. She bore no tambours then, no Euian cymbals of Rheia, she performed no mystic rite for unsleeping Lyaios ; but downcast and touching not the dance, she kept silence with those lips so unused to silence, understanding the malady of Saviour Dionysos.

233 With timid steps went Morrheus, slow and hesitating, as he watched the nymph with glances that returned again and again, and blamed Phaëthon for all his speed ; but his mind was keeping company with Chalcomede. In distress, he softened his voice to womanish love-prattle, as the arrow of nightly love quivered beneath his heart :

239 " Bow and arrows of Ares, I have done with you ; for another shaft and a better constrains me, the arrow of desire ! I have done with you, quiver ! The cestus-strap has conquered my shieldsling. No more I equip a fighting hand against Bassarids. The gods of my nation, Water and Earth, I will leave, and set up altars both to Cypris and Dionysos ; I will throw away the brazen spear of Enyalios and Athena. No more will I arm me with fiery torches, for love's torch has quenched the torch of Enyalios the weakling : I am hit by another and hotter fire. Would I were a Satyr, one womanmad, that I might dance among Bassarids, that I might rest my hand on Chalcomedeia's shoulder and encircle her neck with love's tight bond ! May Dionysos drag the minister of Deriades to Phrygia under the yoke of

Μαιονίη πολύυλβος ἐὸν ναέτην με δεχέσθω·
Τμῶλον ἔχειν ἐθέλω μετὰ Καύκασον· ἀρχέγονον δὲ
Ἰνδὸν ἀπορρίψας ἐμὸν οὔνομα Λυδὸς ἀκούσω,
αὐχένα δοῦλον Ἔρωτος ὑποκλίνων Διονύσῳ·
Πακτωλὸς φερέτω με· τί μοι πατρῷος Ὑδάσπης;
Χαλκομέδης δ' ἐχέτω με δόμος γλυκύς·
ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
Κύπρις ὁμοῦ καὶ Βάκχος ὑπ' ἀμφοτέροισι βελέμνοις
γαμβροῖς Δηριαδῆος ἐπέχραον, ὅφρά τις εἴπῃ·
' Μορρέα κεστὸς ἔπεφνε,
καὶ ἔκτανε θύρσος Ὀρόντην.' ''
Τοῖα μὲν ἠύτησε· πολυφλοίσβῳ δὲ μερίμνῃ
τήκετο Χαλκομέδης μεμνημένος· ἐν γὰρ ὁμίχλῃ
θερμότεροι γεγάασιν ἀεὶ σπινθῆρες Ἐρώτων.
ἤδη γὰρ σκιόεντι θορὼν αὐτόχθονι παλμῷ
ἄψοφος ἀννεφέλοιο μελαίνετο κῶνος ὁμίχλης,
καὶ τρομερῇ ξύμπαντα μιῇ ξύνωσε σιωπῇ·
οὐδέ τις ἴχνος ἔπειγε δι' ἄστεος Ἰνδὸς ὁδίτης,
οὐδὲ γυνὴ χερνῆτις ἐθήμονος ἥπτετο τέχνης,
οὐδέ οἱ ἐν παλάμῃσι φιλῃλακάτῳ παρὰ λύχνῳ
κύκλον ἐς αὐτοέλικτον ἰὼν ἄτρακτος ἀλήτης
ἄστατος ὀρχηστῆρι τιταίνετο νήματος ὁλκῷ,
ἀλλὰ καρηβαρέουσα φιλαγρύπνῳ παρὰ λύχνῳ
εὗδε γυνὴ ταλαεργός· ὄφις δέ τις ἤσυχος ἕρπων
κεῖτο πεσών, κεφαλῇ δ' ἐρύων παλινάγρετον οὐρὴν
γαστέρος ὑπναλέης ἀνεσείρασεν ὁλκὸν ἀκάνθης·
καί τις ἀερσιπόδης ἐλέφας παρὰ γείτονι τοίχῳ
ὄρθιον ὕπνον ἴαυεν, ὑπὸ δρυὶ νῶτον ἐρείσας.
Καὶ τότε μοῦνος ἄυπνος ἀπόσσυτος ἄψοφος ἕρπων
ποσσὶ παλιννόστοισιν ἕλιξ ἐστρεύγετο Μορρεύς,

slavery! May wealthy Maionia receive me as her settler instead of my native land! I want to leave Caucasos[a] and dwell in Tmolos; let me throw off my ancient name of Indian and be called Lydian, let me bow my neck to Dionysos as the slave of love. Let Pactolos carry me—what care I for the Hydaspes of my homeland? Let Chalcomede's sweet home possess me. Cypris and Bacchos have joined forces and overwhelmed the goodsons of Deriades with their volleys, that men may say—'The cestus killed Morrheus, the thyrsus Orontes.'"

262 Such was his outcry. He melted in the resounding flood of care when he thought of Chalcomede: for in the darkness the sparks of the loves are always hotter. For already the cone of cloudless dark, leaping up with its unconscious moving shade, had covered everything together in one trembling quietude. No wayfarer walked through the Indian city; no working-woman touched her familiar craft, nor beside the distaff-loving lamp did the moving spindle go round of itself under her hands, dangled unresting by the dancing pull of the thread. No, the industrious drudge slept with heavy head beside the wakeful lamp. A snake had crawled in quietly and lay where it fell; the head caught the tail, then it tightened up the length of its backbone in sleep on its belly. A towering elephant by the neighbouring wall enjoyed his sleep upright,[b] leaning his back against a tree.

280 Then alone, sleepless, noiseless, Morrheus hurriedly left Cheirobië sleeping alone in her chamber.

[a] Here the Hindu Kush.

[b] Because it was supposed not to be able to bend its knees.

μούνην Χειροβίην θαλάμοις εὔδουσαν ἐάσας·
καί τινος ἀρχαίοιο σοφοῦ πάρα μῦθον ἀκούσας
ἀνδράσι πὰρ Κιλίκεσσιν ἔχων μόθον ἐγγύθι Ταύρου
ἔνθεον ἀστραίων δεδαημένος οἶστρον Ἐρώτων,
ἠέρι πεπταμένην μετανεύμενος αἴθριον αὐλὴν
νυμφίον Εὐρώπης ἐπεδέρκετο, Ταῦρον Ὀλύμπου·
ἀξονίῳ δὲ τένοντι πολυπλανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων
Καλλιστὼ σκοπίαζε καὶ ἄστατον ὀλκὸν Ἀμάξης,
γινώσκων, ὅτι θῆλυς ἐδέξατο θῆλυν ἀκοίτην
μιμηλῆς μεθέποντα νόθον δέμας ἰοχεαίρης
ἀγνώστοις μελέεσσιν· ὑπερτέλλοντα δὲ Ταύρου
Μυρτίλον ἐσκοπίαζε, πυρίπνοον Ἡνιοχῆα,
ὅττι γάμῳ χραίσμησε, καὶ εἰς δρόμον Ἱπποδαμείης
ἀντίτυπον ποίησε τύπον τροχοειδέι κηρῷ,
ἄχρι Πέλοψ γάμον εὗρε· καὶ ἀγχόθι Κασσιεπείης
Αἰετὸν Αἰγίνης τανυσίπτερον εἶδεν ἀκοίτην,
καὶ δόλον ἤθελε τοῖον ἐπίκλοπον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸς
Χαλκομέδης λύσειεν ἀνυμφεύτοιο κορείην,
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἔχων ἄγρυπνον ὀπωπήν·

"Ἔκλυον, ὡς Σατύρῳ πανομοίιος ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
Ἀντιόπην δολόεντι τύπῳ νυμφεύσατο κούρην
μιμηλῇ φιλότητι φιλοσκάρθμων ὑμεναίων·
τοῖον ἔχειν ἐθέλω καὶ ἐγὼ δέμας, ὄφρα χορεύσω
εἰς στρατὸν εὐκεράων Σατύρων ἄγνωστος ἱκάνων,
Χαλκομέδης ἵνα λέκτρα φιλακρήτοιο τελέσσω.
οἶδα, πόθεν, Κυθέρεια, χολώεαι υἱάσιν Ἰνδῶν·
γείτονας Ἡλίοιο τεοὶ κλονέουσιν ὀιστοί·

---

[a] Zeus approached Callisto in the shape of Artemis.

[b] Myrtilos was Oinomaos's charioteer: *cf.* Rose, *Handbook of Gk. Myth.*, p. 247. Another myth of the constellation

and crept round and round in distress with ever-returning feet. Once when at war near the Tauros among the Cilicians, he had heard the lore of an old sage, and learnt of the sting of starry loves in the heavens. Surveying therefore the heavenly domain spread abroad in the skies, he noticed Europa's bridegroom, the Olympian Bull; then he turned his wandering eye to the polar region, and observed Callisto and the restless course of the Waggon, and recognized that the female received a female bed-fellow, who was disguised under the false likeness of the Archeress with limbs unrecognizable.[a] Rising over the Bull he saw Myrtilos, the fire-breathing Charioteer,[b] because he once helped a marriage, at the race for Hippodameia, and made a counterfeit peg of rounded wax, so that Pelops got his marriage. Near Cassiepeia he saw that Eagle [c] spreading his wings who bedded with Aigina, and wished for such another delusive device, that he might himself undo the maidenhead of unwedded Chalcomede. Then with unsleeping gaze he began to speak:

301 "I have heard how Zeus the Ruler on High once took the shape of a Satyr,[d] and wooed the maiden Antiope under a deceitful shape, in the mock love of a dancing bridal. I wish I had such a shape myself, to dance unrecognized into the host of horned Satyrs and to enjoy the bed of wine-loving Chalcomede. I know, Cythereia, why you are angry with the sons of India; as neighbours of the Sun your arrows plague them,[e] you have not yet forgotten

Auriga is that it is Erichthonios, the first to drive four-in-hand.

[c] The form Zeus took to approach Aigina, daughter of Asopos.

[d] See xxxi. 217.

[e] *Cf. supra*, 149.

οὔ πω μνῆστιν ὄλεσσας ἐλεγχομένων σέο δεσμῶν.
οὐ Φαέθων με φύτευσε· τί με κλονέεις, Ἀφροδίτη;
οὐ τέκε Πασιφάη με βοοσκόπος, οὐκ Ἀριάδνης
γνωτὸς ἐγώ. φθέγξασθε, λίθοι, πετρώδεα φωνήν.
Χαλκομέδην ποθέω, καὶ ἀναίνεται. ἔρρε, φαρέτρη,
ἔρρετε, φοίνια τόξα καὶ ἠνεμόεντες ὀιστοί·
Ἄρης οὔ με σάωσε κορυσσομένης Ἀφροδίτης·
βαιὸς Ἔρως με δάμασσε,
τὸν οὐ κτάνε Βάκχος ἀγήνωρ."
Τοῖα μάτην κατὰ νύκτα
δυσίμερος ἔννεπε Μορρεύς.
οὐδὲ νοοπλανέος πτερὸν εὗρασεν ἠδέος Ὕπνου
Χαλκομέδην φυγόδεμνον, ἐπεὶ πόθον εἶχεν ὀλέθρου,
Μορρέα δειμαίνουσα μεμηνότα, μή μιν ἐρύσσας
θερμὸς ἀνὴρ ζεύξειεν ἀναγκαίοις ὑμεναίοις
Βάκχου μὴ παρεόντος· Ἐρυθραίῃ δὲ θαλάσσῃ
ἔννυχον ἶχνος ἔκαμψε καὶ ἴαχε κύματι κωφῷ·
" Μηλίς, ἐπολβίζω σε·
σὺ γάρ ποτε, νῆις Ἐρώτων,
αὐτομάτῃ στροφάλιγγι δέμας ῥίψασα θαλάσσῃ
λέκτρα γυναιμανέοντος ἀλεύαο Δαμναμενῆος·
σὸν μόρον ὀλβίζω φιλοπάρθενον· οἰστρομανὴ γὰρ
νυμφίον εἰς σὲ κόρυσσεν ἀλὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη,
καί σε θάλασσα φύλαξε, καὶ εἰ Παφίης πέλε μήτηρ,
καὶ θάνες ἐν ῥοθίοις ἔτι παρθένος. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν
Χαλκομέδην ἐθέλουσαν ὕδωρ κρύψειε θαλάσσης
Μορρέος ἱμείροντος ἀπειρήτην ὑμεναίων,
ὄφρα νέη Βριτόμαρτις ἐγὼ φυγόδεμνος ἀκούσω,
ἣν ποτε πόντος ἔδεκτο καὶ ἔμπαλιν ὦπασε γαίῃ,
Κυπριδίων Μίνωος ἀφειδήσασαν Ἐρώτων.

---

* This story is otherwise unknown.

how your captivity was discovered by those nets. Phaëthon was not my father—why do you plague me, Aphrodite? Bullgazer Pasiphaë was no mother of mine, Ariadne no sister. O ye rocks, utter your stony voice! Chalcomede I desire, and she denies! Away my quiver, away with you, my murderous bow and windswift arrows! Ares did not save me when Aprodite took up arms: little Love has vanquished me, whom proud Bacchos could not kill!"

317 Such were the vain cries of lovesick Morrheus through the night. Nor did the wing of sweet bewildering Sleep give rest to loveshy Chalcomede; for she longed to die, being in terror of mad Morrheus —she feared the hot man might bind her in forced wedlock while Bacchos was far away. She turned her step in the night to the Erythraian sea, and cried out to the deaf waves:

324 "Melis,[a] I call you happy! for you unacquainted with love once threw yourself of your own free will over and over into the sea, and so escaped the bed of womanmad Damnameneus. I call your chaste lot happy. For Aphrodite daughter of the brine armed the maddened bridegroom against you, and the sea guarded you even though it was the Paphian's mother: you died in the waves a virgin still; O may the water of the sea cover Chalcomede also, willing enough, while she is still unacquainted with the marriage that Morrheus desires; that I may be called a new loveshy Britomartis,[b] whom once the sea received and returned to the land, where she rejected the bodily love of Minos. Earthshaker

[b] A Cretan heroine, or rather goddess. She leapt into the sea to escape Minos, was caught in some nets, and finally got away from Crete to Aigina.

οὔ με διεπτοίησεν ἐρωμανέων ἐνοσίχθων,
οἷά περ Ἀστερίην φιλοπάρθενον, ἣν ἐνὶ πόντῳ
πλαζομένην ἐδίωκε παλίνδρομον, εἰσόκεν αὐτὴν
ἅστατον ἱππεύουσαν ἀμοιβάδι σύνδρομον αὔρῃ
κύμασιν ἀστυφέλικτον ἐνερρίζωσεν Ἀπόλλων.
δέξό με, δέξο, θάλασσα, φιλοξείνῳ σέο κόλπῳ·
δέχνυσο Χαλκομέδην μετὰ Μηλίδα· δέξο καὶ αὐτὴν
ὁπλοτέρην Βριτόμαρτιν ἀναινομένην ὑμεναίους,
ὄφρα φύγω Μορρῆα καὶ ὑμετέρην Ἀφροδίτην·
Χαλκομέδην ἐλέαιρε, βοηθόε παρθενικάων."
Ὣς φαμένη δεδόνητο νόον παρὰ γείτονι πόντῳ·
καί νύ κεν αὐτοκύλιστος ἐδύσατο κῦμα θαλάσσης,
ἀλλὰ Θέτις χραίσμησε χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ,
καὶ δέμας ἀλλάξασα παρίστατο Χαλκομεδείῃ,
Βάκχης δ' εἶδος ἔχουσα παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν·
"Τέτλαθι, Χαλκομέδη,
μὴ δείδιθι Μορρέος εὐνήν·
αἴσιον ὄρνιν ἔχεις με τεῆς ἀλύτοιο κορείης,
μαρτυρίην μεθέπουσαν ἀνυμφεύτων σέο λέκτρων.
εἰμὶ Θέτις φυγόδεμνος ὁμοίιος, εἰμὶ καὶ αὐτή,
οἷά τε Χαλκομέδη, φιλοπάρθενος· οὐρανόθεν δὲ
Ζεύς με πατὴρ ἐδίωκε καὶ ἤθελεν εἰς γάμον ἕλκειν,
εἰ μή μιν ποθέοντα γέρων ἀνέκοπτε Προμηθεὺς
θεσπίζων Κρονίωνος ἀρείονα παῖδα φυτεῦσαι,
μὴ Θέτιδός ποτε κοῦρος ἐπιβρίσειε τοκῆι
καὶ Κρονίδην ἐλάσειεν, ἅτε Κρόνον ὑψιμέδων Ζεύς.
γίνεό μοι δολόεσσα φερέσβιος· αὐτοφόνος γὰρ
αἴ κε θάνῃς ἀδίδακτος ἀνυμφεύτων ὑμεναίων,
Βασσαρίδων στίχα πᾶσαν ἀνάρσιος Ἰνδὸς ὀλέσσει·
ἀλλά μιν ἠπερόπευε, καὶ ἐκ θανάτοιο σαώσεις

---

* The nymph of Delos; but it is usually Zeus who wanted

enamoured did not affright me, as he did the chaste Asterië,[a] whom he hunted to and fro in the sea, riding restless before the changing wind, until Apollo rooted her in the waves immovable. Receive me, O sea, receive me in your hospitable breast! Receive me like Melis; receive me also, a later Britomartis, refusing marriage, that I may escape Morrheus and your Aphrodite; pity Chalcomede, O saviour of maidens!"

346 So in her distracted mind she cried aloud by the neighbouring sea; and she would have thrown herself rolling headlong into the waves, but Thetis gave her help, to please Dionysos. She changed her shape, and stood before Chalcomedeia in the form of a Bacchant woman with comfortable words:

351 "Courage, Chalcomede! fear not the bed of Morrheus. You have in me a lucky omen of your untouched maidenhead, bringing witness that no marriage shall come near your bed. I am Thetis, like you an enemy of marriage. I love maidenhood, as Chalcomede herself; yet Father Zeus drove me from heaven and would have dragged me into marriage, but that old Prometheus stopt his desires, by prophesying that I should bear a son stronger than Cronion; he wished that Thetis's boy should not some time overpower his father and drive out Cronides as high Zeus drove out Cronos. Be astute, and save us! For if you contrive your own death, without learning what marriage is without a bridegroom, the wild Indian will destroy the whole company of Bassarids. No, you must delude him, and you will save from death your army, which is now

her, not Poseidon. Her island became stationary at the birth of Apollo there.

σὴν στρατιὴν φύξηλιν ἱμασσομένου Διονύσου,
ψευδομένη Παφίης κενεὸν πόθον· εἰ δέ σε Μορρεὺς
εἰς εὐνὴν ἐρύσειεν ἀναινομένην ὑμεναίους,
οὐ χατέεις ἐπὶ Κύπριν ἀρηγόνος· ὑμετέρης γὰρ
φρουρὸν ἔχεις ἀπέλεθρον ὄφιν χραισμήτορα μίτρης·
ὑμέτερον δὲ Δράκοντα λαβὼν μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
στηρίξει Διόνυσος ἐν ἀστεροφεγγέι κύκλῳ,
ἄγγελον οὐ λήγοντα τεῆς ἀλύτοιο κορείης,
ἐγγὺς ἑοῦ Στεφάνοιο φερανγέος, εὖτε τελέσσῃ
ἀστερόεν μέγα σῆμα Κυδωναίης Ἀριάδνης·
Ἀρκτῴῳ δὲ Δράκοντι δράκων τεὸς ἰσοφαρίζων
ἀστράψει μερόπεσσι, συναστράπτων Ὀφιούχῳ.
ὕστερον αἰνήσεις ἁλίην Θέτιν, εὖτε νοήσῃς
ἀστέρα σὸν πυρόεντα συναστράπτοντα Σελήνῃ.
ἔσσο δὲ θαρσήεσσα γάμου χάριν· οὐ γὰρ ἀκοίτης
ἔμπεδον ὑμετέρης ἀναλύσεται ἄμμα κορείης,
οὐ μὰ σὲ καὶ Διόνυσον ἐμῆς ψαύσαντα τραπέζης,
οὐ μὰ σὲ καὶ σέο θύρσα, καὶ εἰναλίην Ἀφροδίτην."

Εἶπε παραιφαμένη· νεφέλῃ δ' ἐκαλύψατο κούρην,
μή μιν ἐσαθρήσωσι φυλάκτορες ἢ σκοπὸς ἀνήρ,
φώριον ἴχνος ἔχων δολίῳ ποδὶ νυκτὸς ὁδίτης,
ἠὲ γυναιμανέων θρασὺς αἰπόλος, ἐσπερίην δὲ
παρθενικὴν ἐρύσειε παρ' εἰνοδίους ὑμεναίους.

in flight while Dionysos is under the lash. Just pretend an unreal desire for love. Then if Morrheus should drag you to bed while you refuse marriage, you need no helper against Cypris, for you have a huge serpent to protect and save your girdle. After the Indian War, Dionysos will take your Serpent and place him in the shining circle of the stars, an everlasting herald of your untouched maidenhood, near his own brilliant Crown, when he completes the great starry sign of Cydonian Ariadne ; and your serpent shall be equal to the northern Serpent,[a] and shine upon mortals along with shining Ophiuchos. By and by you shall praise Thetis of the sea, when you espy your fiery star shining along with Selene. Have no fear about marriage. No bedfellow shall loose the firm knot of your maidenhood : I swear it by Dionysos, who has touched my board, I swear it by your thyrsus, and by Aphrodite of the sea."

383 She ended her consolation ; and then hid the girl in a cloud, that the guards might not see her, or some spy walking cunningly in the night with secret foot, or some bold goatherd womanmad, and drag the maiden in the evening to a wayside wedding.

[a] The constellation Draco, usually the dragon of the Hesperides.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΤΕΤΑΡΤΟΝ

Κτεινομέναις ἑκάτερθε τριηκοστοῖο τετάρτου
Δηριάδης Βάκχῃσι κορύσσεται ἔνδοθι πύργων.

Κούρη δ' οὐρεσίφοιτος ἑῷ ταχυδίνεῖ ταρσῷ
ἄψοφον ἴχνος ἔχουσα διέστιχεν εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης·
οὐδὲ Θέτις δήθυνεν ἐπ' ἠόνος, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
πατρῴην βρυόεσσαν ἐδύσατο Νηρέος αὐλήν.
Ἤδη δ' ἀννεφέλοιο δι' ἠέρος ὄμμα τιταίνων 5
ἄντυγας ἀστραίας ὀρόων ἐκορέσσατο Μορρεύς·
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπε μεληδόσι θυμὸν ἰμάσσων·
" Πλάζεται ἀλλοπρόσαλλος ἐμὸς νόος·
οὐ μία βουλή,
εἷς νόος οὐ μεθέπει με· πολυσπερέες δὲ μενοιναὶ
ἀμφ' ἐμὲ κυκλώσαντο, καὶ οὐ μίαν οἶδα τελέσσαι· 10
κτείνω Χαλκομέδειαν ἐπήρατον; ἀλλὰ τί ῥέξω,
μή με πόθῳ μετὰ πότμον ἀποκτείνειε καὶ αὐτή;
ἀλλὰ λίπω ζώουσαν ἀνούτατον, ἀμφαδίην δὲ
παρθένον εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐφέλκομαι; ἀλλ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
Δηριάδην τρομέω καὶ Χειροβίην ἐλεαίρω. 15
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ κτείνω ποτὲ παρθένον· ἦν δὲ δαμάσσω,
πῶς δύναμαι ζώειν, ὅτε παρθένον οὐκέτι λεύσσω;
κάμνω, Χαλκομέδης ὅτε λείπομαι εἰς μίαν ὥρην."
Τοῖα μάτην ἐνέπων πολυμήχανος ἤιε Μορρεύς,

BOOK XXXIV

In the thirty-fourth, Deriades attacks and massacres the Bacchant women within the walls.

The girl passed over the hills in her quickmoving step, until she silently passed into the woody uplands; nor did Thetis herself linger upon the shore, but she too returned to the weedy hall of her father Nereus.

5 Morrheus already had enough of staring through the cloudless heaven and watching the circling stars; and he spoke, lashing his spirit with cares:

8 "My mind moves unsteadily every way. No one counsel guides me, no one resolve; wishes throng round me in crowds, and I cannot fulfil one of them. Shall I kill Chalcomedeia, my beloved? Then what can I do, that she too may not kill me with longing, after her fate? Or shall I leave her alive and unwounded, and drag the girl openly into marriage? But in my heart I fear Deriades and pity Cheirobië.[a] I will never kill the girl; if I strike her down, how can I live when I see the girl no more? I am in pain when I am without Chalcomede for one hour."

19 So Morrheus went raving and pondering vainly

[a] His wife.

παφλάζων ὀδύνῃσι ποθοβλήτοιο μερίμνης.
Τὸν δὲ παλινδίνητον ἀλώμενον ὑψόθεν ὄχθης
μουνάδος ἀμνήστοιο λελοιπότα δέμνια νύμφης,
ἔδρακεν ἐγρήσσων θρασὺς Ἴσσακος· ὡς δολόεις δὲ
κρυπτὸν ἀτεκμάρτων ἐφράσσατο κέντρον Ἐρώτων,
πιστότατος θεράπων· δολίῳ δέ μιν εἵρετο μύθῳ,
τοῖον ἔπος προχέων ἀπατήλιον ἀνθερεῶνος·
"Τίπτε λιπὼν σέο λέκτρα
καὶ ὑπναλέην σέο νύμφην
πλάζεαι ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατὰ κνέφας,
ἄτρομε Μορρεῦ;
μὴ τάχα Δηριάδης σε διεπτοίησεν ἀπειλῇ;
μή σοι Χειροβίη κοτέει ζηλήμονι θυμῷ,
ἑλπομένη φιλέειν σε δορικτήτην τινὰ Βάκχην;
καὶ γὰρ ὅτ' εἰσορόωσιν ἐρωμανέοντας ἀκοίτας,
κρυπταδίην διὰ Κύπριν ἀεὶ φθονέουσι γυναῖκες.
μὴ τάχα πανδαμάτωρ
θρασὺς Ἵμερος εἰς σὲ κορύσσει
νυμφιδίους σπινθῆρας ἀκοιμήτοιο φαρέτρης;
μή τινα Βασσαρίδων ποθέεις μίαν; ὡς μὲν ἀκούω,
τρεῖς Χάριτες γεγάασι, χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο,
ἀμφίπολοι Φοίβοιο, χοροπλεκέος δὲ Λυαίου
εἰσὶ τριηκοσίων Χαρίτων στίχες, ὧν μία μούνη
πασάων προφέρουσα φαείνεται, οἷα καὶ αὐτὴ
φαιδροτέραις ἀκτῖσι κατακρύπτει σέλας ἄστρων
μαρμαρυγὴν εὔκυκλον ἀκοντίζουσα Σελήνη.
καὶ διδύμοις βελέεσσι κορύσσεται εἰν ἑνὶ θεσμῷ,
κάλλεϊ τοξεύουσα καὶ αἰχμάζουσα σιδήρῳ·
ἔστι δὲ Πασιθέη κορυθαίολος, ἣν τινα Βάκχαι
Χαλκομέδην καλέουσιν· ἐγὼ δέ μιν αὐτὸς ἐνίψω
Ἄρτεμιν ἀργυρόπεζαν ἠὲ[1] χρύσασπιν Ἀθήνην."

[1] So MSS.

many plans, boiling with the pangs of his desire-struck imagination.

21 As he walked alone on the bank, wandering up and down and forgetful of his bride left alone in her bed, bold Hyssacos his trusty guardian, wide awake, saw him. He was shrewd enough to recognize the secret sting of some undivined love, so he began to ask crafty questions and spoke in beguiling words, as follows :

27 " Why have you left your bed and your sleeping bride to wander about in the dark, fearless Morrheus ? Has Deriades affrighted you with a threat ? Is Cheirobië angry with you in a jealous temper, and thinks you in love with some captive Bacchant ? For when women see their partners wild with love, they are always jealous of some secret intrigue. Perhaps that allvanquishing braggart Desire has been aiming at you bridal sparks from his unresting quiver ! Do you want one of the Bassarids, perhaps ? As I hear, there are three Graces, the dancers of Orchomenos, handmaids of Phoibos—but Lyaios the danceweaver has whole rows of Graces three hundred strong, one of whom shines pre-eminent above all, as Selene herself quenches the light of the stars with her brighter beams when she scatters her shimmering around. And she arms herself with two shots on one count —the arrow of her beauty and the steel of her spear. She is a helmeted Pasithea,[a] whom the Bacchants name Chalcomede : but I will call her Silverfoot Artemis or Goldenshield Athena."

[a] *i.e.* lovely as a Charis in armour.

Ὣς φάμενος σίγησε· καὶ ὀφρύος ἄκρα καθέλκων
αἰδομένοις στομάτεσσι δυσίμερος ἔννεπε Μορρεύς·
" Ἀτρεκέως Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο κῦμα θαλάσσης
δειμαίνων Λυκόοργον, ὑποβρυχίοιο δὲ κόλπου
Νηρεΐδας θώρηξε, καὶ ἐξ ἁλὸς ἦλθε κομίζων
εἰναλίην ἐς Ἄρηα κασιγνήτην Ἀφροδίτην·
ἀντὶ δὲ νυμφιδίοιο καὶ εὐόδμοιο χιτῶνος
δῶκεν ἔχειν θώρηκα σιδήρεον, ἀντὶ δὲ κεστοῦ
χάλκεον ἔγχος ὄπασσε· καὶ οὔνομα τὸ πρὶν ἀμείψας
Χαλκομέδην ὀνόμηνε κορυσσομένην Ἀφροδίτην·
ἔστι δὲ Βασσαρίδεσσι συνέμπορος· ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
μάρναμαι ἀγνώσσων, καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
καὶ τί μάτην δόρυ θοῦρον ἀείρομαι; εἶξον, ἀκωκή·
εἰ Παφίη νίκησεν ἀκοντιστῆρα κεραυνοῦ,
εἰ πολέμων σκηπτοῦχον ἑῷ σπινθῆρι δαμάζει,
εἰ φλογερὸν Φαέθοντα κατέφλεγε μείζονι πυρσῷ
καὶ κλονέει πυρόεντα, τί κεν ῥέξαιμι σιδήρῳ;
εἶπατέ μοί τινα μῆτιν ἀρηγόνα Κυπρογενείης·
οὐτήσω τὸν Ἔρωτα; πόθεν πτερόεντα κιχήσω;
ἔγχος ἀερτάζω; πυρὶ μάρναται. ἆορ ἐρύσσω;
τόξον ἔχει, τὸ δὲ τόξον ἐμῆς φρενὸς ἀπτόμενον πῦρ.
πολλάκις οὐτήθην κατὰ φύλοπιν· ἀλλὰ καμόντα
ἰητήρ με σάωσεν ἑῇ ζωαρκέι τέχνῃ,
ὠτειλῇ μελέων ὀδυνήφατον ἄνθος ἐλίξας.
Ὕσσακε, μὴ κρύψῃς, τίνα φάρμακα ποικίλα πάσσων
ἔνδον ἐμῆς κραδίης ἰήσομαι ἕλκος Ἐρώτων.
εἰμὶ μὲν ἀντιβίοισιν ἀεὶ θρασύς· ἀλλ' ὅτε λεύσσω
Χαλκομέδην παρεοῦσαν, ἐμὴ θηλύνεται αἰχμή.
οὐ τρομέω Διόνυσον· ὑποπτήσσω δὲ γυναῖκα,
ὅττι σέλας πέμπουσα ποθοβλήτοιο προσώπου

---

[a] Chalco- means bronze.

48 When he had said this, he fell silent ; and love-sick Morrheus drawing his brows together answered with shamefast lips :

50 " Certainly Dionysos dived into the waves of the sea for fear of Lycurgos, and armed the Nereïds in the bosom of the deep, and out of the brine he brought against Ares his own sister, Aphrodite of the brine : instead of the fragrant dress for a bridegift he gave her a steel corselet to wear, instead of the cestus he gave her a spear of bronze ; he changed her name, and Aphrodite armed became Chalcomede.[a] She is in the company of the Bassarids, and I have two to fight, without knowing it—both Cypris and Dionysos. Why do I vainly lift my valiant spear ? Yield, my point ! If the Paphian has conquered the master of the thunderbolt, if she vanquishes the king of battles with her spark, if she has burnt up flaming Phaëthon with a fire greater than his own and harasses the fiery one, what could I do with steel ? Tell me some device to help against Cyprogeneia. Shall I wound Eros ? but how shall I catch that winged one ? Shall I lift a spear ? Fire is his weapon. Shall I draw the sword ? He has an arrow, and his arrow is fire kindling my heart.

69 " Often I have been wounded in the field ; but wounded, some physician has made me whole by his lifesaving art, by laying an allheal flower on the wound of my body. Hyssaeos, hide it not, tell me what varied store of balsams can I apply in my heart to cure the wound of love ! To my adversaries I am always bold ; but when I see Chalcomede before me, my sharp point grows womanish. I fear not Dionysos, but I shrink before a woman, for she shoots bright shafts from her lovesmit countenance and pierces me

μορφῇ ὀιστεύει με, καὶ οὐκέτι τόξα τιταίνω.
ὣς ἄρα Νηρεΐδων μίαν ἔδρακον· εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
ἢ Θέτις ἢ Γαλάτεια συναιχμάζει Διονύσῳ."
Εἶπε, καὶ ἀκροτάτοισι μόγις βραδὺς ἴχνεσι βαίνων,
μὴ νυχίην εὕδουσαν ἐὴν παράκοιτιν ἐγείρῃ,
εἰς θάλαμον πάλιν ἦλθε· μελαγκόλποιο δὲ νύμφης
τηλόχεν ἔτραπεν ὄμμα, καὶ ἤθελεν, ὄφρα φανεῖσα
Χαλκομέδη λάμψειε καὶ ἠριγένεια φανείη.
ἀσχαλόων δ' ὑπ' Ἔρωτι κατηφέι κάππεσεν εὐνῇ·
καὶ θεράπων ἄγρυπνος ἔχων πόθον ἠδέος ὕπνου
Ἴτσακος αὖτις ἔδαρθεν ἑῆς ἐφύπερθε βοείης.
Μορρέα δ' ὑπνώοντα παρήπαφεν ὄψις ὀνείρου,
κλεψινόων ἐλέφαντος ἀναΐξασα πυλάων,
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἐπήρατον ἠπεροπῆα·
"Δέχνυσο Χαλκομέδην πειθήμονα, νυμφίε Μορρεῦ·
δέξο καὶ ἐν λεχέεσσι μετὰ πτολέμους σέο νύμφην·
ἠματίην ὀρόων με τεὴν ὑΰφρηνας ὀπωπήν,
καὶ νυχίῃ παρίαυε φιλήνορι Χαλκομεδείῃ.
ἔστι καὶ ὑπναλέοιο γάμου χάρις, ἔστι καὶ αὐτῶν
ἱμερόεις γλυκὺς οἶστρος ὀνειρείων ὑμεναίων.
ἤθελον ἀγκὰς ἔχειν σε, καὶ ἐγγύθι φαίνεται Ἠώς."
Ὣς φαμένη πεπότητο·
καὶ ἐξ ὕπνου θόρε Μορρεύς,
ἀρχομένης δ' ἐνόησεν ἀμερσιγάμου φάος Ἠοῦς·
Χαλκομέδην δ' ἐδόκησεν ἔχειν πόθον· αἶψα δὲ σιγῇ
ἔννεπε Κυπριδίην ἀπατήλιον ἐλπίδα βόσκων·
"Τριπλόον, ἠριγένεια, φέρεις φάος, ὅττι κομίζεις
Χαλκομέδην, καὶ φέγγος ἄγεις καὶ νύκτα διώκεις.
Μορρέος ἀγρύπνοιο παρήγορε, καὶ σὺ φανείης,
Χαλκομέδη, ῥοδόεσσα ῥοδοστεφέος πλέον Ἠοῦς·

[a] The mermaid whom Polyphemos the Cyclops loved.
[b] A false dream: *cf.* Hom. *Od.* xix. 563, Virg. *Aen.* vi. 895-896.

with her beauty. I cannot aim my bow then. So I have seen one of the Nereïds. If I dare say it, either Thetis or Galateia[a] is fighting beside Dionysos!"

81 He spoke; and moving on the tips of his toes, slowly and carefully, so as not to awaken his sleeping wife in the night, he entered his chamber again. Far from the black bosom of his bride he turned his eyes away, and wished that Chalcomede might stand shining before him and dawn appear. Chafing with love he fell on his sad couch; and his watchful guardian Hyssacos, longing for quiet rest, fell asleep once more on his oxhide shield.

89 While Morrheus slumbered, the vision of a dream came flying from the deluding gates of ivory[b] to cajole him, and uttered a comforting but deceitful speech:

92 "Bridegroom Morrheus, welcome Chalcomede a willing bride! Welcome your bride in your own bed after your battles! In the day when you saw me you delighted your eyes—in the night, sleep by the side of your loving Chalcomedeia! Even in sleep marriage has its charm, even in dreams it has a passion of sweet desire. I would fain hold you in my arms, and dawn is near."

99 With these words, the vision flew away; Morrheus leapt out of his sleep and saw the beginning of Dawn, the thief of love. He thought Chalcomede desired him, and at once said silently to himself, feeding his delusive hope of love:

103 "Threefold light you bring, O daughter of the mist! You bring Chalcomede, and you bring the daylight, and you drive night away! O Chalcomede, do you appear to me also, and comfort wakeful Morrheus, you, rosier yourself than rose-crowned

οὔ ποτε τοῖον ἄγουσι ῥόδον λειμωνίδες Ὧραι.
παρθενικὴ χαρίεσσα, τεαὶ μεθέπουσι παρειαὶ
εἰαρινὸν λειμῶνα, τὸν οὐ χρόνος οἶδε μαραίνειν·
ἄνθεα σοὶ θαλέουσιν, ὅτε φθινοπωρίδες Ὧραι·
σὰ κρίνα καὶ κατὰ χεῖμα φαείνεται· ἀμφιέπει δὲ
σὸν δέμας οὐ λήγουσαν ἐρευθομένην ἀνεμώνην,
ἣν Χάριτες κομέουσι καὶ οὐκ ὀλέκουσιν ἀῆται.
οὔνομα σὸν κόσμησας ἀριστεύουσα σιδήρῳ·
ἄρμενον ἠνορέῃ τεὸν οὔνομα· Χαλκομέδην δὲ
οὔ σε μάτην καλέουσι· σὲ γὰρ τέκε χάλκεος Ἄρης
Κύπριδος ἐν λεχέεσσιν Ἐρωτοτόκοιο χορεύων.
Χαλκομέδην μὲν ἅπαντες, ἐγὼ δέ σε μοῦνος ἐνίψω
Χρυσομέδην, ὅτι κάλλος ἔχεις χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης·
πείθομαι, ὡς Σπάρτηθεν ἔχεις γένος· ὡς δοκέω γάρ,
Χαλκομέδην ἐλόχευσε σιδηροχίτων Ἀφροδίτη."

Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε φιλαγρύπνων ἐπὶ λέκτρων.
ἀλλ' ὅτε φοινίσσοντι σέλας πέμπουσα προσώπῳ
ὑσμίνης προκέλευθος ἑκηβόλος ἄνθορεν Ἠώς,
Ἰνδῴην ἐκόρυσσε γονὴν λαοσσόος Ἄρης·
καὶ τότε θωρηχθέντες ἐντροχάλων ἀπὸ λέκτρων
ἅρματι Δηριάδαο συνήλυδες ἔρρεον Ἰνδοί.

Βάκχοι δ' οὐ παρεόντος ἀνικήτου Διονύσου
εἰς πεδίον προχέοντο κατηφέες· ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
οὐκέτι θαρσήεντες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῷ,
ἀλλὰ φόβῳ δονέοντο· καὶ οὐ ῥηξήνορι λύσσῃ
εἰσέτι χαλκοχίτωνες ἐβακχεύοντο γυναῖκες·
οὐδὲ βαρυφθόγγοιο μεμυκότος ἀνθερεῶνος
ἀφρὸν ἀνηκόντιζον, ἐν ἀφλοίσβῳ δὲ σιωπῇ
μίμνεν ἀδεψήτοιο περίκροτα νῶτα βοείης·
οὐ δαΐδες σελάγιζον Ἐνυαλίης φλόγα πεύκης,

---

* The Armed Aphrodite of Sparta.

Dawn: no such roses are brought by the Seasons to our meadows. Charming maiden, your cheeks present a meadow of the Springtime which time knows not how to wither. Your flowers are in bloom when the fruitwasting Autumn Seasons are here: your lilies can be seen even in winter; your body is all one blushing anemone never-fading, which the Graces tend and the winds never destroy. Your name you have adorned by the triumphs of your spear; your name fits your valour—not in vain are you called Chalcomede, for brazen Ares begat you, tumbling on the bed of love-begetting Cypris. All the world calls you Chalcomede, but I alone call you Chrysomede, because you have the beauty of golden Aphrodite; I believe you come from Sparta, for as I think, Aphrodite Steelcorselet [a] was the mother of Chalcomede."

122 So he spoke on his wakeful bed. But when farshooting Dawn with crimson face leapt up sending forth her light as the forerunner of battle, Ares musterhost armed the Indian nation; then the Indians fully equipped ran from their wellwheeled [b] beds to gather round the chariot of Deriades.

128 But the Bacchoi, with invincible Dionysos still amissing, poured forth downcast on the plain. No longer in confident heart they marched to the fight, but they were stricken with fear. No longer with manbreaking madness the women in bronze corselets rushed frantic to the field, no more they scattered foam from their bellowing throats with deep growlings; but in silence undisturbed the untanned calfskins lay unbeaten. Their torches sent forth no shining flame of martial brands nor belched the death-

[b] Apparently they were in caravans, like Scythian nomads.

καπνὸν ἐρευγομένης θανατηφόρον· ἀλλ' ὑπὸ κέντρῳ
δαιμονίης μάστιγος ἐθηλύνοντο μαχηταί.
οὐ Σάτυροι κελάδησαν, ἐθήμονος οὐ θρόος αὐλοῦ
ἔβρεμεν ἐγρεκύδοιμος· ἀβακχεύτῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Σειληνοὶ πολέμιζον ἐχέφρονες, οὐδὲ προσώπῳ
μίλτον ἐπιχρίσαντες ὁμόχροον αἵθοπι λύθρῳ
ξανθὸν ἐφοινίξαντο τύπον ψευδήμονι μορφῇ
εἰς φόβον, οὐδὲ μέτωπα πεφυρμένα λευκάδι γύψῳ,
ὡς πάρος, ἐρρινώντο· καὶ οὐ στομάτεσσι πιόντες
θερμὸν ἐρημονόμοιο νεόσσυτον αἷμα λεαίνης
Πᾶνες ἀελλήεντες ἐβακχεύοντο κυδοιμῷ,
ἀλλὰ φόβῳ γεγάασιν ἐνηέες· ὀκναλέοι δὲ
φειδομέναις ἤρασσον ἀδουπήτοις χθόνα χηλαῖς,
φρικτὸν ἀναστείλαντες ὀρίδρομον ἄλμα χορείης.

Δηριάδης δ' ὑπέροπλος ἐπέχραεν ἄρσενι χάρμῃ,
σείων ὡς τρυφάλειαν ἐῆς γλωχῖνα κεραίης·
θηλυτέρῃ δὲ φάλαγγι θορὼν βακχεύετο Μορρεύς·
οὐ γὰρ Χαλκομέδεια συνέμπορος ἵστατο Βάκχαις,
ὅφρά μιν αἰδέσσαιτο, κατεσσυμένην δὲ γυναικῶν
αἵματι πορφύρουσαν ἀναστείλειεν ἀκωκήν,
ἀλλὰ τότε προμάχοισιν ὁμήλυδος ἥπτετο χάρμης
παρθένος ἱμερόεσσα νέη κλυτότοξος Ἀμαζών,
φάρεα λεπτὰ φέρουσα καὶ ἀστράπτοντα χιτῶνα
ἐν πεδίῳ· τὸ γὰρ εἶπε σοφὴ Θέτις, ὄφρα σαώσῃ
λαὸν ὅλον μογέοντα τινασσομένου Διονύσου.

Ἔνθα διατμήξας Χαρίτων ὕνδαλμα προσώπου
Βασσαρίδας ζώγρησεν ἀνάλκιδας ἑνδεκα Μορρεύς,
ἃς μετὰ Χαλκομέδην ἐκρίνατο· Μαιναλίδων δὲ
χεῖρας ὀπισθοτόνους ἀλύτῳ σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ,
καὶ στίχα λυσιέθειραν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δούλια σύρων
λῃδας ἀμφιπόλους ἑκυρῷ πόρε Δηριαδῆι,

bringing smoke : but under the goad of the divine lash the warriors turned to women. The Satyrs made no noise, no sound echoed as of yore from the pipes to awaken the conflict. The Seilenoi went to battle in sober silence with their wits about them ; they had not painted their faces with crimson like fresh blood, nor purpled their yellow skin to deceive and affright, nor daubed their foreheads with white chalk as usual. The Pans had drunk no hot blood fresh from the veins of a lioness of the wilds, and rushed not swift as the wind frenzied into the conflict, but they were mild with fear: hesitating they pawed the ground with gentle noiseless hooves, and ceased the terrible leaps of their highland dance.

151 But Deriades proudly grappled with the men's battle, shaking his pointed horn like a helmet plume ; Morrheus leapt raging against the company of women. For Chalcomedeia did not stand beside the Bacchant women to make him pitiful, and check the blade which darted against the women purpled with blood ; but now the lovely young girl, a new bow-famed Amazon, took hand in the fight beside the front ranks in the plain, clad in light robes and a shining tunic. For that is what wise Thetis told her to do, that she might save the whole host, so distressed while Dionysos was being plagued.

162 Then Morrheus parting from that face, the image of the Graces, saved alive eleven of the weak Bassarids, whom he judged to be next after Chalcomede. He bound the Mainalids' arms behind them in a knot too tight to be undone ; then dragging them with hair flowing loose to the yoke of slavery, he gave them to his goodfather Deriades as servants won by

ἔδνον ἑῆς ἀλόχοιο τὸ δεύτερον, ἧς χάριν εὐνῆς
νυμφοκόμον μόθον εἶχεν ἀερσιλόφῳ παρὰ Ταύρῳ,
ὁππότε Δηριάδαο νέην βασιληΐδα κούρην,
ἥλικα Χειροβίην, ζυγίῳ σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ·
οὐ γὰρ δῶρον ἔδεκτο γαμήλιον ὅρκαμος Ἰνδῶν
παιδὸς ἑῆς, οὐ χρυσὸν ἐπήρατον, οὐ λίθον ἅλμης
μαρμαρέην, ἀγέλας δὲ βοῶν καὶ πώεα μήλων
Δηριάδης ἀπέειπε, καὶ ἐγρεμόθοισι μαχηταῖς
θυγατέρων ἔζευξεν ἀδωροδόκους ὑμεναίους,
γαμβρὸν ἔχων Μορρῆα καὶ ἐννεάπηχυν Ὀρόντην·
καὶ διδύμοις προμάχοισιν ἑὴν νύμφευσε γενέθλην,
Μορρέι Χειροβίην καὶ Πρωτονόειαν Ὀρόντῃ·
οὐ γὰρ ἐπιχθονίοισιν ὁμοίως ἔπλετο Μορρεύς,
ἀλλὰ Γιγαντείων μελέων ὑψαύχενι μορφῇ
Ἰνδῶν Γηγενέων μιμήσατο πάτριον ἀλκήν,
ἠλιβάτου Τυφῶνος ἔχων αὐτόχθονα φύτλην,
εὖτε πυριτρεφέων Ἀρίμων παρὰ γείτονι πέτρῃ
σύγγονον ἠνορέην ἐπεδείκνυε μάρτυρι Κύδνῳ,
ἔδνα φέρων θαλάμων, Κιλίκων ἴδρῶτας ἀέθλων,
νυμφίος ἀκτήμων, ἀρετῇ δ' ἐκτήσατο νύμφην.
ὣς ποτε Μορρείοιο γάμου μνηστῆρι σιδήρῳ
Ἀσσυρίη γόνυ κάμψε, καὶ εἰς ζυγὰ Δηριαδῆος
αὐχένα πετρήεντα Κίλιξ δοχμώσατο Ταῦρος,
καὶ θρασὺς ὤκλασε Κύδνος, ὅθεν Κιλίκων ἐνὶ γαίῃ
Σάνδης Ἡρακλέης κικλήσκεται εἰσέτι Μορρεύς.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν προτέροισιν· ἐν ὀψιγόνῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
θυιάδας ἐζώγρησεν ἀφειδέι δούρατι Μορρεύς·
κυδιόων δ' ἀχάλινον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωήν·
" Σοὶ μὲν ἐγώ, σκηπτοῦχε, τεῆς κειμήλια κούρης

---

[a] *i.e.* not Typhon but Morrheus, as described.
[b] Nonnos is right for once: Sandes, whom the Greeks

the spear, to be a second brideprice for his wife ; for whose sake he had fought beside peaksoaring Tauros, to win her for his bride, when he joined to himself in the bonds of wedlock the young princess, Deriades' daughter, his yearsmate Cheirobië. For the Indian chieftain had received no marriage gift for his daughter, no precious gold, no bright stone of the sea ; herds of oxen and flocks of sheep Deriades refused, and joined his daughters in marriage without price, to stirring warriors, taking for goodsons Morrheus and ninecubit Orontes—gave his own children as brides to two champions, Cheirobië to Morrheus and Protonoeia to Orontes. For Morrheus was not like men of this earth, but he resembled the national strength of the earthborn Indians in highnecked body and gigantic limbs ; he had the earthborn breed which towering Typhon had, when near the neighbouring rock of firebreeding Arima he[a] displayed his inborn courage for Cydnos to behold. The brideprice which he brought was the sweat of Cilician labours ; a bridegroom without possessions, he possessed his bride by valour. So in those days Assyria bent the knee to the steel that wooed a bride for Morrheus, Cilician Tauros bowed his rocky neck to the yoke of Deriades, bold Cydnos curtseyed, and for that reason in the Cilician land Morrheus is still called Heracles Sandes.[b] But that is an old story ; in this later conflict Morrheus captured the Thyiads with pitiless spear, and triumphant shouted an unbridled speech :

196 " These are for you, my lord king, treasures for

identified with Heracles, seems really to have been a Cilician god ; see Roscher's *Lexikon* iv. 322. 39. His connexion with Morrheus is fanciful.

Βάκχας πρῶτον ἄγω,
μετέπειτα δὲ Βάκχον ὀπάσσω."
Ὡς φαμένου Μορρῆος ἀμείβετο κοίρανος Ἰνδῶν·
" Χειροβίην ἀνάεδνον ἔχων, κορυθαιόλε Μορρεῦ,
ἄξιά μοι πόρες ἕδνα φερεσσακέων ὑμεναίων,
ἄστεα δουλώσας Κιλίκων ὑφήνορι νίκῃ.
ἄρτι πάλιν νέα δῶρα χαρίζεαι· ἦν δ' ἐθελήσῃς,
ἄλλας Βασσαρίδας λῃίσσεο, Χειροβίης δὲ
ἀμφιπόλων ἔμπλησον ὅλον δόμον· ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχου
οὐ χατέω Μορρῆος, ἀλυκτοπέδαις δὲ πεδήσας
δοίλιον εἰς ζυγόδεσμον ἐγὼ Διόνυσον ἐρύσσω.
μοῦνον ἐμοὶ πεφύλαξο δορικτήτης πόθων εὐνῆς,
μή σε γυναιμανέεσσιν ἴδω πανομοίων Ἰνδοῖς·
ὄμματα μὴ σκοπίαζε καὶ ἄργυφον αὐχένα Βάκχης,
μὴ ποθέων τελέσειας ἐμὴν ζηλήμονα κούρην.
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν Βρομίου στρατιὴν ξύμπασαν ὀλέσσω,
Μαιονίην ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐλεύσομαι, ἔνθεν ἀφύξω
Λυδῶν ἄσπετον ὄλβον, ὅσον Πακτωλὸς ἀέξει·
ἴξομαι εἰς Φρυγίην εὐάμπελον, ὁππόθι Ῥείη
παιδοκόμος Βρομίοιο, καὶ ἀγχικέλευθον ὀλέσσω
ἀργυρέης Ἀλύβης πέδον ὄλβιον, ὄφρα κομίσσω
φαιδρὰ ῥυηφενέων χιονώδεα νῶτα μετάλλων·
πέρσω δ', ἣν καλέουσι, καὶ ἑπταπύλου χθόνα Θήβης,
καὶ φλέξω Σεμέλης φλογερὸν δόμον, ὁππόθι παστοὶ
λείψανα θερμὰ φέρουσι μαραινομένων ὑμεναίων."
Εἶπεν ἄναξ ἀθέμιστος, Ἐνυαλίοιο δὲ γαμβροῦ
ἀμφιπόλων στίχα πᾶσαν ἐδέξατο δῶρα κυδοιμοῦ
Δηριάδης, Φλογίῳ δὲ καὶ Ἀγραίῳ πόρε Βάκχας

your daughter which I bring first ; later I will give you Bacchos ! "

198 To these words of Morrheus the Indian prince replied :

199 " Cheirobië you had without price, Morrheus of the flashing helmet. You paid me price enough for your shieldbearing marriage by enslaving the Cilician cities in the lofty valour of victory. Now again you bestow new gifts. If it be your pleasure, make prisoners of the Bassarids as well, and fill the whole palace of Cheirobië with handmaids ; but for Bacchos I need not Morrheus ; I myself will drag Dionysos to a yoke of slavery laden with galling fetters. Only I bid you take care not to lust after a captive for your bed, that I may not see you just like the womanmad Indians. Do not look upon the eyes and silvery neck of a Bacchant woman, that you may not make my girl jealous by your lusts. But when I have destroyed the whole army of Bromios, I will invade the Maionian land, and thence I will drain the infinite wealth of Lydia, all that Pactolos produces ; I will march to vineclad Phrygia, where Rheia dwells who cared for Bromios in boyhood, and I will destroy the wealthy ground of silvery Alybe hard by, that I may bring home shining white sheets from mines that roll in riches. And I will devastate the land of sevengate Thebes, as they call it, and I will burn Semele's fiery house, where the lady's chamber still is in hot ruins from that parched bridal."

221 So spoke the lawless king Deriades, as he received the whole line of handmaidens, gifts of his warlike goodson from the battle. He handed over the Bacchants to Phlogios and Agraios, dragged along

ἑλκομένας πλοκαμῖδος· ὁμοπλέκτῳ δ' ἐνὶ δεσμῷ
ἀρραγέες παλάμῃσιν ἐμιτρώθησαν ἱμάντες.
Τὰς μὲν ἄγων Φλόγιος βασιληίδος ἄγγελα νίκης
σφιγγομένας πόμπευε δι' ἄστεος. ὑψιτενεῖς δὲ
αἱ μὲν ἐυγλυφάνοιο παρὰ προπύλαια μελάθρου
ἀγχονίῳ θλίβοντο περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ·
ἄλλαις θερμὸν ὄπασσε μόρον πυρόεντος ὀλέθρου·
αἱ δὲ πεδοσκαφέεσσιν ἐτυμβεύοντο ῥεέθροις
φρείατος ἐν γυάλοισιν, ὅπῃ βυθίων ἀπὸ κόλπων
χερσὶν ἀμοιβαίαις βεβιημένον ἕλκεται ὕδωρ·
καί τις ἔσω διεροῖο βαθυνομένου κενεῶνος
ἡμιφανὴς ἀτίνακτος ἀμοιβαίῃ φάτο φωνῇ·
"Ἔκλυον, ὡς Ἰνδοῖσι θεὸς πέλε γαῖα καὶ ὕδωρ·
οὐδὲ μάτην ποτὲ τοῦτο φατίζεται· ἀμφότεροι γὰρ
εἰς ἐμὲ θωρήχθησαν ὁμόφρονες, εἰμὶ δὲ μέσση
καὶ χθονίου θανάτοιο καὶ ὑδατόεντος ὀλέθρου,
καὶ μόρον ἐγγὺς ἔχω διδυμόζυγον· ἰλυόεις γὰρ
ξεῖνος δεσμὸς ἔχει με, καὶ οὐκέτι ταρσὸν ἀείρω,
ὑγρὰ δὲ ῥιζώσασα πεπηγότα γούνατα πηλῷ
ἵσταμαι ἀστυφέλικτος ἐγὼ Μοίρῃσιν ἑτοίμη·
καὶ ποταμός με δίωκε, καὶ οὐ χυτὸν ἔτρεμον ὕδωρ·
αἴθε καὶ οὗτος ἔην κελάδων ῥόος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτοῦ
χεῖρας ἐρετμώσασα διατμήξω μέλαν ὕδωρ."
Ἔννεπεν· οἰγομένῳ δὲ κατάρρυτα χεύματα λαιμῷ
δεχνυμένη κατὰ βαιὸν ἀτυμβεύτῳ θάνε πότμῳ.
Αὐτὰρ ὁ Χαλκομέδης πεπεδημένος ἠδέι κέντρῳ
Μαιναλίδων ἀσίδηρον ὅλον στρατὸν ἤλασε Μορρεὺς
εἰς πόλιν ὀφρυόεσσαν, ὀπίστερος ἕγχεϊ νύσσων.
ὡς δ' ὅτε μηλονόμος πολυχανδέος εἰς μυχὰ μάνδρης
συμμιγέων οἰῶν σποράδας στίχας εἰς ἓν ἐλαύνων
εἰροπόκων ἴθυνε καλαύροπι πώεα μήλων
πασσυδίῃ, πολέες δὲ συνεστιχόωντο βοτῆρες

by the hair, their hands all girdled with unbreakable straps in one long line.

226 These Phlogios led bound, and conducted them through the city as tidings of the royal victory. Some were hung up beside the carved gateway of the palace, with nooses choking their encircled necks. To others he allotted a hot fate of death by fire. Others were entombed in water, in the earthdug hollows of a well, where water is drawn from deep-sunk pools by the hard work of hand over hand. Then they would cry, half-seen, immovable, from the watery depths of the pit, one after another—

236 "I have heard that the Indians' god was Earth and Water, and there is reason for that saying: for both are arrayed against me together! I am between death by earth and destruction by water, and I have a double fate near me. A strange chain of mud holds me fast, and I can no longer lift a foot; my soaking knees are firmly rooted in mire, and I stand immovable ready for the Fates. There was a time when a river pursued me, and I feared not the running water; O that this also were a murmuring stream, that I might here also paddle my hands and cut its dark water too!"

247 So she spoke, and receiving the pouring flood into her open throat, perished slowly by a fate which gave her no burial.

249 But Morrheus, enchained by the sweet passion for Chalcomede, drove the whole unweaponed band of Mainalids into the frowning city, prodding them with his spear from behind. As a shepherd drives scattered clumps of mingled sheep into the shelter of a roomy pen together, and guides his fleecy flocks of sheep with his staff all in a flurry, while many drovers

μῆλα περισφίγγοντες ὁμόζυγι πήχεος ὁλκῷ
προτροπάδην στοιχηδὸν ἀρηρότα, μή ποτε ποίμνης
κλειομένης πλάζοιτο παράτροπος ἐσμὸς ἀλήτης·
ὣς ὅ γε θῆλυν ὅμιλον ἔσω πυλεῶνος ἐέργων
εἰς πόλιν αἰπύδμητον ἀελλόπος ἤλασε Μορρεὺς
Βακχείην στίχα πᾶσαν ἀποσπάδα δηιοτῆτος.
καὶ μογέων δόλον εἶχεν ἐτώσιον, ὄφρα κυδοιμοῦ
ληίδα καλλιγύναικα λιπὼν μετανάστιον ἄγρην
Χαλκομέδην ἐρύσειεν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δουλοσυνάων,
ἄλλαις θηλυτέρῃσιν ὁμόστολον, ὄφρά οἱ αἰεὶ
ἠματίη θεράπαινα καὶ ἔννυχος εὐνέτις εἴη,
καὶ διδύμων τελέσειεν ἀμοιβαδὶς ἔργα θεάων,
λάθρια Κύπριδος ἔργα
καὶ ἀμφαδὸν ἱστὸν Ἀθήνης . . .
Μορρεὺς δ' οὐκ ἀμέλησε δορυσσόος·
ἀγχιμάχῳ γὰρ
Δηριάδῃ φύξηλιν ἐπέτρεπε θῆλυν Ἐνυώ,
Βακχιάδος δὲ φάλαγγος ἐπέχραεν ἄρσενι χάρμῃ,
ὄφρα περικλείσειε καὶ ἀνέρας· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
εἰς φόβον ἠπείγοντο. θυελλήεσσα δὲ κούρη
ἵστατο κοσμηθεῖσα πρὸ ἄστεος ἐγγύθι πύργου,
παρθένος ἀκρήδεμνος· ἐρωμανέων δὲ γυναικῶν
νεύμασι ποιητοῖσι τύπον μιμήσατο κούρη,
ὄμματα δινεύουσα, καὶ ἠθάδος ἔκτοθι μίτρης
λευκὸς ἐρευθιόωντι χιτὼν φοινίσσετο μαζῷ·
Μορρεὺς δ' εἰσορόων ἐπετέρπετο, καὶ διὰ πέπλου
λεπταλέου σφριγόωσαν ἴτυν τεκμαίρετο μαζοῦ.
Καὶ λίθον εὐποίητον ἴσον τροχοειδέι δίσκῳ
παρθένος ἁρπάξασα, πελώριον ἄχθος ἀμάξης,
Μορρέος εὐπήληκος ἀκόντισεν ἴδμονι τέχνῃ·

run by his side, stretching out their joined hands, to encircle them and drive them on in close files headlong, for fear some group of the enclosed sheep should break aside and run away: so windswift Morrheus drove to the steepwalled city all the column of Bacchant women cut out from the battle, and herded the female crowd into the gates. But for all his trouble his scheme was useless. He wished to leave all this booty of fair women from the battle, and to hunt afterwards for Chalcomede, to drag her away, to make her his slave with other women, that she might be his servant by day and his bedfellow by night, and do the work of two goddesses in turn—Cypris in secret and Athena's loom in public. . . .[a]

269 Shakespear Morrheus did not neglect this. He turned over the timid women's war to Deriades, who was fighting near him, and attacked the male part of Bacchos's army, that he might cut off the men too; and they were put to flight on the field. But the tempestuous girl stood in all her bravery in front of the city near the wall, a maiden unveiled. She mimicked the ways of love-mad women with artificial nods and becks, rolling her eyes, and her blushing breast gave colour to the white tunic which had escaped from its wonted belt. Morrheus gazed at her with delight, and saw the delicate round of her breast stretching the robe from within.

281 The maiden caught up a hewn stone rounded like a quoit, which would be a monstrous weight for a cart, and cast it with skilful hand at helmeted

[a] A good deal is lost here; the fighting goes on, and some movement of Dionysos's army induces the two Indian commanders to change places.

καὶ λίθος ἠερόθεν πεφορημένος ὀξέι ῥοίζῳ
ἀσπίδος ἄκρον ἄραξεν, ὅπῃ χρυσήλατος εἰκὼν
Χειροβίης νόθον εἶχε δέμας ψευδήμονι μορφῇ,
ποιητὸν δὲ κάρηνον ἀπέξεσε, βαλλομένῃ δὲ
μαρμαρέῃ γλωχῖνι χαρασσομένοιο προσώπου
μιμηλῆς ἀμάθυνε περίτροχον εἰκόνα μορφῆς·
καὶ σάκος ὀλβίζων ἀνεπάλλετο πολλάκι Μορρεύς,
καὶ κραδίῃ γελόων κρυφίην ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν·
"Ἄτρομε Χαλκομέδεια, νέη ῥοδοδάκτυλε Πειθώ,
Κύπριδος ἀβρὸν ἄγαλμα καὶ εὐθώρηκος Ἀθήνης,
Βακχιὰς ἠριγένεια καὶ οὐ δύνουσα Σελήνη,
γραπτὸν ἐμῆς ἀλόχου τύπον ἔξεσας· αἶθε καὶ αὐτῆς
Χειροβίης ἤμησας ἀληθέος αὐχένα νύμφης."
Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐδίωκε πρὸ ἄστεος ἄζυγα κούρην,
γλῶσσαν ἀπειλείουσαν ἔχων, οὐ χεῖρα κορύσσων,
μῦθον ἀκοντίζων, οὐ παρθένον ἔγχεϊ νύσσων,
μειλιχίῃ παλάμῃ πεφιδημένον ἔγχος ἀείρων·
καὶ βλοσυρῆς κελάδησε βοῆς ἀπατήλιον Ἠχώ,
ὡς ἑτεὸν κοτέων πρόμος ἤπιος· ἀμφότερον γάρ,
εἶχε νόον γελόωντα, χόλον δ' ἀνέφηνε προσώπῳ.
ἦκα δὲ δωήσας σφαλερὴν προέηκεν ἀκωκὴν
εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήιστον ἑκούσιος· ἡ δὲ φυγοῦσα
ἠερίαις ταχύγουνος ἐπέτρεχε σύνδρομος αὔραις·
τῆς δὲ τιταινομένης ἀνεμώδεϊ γούνατος ὁρμῇ
πλοχμοὺς βοτρυόεντας ἀνερρίπιζον ἀῆται,
αὐχένα γυμνώσαντες ἐριδμαίνοντα Σελήνῃ·
φειδομένοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἑκούσιος ἔτρεχε Μορρεύς,
πῇ μὲν ἐυρραφέων ποδὸς ἴχνια γυμνὰ πεδίλων
εἰς σφυρὰ παπταίνων ῥοδοειδέα, πῇ δὲ δοκεύων
πλαζομένης ἑλικηδὸν ὀπίστερα βόστρυχα χαίτης
Χαλκομέδην ἐδίωκε· καὶ ἴαχεν ἠδέι μύθῳ,
μείλιχον ἀφλοίσβοιο χέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνος·

Morrheus. The stone hurtled through the air with a loud whizzing sound, and scraped the surface of his shield, where a chased image of gold showed the imitation portrait of an unreal Cheirobië. It tore off the depicted head, and scratched the face with its shining edge and disfigured the artistic beauty of a rounded portrait. "Happy shield!" thought Morrheus, and leapt about again and again, laughing in his heart as he said to himself,

292 "Fearless Chalcomedeia! A new rosyfinger Peitho![a] Elegant image of Cypris, and of Athena in her cuirass! Bacchic Dawn, Selene who never sets! You have torn off the portrait of my wife: I only wish you had cut the throat of Cheirobië, the real wife!"

297 With these thoughts, he pursued the chaste maiden in front of the walls, shouting threats but not lifting his hand, with volleys of words but no pricks of the spear for the maiden, for he lifted the sparing spear in a gentle hand merciful: as if in real anger, a friendly enemy with a rough voice he cried speeches meant to deceive; for he both laughed in his heart and showed fury in his face. He gently brandished and cast a wavering lance at a useless mark, on purpose. The girl fled nimbleknee, quick as the blowing breezes. As she strained with moving windswift knee, the air spread abroad her clustering curls and bared the neck which rivalled Selene. Morrheus ran with sparing foot on purpose, now gazing at the feet bare of strapped shoes and at the rosy ankles, now watching the locks of hair tossed behind—so he chased Chalcomede, and now called to her in pleasant words, coaxing speech from a gentle throat:

[a] Persuasion.

" Μίμνέ με, Χαλκομέδεια, τὸν ἰμείροντα μαχητήν·
ῥύεται ἀγλαΐη σε, καὶ οὐ δρόμος· οὐ τόσον αἰχμαὶ
ἄνδρα βαλεῖν δεδάασιν, ὅσον σπινθῆρες Ἐρώτων.
δήμος οὐ γενόμην, μὴ δείδιθι· μαρνάμενον γὰρ
χαλκείην σέο κάλλος ἐμὴν νίκησεν ἀκωκήν·
ἔγχεος οὐ χατέεις, οὐκ ἀσπίδος· ὑμετέρου γὰρ
ὡς ξίφος, ὡς δόρυ θοῦρον, ἔχεις ἀκτῖνα προσώπου,
καὶ μελίης πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι παρειαί.
φρικτὸν ἐμῆς παλάμης λέλυται σθένος·
οὐ νέμεσις γάρ,
εἰ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχω νικώμενον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
Κύπριδος ἱσταμένης θηλύνεται ἄγριος Ἄρης.
δέξό με σοῖς Σατύροισιν ὁμόστολον· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
Ἰνδοὶ ἀριστεύσουσιν, ἕως ἔτι χεῖρα κορύσσω.
ἢν δ' ἐθέλῃς, ἅτε λάτρις ὑποδρήσσω Διονύσῳ·
ἢν ἐθέλῃς, με δάμαζε κατ' αὐχένος ἢ κενεῶνος·
οὐκ ἀλέγω θανάτοιο τεῇ δεδαϊγμένος αἰχμῇ·
μοῦνον ἐμὲ στενάχιζε δεδουπότα· μυρομένης δὲ
δάκρυα Χαλκομέδης με καὶ ἐξ Ἀΐδαο κομίσσει.
παρθένε, τί τρομέεις, ὅτι μείλιχον ἔγχος ἀείρω;
σοὺς πλοκάμους ὁρόων ἑλικώδεας ὑψόθεν ὤμων
ἀσκεπέων τρυφάλειαν ἐμῶν ἀπέθηκα κομάων·
νεβρίδα παπταίνων στυγέω θώρηκα φορῆσαι."

Ὡς φαμένου παράμειβε
γυνὴ καὶ ἐμίγνυτο Βάκχοις,
καὶ φονίου Μορρῆος ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα κελεύθου
θαρσαλέη πολέμιζε καὶ ἤρισεν ἄρσενι χάρμῃ.

Καὶ τότε δυσκελάδοιο
λιπὼν στροφάλιγγα κυδοιμοῦ
ἄμπνυτο Βάκχος ὅμιλος, ἕως ἀνεχάζετο Μορρεύς.

Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα πρὸ ἄστεος ἄορι τύπτων
Δηριάδης ἐδίωκεν, ἕως σχεδὸν ἤλασε πύργων,

316 "Wait for me, Chalcomedeia! Wait for your lover in arms! Your radiance saves you, not your speed! Sharp steel is not so strong to bring down a man as the sparks of love. I am no enemy, fear not! for in this battle your beauty has beaten my point of steel. You need no spear, no shield. For sword, for furious spear, you have the rays of your countenance, and your cheeks are much more triumphant than the ashplant. The terrible strength of my hand is melted. No wonder if my valiant spear is conquered, for savage Ares himself turns woman when Cypris stands up to him. Receive me in the company of your Satyrs. In battle the Indians are best so long as I hold arms in my hands: but if it be your pleasure, I will serve Dionysos as lackey. If it be your pleasure, strike my neck or my flank: I care not for death if your blade pierces me. Only mourn me when dead: the tears of sorrowing Chalcomede will bring me back even from Hades.

334 "Maiden, why do you tremble if I lift a gentle spear? Seeing your tresses lying tangled upon your uncovered shoulders, I have put my helmet from off my uncovered hair; when I see the fawnskin, I hate to wear a corselet."

338 When the words were said, she passed away and joined the Bacchoi, and keeping out of the way of the murderous Morrheus, she boldly fought and battled against the armed men.

341 Then the Bacchic host left the noise of the whirling conflict and had time to breathe, while Morrheus retired from the field.

343 But Deriades pursued the band of Bassarids in front of the city, striking with his sword, until he had

οἰγομένου στίχα πᾶσαν ἔσω πυλεῶνος ἐέργων
τείχεος ὑψιλόφοιο· διωκόμεναι δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἄστεος ἐντὸς ἴκανον ἀποσπάδες ἠθάδος ὕλης·
ἀσταθέες δὲ φάλαγγες ἀήθεα κύκλα κελεύθου
ἕστιχον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα διακριδόν, εἰς πτερὸν Εὔρου,
εἰς ῥαχίην Ζεφύροιο παρ' Ἑσπέριον κλίμα γαίης,
αἱ δὲ Νότου παρὰ πέζαν ἀλήμονες, αἱ δὲ Βορῆος
Βασσαρίδες κλονέοντο· καὶ ἀρσενόθυμον ἀνάγκην
Μαινάδες ἠλλάξαντο, πάλιν δ' ἐγίνοντο γυναῖκες,
καὶ μόθον ἠρνήσαντο, φιληλακάτοιο δὲ τέχνης
καὶ ταλάρων μνήσαντο, καὶ ἤθελον αὖτις Ἀθήνης
ἀμφιέπειν κλωστῆρα καὶ οὐκέτι θύσθλα Λυαίου.
καὶ στίχα χιονέην ἀλέκων κυανόχροος ἀνὴρ
ἐνδόμυχον κλόνον εἶχε πολισσούχοιο κυδοιμοῦ.

driven them up to the walls, and the whole company was penned within the open gateway of the lofty fortress. So pursued with the sword, they entered the city, torn from their familiar forests. Unresting the columns marched away here and there by unfamiliar winding roads, divided into parts, these towards the wing of Euros, these to the uplands of Zephyros in the western clime of the world, others travelling along the plain of Notos, other Bassarids driven to the region of Boreas. Then the Mainads put off the manly temper which constrained them, and once more became women, refusing battle, remembering the art they loved of distaff and basket; once more they wished to ply the spindle of Athena instead of the gear of Lyaios. And the blackskin men had wild uproar of defensive battle within the city, destroying the snow-white host.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΠΕΜΠΤΟΝ

Μορρίος ἐχθρὸν Ἔρωτα τριηκοστῷ ἐνὶ πέμπτῳ
δίζεο Βασσαρίδων τε φόνον καὶ Ἄρηα γυναικῶν.

Δηριάδης δ' ἀπέληθρος ἐμάρνατο θυιάδι χάρμῃ,
καὶ Βρομίου προπόλοισιν ἐπέχραε κοίρανος Ἰνδῶν,
πῇ μὲν ἀκοντίζων δολιχῷ δορί, πῇ δὲ δαΐζων
ἄορι κωπήεντι, χαραδραίοις δὲ βελέμνοις
τοξεύων πεφόρητο καὶ ὀξυτέροισιν ὀιστοῖς.
Ὣς αἱ μὲν κλονέοντο κατὰ πτόλιν ἔνδοθι πύργων
ἔγχεϊ Δηριάδαο· πολυγλώσσῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
ἀμφοτέρων κτύπος ἦεν· ἐρευθιόωντι δὲ λύθρῳ
ἄστεος εὐλάιγγες ἐφοινίχθησαν ἀγυιαὶ
κτεινομένων καναχηδὸν ἐν ἄστεϊ θηλυτεράων.
ἀκλινέες δὲ γέροντες ἀερσιλόφων ἐπὶ πύργων
φύλοπιν ἐσκοπίαζον· ὑπὲρ τεγέων δὲ καὶ αὐταὶ
θυρσοφόρον στίχα πᾶσαν ἐθηήσαντο γυναῖκες·
καί τις ὑπὲρ μεγάροιο περικλινθεῖσα τιθήνῃ
παρθένος ἑλκεσίπεπλος ἐδέρκετο θῆλυν Ἐνυώ,
καὶ κταμένῃ βαρύδακρυς ἐπέστενεν ἥλικι κούρῃ.
οὐδέ τις ἱμερόεσσαν ἐλὼν ἐβιήσατο νύμφην,
ὅττι γυναιμανέεσσιν ἄναξ ἐπετέλλετο λαοῖς,
φεύγειν δήια λέκτρα δορικτήτων ὑμεναίων,

BOOK XXXV

In the thirty-fifth, seek the love of Morrheus for the enemy, and the battle and bloodshed of Bassarid women.

Deriades, the gigantic Indian chieftain, was fighting furiously in the mad battle and attacking the servants of Bromios, now casting a long spear, now striking with the hilted sword; or he rushed about throwing boulders from the mountain torrents and shooting arrows sharper still.

6 In this manner the women within the walls were harried by the spears of Deriades; and there was a din from both sides of many tongues. The paved streets of the city were empurpled by the red gore, as the women were slain therein amid great tumult. The old men were seated unmoving upon the high precipitous walls, watching the fray; the women also upon the rooftops gazed at the whole thyrsusbearing throng, and many a longrobed maiden from her chamber above leaning upon her nurse marked this female warfare, and lamented with tears the slaughter of some girl of her own years. But no man took and forced any lovely nymph; for the king had commanded his womanmad people to eschew meddling or marrying with the captives of the spear, lest in

μὴ Παφίης ἀλέγοντες ἀφειδήσωσιν Ἐνυοῦς.
Καί τις ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο περισκαίρουσα κονίῃ
παρθενικὴ γυμνοῦτο· παρελκομένου δὲ χιτῶνος
ἀγλαΐῃ κεκόρυστο καὶ ἱμείροντα φονῆα
οὔτασεν οὐτηθεῖσα, βέλος δέ οἱ ἔπλετο μορφή,
καὶ φθιμένη νίκησε· κατ' ἀντιβίοιο δὲ γυμνοὶ
μηροὶ ἐθωρήχθησαν, ὀιστευτῆρες Ἐρώτων.
καί νύ κε νεκρὸν ἔχων πόθον ἄπνοον,
ὣς περ Ἀχιλλεύς,
ἄλλην Πενθεσίλειαν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο δοκεύων
ψυχρὰ κονιομένης προσπτύξατο χείλεα νύμφης,
εἰ μὴ Δηριαδῆος ἐδείδιεν ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς.
καὶ γυμνῆς σκοπίαζεν ἀναινομένης χρόα κούρης,
καὶ σφυρὰ λευκὰ δόκευε καὶ ἀσκεπέων πτύχα μηρῶν,
καὶ μελέων ἔψαυσε, καὶ ἥψατο πολλάκι μαζοῦ
οἰδαλέου ῥοδόεντος, ἐοικότος εἰσέτι μήλῳ·
ἤθελε καὶ φιλότητι μιγήμεναι· ὀφὲ δὲ κάμνων
τοίην ἱμερόεσσαν ἀνήρυγεν ἄφρονα φωνήν·
" Παρθενικὴ ῥοδόπηχυ, τεὸν δυσέρωτα φονῆα
οὔτασας οὐταμένη, φθιμένη ζώοντα δαμάζεις,
καὶ σὺ τεὸν βλεφάροισιν ὀιστεύεις ὀλετῆρα·
ἔγχος ἐνικήθη σέο κάλλεϊ· σεῖο προσώπου
μαρμαρυγαὶ κλονέουσιν, ὅσον γλωχῖνες ἀκόντων·
στῆθος ἔχεις ἅτε τόξον, ἐπεὶ σέο μᾶλλον ὀιστῶν
μαζοὶ ἀριστεύουσιν, ὀιστευτῆρες Ἐρώτων.
ξεῖνον ἔχω καὶ ἄπιστον ἐγὼ πόθον, ὅττι διώκω
κούρης νεκρὸν ἔρωτα καταφθιμένων ὑμεναίων·
ἄπνοος οἶστρος ἔχει με τὸν ἔμπνοον·
εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
χείλεα φωνήεντα καὶ ἔμπνοα ταῦτα γενέσθω,
σῶν γλυκερῶν στομάτων ἵνα, παρθένε,
μῦθον ἀκούσω . . .

thinking of the Paphian they should be slack in the fight.

[21] But a girl rolling upon the ground was bared, her dress was pulled aside, and armed with her own radiance, wounded she wounded her lusting slayer; her beauty was her bolt, and dying she conquered; her naked thighs were as weapons, and sped the arrows of the Loves against her slayer. Then he would have felt desire for a lifeless corpse, as Achilles did—seeing a new Penthesileia [a] on the ground, he would have kissed the cold lips of the girl, prostrate in the dust, had he not feared the weight of the threat of Deriades. He looked at the skin of the naked girl denied him, he gazed at her white ankles, at the parting of the uncovered thighs, touched her limbs, handled often the swelling rosy breast even now like an apple; he would even have mingled with her in love—but at last, tired, he let these foolish words of desire escape him:

[37] "Maiden of the rosy arms, wounded yourself you have wounded your lovesick slayer, slain you conquer the living, you pierce your own destroyer with the arrows of your eyes! The spear has been conquered by your beauty; for the radiance of your face deals confusion as much as the barbs of javelins. Your bosom is as a bow, since your breasts are more potent archers of the Loves than arrows are. A strange incredible desire is in me, when I pursue a girl's dead love to attain a perished wedlock! A thing without breath goads me, the breathing. If I dare ask it, let those lips have breath and speech, maiden, that I may hear a word from your sweet

[a] Queen of the Amazons at Troy. Achilles, having slain her, saw her beauty and mourned for her.

τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα· ' κυλινδομένην ἐνὶ γαίῃ,
ἣν κτάνες, ἣν σύλησας, ἀτάσθαλε, κάλλιπε κούρην·
ἣν σέο χαλκὸς ἔταμνεν, ἐμοῦ μὴ ψαῦε χιτῶνος·
τί κρατέεις κενεῶνα, τὸν οὔτασας; ἴσχεο δειλῆς
ἀμφαφόων ἐμὸν ἕλκος, ὅ μοι πόρες.'
ἐρρέτω αἰχμή,
ἐρρέτω ἡμετέρης παλάμης θράσος, ὅττι λιποῦσα
Σειληνοὺς πολιῆσιν ὑποφρίσσοντας ἐθείραις
καὶ Σατύρων δύσμορφον ὅλον γένος, ἀντὶ γερόντων,
ἀντὶ δασυστέρνων ἀπαλὴν ἐδάμασσε γυναῖκα.
ἀλλὰ ποθοβλήτοιο τεοῦ χροὸς ἕλκος ἀφάσσων
ποίην καλλιβότοιο διαστείχων ῥάχιν ὕλης
ἕλκεος ὑμετέροιο βοηθόον εἰς σὲ καλέσσω
γηραλέον Χείρωνα φερέσβιον; ἢ πόθεν εὕρω
φάρμακα, λυσιπόνου Παιήονος ὄργια τέχνης;
ἤθελον, ἣν καλέουσιν, ἔχειν Κενταυρίδα ποίην,
ὄφρα τεοῖς μελέεσσιν ἀνώδυνον ἄνθος ἑλίξας
ἐξ Ἄιδος ζώουσαν ἀνοστήτοιο σαώσω.
ποῖον ἔχω μάγον ὕμνον ἢ ἀστερόεσσαν ἀοιδήν,
ὄφρα θεοκλήτῳ προχέων μέλος εὐάδι φωνῇ
οὐταμένου τεὸν αἷμα κατευνήσω κενεῶνος;
ἤθελον ἐγγὺς ἔχειν φυσίζοον ἐνθάδε πηγήν,
ὄφρα τεοῖς μελέεσσι βαλὼν ὀδυνήφατον ὕδωρ
πρηΰνω τεὸν ἕλκος ἐπήρατον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴν
ψυχὴν ὑμετέρην παλινάγρετον εἰς σὲ κομίσσω.
Γλαῦκε πολυσπερέων ἐτέων στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδων,
εἰ θέμις, ἀτρυγέτοιο λιπὼν κευθμῶνα θαλάσσης
δεῖξον ἐμοὶ βοτάνην ζωαρκέα, δεῖξον ἐκείνην,
ἧς ποτε σοῖς στομάτεσσιν ἐγεύσαο, καὶ βίον ἕλκεις
ἄμβροτον, ἀενάοιο χρόνου κυκλούμενος ὁλκῷ."
Ὣς εἰπὼν παράμειβε,
νέκυν πόθον ἐν φρεσὶ κεύθων.

mouth, speaking something like this: 'You killed me, you plundered me, rolling upon the ground! Then let a girl be, scoundrel. Touch not my tunic, when your steel has cut me! Why do you hold the side which you have wounded? Stroke no more the cruel wound which you gave me!' Away my spear, away the boldness of my hand, because it left alone Seilenoi with hoary bristling hair and all the ugly generation of Satyrs, and instead of old men, instead of shaggy chests, it vanquished a tender girl! But now I touch the wound in your so desirable flesh, what ridge of the pasturing woodlands must I traverse to summon old lifebringing Cheiron to help your wound? or where can I find medicines, the secrets of the Healer's painassuaging art? Would that I had what they call the herb centaury, that I might bind the flower of no-pain upon your limbs, and bring you back safe and living from Hades whence none returns! What magic hymn have I, or song from the stars, that I may chant the ditty with Euian voice divine, and stay the flow of blood from your wounded side? Would I had here beside me the fountain of life, that I might pour on your limbs that painstilling water and assuage your adorable wound, to bring back even your soul to you again! O Glaucos,[a] guiding the revolutions of innumerable years, if it be lawful, leave the abyss of the barren sea, and show me the life-sufficing plant, show that which you tasted once with your lips, and now enjoy life incorruptible, circling with the course of infinite time!"

78 This said, he passed on, hiding in his heart his desire for the dead.

[a] See on i. 111.

Καὶ πόσιος κταμένου τιμήορος ἄνθορε νύμφη
Πρωτονόη, στενάχουσα καὶ εἰσέτι νεκρὸν Ὀρόντην·
θηλυτέρην δὲ φάλαγγα διέστιχεν· ἦν δὲ νοήσαι
ἄλλην ἀντιάνειραν Ἐρυθραίην Ἀταλάντην.
Χειροβίη δὲ λιβοῦσα σάκος καὶ Μορρίος αἰχμὴν
ἔχρατο Βασσαρίδεσσι, καὶ εἴκελος ἕπλετο Γόργῃ,
ἣ πάρος εὐπύργοιο τινασσομένης Καλυδῶνος
Τοξέος αἰθύσσουσα κασιγνήτοιο βοείην,
μάρνατο θῆλυς ἐοῦσα χολωομένου Μελεάγρου.
Ὀρσιβόη δὲ φανεῖσα σὺν ἐγρεμόθῳ παρακοίτῃ
θάρσος Ἐνυαλίης μιμήσατο Δηιανείρης,
ὁππότε Παρνησσοῖο κακοξείνῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ
θωρήχθη Δρυόπεσσι καὶ ἕπλετο θῆλυς Ἀμαζών.
πολλαὶ δ' εὐρυχόροισι περικλείοντο μελάθροις,
καὶ στόνος ἄπλετος ἦεν ὑπωροφίοιο κυδοιμοῦ·
ἄλλη δ' εἰνοδίην ὑπεδύσατο δηιοτῆτα,
παρθένος ἐγρεκύδοιμος, ὑπὲρ τεγέων δὲ καὶ ἄλλαι
λαϊνέοις βελέεσσιν ἐθωρήσσοντο γυναῖκες·
ἐνδόμυχοι δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπεσμαράγησαν Ἐνυώ.
Ὅφρα μὲν ἐγρεμόθοιο δι' ἄστεος ἔβρεμεν Ἄρης,
Λύδια Βασσαρίδων ὀρεσίδρομα φῦλα δαΐζων,
τόφρα δὲ Χαλκομέδεια πρὸ τείχεος ἵστατο μούνη
νόστιμον ἐκ πολέμοιο μεταστρέψασα πορείην,
οἰστρομανὴς Μορρῆα δεδεγμένη, εἴ ποθεν ἔλθῃ·

---

[a] Gorgê is usually daughter of Oineus king of Calydon, not, as here, his sister-in-law (Toxeus is brother of Althaia, Oineus's wife); no one else seems to have heard of her exploit in defence of the city, but the story of how Calydon was attacked by the Curetes, and Meleagros would not help to defend it because he was angry with his mother Althaia, is in Hom. *Il.* ix. 553 ff.

[b] Deianeira. Daughter of Oineus, sister of Meleagros and wife of Heracles. " Heracles . . . taking his son Hyllos

79 Then arose the bride Protonoë, who still mourned Orontes dead, to avenge her slain husband. She dashed through the crowd of women, and one might have thought her another manlike Atalante among the Erythraians. And Cheirobië seizing a shield and the spear of Morrheus attacked the Bassarids, and seemed like that Gorgê, who once when well-walled Calydon was attacked wielded the oxhide shield of Toxeus her brother, and fought though a woman while Meleagros sulked.[a] And Orsiboë appeared with her battlestirring husband, imitating the boldness of warlike Deïaneira, when beside the inhospitable rock of Parnassus she faced the Dryopes and fought, a woman turned Amazon.[b] Many women were shut up in the wide palace courtyards, and there was infinite lamentation in the turmoil under those roofs. Many a battlestirring maiden entered the fight in the street, other women on the roofs provided themselves with stony missiles; and the crowds within kept up the din of warfare.

98 While Ares raged throughout the battlestirring city, destroying the hill-ranging Lydian tribes of Bassarids, Chalcomedeia stood alone in front of the wall. She had turned back to retire from the battle, and waited to see if love-maddened Morrheus would

and coming to Dryopia (the Dryopians are a brigand people, bordering on the Melians, as Pherecydes tells us in his third book), met with Theiodamas (king of the Dryopians) and as the child was hungry . . . he asked for a little food. Theiodamas would give him none; so Heracles grew angry, took from him one of his oxen, killed it and feasted on its flesh. Theiodamas went into the city and started a campaign against Heracles, who was brought to such a pass that he even put armour on his wife Deïaneira, and it is said that she got a wound in the breast on that occasion." (Scholiast on Apoll. Rhod. i. 1212.)

καὶ τότε πουλυέλικτον ἐρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων,
παρθένον ὡς ἐνόησε, ποδήνεμος ἵκετο Μορρεύς,
εἰς δρόμον ἱμερόεντα θοώτερα γούνατα πάλλων.
τῆς δὲ διωκομένης ἀνεκούφισε πέπλον ἀήτης·
θέλγετο δ' εἰσέτι μᾶλλον ἀνίμονι κάλλεϊ μορφῆς,
παπταίνων προθέουσαν ἀνάμπυκα λευκάδα νύμφην.
ἡ δέ μιν ἠπερόπευε, καὶ αἰδομένη φάτο φωνῇ,
ὠκυτέρην Μορρῆος ὑποπτήσσουσα πορείην·
" Εἰ ἐτεὸν μαθέπεις ἐμὰ δέμνια, νυμφίε Μορρεῦ,
κάτθεο σὸν θώρηκα σιδήρεον, οἷα χορεύει
εἰς γάμον ἀβροχίτων, ὅτε Κύπριδι μίσγεται, Ἄρης,
εἵματι χιονέῳ πεπυκασμένος, ὡς περ Ἀπόλλων,
ὄφρα Πόθος καὶ Κύπρις ἐνὶ ζεύξειαν ὀχῆι
ἡμέας ἀμφοτέρους γαμίης ἐπιβήτορας εἰνῆς,
Μορρέα θοῦρος Ἔρως καὶ Χαλκομέδην Ἀφροδίτη.
οὐ δέχομαι χάλκειον ἐγὼ πόσιν ὑψόθι λέκτρων,
αἵματι φοινίσσοντα καὶ αἰχμώοντα κονίῃ·
ἀλλὰ ῥόῳ φαίδρυνε τεὸν δέμας, ὄφρα φανείης
ὡς Φαέθων προχοῇσι λελουμένος Ὠκεανοῖο·
ῥῖψον Ἐνυαλίην σέθεν ἀσπίδα, ῥῖψον ἀκωκήν,
μή ποτέ με πλήξειε τεὴ θανατηφόρος αἰχμή·
κάτθεό μοι δασπλῆτα τεῶν πήληκα κομάων,
ὅττι λόφος κλονέει με τινασσομένης τριφαλείης·
μὴ νόθον εἶδος ἴδοιμι σιδηρείοιο προσώπου·
τίς πόθος εὐφραίνει με καλυπτομένης σέο μορφῆς;
οὐκέτι Μαιονίης ἐπιβήσομαι· οὐδ' ἐνὶ παστῷ
δέξομαι, ἣν ἐθέλῃς, μετὰ Μορρέα Βάκχον ἀκοίτην·
ἔσσομαι Ἰνδῴη καὶ ἐγώ, φίλος· ἀντὶ δὲ Λυδῆς
κυδαίνω θυέεσσιν Ἐρυθραίην Ἀφροδίτην
κρυπταδίη Μορρῆος ὁμευνέτις· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
Ἰνδὸς ἀνὴρ ἐχέτω με συναιχμάζων Ἀφροδίτῃ·

appear from any quarter. He was then turning his enamoured eye all round ; and when he perceived the maiden, he came windfoot, plying his nimble knees in the race for love. As he pursued her, the breeze lifted her robe. Morrheus was charmed even more by the naked beauty of her body, as he gazed at the white nymph running unveiled before him. She deluded him still as she cried with modest voice, trembling at his quickening speed—

111 " If truly you would have my bed, bridegroom Morrheus, put off your steel corselet. Even Ares dances daintily clad to his wedding, when he mingles with Cypris, decked in a snowy robe like Apollo. Be like him, that Cypris and Desire may join us both with one band when we mount the marriage bed, valiant Eros bind Morrheus and Aphrodite bind Chalcomede. I do not want in my bed a husband of bronze, red with blood and dirty with dust. Nay, cleanse your body in the river, that you may shine like Phaëthon bathed in the Ocean stream ; throw away your warlike shield, throw away the spear, that your deathdealing point may not strike me. Pray put off that terrifying helmet from your hair, because the crest of the nodding plume disturbs me. Let me not see only the pretended shape of a steel countenance. What desire can warm me if your shape is hidden ?

128 " I will never more set foot in Maionia. After Morrheus, if that is your pleasure, never will I receive Bacchos in my chamber to sleep by my side. I will be an Indian like you, my friend ! Instead of Lydian Aphrodite, I will honour the Erythraian with my sacrifices, I will be the secret bedmate of Morrheus ; let a brave Indian have me as Aphrodite's

εἰς σὲ γὰρ ἴσα βέλεμνα καὶ εἰς ἐμὲ διπλόα πέμπων
Ἵμερος ἀμφοτέροισι μίαν ξύνωσεν ἀνίην,
εἰς κραδίην Μορρῆι καὶ εἰς φρένα Χαλκομεδείης.
κάμινον ἐγὼ κρύπτουσα τεὸν πόθον· οὐ γὰρ ἀκοίτην
παρθένος αἰδομένη προκαλίζεται εἰς Ἀφροδίτην."
Ὣς φαμένη παρέπεισε γυνὴ δυσέρωτα μαχητὴν
ψευσαμένη· γελάσας δὲ δυσίμερος ἔννεπε Μορρεύς·
"Οὐ νέμεσις, Μορρῆα τὸν εὐπήληκα μαχητὴν
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχειν ἐνὶ παστάδι Χαλκομεδείης,
ὄφρα περιπτύξω σε, φερώνυμε, χαλκὸν ἀείρων·
ἔμπης φοίνιον ἔγχος ἀναίνομαι, οὐδὲ βοείης
ἅπτομαι· ὡς ἐθέλεις δέ, λελουμένος εἰς σὲ χορεύω
χερσὶν ἀνιμάκτοισι, καὶ ἔσσομαι ἄλλος' ἀκοίτης,
γυμνὸς Ἄρης μετὰ δῆριν ἔχων γυμνὴν Ἀφροδίτην.
κούρην Δηριαδῆος ἀναίνομαι αὐτὸς ἑλάσσω
ἐκ μεγάρων ἀέκουσαν· ἐμὴν ζηλήμονα νύμφην·
οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδεσσι κορύσσομαι, εἴ με κελεύεις,
ἀλλὰ φίλοις ναέτῃσι μαχέσσομαι· Ἰνδὸν ὀλέσσω
οἴνοπα θύρσον ἔχων, οὐ χάλκεον ἔγχος ἀείρων·
ῥίψω δ' ἔντεα πάντα καὶ ἄνθεα λεπτὰ τινάξω,
ὑμετέρῳ βασιλῆι συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ."
Ὣς εἰπὼν παλάμης μελίην ἀπεσείσατο Μορρεύς,
καὶ λόφον ἱδρώοντος ἀπεσφήκωσε καρήνου,
μυδαλέης δ' ἔρριψεν ἑῆς τελαμῶνα βοείης
εὐκαμάτῳ ῥαθάμιγγι λελουμένον ἠθάδος ὤμου·
λύσατο καὶ χάλκειον ἀπὸ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα,
αἱμαλέον θώρηκα. καὶ ἔντεα κείμενα γαίῃ
Μορρέος ἱμείροντος ἐδείκνυεν Ἄρηι Κύπρις

[1] So mss.: Ludwich οὗλος.

champion in battle. For Desire has aimed double shots against you and me both alike, and joined us in the same pangs, piercing the heart of Morrheus and the bosom of Chalcomedeia. I suffer, as I hide my longing for you—for a modest maiden does not invite a man to be her lover."

139 By these words the woman cajoled the love-pining soldier, all in deceit ; but lovesick Morrheus laughed, and said :

141 " What wonder is it, if Morrheus the helmeted soldier should keep his spear of bronze in the bronze lassie's chamber, to embrace you holding my bronze when there is bronze in your name ? Never mind, I will reject my deadly spear, I will not touch my oxhide. I will do your pleasure and bathe me, that I may dance to you with unblooded hands. I will be a different bedfellow, Ares naked holding Aphrodite naked after the battle ! The daughter of Deriades I renounce : myself I will drive my jealous bride unwilling out of the house. No longer will I attack the Bassarids, if you say so, but I will fight against my own countrymen ; I will take the vine-wreathed thyrsus and destroy Indians, not lifting a spear of bronze. I will throw away all my armour and brandish your little leaves, the champion of your king Dionysos ! "

155 Saying this, Morrheus threw the ashplant from his hand, and undid the crest from his sweating head, and cast off the strap of his oxhide soaking and drenched with the drops of conflict, from the shoulder which knew it well. He unloosed also the coat of mail from his chest, the bloodstained corselet.

160 Then Cypris showed Ares the armour of enamoured Morrheus lying on the ground, conquered

μορφῇ ἀθωρήκτῳ νικώμενα Χαλκομεδείης·
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν, ἑὸν δ' ἀρίθμιζεν ἀκοίτην·
"Ἄρες, ἐσυλήθης· πολέμους ἠρνήσατο Μορρεύς,
οὐ φορέων θώρηκα καὶ οὐ ξίφος· ἀλλὰ γυναῖκα
ἱμερτὴν ποθέων ἀπεσείσατο τεύχεα χειρῶν.
καὶ σὺ τεὸν δόρυ θοῦρον ἀναίνεο, καὶ σὺ θαλάσσῃ
λούεο σῶν σακέων γυμνούμενος· ἀπτόλεμος γὰρ
Κύπρις ἀριστεύει πλέον Ἄρεος, οὐδὲ χατίζει
ἀσπίδος, οὐ μελίης ποτὲ δεύεται· ἀμφότερον γὰρ
ἔγχος ἐμὸν πέλε κάλλος, ἐμὸν ξίφος ἔπλετο μορφή,
καὶ βλεφάρων ἀκτῖνες ἐμοὶ γεγάασιν ὀιστοί·
μαζὸς ἀκοντίζει πλέον ἔγχεος· ἱμερόεις γὰρ
ἀντὶ δοριθρασέος θαλαμηπόλος ἔπλετο Μορρεύς.
μὴ Σπάρτης ἐπίβηθι, μαχήμονες ἦχι πολῖται
χάλκεον εἶδος ἔχουσι κορυσσομένης Ἀφροδίτης,
μή σε δόρυ κρατέουσα τεῷ πλήξειε σιδήρῳ.
οὐ τόσον αἰχμάζεις, ὅσον ὀφρύες· οὐ τόσον αἰχμαὶ
ἀνέρας οὐτάζουσιν, ὅσον βάλλουσιν ὀπωπαί·
δέρκεο σοὺς θεράποντας, ὑποδρηστῆρας Ἐρώτων,
καὶ θρασὺν αὐχένα κάμψον ἀνικήτῳ Κυθερείῃ.
Ἄρες, ἀνικήθης, ὅτι χάλκεον ἔγχος ἐάσας
ἁβρῖδα Χαλκομέδης γαμίην ὑπεδύσατο Μορρεύς."
Εἶπε μόθους γελόωσα φιλομμειδὴς Ἀφροδίτη,
Ἄρεα κερτομέουσα γαμοστόλον. ἄγχι δὲ πόντου
καλλείψας ἀκόμιστον ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖο χιτῶνα
θαλπόμενος γλυκερῇσι μεληδόσι λούσατο Μορρεύς,
γυμνὸς ἐών· ψυχρὴ δὲ δέμας φαίδρυνε θαλάσσῃ,
θερμὸν ἔχων Παφίης ὀλίγον βέλος· ἐν δὲ ῥεέθροις
Ἰνδώην ἱκέτευεν Ἐρυθραίην Ἀφροδίτην,
εἰσαΐων, ὅτι Κύπρις ἀπόσπορός ἐστι θαλάσσης·
λουσάμενος δ' ἀνέβαινε μέλας πάλιν· εἶχε δὲ μορφήν,
ὡς φύσις ἐβλάστησε, καὶ ἀνέρος οὐ δέμας ἅλμη,

by the unarmed beauty of Chalcomedeia, and a word she said in mockery of her paramour—

164 "Ares, you are beaten! Morrheus has renounced war, and bears no corselet and no sword; no, for love of a winsome woman he has cast the arms from his hands. You do the same—renounce your own valiant spear, strip off your shields and bathe in the sea! For Cypris without battle plays the champion better than Ares. She needs no shield, she never wants the ashplant; for my beauty is a spear for me, my fine shape also is my sword, the gleams of my eyes are my arrows. My breast lets fly a better shot than a javelin; for Morrheus has turned from a bold warrior to an amiable chamberlain! Do not go near Sparta, where the warlike people have a bronze image of armed Aphrodite, lest spear in hand she strike you with your own steel! You cannot shoot so straight as eyebrows do; your spikes do not wound men as eyeshots do. Look at your servants, the lackeys of the Loves, and bow your bold neck to Cythereia the unconquerable. You are conquered, Ares! For Morrheus has left his spear of bronze and donned the wedding fawnskin of Chalcomede."

184 So smiling Aphrodite laughed, in mockery at Ares her lover and his battles.

185 Then Morrheus left his coat uncared-for on the seashore, glowing with sweet anxieties. Naked he bathed: the cool sea cleansed his body, but the Paphian's tiny dart was hot within him. In the waters he prayed to Erythraian Aphrodite of India, for he had learnt that Cypris is the daughter of the sea; but he came out still black from his bath, for his body was as nature had made it grow, and the

οὐ χροιὴν μετάμειψεν, ἐρευθαλέη περ ἐοῦσα.
καὶ κενεῇ χρόα λοῦσεν ἐπ' ἐλπίδι· χιόνεος γὰρ
ἡμερόεις μενέαινε φανήμεναι ἄζυγι κούρῃ·
καὶ λινέῳ κόσμησε δέμας χιονώδεϊ πέπλῳ,
οἷον ἔσω θώρηκος ἀεὶ φορέουσι μαχηταί.
Ἰσταμένη δ' ἄφθογγος ἐπ' ἠόνος εἶχε σιωπὴν
Χαλκομέδη δολόεσσα· μεταστρεφθεῖσα δὲ κούρη
Μορρέος ἀχλαΐνοιο σαόφρονας εἶλκεν ὀπωπάς,
ἀσκεπὲς αἰδομένη δέμας ἀνέρος· εἰσιδέειν γὰρ
ἄζετο θῆλυς ἐοῦσα λελουμένον ἄρσενα κούρην.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε χῶρον ἔρημον ἐσέδρακεν ἄρμενον εὐναῖς,
τολμηρὴν παλάμην ὀρέγων αἰδήμονι νύμφῃ
εἵματος ἀφαύστοιο σαόφρονος ἥψατο κούρης·
καὶ νύ κεν ἀμφίζωστον ἐλὼν εὐηνορι δεσμῷ
νυμφιδίῳ σπιν θῆρι βιήσατο θυιάδα κούρην·
ἀλλά τις ἀχράντοιο δράκων ἀνεπήλατο κόλπου,
παρθενικῆς ἀγάμοιο βοηθόος, ἀμφὶ δὲ μίτρην
ἀμφιλαφὴς κυκλοῦτο φυλάκτορι γαστέρος ἀλκῷ·
ὀξὺ δὲ συρίζοντος ἀσιγήτων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
πέτραι ἐμυκήσαντο· φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο Μορρεὺς
αὐχένιον μύκημα νόθης σάλπιγγος ἀκούων,
παπταίνων ἀγάμοιο προασπιστῆρα κορείης·
καὶ πρόμος ἀμφιέλικτος ἀνεπτοίησε μαχητήν,
οὐρὴν ἀγκυλόκυκλον ἐπ' αὐχένι φωτὸς ἑλίξας,
ἔγχος ἔχων στόμα λάβρον· ἐτοξεύοντο δὲ πολλοὶ
ἰὸν ἀκοντίζοντες ἐχιδνήεντες ὀιστοί·
οἱ μὲν ἀμιτρώτοιο διαΐσσοντες ἐθείρης,
οἱ δὲ δρακοντοκόμοιο δι' ἰξύος, οἱ δ' ἀπὸ κόλπου
Ἄρεα συρίζοντες ἐβακχεύοντο μαχηταί.
Ὄφρα μὲν ὑψιλόφοιο πρὸ ἄστεος ἵστατο Μορρεύς,

* As bring the Red Sea (so the Indian Ocean was then called).

brine changed not the man's body or his colour, itself red though it was.[a] So he washed his skin in a vain hope; for he had wished to become snow-white, and so desirable to the virgin maid. He dressed himself in a snowy linen robe, such as soldiers always wear inside the mailcoat.

199 Chalcomede stood on the shore in silence without a word, full of her scheme. She turned aside from Morrheus unclad, withdrawing her modest looks, ashamed before the uncovered body of a man; for the girl was abashed being a woman to look on a man after the bath.

204 But when Morrheus had seen a lonely spot suitable for lying down, he stretched out a daring hand towards the modest girl and caught the chaste maiden's inviolate dress. And now he would have seized her and girt her about with a strong man's arms, and ravished the maiden votary in the flame of a bridegroom's desire; but a serpent darted out of her immaculate bosom to protect the virgin maid, and curled about her waist guarding her body all round with its belly's coils. A sharp hiss issued unceasing from his throat and made the rocks resound. Morrheus trembled for fear when he heard the bellow, coming out from the throat for all the world like a trumpet, and saw this champion of unwedded maidenhood. The coiled defender terrified the man of war; he curled his tail round the man's neck in twisted coils, with his wild mouth for a lance, and many a snaky shaft came darting poison against him, some darting through her uncoifed hair, some from her snakeprotected loins, some from her breast, wild warriors hissing death.

223 While Morrheus remained in front of the tower-

Χαλκομέδην δολόεσσαν ἀνήνυτον εἰς γάμον ἕλκων,
τόφρα δὲ Βασσαρίδος στρατιῆς εὔοπλος Ἐννὼ
ἔγχος ἀτειρήεντος ἀλεύατο Δηριαδῆος.
καὶ γὰρ ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο θορὼν ὠκύπτερος Ἑρμῆς,
ἀντίτυπον Βρομίοιο φέρων ἴνδαλμα προσώπου,
Βακχείην ἐκάλεσσεν ὅλην στίχα μύστιδι φωνῇ·
δαιμονίην δὲ γυναῖκες ὅτ' ἔκλυον Εὔιον ἠχώ,
εἰς ἕνα χῶρον ἴκανον· ἀπὸ τριόδων δὲ κομίζων
Μαιναλίδων ὅλον ἔθνος ἐς ἀγκύλα κύκλα κελεύθου
ἤγαγεν ὠκυπέδιλος, ἕως σχεδὸν ἦε πύργων·
καὶ φυλάκων στοιχηδὸν ἀκοιμήτοισιν ὀπωπαῖς
νήδυμον ὕπνον ἔχευεν ἑῇ πανθελγέι ῥάβδῳ
φώριος Ἑρμείας, πρόμος ἔννυχος· ἐξαπίνης δὲ
Ἰνδοῖς μὲν ζόφος ἦεν, ἀθηήτοισι δὲ Βάκχαις
φέγγος ἔην ἀδόκητον· ἀδουπήτων δὲ γυναικῶν
λάθριος ἡγεμόνευε δι' ἄστεος ἄπτερος Ἑρμῆς·
χειρὶ δὲ θεσπεσίῃ βριαρὴν κληῖδα πυλάων
ἠλιβάτων ὤιξε, καὶ ἠέλιος πέλε Βάκχαις.

Ἤματίην δ' ὅτε νύκτα φαεσφόρος ἤλασεν Ἑρμῆς,
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος ἔχων ἀτέλεστον ἀπειλὴν
Βασσαρίδων μάστευε λιπόπτολιν ἐσμὸν ὀδίτην.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις κατὰ νύκτα βαθυπλούτοις ἐν ὀνείροις
τέρπεται ἁρπήκτοισιν ἐπ' ἐλπωρῇσιν, ἀείρων
ἀφνειαῖς παλάμῃσι μινυθαδίου χύσιν ὄλβου,
ὑπναλέων κτεάνων ἀπατήλιον ἐλπίδα βόσκων·
ἀλλ' ὅτε φαινομένης ῥοδοειδέος ἠριγενείης
χάζεται εὐκτεάνοιο παλίλλυτος ὄψις ὀνείρου,
σὺν κεναῖς παλάμῃσιν ἐγείρεται, οὐδὲν ἀείρων,
ῥίψας κλεψινόων σκιοειδέα τέρψιν ὀνείρων·
ὣς τότε Δηριάδης, ὅτε μὲν ζόφος εἶχεν ἀγυιάς,
τέρπετο Βασσαρίδων δοκέων αὐτόσσυτον ἄγρην

ing city, trying without success to drag the resourceful Chalcomede to his lust, the armed company of Bassarids was saved from the spear of untiring Deriades. For swiftwing Hermes came in haste from Olympos, wearing a semblance like the face of Bromios and summoned the whole company of Bacchants in his mystic voice. When the women heard the divine Euian sounds, they gathered into one place ; Swiftshoe brought them from the three-ways and led the whole tribe of Mainalids by crooked winding lanes until he was near the walls. Then furtive Hermeias, the warrior by night, with his all-charming rod shed refreshing sleep on the unresting eyes of the guards in order. Suddenly for the Indians there was darkness, for the unseen Bacchants there was light unexpected. The women made no noise as Hermes led them secretly through the city without his wings. With his divine hand he opened the forbidding lock of the precipitous gates, and for the Bacchants the sun was there.

242 When Lightbringer Hermes had dispersed this night-by-day, haughty Deriades thwarted in his threats searched for the swarms of Bassarids who had just walked out of the city. As one dreaming in the night of boundless riches is happy in his unattainable hopes, and lifts in full hands the flood of wealth which will soon be gone, feeding the deceptive hope of his dream-fortune ; but when rosy dawn appears, the fortune of his dreams fades and vanishes like a vision, and he awakes with empty hands, holding nothing, and loses the shadowy happiness of his delusive dream : so then Deriades, while darkness covered the streets, was happy, thinking that he held the captive Bassarids ready to come hurrying to him

ἀμφιέπειν ἔντοσθεν ἐεργομένων πυλεώνων,
ψευδομένην ἀνόνητον ἔχων σκιοειδέα νίκην·
ἀλλ' ὅτε φέγγος ἔλαμψε, καὶ οὐκέτι δέρκετο Βάκχας,
ὡς ὄναρ ἔδραμε πάντα, καὶ ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ,
ὡς Διὶ καὶ Φαέθοντι χολώετο καὶ Διονύσῳ,
Μαιναλίδας φυγάδας διζήμενος. ἀμφὶ δὲ πύργους
Βασσαρίδες κελάδησαν ἀνάμπυκες Εὐάδι φωνῇ.

Δηριάδης δ' ἐδίωκε τὸ δεύτερον. ἔγρετο δὲ Ζεὺς
Καυκάσου ἐν κορυφῇσιν ἀπορρίψας πτερὸν Ὕπνου·
καὶ δόλον ἠπεροπῆα μαθὼν κακοεργέος Ἥρης
Σειληνοὺς ἐδόκευε πεφυζότας, ἔδρακε Βάκχας
σπερχομένας ἀγεληδὸν ἀπὸ τριόδων, ἀπὸ πύργων,
καὶ Σατύρους κείροντα καὶ ἀμώοντα γυναῖκας
Δηριάδην ἐνόησεν ὀπίστερον, ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν,
νίεά δ' ἐν δαπέδῳ κατακείμενον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νύμφαι
ἐγγὺς ἔσαν στεφανηδόν· ὁ δ' ἐν στροφάλιγγι κονίης
κεῖτο καρηβαρέων, ὀλιγοδρανὲς ἄσθμα τιταίνων,
ἀφρὸν ἀκοντίζων χιονώδεα, μάρτυρα λύσσης.
καὶ φθονερῆς ἤλεγξε δόλον δυσμήχανον Ἥρης,
καὶ δολίην παράκοιτιν ἐμέμψατο κέντορι μύθῳ·
καὶ νύ κεν ἀχλυόεντος ὁμέστιον Ἰαπετοῖο
Ὕπνον ὁμιχλήεντι κατεκλήισσε βερέθρῳ,
εἰ μὴ Νὺξ ἱκέτευε, θεῶν δμήτειρα καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
καὶ μόγις εὐνήσας ὀλοὸν χόλον ἴαχεν Ἥρῃ·

"Οὔ πω ἐμῆς Σεμέλης ἐκορέσσαο, δύσμαχος Ἥρη,
ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ φθιμένῃ τάχα χώεαι; οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
σὸν κότον ἐπρήυνεν ἀτέρμονα νυμφιδίη φλόξ,
λέκτρα διασκεδάσασα Διοβλήτοιο Θυώνης;
Ἰνδοφόνῳ τέο μέχρις ἐπιβρίθεις Διονύσῳ;

within closed gates, although his victory was a useless deceptive shadow ; but when the light came, and he saw no Bacchants, all was gone like a dream, and he cried in a mournful voice, indignant with Zeus and Phaëthon and Dionysos, as he searched for the fugitive Mainalids. But around the walls the Bassarids unveiled shouted with Euian voice. Then Deriades set out in pursuit for the second time.

262 Zeus awoke on the peaks of Caucasos and threw off the wing of sleep. He understood the beguiling trick of Hera the mischiefmaker when he saw the Seilenoi in flight, when he saw the Bacchant women hurrying in herds from the threeways and the walls, and behind them the Indian chieftain Deriades, cutting down Satyrs and mowing down women ; he saw his own son lying upon the ground, and the nymphs all round him in a ring, but he lay in the whirling dust heavy-headed, half-fainting, breathing hard, sputtering white foam to witness his frenzy. Then Zeus disclosed Hera's mischievous contrivance, and reproached his deceitful consort with stinging words. And now indeed he would have imprisoned Sleep in the darksome pit of gloom to dwell along with murky Iapetos,[a] but for the prayers of Night the vanquisher of gods and men. So Zeus calmed his savage resentment with difficulty, and cried out to Hera :

279 " Have you not yet been cruel enough to my Semele, invincible Hera ? Must you still be bitter against her though dead ? So even the bridal flame itself could not assuage your unending rancour, when it scattered abroad the bed of Thyone struck by Zeus ! How long will you oppress Dionysos the

[a] One of the Titans imprisoned in Tartaros.

ἄζεο σοὺς προτέρους πάλιν ἄκμονας· εἰσέτι κεῖνοι,
εἰσέτι μοι παρέασιν ἀρηγόνες, οὓς ποσὶ δήσας
ὑμετέροις ἔσφιγξα· σὺ δ' ἄστατος ὑψόθι γαίης
αἰθέρι καὶ νεφέλῃσι μετάρσιον εἶχες ἀνάγκην·
καὶ θρασὺς ἐν νεφέλῃσι περίπλοκον ὑψόθι γαίης
δέσμιον εἶδεν Ἄρης σε, καὶ οὐ χραίσμησε τεκούσῃ·
οὐ πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος ἐπήρκεσεν· οὐ δύναται γὰρ
τλήμεναι αἰθαλόεντος ἕνα σπιν θῆρα κεραυνοῦ.
δήσω σὰς παλάμας χρυσέῳ πάλιν ἠθάδι δεσμῷ·
Ἄρεα δ' ἀρραγέεσσιν ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι πεδήσω
εἰς τροχὸν αὐτοκύλιστον ὁμόδρομον, οἷος ἀλήτης
Τάνταλος ἠερόφοιτος ἢ Ἰξίων μετανάστης·
καὶ μιν ἀναλθήτοισιν ὅλον πληγῇσιν ἰμάσσω,
εἰσόκε νικήσειεν ἐμὸς παῖς υἱέας Ἰνδῶν.
ἀλλὰ τεῷ Κρονίωνι χαρίζεαι, αἴ κεν ἐλάσσῃς
λύσσαν ἐριπτοίητον ἰμασσομένου Διονύσου,
μηδὲ λίπῃς κοτέοντα τεὸν πόσιν, ἀλλὰ μολοῦσα
Ἰνδῴης ἀκίχητος ὑπὸ κλέτας εὔβοτον ὕλης
Βάκχῳ μαζὸν ὄρεξον ἐμὴν μετὰ μητέρα Ῥείην,
ὄφρα τελειοτέροισιν ἑοῖς στομάτεσσιν ἀρύσσῃ
σὴν ἱερὴν ῥαθάμιγγα προηγήτειραν Ὀλύμπου,
καὶ βατὸν αἰθέρα τεῖξον ἐπιχθονίῳ Διονύσῳ·
ὑμετέρῳ δὲ γάλακτι δέμας χρίσασα Λυαίου
σβέσσον ἀμερσινόοιο δυσειδέα λύματα νούσου.
καί σοι ἐπεντύνω γέρας ἄξιον· ὑμετέρῃ γὰρ
στηρίξω κατ' Ὄλυμπον ἑοικότα κύκλον ἐέρσῃ,
Ἡραίοιο γάλακτος ἐπώνυμον, ὄφρα γεραίρω
ἱκμάδα πασιμέλουσαν ἀλεξικάκου σέο μαζοῦ·

---

[a] Ixion, for attempting to violate Hera, was bound in Tartaros to a wheel which turns everlastingly; no such punishment is elsewhere ascribed to Tantalos.

Indianslayer? Do not forget those stones of long ago! I have them still, I have them ready for use —the ones I tied fast on to your feet: there you dangled in the sky and the clouds high above the earth, and suffered tortures! Bold Ares saw you tied up and wrapt in clouds high above the earth, but he could not help his mother. Fiery Hephaistos could not help, for he cannot stand one spark of blazing thunderbolt. I will tie up your hands again in that same old golden chain. Ares I will fasten with galling fetters unbreakable to whirl upon a selfrolling wheel, to run with him, like a Tantalos travelling the skies or a banished Ixion[a]: I will flog him all over with stripes incurable until my son shall conquer the sons of India.

298 "But how kind you would be to your Cronion, if you will only drive that distracting madness from tormented Dionysos! Do not fail your provoked husband; but go uncaught to the fertile slope of the woodland pastures of India, and offer your breast to Bacchos as once did my mother Rheia; let him draw with his lips older grown your holy drops, and by that draught lead him on the way to Olympos and make heaven lawful ground for the feet of earthborn Dionysos![b] Anoint with your milk the body of Lyaios, and cleanse the ugly stains of mind-robbing disease. And I offer you a worthy reward; for I will place in Olympos a circle, image of that flow[c] named after Hera's milk, to honour the allfamous sap of your saviour breast. Only I pray you beware of the

[b] It was a rite of adoption; Nonnos makes it also a process of healing.

[c] The Milky Way. Usually it is milk fallen from Hera's breast, but stories differ somewhat as to the occasion.

μοῦνον ἐμοὶ πεφύλαξο Διὸς φιλότεκνον ἀπειλήν,
μηδὲ πάλιν δόλον ἄλλον ἐπεντύνῃς Διονύσῳ."
Ὡς εἰπὼν προέηκε παλίγκοτον εὐνέτιν Ἥρην
Βακχείης κακότητος ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκῃ,
ἵλαον εὐάντητον ἀτυζομένῳ Διονύσῳ,
ὄφρα δέμας Βρομίοιο γαλαξαίῃσιν ἐέρσαις
χειρὶ περιχρίσειε θεοτρεφίων ἀπὸ μαζῶν.
Ἥρη δ' οὐκ ἀμέλησεν· ἀκεσσιπόνοιο δὲ θηλῆς
θεσπεσίῃ ῥαθάμιγγι δέμας χρίσασα Λυαίου
ἄγρια δαιμονίης ἀπεσείσατο λύματα λύσσης·
καὶ διδύμων φθόνον εἶχεν ὑποκλίπτοντι προσώπῳ
ἠνορέην ὀρόωσα καὶ ἀγλαΐην Διονύσου,
καὶ φθονεραῖς παλάμῃσι μεμηνότος ἥψατο Βάκχου·
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ στομάτεσσιν ἀνειρύσσασα χιτῶνος
ἀμβροσίης πλήθουσαν ἐὴν γυμνώσατο θηλήν,
θλιβομένην βλύζουσα χύσιν ζηλήμονι μαζῷ·
καὶ μιν ἀνεζώγρησε· τανυπλοκάμου δὲ Λυαίου
ὄμμασι μηκεδανοῖσι τόσην διεμέτρεεν ἦβην,
εἴ ποτε τηλίκον εἶδος ἐπιχθονίη τέκε γαστήρ,
εἰ τόσος ἦεν Ἄρης ἐγχεσπάλος, εἰ τόσος Ἑρμῆς,
εἰ Φαέθων πέλε τοῖον ἢ ἱμερόφωνος Ἀπόλλων·
καὶ μιν ἔχειν μενέαινεν ἐν αἰθέρι νυμφίον Ἥβης,
εἰ μή οἱ κατένευσε μετὰ χρόνον ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
μόρσιμον Ἡρακλῆα δυωδεκάεθλον ἀκοίτην.
Ἡ μὲν ἀλεξήσασα πόνον μανιώδεα Βάκχου
ὑψιφανὴς ἀνέβαινε τὸ δεύτερον εἰς χορὸν ἄστρων,
μὴ στρατιὴν ἀσίδηρον ἐσαθρήσῃ Διονύσου
μαρναμένην νάρθηκι καὶ ἀμπελόεντι κορύμβῳ,
καὶ προμάχους κταμένους ὀλίγῳ ῥηξήνορι θύρσῳ.
Οὐδὲ μάχης ἀμέλησε Διὸς πάις, ἀλλὰ μαχητὰς
θωρήξας παλίνορσος ἀγέστρατον ἴαχε φωνήν,
χειρὶ Γιγαντοφόνῳ ταμεσίχροα κισσὸν ἐλίσσων·

menace of Zeus, and stretch again no other net of deceit for Dionysos his beloved son."

314 So saying, he dismissed his resentful consort Hera, to heal the trouble of Bacchos against her will, to be gracious and friendly towards afflicted Dionysos, that her hands might salve the body of Bromios with the milky dew from her godnursing breasts.

319 Hera did not disobey. She anointed the body of Lyaios with the divine drops of her painhealing teat, and wiped away the stains of the wild divine frenzy. When she saw the manhood and radiance of Dionysos and touched mad Bacchos with grudging hands, she felt a double jealousy although her face hid it. She opened her dress on both sides for his lips, and bared her teats full of ambrosia, pressing the jealous breast to let the milk flow, and brought him back to life. With her great eyes she measured all the youthful strength of longhaired Lyaios, wondering if ever mortal mother brought forth such a shape, if shakespear Ares was so tall as this, if Hermes, if Phaëthon was such, or sweetvoiced Apollo; and she wished him in heaven as Hebe's bridegroom, had not Zeus our Lord on High ordained that in days to come twelvelabour Heracles was fated to be her husband.

336 She then, after healing the madness of Bacchos, returned again to the company of the stars on high, that she might not see the weaponless army of Dionysos fighting with fennel and bundles of vine, and killing warriors with a little manbreaking thyrsus.

341 Now the son of Zeus did not neglect the battle. He appeared once more and armed his soldiers; he waved the fleshcutting ivy in giantslaying hand, and summoned the host again with cries:

" Θαρσαλέοι μάρνασθε τὸ δεύτερον·
ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
Ζεὺς πάλιν ἡμείων πρόμος ἵσταται, υἱέι Βάκχῳ
ὅλαος, οὐρανόθεν δὲ προασπίζων Διονύσου
ἀθανάτων χορὸς ἦλθε, καὶ οὐκέτι χώεται Ἥρη.
τίς στερόπῃ Κρονίδαο μαχέσσεται; ἢ πότε δειλοὶ
δυσμενέες μίμνουσι κορυσσομένοιο κεραυνοῦ;
ἴσος ἐμῷ γενετῆρι φανήσομαι· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
Γηγενέας Τιτῆνας ἐμὸς νίκησε Κρονίων,
νικήσω καὶ ἔγωγε χαμαιγενέων γένος Ἰνδῶν.
σήμερον ἀθρήσητε κορυμβοφόρον μετὰ νίκην
Δηριάδην ἱκέτην βραδυπειθέα, καὶ χορὸν Ἰνδῶν
αὐχένα δοχμώσαντα γαληναίῳ Διωνύσῳ,
καὶ ποταμὸν μεθέποντα μεθυσφαλὲς Ἕλιον ὕδωρ·
ἀντιβίους δ' ὄψεσθε παρὰ κρητῆρι Λυαίου
ξανθὸν ὕδωρ πίνοντας ἀπ' οἰνοπόρου ποταμοῖο,
καὶ θρασὺν Ἰνδὸν ἄνακτα, κατάσχετον οἴνοπι κισσῷ,
ἑλλόμενον πετάλοισι καὶ ἀμπελόεντι κορύμβῳ,
εἴκελα δεσμὰ φέροντα, τά περ μετὰ κύματα λύσσης
Νυσιάδες βοόωσι θεοῦδέες εἰσέτι Νύμφαι,
ἀλκῆς ἡμετέρης ἐπιμάρτυρες, ὁππότε κισσοῦ
ἀγχονίῳ σφίγξασα θεημάχον ἀνέρα δεσμῷ
Ἀρραβίην ἐφόβησεν ἐμὴ θρασυεργὸς ὀπωρή,
ἄμματι βοτρυόεντι βιαζομένου Λυκοόργου.
ἀλλὰ τόσου μετὰ κύκλα κυλινδομένοιο κυδοιμοῦ
λῆδα δυσμενέων συλήσατε καὶ κτέρας ἅλμης,
μαρμαρέας λάιγγας, ἐμὴν δ' ἐπὶ μητέρα Ῥείην
ἕλκομένας πλοκάμοιο μεταστήσασθε γυναῖκας·
καὶ προμάχους τίσασθε δεδουπότας, ὧν ἐπὶ πότμῳ
τείρομαι ὀξείῃσι μελῃδόσιν· ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
ἀμφότερον κοτέω τε καὶ ἄχνυμαι, ὅττι δοκεύω
Δηριάδην ζώοντα καὶ ἀκτερέιστον Ὀφέλτην,

344 " Courage, to battle once more ! Zeus again stands in our front for the fight ; he is gracious to Bacchos his son, and the company of the immortals has come from heaven to defend Dionysos. Hera is no longer our enemy. Who will fight with the lightning of Cronides ? When will cowardly enemies stand if the thunderbolt is ready ? I will show myself equal to my Father. Cronion my father conquered Earth's brood, the Titans, in battle : I also will conquer the earthborn nation of Indians !

353 " This day after the victory of the vinebearers behold obstinate Deriades a supplicant, and the Indian host bending the neck before peaceful Dionysos, and the river rolling the staggering liquor of Euios ! You shall see our adversaries beside the mixing-bowl of Dionysos quaffing ruddy water out of the winerunning-river ; and the bold Indian king, fettered with ivy and vineclusters, rolling among leaves and clusters of grapes, wearing fetters like those which the divine Nysiad nymphs, now that the surges of madness are over, still tell of : those witnesses of my prowess, when my strong and potent fruitage throttled with a noose of ivy the man who fought against the gods and frightened Arabia, when Lycurgos was constrained by bonds of vine.

367 " At last after so many periods of rolling conflict, seize the booty of your enemies, and those shining stones the glory of the sea ! Drag off the women by the hair and take them to Rheia my mother ! Take your vengeance for our fallen warriors, whose fate afflicts me with sharp pangs. In my heart is both anger and sorrow, that I see Deriades alive and Opheltes unburied, reproaching after death the

μεμφόμενον μετὰ πότμον ἀεργέα χεῖρα Λυαίου·
οὐκέτι Κωδώνη θωρήσσεται, οὐκέτι δειλὴ
μάρναται Ἀλκιμάχεια δορυσσόος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
Λίβιαλος δέδμητο, καὶ εἰσέτι θύρσον ἀρύκω.
αἰδέομαι μετὰ δῆριν Ἀρίστορα, μὴ καὶ ἀκούσῃ,
ὅττι θανὼν οὐχ εὗρεν ἀρηγόνα νεκρὸς Ὀφέλτης·
οὐ δύναμαι Κρήτης Κορυβαντίδος ἄστυ περῆσαι,
μὴ γενέτης Ἀγέλαος ὀλωλότα παῖδα γοήσῃ.
Ἀνθέος ἀλλυμένοιο φόνον νήποινον ἀκούων·
αἰδέομαι Μίνωι φανήμεναι· ἐν κλισίῃ γὰρ
Ἀστέριος μογέει βαβολημένος, ὃν πλέον ἄλλων
ῥύσομαι· Εὐρώπης γὰρ ἔχει γένος· ἀλλὰ σαώσας
νόστιμον ἀρτεμέοντα πάλιν γενετῆρι κομίσσω
πηὸν ἐμὸν μετὰ δῆριν, ὅπως μὴ Κάδμος ἀκούσῃ
Ἀστέριον χατέοντα λιποπτολέμου Διονύσου.
ἀλλὰ πάλιν μάρνασθε, καὶ εἰν ἑνὶ πᾶσιν ἀρήξω,
τοσσατίων ἕνα μοῦνον ἀποκτείνας ὀλετῆρα."

idle hand of Lyaios. Codone arms herself no longer, poor Alcimacheia fights no more brandishing her spear ; nay, even Aibialos has fallen, and still I hold back my thyrsus. I am ashamed after the battle to think of Arestor,[a] lest he should hear that Opheltes at the instant of death found none to help him. I cannot traverse the Corybantian city of Crete,[b] lest Agelaos the father should lament for his dead son, if he hears that Antheus perished unavenged. I am ashamed to show myself to Minos, for Asterios lies in his hut suffering and wounded, whom more than any I will succour, since he has in him the blood of Europa ; surely I will bring home my own kinsman safe and sound from the war, and give him back to his father, that Cadmos may never hear that Asterios looked in vain for runaway Dionysos. Come, to the battle again ! In one I will defend all, when I have killed the one who destroyed so many."

[a] Father of Opheltes.
[b] Lyctos, from which Antheus came.

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY
FOUNDED BY JAMES LOEB, LL.D.

EDITED BY

† T. E. PAGE, C.H., LITT.D.

E. CAPPS, PH.D., LL.D. W. H. D. ROUSE, LITT.D.

L. A. POST, M.A. E. H. WARMINGTON, M.A.

NONNOS
DIONYSIACA
III

NONNOS
DIONYSIACA

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

W. H. D. ROUSE, LITT.D.

MYTHOLOGICAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

H. J. ROSE, M.A.

PROFESSOR OF GREEK, UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS

AND NOTES ON TEXT CRITICISM BY

L. R. LIND, PH.D.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

IN THREE VOLUMES

III

BOOKS XXXVI—XLVIII

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD
MCMXLII

PREFACE

I SHOULD like to have written an estimate of Nonnos as poet and man of letters, but that is hardly what would be expected in a translation. His Niagara of words is apt to overwhelm the reader, and his faults are easy to see; but if we stand in shelter behind the falls, we can see many real beauties, and we can see his really wonderful skill in managing his metre long after stress had displaced the old musical accent. He has left his mark, indirectly at least, on English literature; for one man of genius was for ever quoting him, and had him in mind when he created his incomparable and immortal drunkard, Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi. He it was who summed up in four lines the sordid ambitions of all the tyrants of the world, from Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar to Timour and Attila and Napoleon,

> The mountain sheep are sweeter,
> But the valley sheep are fatter.
> And so we thought it meeter
> To carry off the latter.

W. H. D. ROUSE

HISTON MANOR
CAMBRIDGE
June 1940

CONTENTS OF VOLUME III

PAGE

PREFACE v

SUMMARY OF THE BOOKS OF THE POEM . . viii

TEXT AND TRANSLATION—

Book XXXVI 2

Book XXXVII 36

Book XXXVIII 92

Book XXXIX 124

Book XL 154

Additional Note to Book XL . . 194

Book XLI 196

Book XLII 228

Book XLIII 268

Book XLIV 298

Book XLV 320

Book XLVI 346

Book XLVII 372

Book XLVIII 424

INDEX 495

ΠΕΡΙΟΧΗ
ΤΩΝ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΩΝ

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΦΑΙ
ΤΩΝ ΥΠΟΛΕΙΠΟΜΕΝΩΝ ΙΓ΄ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΩΝ

Ἐν δὲ *τριηκοστῷ ἕκτῳ μετὰ λύματα λύσσης*
Βάκχος Δηριαδῆι *κορύσσεται εἶδος ἀμείβων.*

Ἦχι *τριηκοστὸν πέλεν ἕβδομον, εἵνεκα νίκης*
ἀνδράσιν ἀθλοφόροις ἐπιτύμβιοί εἰσιν ἀγῶνες.

Ἦχι *τριηκοστὸν πέλεν ὄγδοον, αἴθοπι δαλῷ*
δειλαίου Φαέθοντος ἔχεις μόρον ἡνιοχῆος.

Ἐν δὲ *τριηκοστῷ ἐνάτῳ μετὰ κύματα λεύσσεις*
Δηριάδην φεύγοντα πυριφλεγέων στόλον Ἰνδῶν.

Τεσσαρακοστὸν *ἔχει δεδαϊγμένον ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν,*
πῶς δὲ Τύρον Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο, πατρίδα Κάδμου.

Πρῶτον *τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔχει, πόθεν υἱέι Μύρρης*
ἄλλην Κύπριν ἔτικτεν Ἀμυμώνην Ἀφροδίτην.

Τεσσαρακοστὸν *ὕφηνα τὸ δεύτερον, ἦχι λιγαίνω*
Βάκχου *τερπνὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἵμερον ἐννοσιγαίου.*

Δίζεο *τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔτι τρίτον, ὁππόθι μέλπω*
Ἄρεα *κυματόεντα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν Ἐνυώ.*

SUMMARY OF THE BOOKS OF THE POEM

Headings of the last thirteen Books of the *Dionysiaca*

(36) In the thirty-sixth, Bacchos, after his surges of madness, changes his shape and attacks Deriades.

(37) When the thirty-seventh takes its turn, there are contests about the tomb, the men competing for prizes.

(38) When the thirty-eighth takes its turn, you have the fate of unhappy Phaëthon in the chariot, with a blazing brand.

(39) In the thirty-ninth, you see Deriades after the flood trying to desert the host of fire-blazing Indians.

(40) The fortieth has the Indian chief wounded, and how Dionysos visited Tyre, the native place of Cadmos.

(41) The forty-first tells how Aphrodite bore Amymone a second Cypris to the son of Myrrha.

(42) The forty-second web I have woven, where I celebrate a delightful love of Bacchos and the desire of Earthshaker.

(43) Look again at the forty-third, in which I sing a war of the waters and a battle of the vine.

Τεσσαρακοστὸν ὕφηνα τὸ τέτρατον, ἦχι γυναῖκας
δέρκεο μαινομένας καὶ Πενθέος ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς.

Πέμπτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐπόψεαι, ὁππόθι Πενθεὺς
ταῦρον ἐπισφίγγει κεραελκέος ἀντὶ Λυαίου.

Ἕκτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἴδε πλέον, ἦχι νοήσεις
Πενθέος ἄκρα κάρηνα καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνον Ἀγαύην.

Ἔρχεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐς ἕβδομον, ὁππόθι Περσεὺς
καὶ μόρος Ἰκαρίοιο καὶ ἀβροχίτων Ἀριάδνη.

Δίζεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐς ὄγδοον αἷμα Γιγάντων,
Παλλήνην δὲ δόκευε καὶ ὑπναλέης τόκον Λύρης.

(44) The forty-fourth web I have woven, where you may see maddened women and the heavy threat of Pentheus.

(45) See also the forty-fifth, where Pentheus binds the bull instead of stronghorn Lyaios.

(46) See also the forty-sixth, where you will find the head of Pentheus and Agauë murdering her son.

(47) Come to the forty-seventh, in which is Perseus, and the death of Icarios, and Ariadne in her rich robes.

(48) In the forty-eighth, seek the blood of the giants, and look out for Pallene and the son of sleeping Aura.

NONNOS
DIONYSIACA

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΚΤΟΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ ἕκτῳ μετὰ λύματα λύσσης
Βάκχος Δηριαδῆι κορύσσεται εἶδος ἀμείβων.

Ὣς φάμενος θάρσυνε γεγηθότας ἡγεμονῆας·
Δηριάδης δ' ἑτέρωθεν ἑοὺς ἐκόρυσσε μαχητάς.
ἀμφοτέρῃ δὲ φάλαγγι θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου
κεκριμένοι στέλλοντο κυβερνητῆρες Ἐννοῦς,
οἱ μὲν Δηριαδῆος ἀρηγόνες, οἱ δὲ Λυαίου.
Ζεὺς μὲν ἄναξ μακάρων ὑψίζυγος ὑψόθι Κέρνης
Ἄρεος εἶχε τάλαντα παρακλιδόν· οὐρανόθεν δὲ
ἔμπυρον ὕδατόεις προκαλίζετο κυανοχαίτης
Ἠέλιον, γλαυκῶπιν Ἄρης, Ἥφαιστος Ἰδάσπην·
Ἥρης δ' ἀντικέλευθος ὀρεστιὰς Ἄρτεμις ἔστη·
Λητῴην δ' ἐπὶ δῆριν ἐύρραπις ἦλυθεν Ἑρμῆς.
Καὶ ζαθέου πολέμου διδυμόκτυπος ἔβρεμεν ἠχὼ
ἀμφοτέροις μακάρεσσιν. ἐπεσσυμένων δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Ἄρης ἑπταπέλεθρος ἐμάρνατο Τριτογενείῃ,
καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἴαλλεν· ἀνουτήτου δὲ θεαίνης
μέσσην αἰγίδα τύψεν, ἀθηήτου δὲ καρήνου
ἤλασε Γοργείης ὀφιώδεα λήια χαίτης,
Παλλάδος οὐτήσας λάσιον σάκος· ὀξυτενὴς δὲ
πεμπομένη ῥοιζηδὸν ἀκαμπέος ἔγχεος αἰχμὴ
ποιητὴν πλοκαμῖδα νόθης ἐχάραξε Μεδούσης.
κούρη δ' ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἐπαΐξασα καὶ αὐτὴ

BOOK XXXVI[a]

In the thirty-sixth, Bacchos, after his surges of madness, changes his shape and attacks Deriades.

With this speech he encouraged the glad leaders; and Deriades on his part put his own soldiers under arms. The gods who dwell in Olympos ranged themselves in two parties to direct the warfare on both sides, these supporting Deriades, those Lyaios. Zeus Lord of the Blessed throned high on Cerne held the tilting balance of war. From heaven Seabluehair of the waters challenged fiery Helios, Ares challenged Brighteyes, Hephaistos Hydaspes; highland Artemis stood facing Hera; Hermes rod in hand came to conflict with Leto.

12 A double din of divine battle resounded for the two parties of the Blessed. As they rushed to conflict, sevenrood Ares joined battle with Tritogeneia and cast a valiant spear; the goddess was untouched, but it struck full on the aegis, and ran through the snaky crop of hair on the Gorgon's head, which none may look upon. So it wounded only the shaggy target of Pallas, and the sharpened point of the whizzing unbending spear scored the counterfeit hair of Medusa's image. Then the battlestirring maiden,

[a] The battle of the gods is imitated rather closely from *Il.* xx. 32-74; xxi. 328-513.

σύγγονον ἔγχος ἄειρεν ἐπ' Ἄρεῖ Παλλὰς ἀμήτωρ,
κεῖνο, τό περ φορέουσα λεχώιον ἤλικι χαλκῷ
ἄνθορε πατρῴοιο τελεσσιγόνοιο καρήνου.
καὶ δαπέδῳ γόνυ κάμψε τυπεὶς περιμήκετος Ἄρης·
ἀλλά μιν ὀρθώσασα παλιντόκον Ἀθήνη
μητρὶ φίλῃ μετὰ δῆριν ἀνούτατον ὤπασεν Ἥρῃ.
Ἥρῃ δ' ἀντερίδαινεν ὀρεσσινόμου Διονύσου
Ἀρτεμις ὡς συνάεθλος ὀρεστιάς, ἰθυντενὲς δὲ
τόξον ἐὸν κύκλωσεν· ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Ἡρη Ζηνὸς ἑλοῦσα νέφος πεπυκασμένον ὤμοις
ἀρραγὲς ὡς σάκος εἶχε· καὶ Ἄρτεμις ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
ἠερίης πέμπουσα δι' ἄντυγος ἰὸν ἀλήτην
εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήιστον ἑὴν ἐκένωσε φαρέτρην,
καὶ νεφέλην ἄρρηκτον ὅλην ἐπύκαζεν ὀιστοῖς·
καὶ γεράνων μιμηλὸς ἔην τύπος ἠεροφοίτης
ἱπταμένων στεφαηδὸν ἀμοιβαίῳ τινὶ κύκλῳ·
καὶ νέφεϊ σκιόεντι πεπηγότες ἦσαν ὀιστοί·
ὠτειλὰς δ' ἀχάρακτος ἀναίμονας εἶχε καλύπτρη.
καὶ κραναὸν κούφισσεν ὑπηνέμιον βέλος Ἥρη,
χειρὶ δὲ δινεύουσα πεπηγότα νῶτα χαλάζης
Ἀρτεμιν ἐστυφέλιξε χαραδρήεντι βελέμνῳ·
τόξου δ' ἀγκύλα κύκλα συνέθλασε μάρμαρος αἰχμή·
οὐ δὲ μάχην ἀνέκοψε Διὸς δάμαρ· Ἀρτέμιδος δὲ
στήθεος ἄκρον ἔτυψε μεσαίτατον· ἡ δὲ τυπεῖσα
ἔγχεϊ παχνήεντι χαμαὶ κατέχευε φαρέτρην.
καί οἱ ἐπεγγελόωσα Διὸς μυθήσατο νύμφη·
"Ἄρτεμι, θηρία βάλλε· τί μείζοσιν ἀντιφερίζεις;
καὶ σκοπέλων ἐπίβηθι· τί σοὶ μόθος; οὐτιδανὰς δὲ
ἐνδρομίδας φορέουσα λίπε κνημῖδας Ἀθήνῃ·

---

[a] Appropriately; by a popular ancient theory, Hera (Ἥρα) is the atmosphere (ἀήρ).

motherless Pallas, rushed forwards in her turn and raised her birthmate spear, the weapon as old as herself, with which at her birth she leapt out of her father's pregnant head born in armour. Huge Ares was hit, and sank to the ground on one knee; but Athena helped him up and sent him back to his dear mother Hera unwounded, when the duel was done.

28 Against Hera came highland Artemis as champion for hillranging Dionysos, and rounded her bow aiming straight. Hera as ready for conflict seized one of the clouds [a] of Zeus, and compressed it across her shoulders where she held it as a shield proof against all; and Artemis shot arrow after arrow moving through the airy vault in vain against that mark, until her quiver was empty, and the cloud still unbroken she covered thick with arrows all over. It was the very image of a flight of cranes moving in the air and circling one after another in the figure of a wreath: the arrows were stuck in the dark cloud, but the veil was untorn and the wounds without blood. Then Hera picked up a rough missile of the air, a frozen mass of hail, circled it and struck Artemis with the jagged mass. The sharp stony lump broke the curves of the bow. But the consort of Zeus did not stop the fight there, but struck Artemis flat on the skin of the breast, and Artemis smitten by the weapon of ice emptied her quiver upon the ground. Then the wife of Zeus mocked at her:

48 "Go and shoot wild beasts, Artemis! Why do you quarrel with your betters? Climb your crags—what is war to you? Wear your trumpery shoes and let Athena wear the greaves. Stretch your

καὶ λίνα σεῖο τίνασσε δολοπλόκα· θηροφόνοι γὰρ
σοὶ κύνες ἀγρώσσουσι, καὶ οὐ πτερόεντες ὀιστοί·
οὐ σὺ λεοντοφόνον μεθέπεις βέλος· ἀδρανέων γὰρ
σῶν καμάτων ἱδρῶτες ἀνάλκιδές εἰσι λαγωοί·
σῶν δ' ἐλάφων ἀλέγιζε καὶ εὐκεράου σέο δίφρου,
σῶν ἐλάφων ἀλέγιζε· τί σοὶ Διὸς υἷα γεραίρειν
πορδαλίων ἐλατῆρα καὶ ἡνιοχῆα λεόντων;
ἦν δ' ἐθέλῃς, ἔχε τόξον, Ἔρως ὅτι τόξα τιταίνει·
παρθενικὴ φυγόδεμνε μογοστόκε, πορθμὸν Ἐρώτων
κεστὸν ἔχειν ὤφελλες ἀοσσητῆρα λοχείης,
σὺν Παφίῃ, σὺν Ἔρωτι· σὺ γὰρ κρατέεις τοκετοῖο.
ἀλλά, τελεσσιγόνοιο κυβερνήτειρα γενέθλης,
ἔρχεο παιδοτόκων ἐπὶ παστάδα θηλυτεράων,
καὶ λοχίοις βελέεσσιν ὀιστεύουσα γυναῖκας
εἴκελος ἔσσο λέοντι λεχωΐδος ἐγγύθι νύμφης,
ἀντὶ φιλοπτολέμοιο μογοστόκος. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῆς
λῆγε σαοφρονέουσα σαόφρονος εἵνεκα μίτρης,
ὅττι τεῶν μελέων μεθέπων τύπον ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
παρθενικὰς ἀγάμους νυμφεύεται· εἰσέτι κείνην
εἰκόνα σὴν βοόωσι γαμοκλόπον Ἀρκάδες ἶλαι,
Καλλιστοῦς ἀγάμοιο γαμοστόλον, ὑμετέρην δὲ
ἔμφρονα μάρτυρον ἄρκτον ἔτι στεράχουσι κολῶναι
μεμφομένην νόθον εἶδος ἐρωμανὲς ἰοχεαίρης,
θηλυτέρης ὅτε λέκτρον ἐδύσατο θῆλυς ἀκοίτης.
ἀλλὰ τεὴν ἀνόνητον ἀπορρίψασα φαρέτρην
Ἥρης κάλλιπε δῆριν ἀρείονος· ἦν δ' ἐθελήσῃς,
ὡς λοχίη πολέμιζε τελεσσιγάμῳ Κυθερείῃ."

Ἔννεπε, τειρομένην δὲ παρήλυθεν Ἄρτεμιν Ἥρη.
τὴν δὲ φόβῳ μεθύουσαν ἀπὸ φλοίσβοιο κομίζων

[a] *Cf. Π.* xxi. 483. Many other close imitations will be

cunning nets. Dogs, not winged arrows, hunt and kill your beasts. You handle no weapon to kill lions; the sweats of your paltry labours are timid hares. Attend to your stags and your horned team, attend to your stags: why should you exalt the son of Zeus, the driver of panthers and the charioteer of lions? Keep your bow, if you like, for Eros also bends a bow. What you ought to do, you virgin marriage-hater, you midwife, is to carry the cestus, love's ferry, the helper of childbed, in company with Eros and the Paphian: for you have power over birth. Begone then to the bedchambers of women in labour of child, you the guide of creative birth, and shoot women with the arrows of childbirth; be like a lion[a] beside the young wife in labour, be midwife rather than warrior. Nay, cease to be chaste yourself because of your chaste girdle, since Zeus our Lord on High assumes your shape to woo virgins unwedded.[b] The Arcadian woods still tell of that love-stealing copy of you which seduced unwedded Callisto; the mountains lament still your bear who saw and understood, and reproached the false enamoured image of the Archeress, when a female paramour entered a woman's bed. Come, throw away your useless quiver, and cease fighting with Hera who is stronger than you. Fight Cythereia, if you like, the childbed-nurse against the marriage-maker."

78 So Hera spoke, and passed on, leaving Artemis discomfited and drunken with fear. Phoibos threw

found if the reader compares this book with the passages cited in the note on the title of this book.

[b] He disguised himself as Artemis to approach Callisto; she was afterwards changed into a bear (authors differ as to the reasons).

ἀμφοτέρῳ πήχυνε κατηφέι Φοῖβος ἀγωστῷ,
καί μιν ἄγων ἔστησεν ἐρημάδος ἔνδοθι λόχμης·
νοστήσας δ' ἀκίχητος ὁμίλεε θέσπιδι χάρμῃ.
Καὶ βυθίου προμάχου πυρόεις πρόμος ἀντίος ἔστη,
Φοῖβος ἐς ὑσμίνην Ποσιδήιον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νευρῇ
θῆκε βέλος καὶ πυρσὸν ἐκούφισε Δελφίδι πεύκῃ
ἀμφοτέρῃ παλάμῃ περιδέξιος, ὄφρα κορύσσῃ
ὁλκῷ κυματόεντι σέλας καὶ τόξα τριαίνῃ.
αἰχμὴ δ' αἰθαλόεσσα καὶ ὑδατόεντες ὀιστοὶ
σύμπεσον ἀλλήλοισι· κορυσσομένοιο δὲ Φοίβου
Ἄρεος ἐσμαράγησε μέλος πατρώιος Αἰθήρ,
βρονταῖον κελάδημα· θυελλήεσσα δὲ σάλπιγξ
οὔασι Φοιβείοισιν ἐπέκτυπε ποντιὰς Ἠχώ·
Τρίτων δ' εὐρυγένειος ἐβόμβεεν ἠθάδι κόχλῳ
ἀνδροφυὴς ἀτέλεστος, ἀπ' ἰξύος ἔγχλοος ἰχθύς·
Νηρεΐδες δ' ἀλάλαζον· ὑπερκύψας δὲ θαλάσσης
σειομένου τριόδοντος Ἄραψ μυκήσατο Νηρεύς.
Οὐρανίης δὲ φάλαγγος ὑπέρτερον ἦχον ἀκούων
Ζεὺς χθόνιος κελάδησε, μὴ ἐνοσίγαιος ἀράσσων
γαῖαν ἰμασσομένην ῥοθίων ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ
ἁρμονίην κόσμοιο μετοχλίσσειε τριαίνῃ,
μή ποτε κινήσας χθονίων κρηπῖδα βερέθρων
θηητὴν τελέσειεν ἀθηήτου χθονὸς ἕδρην,
μὴ βυθίων φλέβα πᾶσαν ἀναρρήξειεν ἐναύλων
Ταρταρίῳ κευθμῶνι χέων μετανάστιον ὕδωρ,
νέρτερον εὐρώεντα κατακλύζων πυλεῶνα.
Τόσσος ἄρα κτύπος ὦρτο θεῶν ἔριδι ξυνιόντων,
καὶ χθόνιαι σάλπιγγες ἐπέβρεμον· ἀμφοτέρους δὲ
ῥάβδον ἐλαφρίζων ἀνεσείρασε μείλιχος Ἑρμῆς·

* To Nonnos Apollo is the Sun, though originally there is no connexion between them. Here, then, Fire is fighting Water.

both his arms about her in pity, and brought her out of the turmoil ; he left her in a lonely coppice, and returned unnoticed to join the battle of the gods.

83 And now a fiery chief stood up to the champion of the deep, Phoibos,[a] to fight with Poseidon. He set shaft on string, and also lifted a brand of Delphic fir in each hand [b] doubledextrous, to use fire against the surging sweep of water, and arrows against the trident. Fiery lance and watery arrows crashed together : while Phoibos defended, his home the upper air rattled a thunderclap for a battlesong ; the stormy trumpet of the sea brayed in the ears of Phoibos—a broadbeard Triton boomed with his own proper conch, like a man half-finished, from the loins down a greeny fish—the Nereïds shouted the battlecry—Arabian Nereus pushed up out of the sea and bellowed, shaking his trident.

97 Then Zeus of the underworld [c] rumbled hearing the noise of the heavenly fray above ; he feared that the Earthshaker, beating and lashing the solid ground with the earthquake-shock of his waves, might lever out of gear the whole universe with his trident, might move the foundations of the abysm below and show the forbidden sight of the earth's bottom, might burst all the veins of the subterranean channels and pour his water away into the pit of Tartaros, to flood the mouldering gates of the lower world.

106 So great was the din of the gods in conflict, and the trumpets of the underworld added their noise. But Hermes lifted his rod as peacemaker and

[b] If this means anything, it signifies that his bow and arrows (=sunrays) were of fire.

[c] Pluto in Hades.

τρισσοῖς δ' ἀθανάτοισι μίαν ξυνώσατο φωνήν·
" Γνωτὲ Διὸς καὶ κοῦρε,
σὺ μέν, κλυτότοξε, θυέλλαις
πυρσὸν ἔα καὶ τόξα, σὺ δὲ γλωχῖνα τριαίνης,
μὴ μακάρων Τιτῆνες ἐπεγγελάσωσι κυδοιμῷ,
μὴ Κρονίην μετὰ δῆριν ἀπειλήτειραν Ὀλύμπου
δεύτερον ἀθανάτοισιν Ἄρης ἐμφύλιος εἴη,
μὴ μόθον ἄλλον ἴδοιμι μετὰ κλόνον Ἰαπετοῖο,
μηδὲ μετὰ Ζαγρῆα καὶ ὀψιγόνου περὶ Βάκχου
φλέξας γαῖαν ἅπασαν ἑῷ πυρὶ χωόμενος Ζεὺς
ἀενάου κλύσσειε τὸ δεύτερον ἄντυγα κόσμου,
ὕδασιν ὀμβρήσας χυτὸν αἰθέρα· μηδὲ νοήσω
ἠερίοις πελάγεσσι διάβροχον ἅρμα Σελήνης·
μὴ ψυχρὴν ἐχέτω Φαέθων πάλιν ἔμπυρον αἴγλην.
πρεσβυτέρῳ δ' ὑπόεικε κυβερνητῆρι θαλάσσης,
πατροκασιγνήτῳ τανύων χάριν, ὅττι γεραίρει
εἰναλίην σέο Δῆλον ἁλὸς μεδέων ἐνοσίχθων·
μή σε λίπῃ φοίνικος ἔρως καὶ μυῆστις ἐλαίης.
τίς πάλιν, ἐννοσίγαιε, δικασπόλος ἐνθάδε Κέκροψ,
τίς πάλιν Ἴναχος ἄλλος ἐὴν πόλιν ἴσχεν Ἥρῃ,
ὅττι καὶ Ἀπόλλωνι κορύσσεαι, ὥς περ Ἀθήνῃ,
καὶ μόθον ἄλλον ἔχεις προτέρην μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἥρης;
καὶ σύ, πάτερ μεγάλοιο, κερασφόρε, Δηριαδῆος,
Ἡφαίστου πεφύλαξο σέλας μετὰ λαμπάδα Βάκχου,
μή σε πυριγλώχινι καταφλέξειε κεραυνῷ."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἀνέκοψε θεῶν ἔμφυλον Ἐνυώ.
καὶ τότε λυσσήεις παλινάγρετον ἄμφεπε χάρμην

---

[a] Sacred trees in Delos.
[b] As he was between Poseidon and Athena.

checked both parties, and addressed one speech to three of the immortals :

110 " Brother of Zeus, and you his son—you, famous Archer, throw to the winds your bow and your brand, and you, your pronged trident : lest the Titans laugh to see a battle among the gods. Let there not be intestine war in heaven once again, after that conflict with Cronos which threatened Olympos : let me not see another war after the affray with Iapetos. Let not Zeus be angry again for lateborn Bacchos as for Zagreus, and set the whole earth ablaze with his fire a second time, and pour down showers of rain through the air to flood the circuit of the eternal universe. I hope I may not behold the sea in the sky and Selene's car soaking ; may Phaëthon never again have his fiery radiance cooled !

122 " You then yield to your elder, the ruler of the sea ; do this grace to your father's brother, because Earthshaker the ruler of the brine honours your seagirt Delos : cease not to love your palmtree, to remember your olive.[a] And Earthshaker, what second Cecrops will be judge[b] here ? What second Inachos[c] has awarded her city to Hera that you take arms against Apollo as well as Athena, and seek a second quarrel after your quarrel with Hera ?—And you, horned one,[d] father of great Deriades, beware of the fire of Hephaistos after the torch of Bacchos, or he may consume you with his firepronged thunderbolt."

133 This appeal put an end to the gods' intestine strife. Then Deriades, mad and furious, when he

[c] When Poseidon and Hera strove for possession of Argos ; usually Phoroneus is said to have judged between them.

[d] Hydaspes.

Δηριάδης βαρύμηνις, ἀπήμονας ὡς ἴδε Βάκχας·
καὶ μόθον ἀρτεμέοντος ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου
εἰς ἐνοπὴν οἴστρησε πεφυζότας ἡγεμονῆας·
καὶ ξυνὴν πρυλέεσσι καὶ ἱππήεσσιν ἀπειλὴν
βάρβαρον ἐσμαράγησε βαρυφθόγγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν·
" Σήμερον ἢ Διόνυσον ἐγὼ πλοκαμῖδος ἐρύσσω,
ἠὲ μόθος Βακχεῖος ἀιστώσει γένος Ἰνδῶν.
ὑμεῖς μὲν Σατύροισιν ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκην
στήσατε· Δηριάδης δὲ κορυσσέσθω Διονύσῳ.
ἠμερίδων δὲ πέτηλα καὶ ὄργανα ποικίλα Βάκχου
φλέξατε, καὶ κλισίας ἐμπρήσατε· Μαιναλίδας δὲ
δμωίδας αὐχήεντι κομίσσατε Δηριαδῆι·
καὶ πυρὶ δήια θύρσα μαραίνετε· βουκεράων δὲ
Σειληνῶν Σατύρων τε πολυσπερέων κεφαλάων
λήιον ἀμήσαντες ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ
στέψατε πάντα μέλαθρα βοοκραίροισι καρήνοις.
μὴ Φαέθων στρέψειε πυραυγέας εἰς δύσιν ἵππους,
πρὶν Σατύρους καὶ Βάκχον ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι κομίσσω
σφιγγόμενον, καὶ στικτὸν ἐμῇ δεδαϊγμένον αἰχμῇ
ῥωγαλέον φορέοντα κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα,
θύρσον ἀπορρίψαντα· ταινυπλοκάμων δὲ γυναικῶν
χαίτην ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐμῷ τεφρώσατε δαλῷ.
θαρσαλέοι δὲ γένεσθε, καὶ Ἰνδῴην μετὰ χάρμην
νίκην κυδιάνειραν ἀείσατε Δηριαδῆος,
ὄφρά τις ἐρρίγῃσι καὶ ὀψιγόνων στρατὸς ἀνδρῶν
Ἰνδοῖς Γηγενέεσσιν ἀνικήτοισιν ἐρίζειν."
Ἔννεπε, καὶ προμάχους μετανεύμενος
ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
ἡνιόχους οἴστρησεν ἀμετροβίων ἐλεφάντων,
καὶ πρυλέων πομπῆας ἐπεστήριξεν ὁμίλῳ
μαρναμένους πυργηδόν. ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
θυρσομανὴς Διόνυσος ἐρημονόμων στίχα θηρῶν

saw the Bacchants unharmed, began the battle again ; when he saw Bacchos whole on the field he goaded his fugitive captains to rally, and to footmen and horsemen alike he roared his barbaric threats in a loud voice :

140 " This day either I shall drag Dionysos by the hair, or his assault shall destroy the Indian nation ! You, fall on the Satyrs and check them by main force : let Deriades confront Dionysos. Burn the vine plants and all the various gear of Bacchos and set fire to their camp ; bring the Mainalids as slaves to triumphant Deriades ; consume with fire every thyrsus of the enemy ; as for the oxhorned Seilenoi and the crowds of Satyrs, shear off like a crop all their heads with devastating steel, and hang the oxhorned skulls in strings round all our houses. May Phaëthon not turn his fireblazing horses to his setting before I bring in the Satyrs, and Bacchos bound with galling fetters, with his spotted cloak torn to rags on his chest by my spear and his thyrsus thrown away. Burn to ashes with my brand the long flowing hair of the women and their wreaths of vine ! Courage all ! After the Indian battle you may sing the glorious victory of Deriades, that even in many generations to come people may shiver to face the unconquerable Indians born of the Earth ! "

161 He spoke, and passing from one to another of his chieftains he goaded on the drivers of the elephants, those creatures of endless life, and set the chiefs in their places to lead the army of footsoldiers to the battle in close columns. With equal passion for the fight, Bacchos thyrsusmad drove to the combat

εἰς ἐνοπὴν βάκχευεν· ὀριτρεφέες δὲ μαχηταὶ
δαιμονίῃ βρυχηδὸν ἐβακχεύθησαν ἰμάσθλῃ,
καὶ πολὺς ἐκ στομάτων ἑκορύσσετο μαινόμενος θήρ·
ὠμοβόρων δὲ δράκοντες ἀποπτύοντες ὀδόντων
τηλεβόλους πόμπευον ἐς ἠέρα πίδακας ἰοῦ
χάσματι συρίζοντι μεμυκότος ἀνθερεῶνος,
λοξὰ παρασκαίροντες· ἐς ἀντιβίους δὲ θορόντες
αὐτόματον σκοπὸν εἶχον ἐχιδνήεντες ὀιστοί·
καὶ σκολιαῖς ἑλίκεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη δέμας Ἰνδῶν
εἱλομένων, βροτέους δὲ πόδας σφηκώσατο σειρὴ
εἰς δρόμον αἴσσοντας. Ἀρειμανέες δὲ γυναῖκες
δῆριν ἐμιμήσαντο δρακοντοβόλου Φιδαλείης,
ἥ ποτε κέντρον ἔχουσα γυναικείοιο κυδοιμοῦ
δυσμενέας νίκησεν ἐχιδνήεσσι κορύμβοις . . .
καί τις ἀπὸ στομάτων δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος ἰάλλων
ἰὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα κατέπτυε Δηριαδῆος,
καὶ φονίῃ ῥαθάμιγγι χάλυψ ἐδιαίνετο θώρηξ.
καὶ νέκυς ἐν χθονὶ κεῖτο τυπεὶς ζώοντι βελέμνῳ,
ἄπνοος ἀμφιέπων βέλος ἔμπνοον. ὀρθοπόδων δὲ
εἰς λοφιὴν ἐπίκυρτον ἀναΐξας ἐλεφάντων
πόρδαλις ᾠώρητο μετάρσιος ἅλματι ταρσῶν·
πυκνὰ δὲ θηρείοιο κατεστήρικτο καρήνου,
καὶ δρόμον ᾠώρησε τανυκνήμων ἐλεφάντων.
καὶ πολὺς ἑσμὸς ἔπιπτε, βαρυσμαράγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
φρικτὸν ἐρημονόμων ἀίων βρύχημα λεόντων·
καί τις ἐνικήθη τρομέων μυκήματα ταύρου,
καὶ βοὸς εἰσορόων βλοσυρῆς γλωχῖνα κεραίης
λοξὸν ἀκοντίζουσαν ἐς ἠέρα· φοιταλέος δὲ
εἰς φόβον ἄλλος ὄρουσεν ὑποφρίσσων γένυν ἄρκτου·
θηρείαις δ' ἰαχῇσιν ὁμόκτυπος ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ

his line of wild beasts from the wilderness. These mountainbred warriors roaring under the divine whip rushed madly on. Many wild beasts were there with their weapons in their mouths. There were serpents spitting from their ravening teeth fountains of poison, which they sent farshot into the air with hissing gape and rattling throat. Leaping sideways and darting at their foes, the snaky arrows found a mark which offered itself; the bodies of the Indians were surrounded and imprisoned by the coils, the feet of men starting to run were entangled in a rope. The war-maddened women imitated the attack of Phidaleia [a] the snakethrower, who once was stung to show what a woman could do in battle, and conquered her enemies with clusters of snakes.

180 One shooting a spike of poison from his mouth like a longshafted spear bespattered Deriades, and his corselet of steel was wetted by the deadly drops. Dead on the ground lay a body struck by a living missile, lifeless with a living shot in him. A panther leapt through the air with his feet upon the curved neck of a straightleg elephant, and stuck close to the monster's head delaying the course of all the longlegged elephants. A great swarm fell, when they heard the lions from the wilderness and the terrible loud roar resounding from their throats. One was conquered trembling at the bellow of a bull, and seeing the point of his formidable horn stabbing sideways into the air; another leaped into flight shuddering at the jaws of a bear; the hounds of an invincible Pan gave tongue one after another, in

[a] Wife of Byzas, founder of Byzantium. The Scythians attacked the city in his absence, and she drove them off by throwing snakes at them.

Πανὸς ἀνικήτοιο κύων συνυλάκτεε λαιμῷ,
καὶ μόθον ὑλακόμωρον ἐδείδισαν αἴθοπες Ἰνδοί.
Ξυνὴ δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ὁμόζυγος ἦεν Ἐνυώ·
γαῖα δὲ διψώουσα φόνου κυμαίνετο λίθρῳ
κτεινομένων ἑκάτερθε, πολυσπερέων δὲ δαμέντων
πληθύι τοσσατίῃ νεκύων ἐστείνετο Λήθη·
χειρὶ δ' ἀνοχλίζων Ἀΐδης ὀρφναίον ὀχῆα
εὐρυτέρους πυλεῶνας ἑῶν ὤιξε μελάθρων
κτεινομένων ἑκάτερθε, διεσσυμένων δὲ βαρίθρου
Ταρτάριον μύκημα Χαρωνίδες ἔκτυπον ὄχθαι.
Καὶ πολὺς ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἔην κτύπος, ἀντιβίων δὲ
ὠτειλὴ κταμένων ἑτερότροπος, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ἱππόθεν ὠλίσθησε τετυμμένος ἀνθερεῶνα,
ὃς δὲ κατὰ στέρνοιο περίτροχον ἄντυγα μαζοῦ,
ὃς δὲ μέσον κενεῶνα πεπαρμένος ἔκπεσε δίφρου·
ἄλλος ἐυγλώχινι παρ' ὁμφαλὸν ἄκρον ὀιστῷ
βλήμενος αὐτοκύλιστος ὁμίλεε γείτονι πότμῳ,
ὃς δὲ τυπεὶς μεσάτης ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος, ὃς δὲ δι' ὤμου
καὶ φυγὰς ἄλλος ἔπιπτε ῥάχιν τετορημένος αἰχμῇ,
πεζὸς ἀελλήεντα τετυμμένον ἵππον ἐάσας·
ὃς δὲ πεσὼν ἀνίουλος ὀδύρετο σύντροφον ἥβην
καί τις ἀναλθήτῳ κεχαραγμένος ἦπαρ ὀιστῷ
κύμβαχος ἐξ ἐλέφαντος ἐπεγδούπησε κονίῃ,
κρᾶτα παρακλίνας δαπέδῳ, καὶ χεῖρας ἑλίξας
αἱμαλέην πήχυνε κατηφέι γαῖαν ἀγοστῷ.
Καί τις ἀνὴρ ἱππῆος ἐναντία δόχμιος ἔστη,
καὶ σάκεος κενεῶνα χυτῆς ἔπλησε κονίης,
καὶ χθονὶ ταρσὸν ἔπηξε, δεδεγμένος ἀνέρος ὁρμήν·
χειρὶ δὲ θαρσαλέῃ πολυδαίδαλον ἀσπίδα τείνων
ἱππείην ψαμάθοισιν ὅλην ἔρραινεν ὀπωπήν·
βακχεύσας δὲ κάρηνον ἄνω νείοντι προσώπῳ
ἵππος ἀνηώρητο κονισαλέην τρίχα σείων,

concert with the roars of the wild beasts, and the swarthy Indians feared their loudbarking attack.

198 There was hard fighting on both sides alike; the thirsty earth was inundated with blood and gore in the common carnage, and Lethe was choked with that great multitude of corpses brought low and scattered on every side. Hades heaved up his bar in the darkness, and opened his gates wider for the common carnage; as they descended into the pit the banks of Charon's river echoed the rumblings of Tartaros.

206 Loud indeed was the battlestirring noise, many the wounds of the falling combatants on both sides. One struck in the throat slipt from his horse, one pierced through the chest in his rounded bosom, one wounded in the belly fell from a chariot. Another hit just in the midnipple with a barbed arrow rolled himself over to meet approaching death; one fell struck right on the waist, one through the shoulder, another left his swift horse struck, and fleeing on foot fell pierced by a lance through the spine. Another, felled before the down was on his face, mourned for his yearsmate youth. Another mortally wounded by an arrow in the liver, fell tumbling off his elephant with a thud into the dust; his head sank on the ground, he scrabbled with his hands and clutched the bloody soil in despair.

221 A man stood sideways to meet a horseman; he had filled the hollow of his shield with dust, and fixed his foot firmly awaiting the man's onset. Pushing out the handsome shield in his bold hand, he smothered the horse's head with sand. The horse reared wildly and threw up his head shaking the dust

καμπύλα δ' εὐλάιγγος ἀπέπτυεν ἄκρα χαλινοῦ·
τρίβων δ' ἀγκυλόδοντα παλυνομένην γένυν ἀφρῷ
ὑψιτενὴς δεδόνητο, καὶ ὄρθιον αὐχένα πάλλων
οἰστρήεις ἀχάλινος ἐπεστηρίζετο γαίῃ
ποσσὶν ὀπισθιδίοισι, καὶ αἰθύσσων κόνιν ὁπλῇ
εἰς πέδον ἠκόντιζεν ἀπόσσυτον ἡνιοχῆα.
αὐτὰρ ὁ κεκλιμένῳ ταχὺς ἔδραμε κάρχαρος ἀνήρ,
γυμνὸν ἔχων θοὸν ἄορ· ὑπὲρ δαπέδον δὲ ταθέντος
κυανέου προμάχοιο διέθρισεν ἀνθερεῶνα.
Ἄλλος ἐριπτοίητος ἐχάζετο πῶλος ἀλήτης,
γείτονος ἡνιόχοιο δεδεγμένος ἦχον ἱμάσθλης,
οἰκτρὸν ἑὸν θνήσκοντα διαστείβων ἐλατῆρα,
κείμενον ἀρτιδάικτον, ἐπισπαίροντα κονίῃ.
Κολλήτης δ' ἀπέλεθρος ἔχων περιμήκεα μορφήν,
δύσμαχος, ἐννεάπηχυς, ὁμοίιος Ἀλκυονῆι,
Βακχείης κατὰ μέσσον ἐμαίνετο δηιοτῆτος·
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα μετὰ κλόνον ἤθελεν ἕλκειν
εἰς εὐνὴν ἀνάεδνον ἀναγκαίων ὑμεναίων,
καὶ κενεῇ πολέμιζεν ἐπ' ἐλπίδι, τηλίκος ἀνήρ,
οἷος ἔην θρασὺς Ὦτος ἀνέμβατον αἰθέρα βαίνων,
ἀγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτου ποθέων λέχος ἰοχεαίρης,
οἷος ἔην φιλέων καθαρῆς ὑμέναιον Ἀθήνης
ὑψινεφὴς ἐς Ὄλυμπον ἀκοντίζων Ἐφιάλτης·
Κολλήτης πέλε τοῖος ὑπέρτερος, αἰθέρι γείτων,
Γηγενέος προγόνοιο θεημάχον αἷμα κομίζων,
Ἰνδοῦ πρωτογόνοιο· καὶ ἄρκιος ἔπλετο μορφῇ
δῆσαι θοῦρον Ἄρηα μεθ' υἱέας Ἰφιμεδείης·
ἀλλὰ τόσον περ ἐόντα γυνὴ κτάνεν ὀξέι πέτρῳ,

[a] A giant.
[b] Otos and Ephialtes, the gigantic sons of Aloeus and

out of his mane, and spat out the curved ends of his jewelled bit. His champing teeth and jaw were covered with foam, he rose high, shaken, mad, and now free of the bit he rose up on his hind legs quivering and shivering his outstretched neck ; then pawing the dust with his hoof he shot his rider flying to the ground. The other man rushed fiercely upon him as he lay, with swift sword drawn, and cut the throat of the black soldier stretched on the ground.

237 Another horse hearing the crack of some driver's whip hard by, took fright and bolted in retreat, trampling on his own rider, who lay wounded and dying, poor wretch, gasping in the dust.

241 Colletes with his huge body, immense, formidable, nine cubits high, equal to Alcyoneus,[a] went raging through the fighting hosts of Bacchos. He wished after the battle to drag a company of Bassarids to his bed, and no brideprice paid for the forced bridals. But that was an empty hope he fought for, that mighty man : like bold Otos,[b] who would tread the forbidden ground of heaven for lust of the holy bed of Archeress the unwedded ; like Ephialtes, whose love was for wedlock with pure Athena, when he attacked Olympos in the clouds on high. Such was Colletes, gigantic, heavenhigh, having in him the sacrilegious blood of his giant ancestor the founder of the Indian race. He was great enough to put Ares in prison like the sons of Iphimedeia. But huge as he was, a woman killed

Iphimedeia, tried to scale heaven by piling mountains on one another, Hom. *Od.* xi. 305 ff. (That they did it to win goddesses to wife is a later fancy; in Homer they are children.) They also bound Ares, *Il.* v. 385 ff.

Βακχιάδος Χαρόπεια κυβερνήτειρα χορείης.
Καί τις ἀριστεύουσαν ἰδὼν ὑψαύχενα κούρην
θαῦμα χόλῳ κεράσας τρομερὴν ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν·
"Ἄρες, Ἄρες, λίπε τόξα
καὶ ἀσπίδα καὶ σέο λόγχην,
Ἄρες, ἐσυλήθης, λίπε Καύκασον· ἀνδροφόνους γὰρ
ἀλλοίας Διόνυσος Ἀμαζόνας εἰς μόθον ἕλκει·
ὁπλοφόρους δονέουσιν ἀνάσπιδες· ὑμετέρου γὰρ
οὐκ ἀπὸ Θερμώδοντος ἐὰς ἐκόμισσε γυναῖκας.
ξεῖνον ἴδον καὶ ἄπιστον ἐγὼ τύπον· οὐ σάκος ὤμοις,
οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχουσιν Ἀμαζονίδες Διονύσου·
οὐ τόσον εὐθώρηκες ἀριστεύουσι γυναῖκες
Καυκασίδες· Βάκχαι δὲ φιλοπτόρθων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
φυλλάδας αἰχμάζουσι, καὶ οὐ χατέουσι σιδήρου.
ὤμοι Δηριάδαο μεμηνότος, ὅττι γυναῖκες
χαλκείους ὀνύχεσσι διασχίζουσι χιτῶνας."
Ἔννεπε θαμβήσας κραναὸν βέλος, οἷον ἑλοῦσα
τηλίκον ὑψικάρηνον ἀπέκτανεν ἀνέρα Βάκχη.
Δηριάδης δ' ἀκίχητος ἐπέδραμε θυιάσι Βάκχαις,
καὶ Χαρόπην ἐδίωκε λιθοσσόον· ἡ δὲ φυγοῦσα
μάρνατο θαρσήεσσα παρισταμένη Διονύσῳ,
θύρσον ἀκοντίζουσα φιλάνθεμον Εὐάδι χάρμῃ.
Δηριάδης δ' Ὀρίθαλλον ἀπηλοίησε σιδήρῳ,
Κουρήτων ὁμόφυλον, Ἀβαντίδος ἀστὸν ἀρούρης.
καὶ κοτέων ἑτάροιο δεδουπότος ἀρχὸς Ἀβάντων
Καρμίνων βασιλῆα κατεπρήνιξε Μελισσεύς,
Κύλλαρον, ὀξυόεντι κατ' αὐχένος ἄορι τύψας,
Λωγασίδην θ', ὃς μοῦνος, ἐπεὶ σοφὸς ἔσκε μαχητής,
Δηριάδῃ μεμέλητο δοριθρασέων πλέον Ἰνδῶν

[a] Hindu Kush. [b] See xx. 198.

him with a sharp stone, Charopeia a leader of the Bacchic dance.

257 And one seeing the noble deed of the high-necked girl, spoke in trembling tones with wonder and anger mixed :

259 "Ares ! Ares ! Leave your bow and shield and your spear ! Ares, you are conquered ! Leave the Caucasos,[a] for Dionysos is bringing another sort of Amazons into the field, to kill men. Shieldless they rout men-at-arms. Not from your Thermodon[b] has he brought his women. I have seen a strange and incredible spectacle ; the Amazons of Dionysos have no shields on their shoulders, carry no valiant spear ; with strong corselets and all, the Caucasian women do not so play the heroes. The Bacchant women cast bunches of leaves from foliage-loving hands, and they need no steel. Alas for the madman Deriades, when women tear coats of mail with their fingernails ! "

271 This he said, when he marvelled at the rude missile which the Bacchant girl picked up and killed that huge highheaded man.

273 But Deriades ran untouched against the frenzied Bacchants, and pursued Charope who threw the stone ; but she escaped, and took her stand fighting boldly beside Dionysos, stabbing with her flowery thyrsus in the Euian battle. Then Deriades killed Orithallos with his spear, one of the Curetian tribe from the land of the Abantes. Their chief Melisseus in anger for his comrade's fall, struck down Cyllaros king of the Carminians, cutting his throat with his sharp sword, and Logasides, who alone, because he was accomplished in the art of war, was more precious to Deriades than any of the bold Indian spearmen,

καί μιν ἄναξ φιλέει· μετὰ Μορρέα· πολλάκι δ' αὐτῇ
Ὀρσιβόῃ καὶ ἄνακτι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τριπέζης,
θυγατέρων βασιλῆος ὁμέστιος· ἀμφοτέροις γὰρ
ἔγχεϊ καὶ πραπίδεσσιν ὑπέρβαλε σύντροφον ἦβην.
ἔνθα πολὺς προμάχῳ πρόμος ἤρισεν· ὑψιφανὴς δὲ
Πευκετίῳ πολέμιζεν ἀερσιπόδης Ἀλιμήδης,
καὶ Φλογίῳ κεκόρυστο Μάρων καὶ Θουρέι Ληναῖος.
Ὑσμίνης δὲ τάλαντα πατὴρ ἔκλινε Κρονίων·
καὶ βριαρῷ Διόνυσος ἐμάρνατο Δηριαδῆι,
μίξας ἔγχεϊ θύρσον· ἀκοντοφόρῳ δὲ μαχητῇ
πῇ μὲν ἀκοντίζοντι μετάτροπον εἶδος ἀμείβων
δύσατο παντοίης πολυδαίδαλα φάσματα μορφῆς·
πῇ δὲ θυελλήεσσα κορύσσετο μαινομένη φλόξ,
ἀγκύλον αἰθύσσουσα σέλας βητάρμονι καπνῷ.
ἄλλοτε κυμαίνων ἀπατήλιον ἔρρεεν ὕδωρ,
ὑγρὸς ὀιστεύων διερὸν βέλος· ἀμφιέπων δὲ
ἰσοφυὲς μίμημα λεοντείοιο προσώπου
ὄρθιον ἠέρταζε μετάρσιον ἀνθερεῶνα,
τρηχαλέον βρύχημα χέων πυκινότριχι λαιμῷ
καὶ κέλαδον βρονταῖον ἐρισμαράγοιο τοκῆος·
καὶ σκιερῆς φορέων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ὀπώρης
ἀλλοφανὴς μορφοῦτο, καὶ εἴκελος ἔρνεϊ γαίης
αὐτοτελὴς ἀκίχητος ἀνέδραμεν, αἰθέρα τύπτων,
ὡς πίτυς, ὡς πλατάνιστος· ἀμειβομένου δὲ καρήνου
μιμηλοῖς πετάλοισι νόθην δενδρώσατο χαίτην,
γαστέρα θάμνον ἔχων περιμήκετον· ἀκρεμόνας δὲ
χεῖρας ἑὰς ποίησε, καὶ ἐφλοίωσε χιτῶνας,
καὶ πόδας ἐρρίζωσεν· ἀνακρούων δὲ κεραίαις
μαρναμένου βασιλῆος ἐπεψιθύριζε προσώπῳ·
καὶ στικτοῖς μελέεσσι τύπον μιμηλὸν ὑφαίνων
πόρδαλις ὑψιπότητος ἀνέδραμεν ἅλματι ταρσῶν,
καὶ λοφιῆς ἐπέβαινεν ἀερσιλόφων ἐλεφάντων

and the king loved him best after Morrheus—often he touched one table with Orsiboë herself and the king, living in the family with the king's daughters, for both with spear and wits he surpassed all his years-mates. Then many a captain fought against captain: tall agile-footed Halimedes against Peucetios, Maron against Phlogios, Leneus against Thureus.

291 Father Cronion tilted the balance of battle. Now Dionysos attacked mighty Deriades, matching spear with thyrsus. As the chieftain stabbed and thrust, the god changed his shape, and put on all sorts of varied forms. Sometimes he confronted him as a wild storm of fire, shooting tongues of crooked flame through dancing smoke. Sometimes he was running water, rolling delusive waves and sprinkling watery shots. Or taking on the exact image of a lion's face, he lifted high his chin straight up and let out a harsh roar through the hairy throat, with a noise like his loudcrashing father's rattling thunder. Next like something with an overshadowing mass of variegated fruitage he changed into another shape, and like a sapling of the earth he ran up selfmade, bursting into the sky untouched, a perfect pine, or a plane; for his head changed and his hair became what seemed the counterfeit foliage of a tree, his belly lengthened into the trunk, he made his arms the boughs and his dress the bark and rooted his feet, and knocking up with his long branches he whispered into the face of the fighting king. Then he wove a dappled pattern over his limbs, and like a panther he was up in the air with flying leaps, and dropping with gentle steps upon the neck of some lofty elephant;

[1] *φιλέει* Tiedke, *φιλέοι* MSS. and Ludwich.
[2] So MSS.: Ludwich *κεραίας*.

κοῦφα βιβάς· ἐλέφας δὲ παρήορος ἅρμα τινάσσων
εἰς πέδον ἠκόντιζε θεηγμάχον ἡνιοχῆα,
σείων φαιδρὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀγκύλα κύκλα χαλινῶν.
οὐδὲ πεσὼν ἀμέλησε πέλωρ πρόμος, ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ
μάρνατο μορφωθέντι καὶ οὔτασε πόρδαλιν αἰχμῇ.
ἀλλὰ πάλιν μετάμειψε θεὸς δέμας· ὑψιφανὴς γάρ,
ἠέρα θερμαίνων, ἐλελίζετο πυρσὸς ἀλήτης,
αἰθύσσων ἀνέμοις φλογόεν βέλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ μαζοὺς
στήθεα λαχνήεντα διέτρεχε Δηριαδῆος
κυκλόθεν· ὑψιπόρου δὲ δεδεγμένος ἅλματα καπνοῦ
ἀργενναῖς λαγόνεσσιν Ἄραψ ἐμελαίνετο θώρηξ,
βαλλόμενος σπινθῆρι· πυριβλήτου δὲ φορῆος
ἡμιδαὴς ζείοντι λόφῳ θερμαίνετο πήληξ . . .
ἐκ βλοσυροῦ δὲ λέοντος ἐφαίνετο κάπρος ἀλήτης,
εὑρύνων μέγα χάσμα δασύτριχος ἀνθερεῶνος,
καὶ λοφιὴν πελάσας ἐπὶ γαστέρι Δηριαδῆος
ὀρθὸς ὀπισθιδίοιο ποδὸς στηρίζετο παλμῷ,
θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι μέσον κενεῶνα χαράσσων.
Δηριάδης δ' ὑπέροπλος ἐμάρνατο φάσμασι κωφῷ,
ἐλπίδι μαψιδίῃ πεφορημένος· ἤθελε δ' αἰεὶ
ἀψαύστοις ἀκίχητον ἑλεῖν εἴδωλον ἀγωστοῖς·
ἀντιτύπου δὲ λέοντος ἐὸν δόρυ πῆξε μετώπῳ,
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων πολυειδέι Βάκχῳ·
" Τί πτώσσεις, Διόνυσε;
τί σοι δόλος ἀντὶ κυδοιμοῦ;
Δηριάδην τρομέων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀμείβεις;
πόρδαλις οὐ κλονέει με φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου,
ἄρκτον ὀιστεύω, καὶ δένδρεον ἄορι τέμνω·
ψευδομένου δὲ λέοντος ἐγὼ κενεῶνα χαράξω.
ἀλλὰ σοφοὺς Βραχμῆνας ἀτευχέας εἰς σὲ κορύσσω·

the elephant lunging sideways smashed the car and shot the impious driver to the ground, shaking off yokepads and bit and bridle.[a] Even though fallen the gigantic warrior would not leave him alone, but fought with Lyaios transformed and wounded the panther with his spear. But again the god changed his shape: a moving firebrand he rose high, heating the air and shooting a fiery bolt through the wind, running all over the breast and shaggy chest of Deriades. His Arabian mailcoat was blackened as the gusts of smoke struck on his white flanks from above and the sparks fell on him; his crest burnt up and the helmet grew hot, half-scorched upon the firestruck wearer. [Then he took a lion's shape, and . . .[b]] From a grim lion he changed to a wild boar, opening the wide gape of his hairy throat, and bringing his bristles close to the belly of Deriades he stood up straight rearing on his hind legs, and tore through his flank with sharp hooves.

334 Proud Deriades went on fighting against these unsubstantial phantoms, driven by vain hopes, ever seeking to grasp the intangible image with hands that could not touch. At last he thrust his lance in the face of the lion before him, and cried threatenings against Bacchos of many shapes:

339 "Why do you hide yourself, Dionysos? why tricks instead of battle? Do you fear Deriades, that you change into so many strange forms? The panther of runaway Dionysos does not frighten me, his bear I shoot, his tree I cut down with my sword, the pretended lion I will tear in the flank! Well then, I muster against you my wise Brahmans, unarmed.

[a] He seems to see the elephant yoked to a chariot, as at Pompey's triumph. [b] Several lines are lost here.

γυμνοὶ γὰρ γεγάασι, θεοκλήτοις δ' ἐπαοιδαῖς
πολλάκις ἠερόφοιτον, ὁμοίιον ἅζυγι ταύρῳ,
οὐρανόθεν κατάγοντες ἐφαρμάξαιτο Σελήνην,
πολλάκι δ' ἱππεύοιτος ἐπειγομένων ἐπὶ δίφρων
ἀσταθέος Φαέθοντος ἀνεστήσαιντο πορείην."
Ἔννεπε παπταίνων ἑτερότροπα φάσματα Βάκχου·
καὶ νόον εἶχεν ἄπιστον· ἀκηλήτῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
τέχνην φαρμακόεσσαν ἐπιρράψας Διονύσῳ
ἔλπετο νικήσειν Διὸς υἱέα μύστιδι τέχνῃ.
Ἔνθα θορὼν ἀκίχητος ἀνέδραμεν ὑψόθι δίφρων·
καὶ θεὸς ἀφραίνοντα θεημάχον ἄνδρα δοκεύων
ἄμπελον ἐβλάστησεν ἀρηγόνα δηιοτῆτος.
καί τις ἐυσταφύλοιο θεήλατος οἰνάδος ὄρπηξ
ἑρπύζων κατὰ βαιὸν ἐς ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀπήνην
Δηριάδην ἔσφιγξεν ἀπειλητῆρι κορύμβῳ,
ἀμφιπεριπλέγδην πεπεδημένον· ἀρτιθαλὴ δὲ
σύμφυτον αἰθύσσων ἐπὶ βότρυϊ βότρυν ἀλήτην
μαινομένου βασιλῆος ἐπισκιόωντα προσώπῳ
σείετο μιτρώσας ὅλον ἀνέρα· Δηριάδην δὲ
αὐτοφυὴς ἐμέθυσσεν ἕλιξ εὐώδεϊ καρπῷ·
γυιοπέδην δ' ἀσίδηρον ἐπέπλεκε δίζυγι ταρσῷ,
καὶ πόδας ἐρρίζωσεν ὁμοζυγέων ἐλεφάντων . . .
ἀρραγέος κισσοῖο· καὶ οὐ τόσον ὁλκάδα πόντου
θηκτὰ περιπλεκέων ἐχενηίδος ἄκρα γενείων
δεσμῷ καρχαρόδοντι διεστήριξε θαλάσσῃ·
τοῖον ἔην μίμημα. μάτην δ' ἐλέφαντας ἐπείγων
ἡνίοχος βαρύδουπον ἐὴν ἐλέλιζεν ἱμάσθλην,
κέντροις ὀξυτέροισιν ἀπειθέα νῶτα χαράσσων.
καὶ τόσον Ἰνδὸν ἄνακτα,
τὸν οὐ κτάνεν ἄσπετος αἰχμή,
ἀμπελόεις νίκησεν ἕλιξ πρόμος· ἀμφιέπων δὲ
ἡμερίδων ὄρπηκι κατάσχετον ἀνθερεῶνα

For they go naked ; but their inspired incantations have often enchanted Selene as she passes through the air like an untamed bull, and brought her down from heaven, and often stayed the course of Phaëthon swiftly driving his hurrying car."

350 He spoke, surveying the varied visions of Bacchos, and his mind was still unbelieving : with implacable will he hoped to contrive some scheme of magic against Dionysos, and to conquer the son of Zeus by mystic arts.

354 Then he leapt unhindered into his car ; but the god seeing the impious man still foolish, made a vine grow to help his attack. The godsent plant laden with clusters of winefruit crept quietly upon the cart with its silver wheels, and smothered Deriades in its threatening clusters, and entangled him round about and over all, dangling bunch after bunch new grown upon itself before the mad king, shading his face and enveloping the whole man. And Deriades was intoxicated by the sweetsmelling fruit of the selfgrown vine ; it threw fetters not of steel about his two feet, and rooted to the ground the legs of the yoked elephants with trails of unbreakable ivy [a] : not so firmly is the seagoing barge held fast on the main by the toothed bond of a holdtheship,[b] when she fastens her sharp fangs on the timbers. Yes, it was just like that ! In vain the driver whipt up his elephants and swung his cracking lash, tearing the obstinate hide with sharper prickles. The great Indian prince, whom countless blades could not kill, was conquered by the tendrils of a champion vine ! Deriades struggling with his throat entangled in the

[a] This seems the general sense of the Greek.
[b] See xxi. 45 and note.

πνίγετο Δηριάδης σκολιῷ τεθλιμμένος ὁλκῷ.
καὶ μογέων ἀτίνακτος ἐλίσσετο μαινάδι φωνῇ,
λεπτὸν ἔχων ὀλόλυγμα θεουδέος ἀνθερεῶνος,
νεύμασιν ἀφθόγγοις ἱκετήσια δάκρυα λείβων·
καὶ παλάμην ὤρεξεν ἀναυδέα, μάρτυρι σιγῇ
μόχθον ὅλον βοόων· τὸ δὲ δάκρυον ἔπλετο φωνή.
καὶ σκεδάσας Διόνυσος ἐὴν πολύδεσμον ὀπώρην
γυιοπέδην εὔβοτρυν ἀνέσπασε Δηριαδῆος,
καὶ στέφος ἡμερίδων ἑλικώδεα κισσὸν ἐλάσσας
δέσμιον αὐχένα λῦσεν ὁμοπλεκέων ἐλεφάντων.
οὐ δὲ φυγὼν δρυόεντα ταινυπτόρθοιο κορύμβου
δεσμὸν ἀπειλητῆρα καὶ αὐτοέλικτον ἀνάγκην
Δηριάδης ἀπέειπεν ἐθήμονα κόμπον ἀπειλῆς,
ἀλλὰ πάλιν πρόμος ἔσκε θεημάχος· εἶχε δὲ βουλὴν
διχθαδίην, ἢ Βάκχον ἐλεῖν ἢ δμῶα τελέσσαι.

Ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἀνέκοψε μάχης ἀμφίδρομος ὀρφνή.
καὶ μόθος ἦν μετὰ νύκτα, καὶ ὑπναλέων ἀπὸ λέκτρων
ἐγρομένους θώρηξεν ἀμοιβαίη πάλιν Ἠώς.

Οὐδὲ μόθων τέλος ἦεν ἐπειγομένῳ Διονύσῳ,
ἀλλὰ τόσων μετὰ κύκλα κυλινδομένων ἐνιαυτῶν
ῥυθμὸν Ἐνυαλίοιο μάτην ἐπεβόμβεε σάλπιγξ.
ἤδη δ' ἐγρεμόθων ἐτέων πολυκαμπέι νύσσῃ
Βακχιὰς ὀψιτέλεστος ἐμαίνετο μᾶλλον Ἐνυώ.

Οὐ μὲν ἀφειδήσαντες Ἀρειμανέος Διονύσου
κάλλιπον ἀμνήστοισι μεμηλότα μῦθον ἀήταις
Δικταῖοι Ῥαδαμάνες ὁμόφρονες· ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ
νῆας ἐτεχνήσαντο μαχήμονας· ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμας
ποίπνυον ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος· ὁ μὲν τορνώσατο γόμφους,

vine-twigs was choked and crushed in the winding trails. For all his labour he could not stir; wherefore he adjured in tones of madness and sent out a stifled cry from a throat now pious, and prayed with voiceless movements shedding tears of supplication; held out a dumb hand, with eloquent silence uttered all his trouble; his tears were a voice.

382 Then Dionysos dispersed his entangling fruit, and broke off the fettering grapes from Deriades; then shedding the twines of ivy, he undid the wreathing garland of garden-vines from the yoked elephants' necks. Yet Deriades, now free from the woody bonds of the long branching clusters crawling of themselves, and the constraint which threatened him, did not desist from his wonted threats and boasts. Once more he was the chieftain defying the gods; he only hesitated whether to slay Bacchos or to make him a slave.

391 But darkness surrounded both armies and put a stop to the fight. Night past, the battle began again; when they awoke from sleep and bed, the succeeding dawn armed them once more.

394 Not yet was it the end of conflict for impatient Dionysos; yet first there must be many cycles of rolling years while the trumpet blazed the tune of war in vain; but after the varied course of so many battle-stirring years, now the conflict of Bacchos grew more violent for the end.

399 Now the Rhadamanes of Dicte did not neglect the command of warmad Dionysos, nor left it for the forgetful winds to care for; but with one accord they built ships of war for Lyaios. Through the woods they were busy, some here, some there. One was turning pegs, one worked at the middle of the

ὃς δὲ μέσην πεπόνητο περὶ τρόπιν, ἴκρια δ' ἄλλος
ὀρθὰ περὶ σταμίνεσσιν ἀμοιβαίῃσιν ὑφαίνων
ὁλκάδι τοῖχον ἔτευχεν, ἐπηγκενίδας δὲ συνάπτων
μηκεδανὰς κατέπηξε, βαθυνομέιῃ δὲ μεσόδμῃ
μεσσοφανῆ μέσον ἱστὸν Ἄραψ ὠρθώσατο τέκτων
λαίφεϊ πεπταμένῳ πεφυλαγμένον· αὐτὰρ ἐπ' ἄκρῳ
δουρατέην ἐπίκυρτον ἐτορνώσαντο κεραίην
ἴδμονες εὐπαλάμοιο καὶ Ἡφαίστου καὶ Ἀθήνης.
Ὣς οἱ μὲν μογέοντες ἀμιμήτῳ τινὶ τέχνῃ
Βάκχῳ νῆας ἔτευχον. ἐπασχαλόων δὲ κυδοιμῷ
μαντοσύνης Διόνυσος ἑῆς ἐμνήσατο Ῥείης,
ὅττι τέλος πολέμοιο φανήσεται, ὁππότε Βάκχοι
εἰναλίην Ἰνδοῖσιν ἀναστήσωσιν Ἐνυώ.
Καὶ Λύκος ἀκροτάτοιο δι' οἴδματος ἡγεμονεύων,
νεύμασιν ἀτρέπτοισιν ὑποδρήσσων Διονύσου,
ἄβροχον ἡνιόχευεν ὁδοιπόρον ἅρμα θαλάσσης,
ἦχι σοφοὶ Ῥαδαμᾶνες, ἁλιπλανέες μετανάσται,
νῆας ἐτεχνήσαντο θαλασσοπόρῳ Διονύσῳ.
καὶ τότε τετραπόροιο χρόνου στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδων,
ἱππεύων ἔτος ἕκτον, ἑλίσσετο καμπύλος Αἰών . . .
εἰς ἀγορὴν ἐκάλεσσε μελαρρίνων γένος Ἰνδῶν
Δηριάδης σκηπτοῦχος· ἐπειγομένῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
λαὸν ἀολλίζων ἑτερόθροος ἤιε κῆρυξ.
αὐτίκα δ' ἠγερέθοντο πολυσπερέων στίχες Ἰνδῶν,
ἐζόμενοι στοιχηδὸν ἀμοιβαίων ἐπὶ βάθρων·
λαοῖς δ' ἀγορεύοισιν ἄναξ ἀγορήσατο Μορρεύς·
"Ἴστε, φίλοι, τάχα πάντες,
ἅ περ κάμον ὑφόθι πύργων,
εἰσόκε γαῖα Κίλισσα καὶ Ἀσσυρίων γένος ἀνδρῶν
αὐχένα δοῦλον ἔκαμψεν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ Δηριαδῆος·
ἴστε καί, ὅσσα τέλεσσα καταιχμάζων Διονύσου,

keel, one fitted the planks straight over the pairs of ribs, and fastened the long sideplanks fixed to the ribs making the vessel's wall[a]; an Arabian shipwright raised upright in the middle of the deep mastbox the mast amidships, reserved for the spreading sail; and skilled workmen of deft Hephaistos and Athena rounded the wooden yard for the top.

412 So they wrought ships for Bacchos with really incomparable art. And Dionysos amid the anxieties of war remembered the prophecy of his own Rheia: that the end of the war would be seen, when Bacchants fought by sea against Indians.

417 Lycos appointed by irrevocable command of Dionysos to serve as commander on the surface of the sea, drove his seachariot undrenched travelling upon its way to the place, where the Rhadamanes, those clever voyagers into foreign parts, had built the ships for seafaring Dionysos. And then circling Time, rolling the wheel of the fourseason year, was whirling along for the sixth year. King Deriades summoned to assembly the blackskin nation of Indians; the herald with hurrying steps went gathering the people and cried his call in their different languages. At once the many tribes of Indians assembled, and sat down in companies on rows of benches, and prince Morrheus addressed the assembly:

430 "You all know, I think, my friends, what labours I went through among the mountain strongholds, until the Cilician land and the Assyrian nation bowed their necks as slaves under the yoke of Deriades. You know also what I have done in resisting Dionysos,

[a] Hom. *Od.* v. 252-253.

μαρνάμενος Σατύροισι καὶ ἀμητῆρι σιδήρῳ
τέμνων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα βοοκραίροιο γενέθλης,
ὁππότε Βασσαρίδων πεπεδημένον ἐσμὸν ἐρύσσας
ὥπασα Δηριάδῃ, πολέμου γέρας, ὧν ὑπὸ λύθρῳ
ἄστεος εὐλάιγγες ἐφοινίχθησαν ἀγυιαὶ
κτεινομένων· ἕτεραι δὲ μετάρσιον ἀμφὶ χορείην
ἀγχονίῳ θλίβοντο περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ·
ἄλλαι δ' ὑδατόεντος ἐπειρήθησαν ὀλέθρου,
κρυπτόμεναι κευθμῶνι πεδοσκαφέος κενεῶνος.
ἀλλὰ πάλιν ναέτῃσιν ἀρείονα μῆτιν ὑφαίνω·
εἰσαΐω Ῥαδαμάνας, ὅτι δρυτόμῳ τινὶ τέχνῃ
νῆας ἐτεχνήσαντο φυγοπτολέμῳ Διονύσῳ·
ἔμπης οὐ τρομέω δόρυ ναύμαχον· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
ἄνδρα φερεσσακέων κεκορυθμένον ὑψόθι νηῶν
οὐτιδανοῖς πετάλοισι πότε κτείνουσι γυναῖκες;
ἢ πότε λυσσώων ὀρεσίδρομος ὑψίκερως Πὰν
θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι διατμήξει νέας Ἰνδῶν;
οὐ δύναται βαρύδουπον ὕδωρ Σειληνὸς ἀράσσων
ἀπτολέμῳ νάρθηκι μαχήμονα νῆα καλύψαι,
εἰς χορὸν αἱματόεντα θορὼν λυσσώδεϊ ταρσῷ,
κῶμον ἀνακρούων θανατηφόρον· οὐδ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
ταυρείοις κεράεσσι πεπαρμένον ἄνδρα δαμάζει
ἀγχιφανὴ μεσάτοιο διχαζομένου κενεῶνος,
ἀλλὰ τυπεὶς προκάρηνος ἀτυμβεύτῳ τινὶ μοίρῃ
κείσεται ἐν ῥοθίοισιν· ὀλισθήσουσι δὲ Βάκχαι
ἔγχεσι μηκεδανοῖσι μιαιφόνον εἰς βυθὸν ἅλμης,
τυπτόμεναι· καὶ νῆας ἀιστώσω Διονύσου,
ναύμαχον εἰκοσίπηχυ δι' ὁλκάδος ἔγχος ἐλίσσων.
ἀλλά, φίλοι, μάρνασθε πεποιθότες· ἀντιβίων δὲ
μή τις ὑποπτήσσειεν ὀπιπεύων στίχα νηῶν
Βακχιάδων· Ἰνδοὶ γὰρ ἐθήμονές εἰσι κυδοιμοῦ
εἰναλίου, καὶ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι θαλάσσῃ

fighting Satyrs, and cutting off the hateful heads of that oxhorned generation with shearing steel, when I dragged away and delivered to Deriades that fettered swarm of Bassarids, the prizes of war; and how the paved streets of the city were purpled by their gore as they were massacred, how others had a dance in the air with their necks choked in a throttling noose, how others were swallowed in a deepdug hollow pit and learnt what a watery death is like. But again I weave a better notion still for our people. I hear that the Rhadamanes have built ships for Dionysos the runaway by some woodcutter's art of theirs. However, I fear not the seafighting tree! When was it known in war that women with paltry leaves kill a man in a ship full of shields? When will highhorn Pan, the crazy ranger of the hills, tear Indian ships to pieces with sharp claws? No Seilenos can row over the loudrumbling waters, and sink a ship of war with a peaceful ferule, leaping to bloody dance with frenzied foot, striking up a chant with death in it; in the sea he will never transfix a man with his bullhorns, and get near enough to cut him in two at the waist and vanquish him. No! one blow shall send him headlong, and he shall lie in the billows where he will find no tomb; the Bacchant women struck down with long spears shall sink into the depths of the sea soiled in blood. And the ships of Dionysos I will destroy, thrusting a twentycubit seafighting spear through the hulk!

462 "Come on, friends, fight with all confidence. Let no one shrink when he sees opposed to us the ships of Bacchos in line; for Indians are used to fighting by sea, indeed they have more prowess when

ἢ χθονὶ δηριόωντες. ἀνικήτῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
οὐ πολέας Σατύρους λησσομαι, ἀλλὰ κομάων
ἀντὶ διηκοσίων προμάχων ἕνα μοῦνον ἐρύσσω
θηλυμανῆ Διόνυσον, ὀπάονα Δηριαδῆος."
Ὣς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀθελγέα Δηριαδῆα
Μορρεὺς αἰολόμητις· ἐπεφθέγξαντο δὲ λαοὶ
μῦθον ἐπαινήσαντες· ὁμογλώσσων δ' ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
οἴδμασι κινυμένοισιν ἰσόθροος ἔβρεμεν ἠχώ.
λῦσε δ' ἄναξ ἀγορήν. Βρομίῳ δ' ἐστέλλετο κῆρυξ
πόντιον ὑσμίνην ἐνέπων πειθήμονι Βάκχῳ.
Ἄμφω δ' εἰς ἓν ἰόντες ἐρυκομένοιο κυδοιμοῦ
ἀμβολίην ποίησαν ἐπὶ τρία κύκλα Σελήνης,
εἰσόκε ταρχύσωσι δαϊκταμένων στίχα νεκρῶν·
ἦν δέ τις εἰρήνη μινυώριος Ἄρεϊ γείτων,
φύλοπιν ὠδίνουσαν ἀφαπλώσασα γαλήνην.

they fight by sea than by land. My invincible steel shall not take many Satyrs; but instead of two hundred warriors I will drag home one by the hair alone, womanmad Dionysos, to be the servant of Deriades."

470 With this appeal, Morrheus, cunning man, persuaded implacable Deriades. The people all cheered loudly and applauded the speech: one concordant cry resounded from all throats like the noise of stirring waves. The king dismissed the assembly. The herald was sent to Bromios to declare war by sea against willing Bacchos.

476 But both men agreed to forbid war and make a truce for three circuits of the moon, until they should do the solemn burial rites for the host of the dead who had fallen. So for a short time there was peace, never far from war, spreading abroad a calm that was pregnant with strife.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΒΔΟΜΟΝ

Ἦχι τριηκοστὸν πέλεν ἔβδομον, εἵνεκα νίκης
ἀνδράσιν ἀθλοφόροις ἐπιτύμβιοί εἰσιν ἀγῶνες.

Ὡς οἱ μὲν φιλότητι μεμηλότες ἔμφρονες Ἰνδοί,
Βακχείην ἀνέμοισιν ἐπιτρέψαντες Ἐνυώ,
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν ἐταρχύσαντο θανόντας,
οἷα βίου βροτέου γαιήια δεσμὰ φυγόντας
ψυχῆς πεμπομένης, ὅθεν ἦλυθε, κυκλάδι σειρῇ
νύσσαν ἐς ἀρχαίην· στρατιὴ δ' ἀμπαύετο Βάκχου.
Καὶ φιλίην Διόνυσος ἰδὼν πολέμοιο γαλήνην
πρώιος ἡμιόνους καὶ ὁμήλυδας ἄνδρας ἐπείγων
ἀζαλέην ἐκέλευσεν ἄγειν ὀρεσίτροφον ὕλην,
ὄφρα πυρὶ φλέξειεν ὁλωλότα νεκρὸν Ὀφέλτην.
Τῶν μὲν ἔην προκέλευθος ἔσω πιτυώδεος ὕλης
Φαῦνος ἐρημονόμῳ μεμελημένος ἠθάδι λόχμῃ,
μητρὸς ὀρεστιάδος δεδαημένος ἔνδια Κίρκης.
καὶ δρυτόμῳ στοιχηδὸν ἐτέμνετο δένδρα σιδήρῳ·
πολλὴ μὲν πτελέη τανυήκεϊ τάμνετο χαλκῷ,

---

[a] The transmigration of souls was and is an Indian doctrine; this was one of the few things about India known to the average Greek.

[b] This description imitates the burial of Patroclos in Homer.

BOOK XXXVII

When the thirty-seventh takes its turn, there are contests about the tomb, the men competing for prizes.

So the Indians, now sensible and busy with friendship, threw their Bacchic war to the winds, and buried their dead with tearless eyes, as prisoners now set free from the earthy chains of human life, and the soul returning whence it came, back to the starting-place in the circling course.[a] So the army of Bacchos had rest.

7 When Dionysos saw friendly calm instead of war, early in the morning he sent out mules and their attendant men to bring dry wood from the mountains, that he might burn with fire the dead body of Opheltes.[b]

11 Their leader into the forest of pines was Phaunos who was well practised in the secrets of the lonely thickets which he knew so well, for he had learnt about the highland haunts of Circe [c] his mother. The woodman's axe cut down the trees in long rows. Many an elm was felled by the long edge of the axe,

Il. xxiii. The whole book is quite minutely imitated from the same model.

[c] Circe is mother of Latinos and Agrios as early as the Hesiodic poems; here she is the mother of the Latin wood-fairy.

πολλὴ δ' ὑψιπέτηλος ἐπέκτυπε κοπτομένη δρῦς,
καὶ πολλὴ τετάνυστο πίτυς, καὶ ἐκέκλιτο πεύκη
αὐχμηροῖς πετάλοισι· πολυσπερέων δ' ἀπὸ δένδρων
τεμνομένων κατὰ βαιὸν ἐγυμνώθησαν ἐρίπναι·
καί τις Ἀμαδρυάδων μετανάστιος ἔστιχε Νύμφη,
πηγαίῃ δ' ἀκίχητος ἀήθεϊ μίγνυτο κούρῃ.

Καὶ πολὺς ἐρχομένοισιν ὁρίδρομος ἦεν ἀνήρ,
οὔρεος οἶμον ἔχων ἑτερότροπον· ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
ὑψιφανῆ προβλῆτα κατήλυδα λοξὸν ὀδίτην
ποσσὶ πολυπλανέεσσιν· ἐυπλέκτοιο δὲ σειρῆς
πυκνὰ περισφίγξαντες ἀρηρότι δούρατα δεσμῷ
οὐρήων ἐπέθηκαν ὑπὲρ ῥάχιν· ἐσσυμένων δὲ
ἡμιόνων στοιχηδὸν ὁρίδρομος ἔκτυπεν ὁπλὴ
σπερχομένων, καὶ νῶτα πολυψαμάθοιο κονίης
συρομένων κατόπισθε φυτῶν ἐβαρύνετο φόρτῳ.
καὶ Σάτυροι καὶ Πᾶνες ἐποίπνυον, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ὑλοτόμοις . . . παλάμῃσιν
ἀμοιβαίων ἀπὸ δένδρων . . .
φιτροὺς ἀκαμάτοισιν ἐλαφρίζοντες ἀγοστοῖς
ποσσὶ φιλοσκάρθμοισιν ἐπεκροτάλιζον ἐρίπνῃ·
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὑλονόμοι χθονὶ κάτθεσαν, ἦχι τελέσσαι
Εὔιος ἐν δαπέδῳ σημήνατο τύμβον Ὀφέλτῃ.

Καὶ πολὺς ἐσμὸς ἔην ἑτερόπτολις· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ
πενθαλέην πλοκαμῖδα κατηφέι τάμνε σιδήρῳ·
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν στενάχοντες ἐπέρρεον ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
νεκρὸν ἀμοιβαίῃσιν ὅλον σκιόωντες ἐθείραις.
καὶ νέκυν ἔστενε Βάκχος ἀπενθήτοιο προσώπου
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν, ἀκερσικόμου δὲ καρήνου
πλοχμὸν ἕνα τμήξας ἐπεθήκατο δῶρον Ὀφέλτῃ.

Ποίησαν δὲ πυρὴν ἑκατόμπεδον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
Ἰδαῖοι θεράποντες ὀριτρεφέος Διονύσου·
ἐν δὲ πυρῇ μεσάτῃ στόρεσαν νέκυν. ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ

many an oak with leaves waving high struck down with a crash, many a pine lay all along, many a fir stooped its dry needles; as the trees were felled far and wide, little by little the rocks were bared. So many a Hamadryad Nymph sought another home, and swiftly joined the unfamiliar maids of the brooks.

[22] Parties coming up would often meet, men on the hills traversing different mountain-paths. One saw them up aloft, out in front, coming down, crossing over, with feet wandering in all directions. The sticks were packed in bundles with ropes well twisted and fastened tight and trim, and laid on the mules' backs; the animals set out in lines, and the hooves rang on the mountain-paths as they hurried along, the surface of the sandy dust was burdened by heavy logs dragged behind. Satyrs and Pans were busy; some cut wood with axes, . . . some pulled it from tree after tree with their hands, . . . or lifted trunks with untiring arms and rattled over the rocks with dancing feet. All this woodmen laid out upon the earth, where Euios had marked a place on the ground for the tomb of Opheltes.

[37] There was a great swarm of men from different cities. Over the body they cut the tress of mourning with the steel of sadness. Groaning for him, they streamed one after another, and covered the whole body with their hair each in his turn. Bacchos lamented the dead with unmournful face and tearless eyes, and cutting one lock from his uncropt head he laid it upon Opheltes as his gift.

[44] The Idaian servants of mountainbred Dionysos built the pyre a hundred feet this way and that way, and on the middle of the pyre they laid out the body.

Ἀστέριος Δικταῖος ἐπήορον ἄορ ἐρύσσας
Ἰνδοὺς κυανέους δυοκαίδεκα δειροτομήσας
θῆκεν ἄγων στεφανηδὸν ἐπασσιτέρῳ τινὶ κόσμῳ·
ἐν δ' ἐτίθει μέλιτος καὶ ἀλείφατος ἀμφιφορῆας.
καὶ πολέες σφάζοντο βόες καὶ πώεα ποίμνης
πρόσθε πυρῆς· κταμένων δὲ βοῶν ἐπεπήνεε νεκρῷ
σώματα κυκλωθέντα καὶ ἀρτιτόμων στίχας ἵππων,
ὧν ἄπο δημὸν ἅπαντα λαβὼν στοιχηδὸν ἑκάστου,
ἀμφὶ νέκυν στορέσας, κυκλώσατο πίονα μίτρην.
Ἔνθα πυρὸς χρέος ἔσκε· φιλοσκοπέλοιο δὲ Κίρκης
Φαῦνος ἐρημονόμος, Τυρσηνίδος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
ὡς πάις ἀγροτέρης δεδαημένος ἔργα τεκούσης,
πυρσοτόκους λάιγγας, ὀρειάδος ὄργανα τέχνης,
ἤγαγεν ἐκ σκοπέλοιο, καί, ὁππόθι σήματα Νίκης
ἠερόθεν πίπτοντες ἐπιστώσαντο κεραυνοί,
λείψανα θεσπεσίου πυρὸς ἤγαγεν, ὥς κεν ἀνάψῃ
πυρκαϊὴν φθιμένοιο· Διοβλήτῳ δὲ θεείῳ
ἀμφοτέρων ἔχρισε λίθων κενεῶνας ἀλείψας
πυρσοτόκων· καὶ λεπτὸν Ἐρυθραίοιο κορύμβου
κάρφος ἀποξύσας διδυμάονι μίγνυε πέτρῳ·
τρίβων δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα καὶ ἄρσενι θῆλυν ἀράσσων
ἔγκρυφον αὐτολόχευτον ἀνείρυε λαῖνεον πῦρ,
πυρκαϊῇ δ' ὑπέθηκεν, ὅπῃ πέλεν ἀγριὰς ὕλη.
Οὐ δὲ πυρὴν φθιμένου
περιδέδρομεν ἁπτόμενον πῦρ,
ἀλλὰ θεὸς Φαέθοντος ἐναντίον ὄμμα τανύσσας
ἀγχιφανὴς ἐκάλεσσεν Ἑώιον Εὖρον ἀήτην,
πυρκαϊῆς ἐπίκουρον ἄγειν ἀντίπνοον αὔρην.
καὶ Βρομίου καλέοντος Ἑωσφόρος ἔκλυε γείτων

---

[a] Nonnos seems to confuse the striking together of flints with the rubbing or twirling of a hardwood (" male ") stick in a groove or hole in one of soft wood (" female ").

Asterios of Dicte drew the sword that hung by his side, and cut the throats of twelve swarthy Indians over the body, then brought and laid them in a close orderly circle around it. There also he placed jars of honey and oil. Many oxen and sheep of the flock were butchered in front of the pyre; he heaped the bodies of the slain cattle round the body, together with rows of newly slaughtered horses, taking from each of them in turn all the fat which he laid like a rich girdle all round the body.

56 Now fire was wanted. So Phaunos the son of rock-loving Circe, the frequenter of the wilderness, who dwelt in the Tyrsenian land, who had learnt as a boy the works of his wild mother, brought from a rock the firebreeding stones which are tools of the mountain lore; and from a place where thunderbolts falling from heaven had left trusty signs of victory, he brought the relics of the divine fire to kindle the pyre of the dead. With the sulphur of the divine bolt he smeared and anointed the hollows of the two fire-breeding stones. Then he scraped off a light dry sprig of Erythraian growth and put it between the two stones; he rubbed them to and fro, and thus striking the male against the female, he drew forth the fire hidden in the stone to a spontaneous birth,[a] and applied it to the pyre where the wood from the forest lay.

70 But the fire kindled would not run round the dead man's pyre; so the god came near, and fixing his eye on Phaëthon,[b] called upon Euros the eastern wind to bring him a breeze to blow on his pyre and help. As Bromios called, the Morning Star hard by heard his

[b] Looking straight at the sun, which apparently was just rising or risen.

ἱκεσίης, καὶ γνωτὸν ἑὸν προέηκε Λυαίῳ,
ἄσθματι πυκνοτέρῳ φλογοειδέα πυρσὸν ἀνάπτειν.
Καὶ θάλαμον ῥοδόεντα λιπὼν μητρώιον Ἠοῦς
πυρκαϊὴν φλογόεσσαν ἀνερρίπιζεν ἀήτης
πάννυχος, αἰθύσσων ἀνεμοτρεφὲς ἀλλόμενον πῦρ·
καὶ σέλας ἠκόντιζον ἐς ἠέρα θυιάδες αὖραι,
γείτονες Ἠελίοιο. σὺν ἀχνυμένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
Ἀστέριος Δικταῖος, ὁμόγνιον αἷμα κομίζων,
Κνώσσιον ἀμφικύπελλον ἔχων δέπας ἡδέος οἴνου
εὐόδμου, δαπέδοιο χυτὴν ἐμέθυσσε κονίην,
ψυχὴν ἠνεμόφοιτον Ἀρεστορίδαο γεραίρων.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δροσεροῖο προάγγελος ἅρματος Ἠοῦς
ὄρθρος ἐρευθιόων ἀμαρύσσετο νύκτα χαράσσων,
δὴ τότε πάντες ὄρουσαν, ἀμοιβαίῳ δὲ κυπέλλῳ
πυρκαϊὴν ἑτάροιο κατέσβεσαν ἰκμάδι Βάκχου.
καὶ βαλίαις πτερύγεσσιν ἐχάζετο θερμὸς ἀήτης
εἰς δόμον Ἠελίοιο φαεσφόρον. Ἀστέριος δὲ
ὀστέα συλλέξας κεκαλυμμένα δίπλακι δημῷ
εἰς χρυσέην φιάλην κατεθήκατο λείψανα νεκροῦ.
καὶ τροχαλοὶ Κορύβαντες, ἐπεὶ λάχον ἔνδιον Ἴδης,
νεκρὸν ἐταρχύσαντο, μιῆς οἰκήτορα πάτρης,
Κρήτης γνήσιον αἷμα, βαθυνομένων δὲ θεμέθλων
τύμβον ἐτορνώσαντο πεδοσκαφέος διὰ κόλπου·
καὶ κόνιν ὀθνείην πυμάτην ἐπέχευαν Ὀφέλτῃ,
καὶ τάφον αἰπυτέροισιν ἀνεστήσαντο δομαίοις,
τοῖον ἐπιγράψαντες ἔπος νεοπενθέι τύμβῳ·
" νεκρός Ἀρεστορίδης μινυώριος ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
Κνώσσιος, Ἰνδοφόνος,
Βρομίου συνάεθλος, Ὀφέλτης."
Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις ἐπιτύμβια δῶρα κομίζων

appeal, and sent his brother [a] to Lyaios, to make the pyre burn up by his brisker breath.

77 The Wind left the rosy chamber of Dawn his mother, and fanned the blazing pyre all night [b] long, stirring up the windfed leaping fire ; the wild breezes, neighbours of the sun, shot the gleams into the air. Along with sorrowing Lyaios, Asterios of Dicte who was one of his kindred, holding a twohandled cup of sweet fragrant wine, made the dust of the earth drunken in honour of the soul of Arestor's son now carried on the wind.

86 But when morning, the harbinger of Dawn's dewy car, scored the night with his ruddy gleams, then all awoke, and quenched their comrade's pyre with cups of Bacchos's juice in turn. Then the hot wind returned on quick pinions to the lightbringing mansion of Helios. Asterios collected the bones, and wrapping them in folded fat laid the relics of the dead in a golden urn. Then the whirling Corybants, since their lot was cast in the haunts of Ida, gave burial to the body as an inhabitant of one country, a trueborn son of Crete, and digging the foundations deep they made his round tomb in a hollow dug in the earth, and last of all they poured foreign dust over Opheltes. They built up his barrow with taller stones, and engraved these lines on this monument of their recent sorrow : " Here lies Arestor's son who untimely died : Cnossian, Indianslayer, comrade of Bromios, Opheltes."

103 Then the god of the vine brought the funeral

[a] Euros ; presumably both are children of Astraios, *cf.* vi. 18, 40. No earlier author has this genealogy.

[b] Taken over from Hom. *Il.* xxiii. 217, but there it is in place, here Nonnos has just implied that it was early morning.

αὐτόθι λαὸν ἔρυκε, καὶ ἴζανεν εὐρὺν ἀγῶνα,
τέρμα δρόμου τελέσας ἱππήλατον· ἐν δαπέδῳ δὲ
ὀργυίης ἰσόμετρος ἔην λίθος εὐρέι μέτρῳ,
ἡμιτόμου κύκλοιο φέρων τύπον, εἰκόνα μήνης,
ἀντιτύποις λαγόνεσσιν εὐξοος, οἷον ὑφαίνων
ἐργοπόνοις παλάμῃσι γέρων τορνώσατο τέκτων,
ἔνθεον ἀσκῆσαι ποθέων βρέτας· ὃν τότε γαίῃ
κουφίζων παλάμῃσι πέλωρ ἱδρύσατο Κύκλωψ
νύσσης λαϊνέης ἀντίρροπον, ἶσον ἐκείνῳ
ἀντίπορον λίθον ἄλλον ὁμόζυγον ἐν χθονὶ πήξας.
ποικίλα δ' ἦεν ἄεθλα, λέβης, τρίπος, ἀσπίδες, ἵπποι,
ἄργυρος, Ἰνδὰ μέταλλα, βόες, Πακτώλιος ἰλύς.

Καὶ θεὸς ἱππήεσσιν ἀέθλια θήκατο νίκης·
πρώτῳ μὲν θέτο τόξον Ἀμαζονίην τε φαρέτρην
καὶ σάκος ἡμιτέλεστον Ἀρηιφίλην τε γυναῖκα,
τήν ποτε Θερμώδοντος ὑπ' ὀφρύσι πεζὸς ὀδεύων
λουομένην ζώγρησε, καὶ ἤγαγεν εἰς πόλιν Ἰνδῶν·
δευτέρῳ ἵππον ἔθηκε Βορειάδι σύνδρομον αὔρῃ,
ξανθοφυῆ, δολιχῇσι κατάσκιον αὐχένα χαίταις,
ἡμιτελὲς κνέουσαν ἔτι βρέφος, ἧς ἔτι φόρτῳ
ἵππιον ὄγκον ἔχουσα γονῆς οἰδαίνετο γαστήρ·
καὶ τριτάτῳ θώρηκα, καὶ ἀσπίδα θῆκε τετάρτῳ·
τὸν μὲν ἀριστοπόνος τεχνήσατο Λήμνιος ἄκμων
ἀσκήσας χρυσέῳ δαιδάλματι, τῆς δ' ἐνὶ μέσσῳ
ὀμφαλὸς ἀργυρέῳ τροχόεις ποικίλλετο κόσμῳ·
πέμπτῳ δοιὰ τάλαντα, γέρας Πακτωλίδος ὄχθης.
ὀρθωθεὶς δ' ἀγόρευεν ἐπισπέρχων ἐλατῆρας·

"Ὦ φίλοι, οὓς ἐδίδαξεν Ἄρης πολίπορθον Ἐνυώ,
οἷς δρόμον ἱπποσύνης δωρήσατο κυανοχαίτης,
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ καμάτων ἀδαήμονας ἄνδρας ἐπείγω,
ἀλλὰ πόνοις βριαροῖσιν ἐθήμονας· ἡμέτεροι γὰρ
παντοίαις ἀρετῇσι μεμηλότες εἰσὶ μαχηταί·

prizes. He kept the people there, and marked out a wide space for games with the goal for a chariot-race. There was on the ground a stone of a fathom's width, rounded into a half-circle, like the moon, well smoothed on its two sides, such as an old craftsman has fashioned and rounded with industrious hands wishing to make the statue of a god. A giant Cyclops lifted this in his hands and set it in the earth for a stone turning-post, and fixed another like it at the opposite end. There were various prizes, cauldron, tripod, shields, horses, silver, Indian jewels, cattle, Pactolian silt.[a]

116 The god offered prizes of victory for the charioteers. For the first, a bow and Amazonian quiver, a demilune buckler, and one of those warlike women, whom once as he walked on the banks of Thermodon he had taken while bathing and brought to the Indian city. For the second, a bay mare swift as the north wind, with long mane overshadowing her neck, still in foal and gone half her time and her belly swollen with the burden her mate had begotten. For the third, a corselet, and a shield for the fourth. This was a masterpiece made on the Lemnian anvil [b] and adorned with gold patterns; the round boss in the middle was wrought with silver ornaments. For the fifth, two ingots, treasure from the banks of Pactolos. Then he stood up and encouraged the drivers:

131 "My friends, whom Ares has taught citystorming war, to whom Seabluehair has given the racer's horsemanship! You whom I urge are men not unacquainted with hardship, but used to heavy toils; for our warriors hold dear all sorts of manly prowess.

[a] *i.e.* gold.

[b] Therefore presumably by Hephaistos.

εἰ γὰρ ἀπὸ Τμώλοιο γένος λάχε Λύδιος ἀνήρ,
ἱππείης τελέσει Πελοπηΐδος ἄξια νίκης·
εἰ δὲ πέδον Πισαῖον ἔχει μαιήιον ἵππων
Ἤλιδος εὐδίφροιο καὶ Οἰνομάοιο πολίτης,
οἶδεν Ὀλυμπιάδος κοτινηφόρον ὄζον ἐλαίης·
ἀλλ' οὐκ Οἰνομάοιο πέλει δρόμος, οὐκ ἐλατῆρας
ἐνθάδε κέντρον ἔχουσι κακοξείνων ὑμεναίων,
ἀλλ' ἀρετῆς δρόμος οὗτος, ἐλεύθερος ἀφρογενείης·
εἰ πέδον[1] Ἀονίης ἢ Φωκίδος αἷμα κομίζει,
Πύθιον Ἀπόλλωνι τετιμένον οἶδεν ἀγῶνα·
εἰ μεθέπει σοφὸν οὖδας ἐλαιοκόμου Μαραθῶνος,
ἔγνω πιαλέης ἐγκύμονα κάλπιν ἐέρσης·
εἰ πέλεν εὐώδινος Ἀχαιΐδος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
Πελλήνην δεδάηκεν, ὅπῃ ῥιγηλὸν ἀγῶνα
ἄνδρες ἀεθλεύουσι φιλοχλαίνου περὶ νίκης,
χειμερίῳ σφίγγοντες ἀθαλπέα γυῖα χιτῶνι·
εἰ ναέτης βλάστησεν ἁλιζώνοιο Κορίνθου,
Ἰσθμιον ἡμετέροιο Παλαίμονος οἶδεν ἀγῶνα."
Ὣς φαμένου σπεύδοντες ἐπέτρεχον ἡγεμονῆες,
δίφρα περιτροχόωντες ἀμοιβαδίς· ὠκυπόδην δὲ
Ξάνθον ἄγων πρώτιστος ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δῆσεν Ἐρεχθεὺς

[1] So MSS.: σχεδὸν Ludwich.

---

[a] In this passage, Nonnos takes occasion to exploit his knowledge of the mythology of athletic contests. Dionysos's men include Lydians; but Pelops (137) was son of Tantalos the Lydian, so they may take example from his defeat of Oinomaos (*cf.* xix. 152). But this is one of the many mythical origins of the games at Olympia, so if they come from Pisa (the nearest town to the precinct of Zeus where the games were held) that may encourage them, especially as this is to be a clean and fair contest, with no tricks such as Pelops played for the sake of his love of Hippodameia (141-143; the Foamborn is Aphrodite). Or

If one is of Lydian birth from Tmolos, he will do deeds worthy of the victorious racing of Pelops. If one comes from the land of Pisa, nurse of horses, a man of Elis with its fine chariots, a countryman of Oinomaos, he knows the sprigs of Olympian wild olive : but this is not the race of Oinomaos, our drivers here have not the goad of a marriage fatal to strangers—this is a race for honour and free from the Foamborn. If one has the land of Aonia or the blood of Phocis, he knows the Pythian contest honoured by Apollo. If he holds Marathon, rich in olives, the home of artists, he knows those jars teeming with rich juice. If one is a habitant of the fruitful land of Achaia, he has learnt of Pellene, where men wage a shivery contest for the welcome prize of a woollen cloak, a coat to huddle up their cold limbs in winter. If he has grown up to live in sea-girdled Corinth, he knows the Isthmian contest of our Palaimon." [a]

154 He spoke, and the leaders came hastening up and ran round each to his chariot. First Erechtheus brought his horse Bayard under the yoke, and

if they are from the regions near Delphi (144), they are neighbours of the Pythian Games (that these were not founded till centuries later does not seem to trouble Nonnos). If they are from the Isthmus of Corinth (152-153) they are to remember that the Games there are in honour of Palaimon (*cf.* ix. 90). Apparently a chronological scruple prevents him naming the Nemean Games, said to have been founded by the Seven champions on their way to Thebes. Of the minor Games, the prizes for which were not wreaths but objects of value, he mentions (146) the (Heracleia at) Marathon, but obviously confuses them with the Panathenaia, for the Marathonian prizes were silver goblets (schol. Pind. *Ol.* xiii. 110), oil being the prize of the Panathenaia. In 148-149 the allusion is to the Hermaia at Pellene in Achaia, where the prize was a woollen cloak. Probably he had his information from Pindar and his scholiast.

ἄρσενα, καὶ θήλειαν ἐπεσφήκωσε Ποδάρκην,
οὓς Βορέης ἔσπειρεν ἐυπτερύγων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
Σιθονίην Ἅρπυιαν ἀελλόπον εἰς γάμον ἕλκων,
καί σφεας, Ὠρείθυιαν ὅθ' ἥρπασεν Ἀτθίδα νύμφην,
ὤπασεν ἔδνον ἔρωτος Ἐρεχθέι γαμβρὸς ἀήτης.
δεύτερος Ἀκταίων Ἰσμηνίδα πάλλεν ἰμάσθλην·
καὶ τρίτος ὑγρομέδοντος ἀπόσπορος εἰνοσιγαίου
Σκέλμις ἔην ταχύπωλος, ὃς ἔγραφε πολλάκις ὕδωρ
πάτριον ἰθύνων Ποσιδήιον ἅρμα θαλάσσης.
τέτρατος ἄνθορε Φαῦνος, ὃς εἰς μέσον ἦλθεν ἀγῶνος
μοῦνος ἔχων τύπον ἶσον ἑῆς γενέταο τεκούσης,
Ἠελίου μίμημα φέρων τετράζυγας ἵππους·
καὶ Σικελῶν ὀχέων ἐπεβήσατο πέμπτος Ἀχάτης,
οἶστρον ἔχων Πισαῖον ἐλαιοκόμου ποταμοῖο,
ἱπποσύνης ἀκόρητος, ἐπεὶ πέδον ὦκεε νύμφης
Ἀλφειοῦ δυσέρωτος, ὃς εἰς Ἀρέθουσαν ἱκάνει
ἄβροχον ἔδνον ἔρωτος ἄγων στεφανηφόρον ὕδωρ.
Καὶ θρασὺν Ἀκταίωνα λαβὼν ἀπάνευθεν ὁμίλου
παιδὶ πατὴρ σπεύδοντι φίλους ἐπετέλλετο μύθους·
" Τέκνον Ἀρισταίοιο περισσονόοιο τοκῆος,
οἶδα μέν, ὅττι φέρεις σθένος ἄρκιον, ὅττι κομίζεις
σύμφυτον ἠνορέῃ κεκερασμένον ἄνθεμον ἥβης,
πάτριον αἷμα φέρων Φοιβήιον, ἠμέτεραι δὲ
κρείσσονες ἀίσσουσιν ἐπὶ δρόμον Ἀρκάδες ἵπποι·

---

[a] *Cf.* ii. 688; Oreithyia was daughter of Erechtheus (or Pandion) king of Athens.

[b] Theban, from the river Ismenos (properly Hismenos), near Thebes.

[c] The genealogy is Helios-Circe-Faunus, *cf.* xxxvii. 13.

[d] The story of how Alpheios, the river of Elis, loved Arethusa, the fountain of Syracuse (among other places),

fastened in his mare Swiftfoot; both sired by North-wind Boreas in winged coupling when he dragged a stormfoot Sithonian Harpy to himself, and the Wind gave them as loveprice to his goodfather Erechtheus when he stole Attic Oreithyia for his bride.[a]

162 Second, Actaion swung his Ismenian[b] lash. Third was speedyfoal Scelmis, offspring of Earthshaker lord of the wet, who often cut the water of the sea driving the car of his father Poseidon. Fourth Phaunos leapt up, who came into the assembly alone bearing the semblance of his mother's father,[c] with four horses under his yoke like Helios; and fifth Achates mounted his Sicilian chariot, one insatiable for horsemanship, full of the passion which belongs to the river that feeds the olivetrees of Pisa. For he lived in the land of the nymph loved by hapless Alpheios, who brings to Arethusa as a gift of love his garlanded waters untainted by the brine.[d]

174 Bold Actaion was led away from the crowd by his father, who addressed these loving injunctions to his eager son:

176 "My son, your father Aristaios has more experience than you. I know you have strength enough, that in you the bloom of youth is joined with courage; for you have in you the blood of Apollo my father, and our Arcadian mares are stronger than any

and consequently his waters flow under the sea without mingling with the salt water, to join hers, is told a hundred times in ancient authors, *e.g.*, in Strabo vi. 2. 4. The epithet *στεφανηφόρον* probably means that if a garland is thrown into Alpheios it will reappear in Arethusa; elsewhere it is a silver cup, or dirt of some kind, or generally anything that may be thrown into the river which gives this proof of the story. But it may simply refer to the garlands given as prizes at Olympia.

ἀλλὰ μάτην τάδε πάντα,
καὶ οὐ σθένος, οὐ δρόμος ἵππων
νικῆσαι δεδάασιν, ὅσον φρένες ἡνιοχῆος·
μούνης κερδοσύνης ἐπιδεύεαι· ἱπποσύνη γὰρ
χρηίζει πινυτοῖο δαήμονος ἡνιοχῆος.
ἀλλὰ σὺ πατρὸς ἄκουε, καὶ ἵππια κέρδεα τέχνης, 185
ὅσσα χρόνῳ δεδάηκα πολύτροπα, καὶ σὲ διδάξω.
σπεῦδε, τέκος, γενετῆρα τεαῖς ἀρετῇσι γεραίρειν·
καὶ δρόμος ἱπποσύνης μεθέπει κλέος, ὅσσον Ἐννώ·
σπεῦδε καὶ ἐν σταδίοισι
μετὰ πτολέμους με γεραίρειν·
Ἄρεα νικήσας ἑτέρην ὑποδύσεο νίκην, 190
ὄφρα μετ' αἰχμητῆρα καὶ ἀθλοφόρον σε καλέσσω.
ὦ τέκος, ἄξια ῥέξον ὁμογνήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
ἄξια καὶ Φοίβοιο καὶ εὐπαλάμοιο Κυρήνης,
καὶ καμάτους νίκησον Ἀριστα͡ίοιο τοκῆος·
ἱπποσύνην δ' ἀνάφαινε, φέρων τεχνήμονα νίκην, 195
κερδαλέην σέο μῆτιν, ἐπεὶ κατὰ μέσσον ἀγῶνος
ἄλλος ἀνὴρ ἀδίδακτος ἀπόσσυτον ἅρμα παρέλκων
πλάζεται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,
καὶ ἀντιπόρων δρόμος ἵππων
ἄστατος οὐ μάστιγι βιάζεται, οὐδὲ χαλινῷ
πείθεται, ἡνίοχος δὲ μετάτροπος ἕκτοθι νύσσης 200
ἕλκεται, ἦχι φέρουσιν ἀπειθέες ἅρπαγες ἵπποι·
ὃς δέ κε τεχνήεντι δόλῳ μεμελημένος εἴη
ἡνίοχος πολύμητις, ἔχων καὶ ἐλάσσονας ἵππους,
ἰθύνει, προκέλευθον ὀπιπεύων ἐλατῆρα,
ἐγγὺς ἀεὶ περὶ νύσσαν ἄγων δρόμον,
ἅρμα δὲ κάμπτει 205
ἱππεύων περὶ τέρμα καὶ οὔ ποτε τέρμα χαράσσων.
σκέπτεό μοι καὶ σφίγγε κυβερνητῆρι χαλινῷ
δοχμώσας ὅλον ἵππον ἀριστερὸν ἐγγύθι νύσσης,

for the race. But all this is in vain, neither strength nor running horses know how to win, as much as the driver's brains. Cunning, only cunning you want; for horseracing needs a smart clever man to drive.

185 "Then listen to your father, and I will teach you too all the tricks of the horsy art which time has taught me, and they are many and various. Do your best, my boy, to honour your father by your successes. Horseracing brings as great a repute as war; do your best to honour me on the racecourse as well as the battlefield. You have won a victory in war, now win another, that I may call you prizewinner as well as spearman. My dear boy, do something worthy of Dionysos your kinsman, worthy both of Phoibos and of skilful Cyrene, and outdo the labours of your father Aristaios. Show your horsemastery, win your event like an artist, by your own sharp wits; for without instruction one pulls the car off the course in the middle of a race, it wanders all over the place, and the obstinate horses in their unsteady progress are not driven by the whip or obedient to the bit, the driver as he turns back misses the post,[a] he loses control, the horses run away and carry him back where they will. But one who is a master of arts and tricks, the driver with his wits about him, even with inferior horses, keeps straight and watches the man in front, keeps a course ever close to the post, wheels his car round without ever scratching the mark. Keep your eyes open, please, and tighten the guiding rein swinging the whole near horse about and just clearing the post, throwing your weight

[a] Not the goal, but the mark at the end of the track where the cars were to turn; it was a point of horsemanship to come as near as possible without actually hitting it.

λοξὸς ἐπὶ πλευρῇσι παρακλιδὸν ἅρμα βαρύνων,
ἀγχιφανὴς ἄψαυστος ἀναγκαίῳ τινὶ μέτρῳ
σὸν δρόμον ἰθύνων, πεφυλαγμένος, ἄχρι φανείη
πλήμνη ἑλισσομένου σέθεν ἅρματος οἷά περ ἄκρου
τέρματος ἁπτομένη τροχειδέι γείτονι κύκλῳ·
ἀλλὰ λίθον πεφύλαξο, μὴ ἄξονι νύσσαν ἀράξας
εἰν ἑνὶ δηλήσαιο καὶ ἅρματα καὶ σέθεν ἵππους.
καὶ τεὸν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατὰ δρόμον ἅρμα νομεύων
ἔσσο κυβερνήτῃ πανομοίιος· ἀμφότερον δέ,
κέντρῳ ἐπισπέρχων, προχέων πλήξιππον ἀπειλήν,
δεξιὸν ἵππον ἔλαυνε, θοώτερον εἰς δρόμον ἕλκων
ἀθλιβέος μεθέποντα παρειμένα κύκλα χαλινοῦ·
ἔσσο κυβερνήτῃ πανομοίιος ἅρμα νομεύων
εἰς δρόμον ἰθυκέλευθον, ἐπεὶ τεχνήμονι βουλῇ
πηδάλιον δίφροιο πέλει νόος ἡνιοχῆος."
Ὣς εἰπὼν παλίνορσος ἐχάζετο, παῖδα διδάξας
ἠθάδος ἱπποσύνης ἑτερότροπα κέρδεα τέχνης.
Καὶ κυνέης ἔντοσθεν ἐθήμονος ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
τυφλὴν χεῖρα τίταινε φυλασσομένοιο προσώπου,
κλῆρον ἔχειν ἐθέλων ἑτερότροπον, οἷά τις ἀνὴρ
εἰς κύβον ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἑκηβόλα δάκτυλα πάλλων.
καὶ λάχον ἡνιοχῆες ἀμοιβαδίς· ἱπποµανὴς δὲ
Φαῦνος ἀειδομένης Φαεθοντίδος αἷμα γενέθλης
κλήρῳ πρῶτος ἔην, καὶ δεύτερος ἦεν Ἀχάτης,
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Δαμναμενῆος ἀδελφεός,
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ
ἔλλαχεν Ἀκταίων· ὁ δὲ φέρτατος εἰς δρόμον ἔστη
ὑστατίου κλήροιο τυχὼν πλήξιππος Ἐρεχθεύς.
Καὶ βοέας μάστιγας ἐκούφισαν ἡνιοχῆες,
ἱστάμενοι στοιχηδὸν ἀμοιβαίων ἐπὶ δίφρων.
καὶ σκοπὸς Αἰακὸς ἦεν ἐτήτυμος, ὄφρα νοήσας
καμπτομένους περὶ τέρμα φιλοστεφάνους ἐλατῆρας

sideways to make the car tilt, guide your course by needful measure, watch until as your car turns the hub of the wheel seems almost to touch the surface of the mark with the near-circling wheel. Come very near without touching; but take care of the stone, or you may strike the post with the axle against the turning-post and wreck both horses and car together. As you guide your team this way and that way on the course, act like a steersman; ply the prick, scold and threaten the whip without sparing, press the off horse, lift him to a spurt, slacken the hold of the bit and don't let it irk him. Manage your car like a good steersman; guide your car on a straight course, for the driver's mind is like a car's rudder if he drives with his head."

224 With this advice, he turned away and retired, having taught his son the various tricks of his trade as a horseman, which he knew so well himself.

226 One after another as usual each put a blind hand into the helmet,[a] turning away his face, and hoping to get the uncertain lot in his favour, as one who shakes his fingers for a throw of the doubtful dice far from him. So the leaders in turn took their lots. Horsemad Phaunos, offspring of the famous blood of Phaëthon, was first by lot, and Achates was second, next came the brother of Damnamenes,[b] and next to him Actaion; but the best racer of all got the last lot, horsewhipper Erechtheus.

236 Then the drivers lifted their leather whips, and stood in a row each in his chariot. The umpire was honest Aiacos; his duty was to view the crown-eager drivers turning the post, and to watch with unerring

[a] They drew lots to see which should drive nearest the inside of the track. [b] Scelmis.

μάρτυς ἀληθείης ἑτερόθροα νείκεα λύσῃ,
ὄμμασιν ἁπλανέεσσι διακρίνων δρόμον ἵππων.
Τοῖσι μὲν ἐκ βαλβῖδος ἔην δρόμος· ἐσσυμένων δὲ
ὃς μὲν ἔην προκέλευθος, ὁ δὲ προθέοντα κιχῆσαι
ἤθελεν, ὃς δ' ἐδίωκε μεσαίτατον, ὃς δὲ χαράξαι
ἀγχιφανὴς μενέαινεν ὀπίστερον ἡνιοχῆα.
καί τις ἑνὶ σταδίοις ἐλατὴρ ἐλατῆρα κιχήσας
ἅρματι δίφρον ἔμιξε, καὶ ἡνία χερσὶ τινάσσων
ἵππους ἀγκυλόδοντι διεπτοίησε χαλινῷ·
ἄλλος ἐπαΐσσοντι συνέμπορος ἡνιοχῆι
εἰς ἔριν ἀμφήριστον ἰσόρροπον εἶχε πορείην,
δόχμιος ὀκλάζων, τετανυσμένος, ὀρθὸς ἀνάγκῃ,
ἰξύι καμπτομένῃ, καὶ ἑκούσιον ἵππον ἐλαύνων,
φειδομένῃ παλάμῃ τεχνήμονι βαιὸν ἱμάσσων,
ἐντροπαλιζομένης δοχμώσατο κύκλον ὀπωπῆς·
δίφρον ὀπισθοπόρου πεφυλαγμένος ἡνιοχῆος·
καί νύ κεν ἀίσσοντι ποδῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ
εἰς τροχὸν αὐτοκύλιστον ὄνυξ ὠλίσθανεν ἵππων,
εἰ μὴ ἔτι σπεύδουσαν ἑὴν ἀνέκοψεν ἐρωὴν
ἡνίοχος, κατόπισθεν ἐπήλυδα δίφρον ἐρύκων.
καί τις ἔχων προκέλευθος ὀπίστερον ἡνιοχῆα
ἀντίτυπον δρόμον εἶχεν ὁμοζήλων ἐπὶ δίφρων,
ἄστατος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περικλείων ἐλατῆρα
ἀγχιφανῆ. καὶ Σκέλμις, ἀπόσπορος ἐννοσιγαίου,
εἰναλίην μάστιγα Ποσειδάωνος ἑλίσσων
πάτριον ἡνιόχευε θαλασσονόμων γένος ἵππων·
οὐδὲ τόσον πεπότητο τανύπτερος ἠέρα τέμνων
Πήγασος ὑψιπότητος, ὅσον βυθίων πόδες ἵππων
χερσαίην ἀκίχητον ἐποιήσαντο πορείην.
Λαοὶ δ' εἰς ἓν ἰόντες, ἐν ὑψιλόφῳ τινὶ χώρῳ
ἑζόμενοι στοιχηδὸν ὀπιπευτῆρες ἀγῶνος,
τηλόθεν ἐσκοπίαζον ἐπειγομένων δρόμον ἵππων·

eyes how the horses ran. He was the witness of truth, to settle quarrels and differences.

242 The race started from the barrier. Off they went—one leading in the course, one trying to catch him as he raced in front, another chasing the one between, and the last ran close to the latter of these two and strove to graze his chariot. As they got farther on driver caught driver and ran car against car, then shaking the reins forced off the horses with the jagged bit. Another neck and neck with a speeding rival ran level in the doubtful race, now crouching sideways, now stretching himself, now upright when he could not help it, with bent hips urging the willing horse, just a touch of the master's hand and a light flick of the whip. Again and again he would turn and look back for fear of the car of the driver coming on behind: or as he made speed, the horse's hoof in the spring of his prancing feet would be slipping into a somersault, had not the driver checked his still hurrying pace and so held back the car which pressed him behind. Again, one in front with another driver following behind would change his course to counter the rival car, moving from side to side uncertainly so as to bar the way to the other who pressed him close. And Scelmis, offspring of the Earthshaker, swung Poseidon's sea-whip and drove his father's team bred in the sea; not Pegasos flying on high so quickly cut the air on his long wings, as the feet of the seabred horses covered their course on land unapproachable.

269 The people collected together sat in rows on a high hill, to see the race, and watched from

ὧν ὁ μὲν εἱστήκει πεφοβημένος, ὃς δὲ τινάσσων
δάκτυλον ἄκρον ἔσειεν ἐπισπέρχων ἐλατῆρα,
ἄλλος ἀμιλλητῆρι πόθῳ δεδονημένος ἵππων
ἱππομανῆ νόον εἶχεν ὁμόδρομον ἡνιοχῆος·
καί τις ἑοῦ προκέλευθον ἰδὼν δρόμον ἡνιοχῆος
χερσὶν ἐπεπλατάγησε καὶ ἴαχε πειθάδι φωνῇ
θαρσύνων, γελόων, τρομέων, ἐλατῆρι κελεύων.
Ἅρματα δ' εὐποίητα θοώτερα θυιάδος ἄρκτου
ἄλλοτε μὲν πεπότητο μετάρσια, πῇ δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
ἀκροφανῆ πεφόρητο μόγις ψαύοντα κονίης·
καὶ ταχινῷ ψαμαθῶδες ἕδος τροχοειδέι κύκλῳ
ἅρματος ἰθυπόροιο κατέγραφεν ὁλκὸς ἀλήτης·
συμφερτὴ δ' ἔρις ἦεν· ἐγειρομένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
στήθεσιν ἱππείοισιν ἀϊηώρητο κονίη,
χαῖται δ' ἠερίῃσιν ἐπερρώοντο θυέλλαις·
ὀτρηροὶ δ' ἐλατῆρες ὁμογλώσσων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ὀξυτέρην μάστιγος ἀπερροίβδησαν ἰωήν.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πύματον τέλεον δρόμον,
ὀξὺς ὀρούσας
Σκέλμις ἔην πρώτιστος ἀλίδρομον ἅρμα τιταίνων·
καί οἱ ὁμαρτήσας ἐπεμάστιεν ἵππον Ἐρεχθεὺς
ἀγχιφανής, καὶ δίφρον ὀπισθοπόρον τάχα φαίης
εἰναλίου Τελχῖνος ἰδεῖν ἐπιβήτορα δίφρων·
καὶ γὰρ ἀερσιπότητος Ἐρεχθέος ἵππος ἀγήνωρ
διχθαδίῳ μυκτῆρι παλίμπνοον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
ἀλλοτρίου θέρμαινε μετάφρενον ἡνιοχῆος,
καί νύ κεν αὐχενίων ἐδράξατο χερσὶ κομάων,
ἐντροπαλιζομένοις βλεφάροις ἐλατῆρα δοκεύων,
καί νύ κε σειομένων τροχαλῇ στροφάλιγγι γενείων
ἀφριόων στατὸς ἵππος ἀπέπτυεν ἄκρα χαλινοῦ,
ἀλλὰ παρατρέψας ἀνεσείρασε δίφρον Ἐρεχθεύς,
ἡνία δ' εὐποίητα κατέσπασεν ἅρπαγι παλμῷ,

a distance the course of the galloping horses. One stood anxious, another shook a finger and beckoned to a driver to hurry. Another possessed with the fever of horses' rivalry, felt a mad heart galloping along with his favourite driver; another who saw a man running ahead of his favourite, clapt his hands and shouted in melancholy tones, cheering on, laughing, trembling, warning the driver.

279 The fine chariots, faster than the furious Bear,[a] now flew high aloft, now skimmed the earth scarcely touching the surface of dust. The track of the car dashing straight on with quick circling wheel scratched the sandy soil as it passed. Then there was a confused struggle; the dust also was stirred and rose to the horses' chests, their manes shook in the airy breezes, the busy drivers shouted all with one voice together louder than their cracking whips.

289 Now they were on the last lap. Scelmis with a swift leap was first of all pressing on his seachariot. Erechtheus was close upon him whipping up his team, and you might almost say you saw the second car ready to climb aboard the car of the maritime Telchis; for the spirited stallion of Erechtheus was up in the air, panting and snorting with both nostrils, so as to warm the back of the other charioteer. The eyes of Scelmis were turned back again and again on the other driver, and he might have pulled Erechtheus' horse by the mane, and the foaming stallion might have shaken his jaw with a quick jerk and spat out the bit; but Erechtheus checked the car, and turned it to one side with a vigorous pull at the

[a] Moving faster than Ursa Maior, otherwise the Waggon (ἅμαξα), travels around the pole.

ἀγχιφανῆ κατὰ βαιὸν ἐπισφίγγων γένυν ἵππων·
καὶ πάλιν ἐγγὺς ἔλασσε φυγὼν ἀχάλινον ἀνάγκην.
καί μιν ἑοῖς ὀχέεσσιν ἐπαΐσσοντα δοκεύων
Σκέλμις ἀπειλήτειραν ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωήν·
" Λῆγε θαλασσαίοισι μάτην ἵπποισιν ἐρίζων·
ἄλλον ἐμοῦ γενέταο Πέλοψ ποτὲ δίφρον ἐλαύνων
Οἰνομάου νίκησεν ἀνικήτων δρόμον ἵππων.
ἱπποσύνης μὲν ἔγωγε κυβερνητῆρα καλέσσω
ἵππιον ὑγρομέδοντα· σὺ δέ, πλήξιππε, τιταίνεις
νίκης ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐς ἱστοτέλειαν Ἀθήνην.
οὐ δὲ τεῆς ὀλίγης μορίης χρέος, ἀλλὰ κομίζω
ἀμπελόεν στέφος ἄλλο καὶ οὐκ ἐλάχειαν ἐλαίην."
Ὣς φαμένου
ταχύβουλος ἐχώσατο μᾶλλον Ἐρεχθεύς,
καὶ δόλον ἠπεροπῆα καὶ ἔμφρονα μῆτιν ὑφαίνων
χερσὶ μὲν ἡνιόχευεν ἑὸν δρόμον, ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
ἱπποσύνης πολιοῦχον ἐὴν ἐπίκουρον Ἀθήνην
κικλήσκων ταχύμυθον ἀνήρυγεν Ἀτθίδα φωνήν·
" Κοίρανε Κεκροπίης, ἱπποσσόε Παλλὰς ἀμήτωρ,
ὡς σὺ Ποσειδάωνα τεῷ νίκησας ἀγῶνι,
οὕτω σὸς ναέτης Μαραθώνιον ἵππον ἐλαύνων
υἱέα νικήσειε Ποσειδάωνος Ἐρεχθεύς."
Τοῖον ἔπος βοόων ἐπεμάστιεν ἰσχία πώλων,
ἅρματι δ' ἅρμα πέλασσεν ἰσόζυγον· ἀντιβίου δὲ
λαιῇ μὲν βαρύδεσμον ἐπισφίγγων γένυν ἵππων,
σύνδρομον αὖ ἐρύων βεβιημένον ἅρμα χαλινῷ,
δεξιτερῇ μάστιζεν ἑοὺς ὑψαύχενας ἵππους

---

[a] Pelops got from Poseidon the team with which he carried off Hippodameia, Pind. *Ol.* i. 87.

[b] μορία, a sacred olive, especially watched over by Zeus and Athena, Soph. *O.C.* 705-706.

[c] For possession of Attica, *cf.* xxxvi. 126.

stout reins, wrenching the horses' jaws slowly towards himself. Then again he drove close, having escaped the disaster of a horse without bit and bridle. And Scelmis when he saw him making for his car shouted in threatening tones—

307 "That will do now! It's of no use to run a match with horses of the sea! Pelops long ago driving another car of my father's [a] beat in a race the unconquered horses of Oinomaos. As guide of my horsemanship I will call on the Horse God of the deep: you, my friend the horse flogger, direct all your hope to Athena the Perfect Webster. I do not want your paltry olive [b]; I'll carry off a different garland, a vinewreath and not your trumpery olive."

315 Erechtheus was a hasty man, and these words of Scelmis made him angrier than before, and his quick intelligent mind began at once to weave plots and plans. His hands went on with his driving, but in his heart he uttered a quick prayer to Athena the queen of his own city in his own country language, to crave help in his horsemanship:

320 "Lady of Cecropia, horsemistress, Pallas unmothered! As thou didst conquer Poseidon in thy contest,[c] so may Erechtheus thy subject, who drives a horse of Marathon, conquer Poseidon's son!"

324 With this appeal he touched up the flanks of his colts and brought up level car to car and yoke to yoke, and with his left hand caught at the mouth of his rival's horse, and pulled at the heavy grip of the bit, forcing back by the bridle the car running by his side [d]; with his right hand he lashed his own

[d] Apparently a good deal of fouling was tolerated in ancient racing.

ἐσσυμένους προτέρωσε· μεταστήσας δὲ κελεύθου
θῆκε παλινδίνητον ὀπίστερον ἡνιοχῆα.
καὶ τροχαλοῖς στομάτεσσι χέων φιλοκέρτομον ἠχὼ
υἷα Ποσειδάωνος ἀμοιβάδι νείκεε φωνῇ,
ἐντροπαλιζομένην μεθέπων γελόωσαν ὀπωπήν·
" Σκέλμις, ἐνικήθης·
σέο φέρτερός ἐστιν Ἐρεχθεύς,
ὅττι τεὸν Βαλίον, Ζεφυρηίδος αἷμα γενέθλης,
ἄρσενα καὶ νέον ἵππον ὁδοιπόρον ἄβροχον ἅλμης
γηραλέῃ νίκησεν ἐμὴ θήλεια Ποδάρκη.
εἰ μὲν ἀγηνορέεις Πελοπηίδος εἵνεκα τέχνης
ὑμετέρου γενετῆρος ἁλίδρομον ἅρμα γεραίρων,
Μυρτίλος αἰολόμητις ἐπίκλοπον ἤνυσε νίκην,
μιμηλῷ τελέσας ἀπατήλιον ἄξονα κηρῷ·
εἰ δὲ μέγα φρονέεις γενεῆς χάριν ἐννοσιγαίου,
ἵππιον ὃν καλέεις, βυθίων ἐπιβήτορα δίφρων,
πόντιον αὐτὸν ἄνακτα, κυβερνητῆρα τριαίνης,
ἄρσενα σὸν νίκησεν ἀρηγόνα θῆλυς Ἀθήνη."
Ὣς φάμενος Τελχῖνα παρέδραμεν ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης.
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Φαῦνος ἔλαυνεν ὄχον τέθριππον ἰμάσσων·
Ἀκταίων δὲ τέταρτος ἐπίκλοπος ἕσπετο Φαύνῳ,
πατρὸς Ἀρισταίου μεμνημένος εἰσέτι μύθων
κερδαλέων· καὶ λοῖσθος ἔην Τυρσηνὸς Ἀχάτης.
Καὶ θρασὺς Ἀκταίων δολίην ἐφράσσατο βουλήν·
Φαῦνον ἑοῖς ὀχέεσσιν ἔτι προθέοντα κιχήσας
ὀξυτέρῃ μάστιγι μεταστρέψας δρόμον ἵππων
σύνδρομος ἡνιόχευε, παρακλέπτων ἐλατῆρα,
βαιὸν ὑποφθάμενος· καὶ ἐπ' ἄντυγι γούνατα πήξας
δίφρον ἀμιλλητῆρα κατέγραφεν ἅρματι λοξῷ,
ἱππείους τροχόεντι διαξύων πόδας ὁλκῷ.
καὶ δαπέδῳ πέσεν ἅρμα· τινασσομένοιο δὲ δίφρου

highnecked steeds putting on a spurt. So he took the place of Scelmis on the course, and made that charioteer fall behind. Then he looked back with a laughing countenance on the son of Poseidon, and mocked him in his turn with raillery, the words tumbling over his shoulder in a stream—

334 "Scelmis, you're beaten! Erechtheus is a better man than you, for my old ambling mare Swiftfoot has beaten your Piebald, with Zephyros for sire, a horse too, and a young one, and one that can run on the sea without getting wet! If you are so proud of the skill of Pelops and praise the seacoursing car of your father, it was Myrtilos [a] who contrived that cheating victory, with his clever invention, when he made a wax model of an axle to deceive his master. If you are haughty because of your father Earthshaker, the Horse God as you call him, who rides in the chariot of the deep, himself lord of the sea and master of the trident, Athena, a female, has beaten your backer, the male!"

346 As he said this, the man of Athena's town ran past the Telchis. Next after him came Phaunos flogging his fourhorse team. Fourth was Actaion the cunning and artful, who had not forgotten his father's good advice; and the last was Tyrsenian Achates.

351 Now bold Actaion thought of a cunning plan. His car was just behind Phaunos and catching him up, when with a sharper cut of the whip, he turned his horses aside and drove them up level, slipping by the driver and getting a little in front, then pressing his knees against the rail, he scraped the rival car with his own crossing car and scratched the horse's legs with his running wheel. The car was upset, and over

[a] Oinomaos's charioteer.

τρεῖς μὲν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο πέλον πεπτηότες ἵπποι,
ὃς μὲν ὑπὲρ λαγόνων, ὁ δὲ γαστέρος, ὃς δ' ἐπὶ δειρήν,
εἷς δέ τις ὀρθὸς ἔμιμνε παρακλιδόν, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
ἄκρα ποδῶν ῥίζωσε, καὶ ἄστατον αὐχένα σείων
σύζυγος ἐστήριξεν ὅλον πόδα γείτονος ἵππου,
κουφίζων ζυγόδεσμα, καὶ ὑψόσε δίφρον ἀνέλκων.
οἱ μὲν ἔσαν προχυθέντες ἐπὶ χθονός· αὐσταλέος δὲ
ἡνίοχος κεκύλιστο παρὰ τροχόν, ἅρματι γείτων·
θρύπτετο δ' ἄκρα μέτωπα, μιαινομένου δὲ γενείου
ὀξυτενὴς κεκόνιστο πέδῳ κεχαραγμένος ἀγκών.
ἡνίοχος δ' ἀνέπαλτο θοώτερος· ἐσσυμένως δὲ
εἰς χθόνα πεπτηῶτι παρίστατο γείτονι δίφρῳ,
αἰδομένῃ παλάμῃ τετανυσμένον ἵππον ἀνέλκων·
καὶ βαλίῃ μάστιγι κατηφέα πῶλον ἰμάσσων.
καὶ θρασὺς Ἀκταίων πεποιημένον ἐγγύθι δίφρου
Φαῦνον ὀπιπεύων φιλοπαίγμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
"Λῆγε μάτην ἀέκοντας ἐπισπέρχων σέθεν ἵππους,
λῆγε μάτην· φθάμενος γὰρ ἀπαγγέλλω Διονύσῳ,
Φαῦνος ὅτι προθέοντας ὅλους ἐλατῆρας ἐάσας
νόστιμος ὀψικέλευθος ἐλεύσεται ἅρματα σύρων·
φείδεο σῆς μάστιγος, ἐπεὶ ταμεσίχροϊ κέντρῳ
σῶν ὁρόων ᾠκτειρα δέμας κεχαραγμένον ἵππων."
Ἔννεπεν ἀστήρικτον ὄχον προκέλευθον ἐλαύνων
ὠκυτέρῃ μάστιγι· καὶ ἄχνυτο Φαῦνος ἀκούων.
καὶ μόγις ἐν δαπέδῳ λασίης δεδραγμένος οὐρῆς
κεκλιμένων ὤρθωσε δέμας κεκονιμένον ἵππων,
καί τινα λυομένοιο παραΐξαντα λεπάδνου
πῶλον ἄγων παλίνορσον ἐπεσφήκωσε χαλινῷ·
στήσας δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παρεσσυμένων πόδας ἵππων
ἅρματος ὕψι βέβηκε, καὶ ἴχνιον ἅρματι πήξας
φρικαλέῃ μάστιξε τὸ δεύτερον ἵππον ἰμάσθλῃ·

the wreckage three of the horses lay fallen on the ground, one on the flank, one on the belly, one on the neck. But one kept clear by a swerve and remained standing, his feet firmly rooted on the earth, shaking his trembling neck; he supported the whole leg of the horse yoked next to him, and lifting the yokeband pulled the car up again. There they were in a mess on the ground; the driver rolled in the dirt beside his wheel, close to the car, the skin of his forehead barked, his chin soiled, his arm stretched out in the dust and the elbow torn by the ground. The driver leapt up quickly, and in a moment he was standing beside his wrecked car, dragging up the prostrate horse with shamed hand and flogging the discomfited beast with quick lash. Bold Actaion watched Phaunos in difficulties beside his car, and made merry at his plight:

375 "That will do now! It's of no use to press your unwilling horses. That will do, it's all of no use! I shall be there first, and I will inform Dionysos that Phaunos will let all the other drivers pass, and he will come in last dragging his own car. Spare your whip. It really makes me sorry to see your poor horses torn like that with a fleshcutting prick!"

381 Phaunos was furious to hear these words, as the speaker drove his team quickly on with speeding whip. He pulled at the thick tails of the horses lying on the ground, and with great difficulty made the beasts get up from the dust. One colt which had struggled out of the untied yokestrap he brought back again and fastened into the bridle. He put the feet of the struggling horses into their places on both sides, and mounted the car, taking his stand firmly in it, then once more whipt up the team with

καὶ πλέον ἤλασε Φαῦνος ἐπισπέρχων δρόμον ἵππων,
ὠκύτερον δ' ἐδίωκε παροίτερον ἡνιοχῆα·
καὶ φθαμένους ἐκίχησεν, ἐπεὶ μένος ἔμβαλεν ἵπποις
ἵππιος ἐννοσίγαιος ἑὸν θρασὺν υἷα γεραίρων·
στεινωπὴν δὲ κέλευθον ἰδὼν παρὰ κοιλάδι πέτρῃ
ἔμφρονα μῆτιν ὕφαινε δολοπλόκον, ὄφρα κιχήσας
ἅρματι τεχνήεντι παραίξειεν Ἀχάτην.
ῥωγμὸς ἔην βαθύκολπος, ὃν ἐξέρρηξε κελεύθου
χειμερίῃ μάστιγι Διὸς μετανάστιον ὕδωρ
ἠερόθεν προχέοντος· ἐεργομένῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
ὄμβρου γειοτόμοιο ῥάχις κοιλαίνετο γαίης,
ἦχι μολὼν ἀέκων ἀνεσείρασε δίφρον Ἀχάτης,
φεύγων ἀγχικέλευθον ἐπηλυσίην ἐλατῆρος·
καί οἱ ἐπεσσυμένῳ τρομερὴν ἀνενείκατο φωνήν·
" Εἰσέτι, νήπιε Φαῦνε, τεοὶ ῥυπόωσι χιτῶνες,
εἰσέτι σῶν ὀχέων ψαμαθώδεές εἰσι κορῶναι,
οὔ πω σῶν ἐτίναξας ἀκοσμήτων κόνιν ἵππων·
λύματα σεῖο κάθαιρε· τί σοι τόσον ἵππον ἐλαύνειν;
μή σε πάλιν πίπτοντα καὶ ἀσπαίροντα νοήσω.
τὸν[1] θρασὺν Ἀκταίωνα φυλάσσεο, μή σε κιχήσας
ταυρείῃ σέο νῶτον ὑποστίξειεν ἰμάσθλῃ,
μὴ σε πάλιν προκάρηνον ἀκοντίζειε κονίῃ.
εἰσέτι σῆς μεθέπεις κεχαραγμένα κύκλα παρειῆς·
Φαῦνε, τί μαργαίνεις, ξυνήονα μῶμον ἀνάπτων
πατρὶ Ποσειδάωνι καὶ Ἠελίῳ σέο πάππῳ;
ἄζεό μοι Σατύρων φιλοκέρτομον ἀνθερεῶνα.
Σειληνοὺς πεφύλαξο καὶ ἀμφιπόλους Διονύσου,
μή σοι ἐπεγγελάσωσι καὶ αὐσταλέῳ σέο δίφρῳ.
πῇ θρόνα; πῇ βοτάναι;
πῇ φάρμακα ποικίλα Κίρκης;
πάντά σε, πάντα λέλοιπεν,
ὅτ' εἰς δρόμον ἦλθες ἀγῶνος.

his terrible lash. Harder than ever Phaunos drove and urged on his galloping horses, quicker than ever he pursued the driver in front of him—and he caught up the team ahead, for horsegod Earthshaker put spirit into the horses to honour his bold son. Then seeing a narrow pass by a beetling cliff, he wove a tangled web of deceitful artifice, to catch Achates and pass him by skilful driving.

397 There was a deep ravine, which the errant flood of rain pouring from the sky had torn by the side of the course under the wintry scourge of Zeus ; the torrent of rain confined there had cut away a strip of earth and hollowed the ground so as to form a narrow ridge. Achates when he got there had unwillingly checked his car, to avoid a collision with the approaching driver ; and as Phaunos galloped upon him, he called out in a trembling voice—

404 " Your dress is dirty still, foolish Phaunos ! the tips of your harness are still covered with sand ! You have not yet dusted your untidy horses ! Clean off your dirt ! What's the good of all that driving ? I fear I may see you tumbling and struggling again ! Take care of that bold Actaion, or he may catch you and flick your back with his leather thong and shoot you headlong into the dust again. You still show scratches on your round cheeks. Why do you still rage, Phaunos, bringing disgrace alike on Poseidon your father and Helios your gaffer ? Pray have respect for the mocking throat of the Satyrs—beware of the Seilenoi and the attendants of Dionysos, or they may laugh at your dirty car ! Where are your herbs and your plants, where all the drugs of Circe ? All have left you, all, as soon as you began this race. Who

[1] τὸν H. J. Rose, σὸν MSS. and edd.

τίς κεν ἀπαγγείλειεν ἀγήνορι σεῖο τεκούσῃ
καὶ σέο κύμβαχον ἅρμα καὶ αὐχμώουσαν ἰμάσθλην;"
Τοῖον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἀγήνορα μῦθον Ἀχάτης,
κερτομέων· Νέμεσις δὲ τόσην ἐγράψατο φωνήν.
καὶ σχεδὸν ἤλυθε Φαῦνος ὁμήλυδα δίφρον ἐλαύνων·
ἅρματι δ' ἅρμα πέλασσε, καὶ ἄξονι γόμφον ἀράσσων
μεσσοπαγῆ συνέαξε βαλὼν τροχοειδέι κύκλῳ·
καὶ τροχὸς αὐτοκύλιστος ἕλιξ ἐπεκέκλιτο γαίῃ,
ἅρμασιν Οἰνομάοιο πανείκελος, ὁππότε κηροῦ
θαλπομένου Φαέθοντι λυθεὶς ἀπατήλιος ἄξων
ἱπποσύνην ἀνέκοπτε μεμηνότος ἡνιοχῆος.
στεινωπὴν δὲ κέλευθον ἔχων ἀνέμιμνεν Ἀχάτης,
εἰσόκε τετραπόρων ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος ἥμενος ἵππων
ὠκυτέρῃ μάστιγι παρήλυθε Φαῦνος Ἀχάτην,
οἷά περ οὐκ αἴων· καὶ ἐκούφισε μᾶλλον ἰμάσθλην,
μαστίζων ἀκίχητος ἐπειγομένων λόφον ἵππων·
καὶ πέλεν Ἀκταίωνος ὀπίστερος, ὅσσα θορόντος
δίσκου πεμπομένοιο πέλει δολιχόσκιος ὁρμή,
ὃν βριαρῇ παλάμῃ δονέων αἰζηὸς ἰάλλει.
Λαοῖς δ' ἔμπεσε λύσσα·
καὶ ἤρισαν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
συνθεσίας τεύχοντες ἀτεκμάρτου περὶ νίκης
ἐσσομένης· τὰ δὲ δῶρα θυελλοπόδων χάριν ἵππων
ἦ τρίπος ἠὲ λέβης ἢ φάσγανον ἠὲ βοείη·
καὶ ναέτης ναετῆρι, φίλος δ' ἑριδαινεν ἑταίρῳ,
γηραλέος δὲ γέροντι, νέῳ νέος, ἀνέρι δ' ἀνήρ.
ἦν δ' ἔρις ἀμφοτέρων ἑτερόθροος, ὃς μὲν Ἀχάτην
κυδαίνων, ἕτερος δὲ χερείονα Φαῦνον ἐλέγχων
ἐν χθονὶ πεπτηῶτα κυλινδομένων ἀπὸ δίφρων,
ἄλλος ἐριδμαίνων, ὅτι δεύτερος ἦεν Ἐρεχθεὺς
εἰναλίου Τελχῖνος ὀπίστερος ἡνιοχῆος·
ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος ἔριζον, ὅτι φθαμένων δρόμον ἵππων

will tell your proud mother the tale of a tumbling chariot and a filthy whip ? "

422 Such were the proud words that Achates shouted in mockery : but Nemesis recorded that big speech. Now Phaunos came close and drove alongside. Chariot struck chariot, and hitting the middle bolt with his axle he broke it with his rolling wheel—the other wheel rolled off by itself and fell twisting on the ground, as with the chariot of Oinomaos, when the wax of the false axle melted in Phaëthon's heat and ended the horsemanship of that furious driver. Achates remained in the narrow way, while Phaunos in his car, leaning over the rail of his four-in-hand, passed him with speeding whip as if he did not hear ; he lifted his lash more than ever, flogging the necks of the galloping horses beyond pursuit. Now he was next behind Actaion, as far as the long throw of a hurtling quoit when some stout lad casts it with strong hand.

439 The spectators were mad with excitement, all quarrelling and betting upon the uncertain victory that was not yet. They lay their wagers on the storm-foot horses—tripod or cauldron or sword or shield ; native quarrelled with native, friend with comrade, old with old and young with young, man with man. All took sides shouting in confusion, one praised up Achates, a second would prove Phaunos the worse, for falling to the ground from his upset car ; another maintained that Erechtheus was second behind Telchis the driver from the sea ; another would have it that the resourceful man of Athens was visible

ἀγχιφανὴς νίκησε πολύτροπος ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης,
Σκέλμιν ἔτι προθέοντα παραΐξας ἐλατῆρα.
Οὔ πω νεῖκος ἔληγε,
καὶ ἔφθασεν ἐγγὺς Ἐρεχθεύς,
ἵππους ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατωμαδὸν αἰὲν ἰμάσσων·
καὶ πολὺς ἱππείοιο δι' αὐχένος ἔρρεεν ἱδρὼς
καὶ λασίου στέρνοιο, καθ' ἡνιόχοιο δὲ πυκναὶ
αὐχμηραὶ ῥαθάμιγγες ἐπερρώοντο κονίης·
ἅρματα δ' ἀγχιπόροισιν ἐπέτρεχεν ἴχνεσιν ἵππων
ἀλλομένῃ στροφάλιγγι· καὶ οὐ τροχόεντι σιδήρῳ
λεπταλέης ἀτίνακτα τινάσσετο νῶτα κονίης.
αὐτὰρ ὁ πωτήεντα μετὰ δρόμον ὑψόθι δίφρου
εἰς μέσον ἦλθεν ἀγῶνος· ἑῷ δ' ἔσμηξε χιτῶνι
μυδαλέων ἱδρῶτα διαστάζοντα μετώπων·
καὶ ταχὺς ἐκ δίφροιο κατήιε· μηκεδανὴν δὲ
εἰς ζυγὸν εὐποίητον ἑὴν ἔκλινεν ἰμάσθλην·
ἵππους δ' Ἀμφιδάμας θεράπων λίην· ὠκύτερος δὲ
τερπομένῃ παλάμῃ πρωτάγρια κούφισε νίκης,
ἰοδόκην καὶ τόξα καὶ εὐπήληκα γυναῖκα,
πάλλων ἡμιτόμοιο μεσόμφαλα νῶτα βοείης.
Τῷ δ' ἐπὶ δεύτερος ἦλθε θαλασσαίων ἐπὶ δίφρων
Σκέλμις, ἐπισπέρχων Ποσιδήιον ἅρμα θαλάσσης,
κύκλος ὅσον τροχόεις ἀπολείπεται ὠκέος ἵππου,
τοῦ μὲν ἐπαΐσσοντος ἐπισσώτρων μόγις ἄκραι
ἐκταδίης ψαύουσιν ἑλισσομένης τρίχες οὐρῆς·
δεύτερα δ' εἶλεν ἄεθλα, καὶ ὥρεγε Δαμιαμενῆι
ἔγκυον ἵππον ἔχειν, ζηλήμονι χειρὶ τιταίνων.
Καὶ τρίτος Ἀκταίων ἀνεκούφισε σύμβολα νίκης
χρυσοφαῆ θώρηκα, παναίολον ἔργον Ὀλύμπου.
Τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Φαῦνος ἵκανε·
καὶ αὐτόθι δίφρον ἐρύσσας
ὀμφαλὸν ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀιηέρταζε βοείης,

close by, that his team was in front and he had won after passing Scelmis the leading driver.

453 The quarrel had not ended when Erechtheus came in first, a near thing! unceasingly lashing his horses right and left down from the shoulder. Sweat ran in rivers over the horses' necks and hairy chests, their driver was sprinkled with plentiful dry spatterings of dust; the car was running hard on the horses' footsteps amid rising whirls, and the undisturbed surface of the light dust was disturbed by the rolling tyres. After this flying race, he came into their midst in his car. He wiped off with his dress the sweat which poured from his wet brow, and quickly got out of the car. He rested his long whip against the fine yoke, and his groom Amphidamas unloosed the horses. Then quickly with happy hand he lifted the first prize of victory, quiver and bow and helmeted woman, and shook the flat half-shield with the boss in the middle.

470 Scelmis came second in his chariot from the sea —for he drove Poseidon's car from the sea, as far behind as the round wheel is behind the running horse—as he gallops, the hairy tip of his long waving tail just touches the tyre. He took the second prize, the mare in foal, and gave her in charge to Damnamenes, offering her with jealous hand.

477 Third Actaion lifted his token of victory, the corselet shining with gold, the gorgeous work of Olympos.

479 Next came Phaunos, and there checked his car. He lifted the shield with rounded silver

αὐχμηρῆς μεθέπων ἔτι λείψανα κεῖνα κονίης.
Καὶ Σικελὸς θεράπων βραδυδινέος ἐγγύθι δίφρου
χρυσοῦ δισσὰ τάλαντα κατηφέι δεῖξεν Ἀχάτῃ,
οἰκτρὸν ἀγηνορέοντι φιλοστόργῳ Διονύσῳ.
Αὐτὰρ ὁ πυγμαχίης χαλεπῆς ἔστησεν ἀγῶνα·
πρώτῳ μὲν θέτο ταῦρον ἀπ' Ἰνδῴοιο βοαύλου
δῶρον ἄγειν, ἑτέρῳ δὲ μελαρρίνων κτέρας Ἰνδῶν
βάρβαρον αἰολόνωτον ἐλὼν κατέθηκε βοείην.
ὀρθωθεὶς δ' ἀγόρευεν ἀεθλητῆρας ἐπείγων,
εὐπαλάμου δύο φῶτας ἐριδμαίνειν περὶ νίκης·
" Πυγμῆς οὗτος ἄεθλος ἀτειρέος· ἀθλοφόρῳ δὲ
ἀνέρι νικήσαντι δασύτριχα ταῦρον ὀπάσσω,
ἀνδρὶ δὲ νικηθέντι πολύπτυχον ἀσπίδα δώσω."
Ὣς φαμένου Βρομίοιο
σακέσπαλος ὦρτο Μελισσεύς,
ἠθάδι πυγμαχίῃ μεμελημένος· εὐκεράου δὲ
ἁψάμενος ταύροιο τόσην ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν·
" Ἐλθέτω, ὃς ποθέει σάκος αἰόλον· οὐ γὰρ ἐάσω
ἄλλῳ πίονα ταῦρον, ἕως ἔτι χεῖρας ἀείρω."
Ὣς φαμένου ξύμπαντας ἐπεσφρήγισσε σιωπή·
Εὐρυμέδων δέ οἱ οἷος ἀνίστατο, τῷ πόρεν Ἑρμῆς
ὄργανα πυγμαχίης γυιαλκέος, ὃς πάρος αἰεὶ
πατρῴῳ μεμέλητο παρήμενος ἐσχαρεῶνι,
Ἡφαιστηιάδης, σφυρήλατον ἄκμονα τύπτων.
τὸν μὲν ἐριπτοίητος[1] ἀδελφεὸς ἄμφεπεν Ἄλκων,
ζῶμα δέ οἱ παρέθηκε, καὶ ἥρμοσεν ἰξύι μίτρην,
καὶ δολιχαῖς παλάμῃσι κασιγνήτοιο συνάπτων

[1] So mss.: ἐριπτοίητον Ludwich.

boss, and he still showed those relics of the dirty dust.

482 When Achates arrived despondent beside his slowrolling car, a Sicilian groom displayed two ingots of gold, a consolation from his kind friend the splendid Dionysos.

485 Next the god put up the boxing, a hard match that. For the first man, he offered a bull from an Indian stall as a prize ; for the second, he put up a barbaric manicoloured shield which had been a treasure of the blackskin Indians. Then standing up he called with urgent voice for competitors, inviting two men to contend for the prize of ready hands :

491 " This is the battle for hardy boxers. The victor in this contest shall have a shaggy bull, to the loser I will give a shield with many layers of good hide."

494 When Bromios had spoken, shakeshield Melisseus stood up, one well practised and familiar with boxing ; and seizing the bull's horn he shouted these big words,

497 " This way anyone who wants a painted shield ! For I will not let another have the fat bull as long as I can hold up my hands ! "

499 At these words, silence sealed all lips. Only Eurymedon rose to face him, one to whom Hermes had given the gear of stronglimbed boxing. This man, a son of Hephaistos, had always been used to remain busy beside his father's furnace hammering away at the beaten anvil. Now his brother Alcon attended him full of excitement, placed his body-belt beside him [a] and fitted the girdle to his loins, coiled the

[a] There is no need to alter the text to *περίθηκε*, as L. suggests : the word imitates Homer, *Il.* xxiii. 683, *παρακάββαλεν*.

ἀζαλέων ἔσφιγξε περίπλοκον ὁλκὸν ἱμάντων.
καὶ πρόμος εἰς μέσον ἦλθεν,
ἑοῦ προβλῆτα προσώπου
λαιὴν χεῖρα φέρων, σάκος ἔμφυτον· ἀντὶ δὲ λόγχης
ποιητῆς παλάμης ταμεσίχροες ἦσαν ἱμάντες.
αἰεὶ δ' ἀντιπάλοιο φυλάσσετο δύσμαχον ὁρμήν,
μή ποτέ μιν πλήξειε κατ' ὀφρύος ἠὲ μετώπου,
ἠέ μιν αἱμάξειε, τετυμμένον ἄρθρον ἀμύξας,
ἠὲ διατμήξειε, κατὰ κροτάφοιο τυχήσας,
εἰς μέσον ἐγκεφάλοιο νοήμονος ἄκρον ἀράξας,
ἢ παλάμην τρηχεῖαν ἐπὶ κροτάφοισι τιταίνων
ὄμματα γυμνώσειε λιπογλήνοιο προσώπου,
ἠὲ δαφοινήεντος ἀρασσομένοιο γενείου
ὀξυτέρων ἐλάσειε πολύστιχον ὄγμον ὀδόντων.
Ἔνθα μὲν Εὐρυμέδοντος ἐπεσσυμένοιο Μελισσεὺς
στήθεος ἄκρον ἔλασσεν· ὁ δὲ σχεδὸν ἅντα προσώπου
χεῖρα μάτην ἐτίταινε, καὶ ἤμβροτεν ἠέρα τύπτων·
καί μιν ἀεὶ τρομέων περιδέδρομε, κόλπον ἀμείβων,
δεξιτερὴν γυμνοῖο κάτω μαζοῖο τιταίνων.
ἄμφω δ' εἰς ἓν ἵκανον ἐπήλυδες, ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
ἴχνεσι φειδομένοισι ποδὸς πόδα τυπθὸν ἀμείβων·
χερσὶ δὲ χεῖρας ἔμιξαν· ἐπασσυτέρῃσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
φρικτὸς ὁμοπλεκέων ἐπεβόμβεε δοῦπος ἱμάντων
ἀκροτάτην περὶ χεῖρα· χαρασσομένης δὲ παρειῆς
αἱμαλέαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐφοινίχθησαν ἱμάντες·
καὶ γενύων πέλε δοῦπος· ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ δὲ προσώπου
εὐρυτέρου γεγαῶτος ἐκυμαίνοντο παρειαί,
ὀφθαλμοὶ δ' ἑκάτερθεν ἐκοιλαίνοντο προσώπου.
Εὐρυμέδων μὲν ἔκαμνε Μελισσέος ἰδμοσύνῃ τέχνῃ,
ἄσχετον ἠελίοιο μένων ἀντώπιον αἴγλην,
ὄμμα καταυγάζοντος· ἐπαΐξας δὲ Μελισσεὺς

straps of dry leather neatly round his brother's long hands. Then the champion advanced into the ring, holding his left hand on guard before his face like a natural shield, and the fleshcutting straps of his artificial hand did for a wrought lance. Always he kept on his defence before the dangerous attack of his adversary, that he might not get one in upon brow or forehead, or land on the face and draw blood, or smash his temple with a lucky blow, tearing a way to the very centre of his busy brain, or with a hard hook over the temples tear the eyes out of his blinded face, and smash his bloody jaw and drive in a long row of his sharp teeth.[a]

520 But now as Eurymedon rushed him, Melisseus landed one high up on the chest; he countered with a lead at the face but missed—hit nothing but air. Shaking with excitement, he skipt round the man past his chest with a side-step and brought home his right on the exposed breast under the nipple. Then they clinched, one against the other, shifting a bit their feet carefully in short steps, hands making play against hands: as the blows fell in quick succession the straps wreathed about their fingers made a terrible noise. Cheeks were torn, drops of blood stained the handstraps, their jaws resounded under the blows, the round cheeks swelled and spread on the puffy face, the eyes of both sunk in hollows.

534 Eurymedon was badly shaken by Melisseus and his artful dodging. He had to stand with the sun shining intolerably in his face and blinding his eyes; Melisseus rushed in, dancing about with quickened

[a] Nonnos had never seen any real boxing, and is thinking of the brutal and unscientific Roman slogging with the caestus.

ὀξυτέρῃ στροφάλιγγι μετάρσιον ἴχνος ἀείρων
ἄφνω γναθμὸν ἔτυψεν ὑπ᾽ οὔατος· αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμνων
ὕπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐρείσατο νῶτα κονίῃ,
θυμολιπὴς μεθύοντι πανείκελος· εἶχε δὲ κόρσην
κεκλιμένην ἑτέρωσε, καὶ αἵματος ἔπτυεν ἀχνὴν
λεπτὰ παχυνομένοιο· λαβὼν δέ μιν ἐκτὸς ἀγῶνος
στυγνὸς ὑπὲρ νώτοιο μετήγαγε σύγγονος Ἄλκων
πληγῇ ἀμερσινόῳ βεβαρημένον. ἐσσύμενος δὲ
Ἰνδῴην περίμετρον ἀνηέρταζε βοείην.

Καὶ διδύμους Διόνυσος ἀεθλητῆρας ἐπείγων
ἀνδράσιν ἀθλοφόροισι πάλης κήρυξεν ἀγῶνα·
καὶ τρίπος εἰκοσίμετρος ἀέθλιον ἵστατο νίκης
πρώτῳ ἀεθλητῆρι· τίθει δ᾽ εἰς μέσσον ἀείρας
ἀνθεμόεντα λέβητα χερείονι φωτὶ φυλάσσων.
ὀρθωθεὶς δ᾽ ἰάχησε πάλιν σημάντορι φωνῇ·
" Δεῦτε, φίλοι, καὶ τοῦτον ἐγείρατε καλὸν ἀγῶνα."

Ἔννεπε· κεκλομένου δὲ φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου
πρῶτος Ἀρισταῖος, μετέπειτα δὲ δεύτερος ἔστη
Αἰακὸς εὐπαλάμοιο πάλης δεδαημένος ἔργα.
ζώματι δὲ σκεπόωντες ἀθήητου φύσιν αἰδοῦς
γυμνοὶ ἀεθλεύοντες ἐφέστασαν· ἀμφότεροι δὲ
πρῶτα μὲν ἀμφοτέρας παλάμας ἐπὶ δίζυγι καρπῷ
σύμπλεκον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, χυτῆς ἐπὶ νῶτα κονίης
ἀλλήλους ἐρύοντες ἀμοιβαδίς, ἄμματι χειρῶν
ἀκροτάτῳ σφίγξαντες· ἔην δ᾽ ἀμφίδρομος ἀνήρ,
ἄνδρα παλινδίνητον ἄγων ἑτερόζυγι παλμῷ,
ἔλκων ἑλκόμενός τε· συνοχμάζοντο γὰρ ἄμφω
χερσὶν ἀμοιβαίῃσιν, ἐκυρτώσαντο δὲ δειρήν,
μεσσατίῳ δὲ κάρηνον ἐπηρείδοντο μετώπῳ
ἀκλινέες, νεύοντες ἐπὶ χθονός· ἐκ δὲ μετώπων
θλιβομένων καμάτοιο προάγγελος ἔρρεεν ἱδρώς·
ἀμφοτέρων δ᾽ ἄρα νῶτα κεκυφότα πήχεος ὁλκῷ

twists and turns, and popped in a sudden one on the jaw beneath the ear; and Eurymedon being distressed fell on his back and rolled in the dust helpless, fainting, like a drunken man. He inclined his head to one side and spat out a foam of thickish blood. His brother Alcon slung him over his back and gloomily carried him out of the ring, stunned by the blow and unconscious, then quickly lifted the great Indian shield.

546 Next Dionysos called for a couple of competitors in wrestling, and announced the contest for this prize. He offered a tripod of twenty measures as prize for the winner, and brought out a cauldron with flower-ornaments reserved for the defeated man. Then he rose, and called out with announcing voice,

552 "This way, friends, for the next fine contest!"

553 He spoke, and at the summons of crownloving Dionysos, Aristaios first rose, then second Aiacos, one well schooled in the lore of strongarmed wrestling. The athletes came forward naked but for the body-belts that hid their unseen loins. They both began by grasping each the other's wrists, and wreathed this way and that way, and pulled each other in turn over the surface of the widespread dust, holding the arms in a close grip of the fingers. Between the two men it was like ebb and flow, man drawing man with evenly balanced pulls, dragging and dragged; for they hugged each other with both arms and bent the neck, and pressed head to head on the middle of the forehead, pushing steadily downwards. Sweat ran from their rubbed foreheads to show the hard struggle; the backs of both were bent by the pull

δίζυγι συμπλεκέος παλάμης ἐτρίβετο δεσμῷ·
σμῶδιξ δ' αὐτοτέλεστος ἀνδραμεν αἵματι θερμῷ,
αἰόλα πορφύρουσα· δέμας δ' ἐστίζετο φωτῶν.

Οἱ δὲ παλαισμοσύνης ἑτερότροπα μάγγανα τέχνης
ἀλλήλοις ἀνέφαινον ἀμοιβαδίς· ἀντίβιον δὲ
πρῶτος Ἀρισταῖος παλάμης πηχύνατο καφπῷ,
ἐκ χθονὸς ὀχλίζων· δολίης δ' οὐ λήθετο τέχνης
Αἰακὸς αἰολόμητις, ὑποκλέπτοντι δὲ ταρσῷ
λαιὸν Ἀρισταίοιο ποδὸς κώληπα πατάξας
ὕπτιον αὐτοκύλιστον ὅλον περικάββαλε γαίῃ,
ἠλιβάτῳ πρηῶνι πανείκελον· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ
τηλίκον αὐχήεντα βοώμενον υἱέα Φοίβου
ὄμμασι θαμβαλέοισιν ἐθηήσαντο πεσόντα.
δεύτερος ἠέρταζε μετάρσιον ὑψόθι γαίης
κουφίζων ἀμογητὶ πελώριον υἷα Κυρήνης
Αἰακός, ἐσσομένην ἀρετὴν τεκέεσσι φυλάσσων,
ἀκαμάτῳ Πηλῆι καὶ εὐρυβίῃ Τελαμῶνι,
ἀγκὰς ἔχων, οὐ νῶτον ἢ ὄρθιον αὐχένα κάμπτων,
πήχεσιν ἀμφοτέροισι μεσαίτατον ἄνδρα κομίζων,
ἶσον ἀμειβόντεσσιν ἔχων τύπον, οὓς κάμε τέκτων
πρηΰνων ἀνέμοιο θυελλήεσσαν ἀνάγκην.
καὶ πελάσας ὅλον ἄνδρα περιστρωθέντα κονίῃ
Αἰακὸς ἀντιπάλοιο μέσων ἐπεβήσατο νώτων
καὶ πόδα πεπταμένης διὰ γαστέρος ἐκταδὰ πέμπων,
καμπύλον ἀκροτάτῳ περὶ γούνατι δέσμα συνάπτων,
ταρσῷ ταρσὸν ἔρειδε παρὰ σφυρὸν ἄκρον ἑλίξας·
καὶ ταχὺς ἀντιβίου τετανυσμένος ὑψόθι νώτων,

[a] The genealogy is :

Endeïs = Aiacus = Psamathe

Peleus Telamon Phocos.

of the arms, and pressed hard by the two pairs of twined hands. Many a weal ran up of itself and made a purple pattern with the hot blood, until the fellows' bodies were marked with it.

576 So they showed each against the other all the various tricks of the wrestler's art. Then first Aristaios got his arms round his adversary and heaved him bodily from the ground. But Aiacos the crafty did not forget his cunning skill; with insinuating leg he gave a kick behind the left knee of Aristaios, and rolled him over bodily, helpless upon his back on the ground, for all the world like a falling cliff. The people round about all gazed with astonished eyes at the son of Phoibos, so grand, so proud, so famous, taking a fall! Next Aiacos without an effort lifted the gigantic son of Cyrene high above the ground, to be an example of valour for his future sons, Peleus the unwearying and Telamon the mighty[a]: he held the man in his arms, bending neither back nor upright neck, carrying the man with both arms by the middle, so that they were like a couple of cross-rafters which some carpenter has made to calm the stormy compulsion of the winds.[b] Aiacos threw down the man at full length in the dust, and got on his adversary's back as he lay, thrust both legs along under his belly and bent them in a close clasp just below the knees, pressing foot to foot, and encircling the ankles; quickly he stretched himself over his adversary's

[b] The picture in *Iliad* xxiii. 712, which Nonnos copies, is more exact: the two wrestlers stand on the ground, leaning against each other, like two rafters in a roof.

χεῖρας ἑὰς στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἀλλήλῃσιν ἑλίξας, 600
αὐχένι δεσμὸν ἔβαλλε βραχίονι, δάκτυλα κάμψας· 601
μυδαλέῳ δ' ἱδρῶτι χυτὴν ἔρρανε κονίην, 568
αὐχμηρῇ ψαμάθῳ διερὴν ῥαθάμιγγα καθαίρων, 569
μὴ διολισθήσειε περίπλοκος ἄμματι χειρῶν 570
θερμὴν τριβομένοιο κατ' αὐχένος ἱκμάδα πέμπων. 571
Τοῦ δὲ πιεζομένοιο συνέρρεον ὀξέι παλμῷ 602
κεκριμένοι κήρυκες, ὀπιπευτῆρες ἀγῶνος,
μή μιν ἀποκτείνειεν ὁμόζυγι πήχεος ὁλκῷ.
οὐ γὰρ ἔην τότε θεσμὸς ὁμοίιος, ὃν πάρος αὐτοὶ 603
ὀψίγονοι φράσσαντο, τιταινομένων ὅτε δεσμῶν
αὐχενίων πνικτῆρι πόνῳ βεβαρημένος ἀνὴρ
νίκην ἀντιπάλου μηστεύεται ἔμφρονι σιγῇ,
ἀνέρα νικήσαντα κατηφέι χειρὶ πατάξας.[1]
Καὶ τρίπον εἰκοσίμετρον ἐπηχύναντο λαβόντες 610
Μυρμιδόνες, θεράποντες ἀεθλοφόρου βασιλῆος·
Ἀκταίων δὲ λέβητα ταχίονι κούφισε ῥιπῇ,
δεύτερα πατρὸς ἄεθλα κατηφέι χειρὶ κομίζων.
Καὶ τότε Βάκχος ἔθηκε ποδῶν ταχυτῆτος ἀγῶνα·
πρώτῳ ἀεθλητῆρι τιθεὶς κειμήλια νίκης 615
ἀργύρεον κρητῆρα δορικτήτην τε γυναῖκα,
δευτέρῳ αἰολόδειρον ἐθήκατο Θεσσαλὸν ἵππον,
καὶ πυμάτῳ ξίφος ὀξὺ σὺν εὐτμήτῳ τελαμῶνι.
ὀρθωθεὶς δ' ἀγόρευε, ποδώκεας ἄνδρας ἐπείγων·
" Ἀνδράσιν ὠκυπόροισιν ἀέθλια ταῦτα γενέσθω." 620
Ὡς φαμένου
Δικταῖος ἐθήμονα γούνατα πάλλων . . .

[1] So MSS.: καθάφας Ludwich.

[a] From a wrestling bout this has suddenly become a pancration, " all-in " wrestling. In true πάλη only clear

back and wound his two hands over each other round the neck like a necklace, interlacing his fingers, and so made his arms a fetter for the neck. Sweat poured in streams and soaked the dust, but he wiped away the running drops with dry sand, that his adversary might not slip out of his encircling grip by the streams of hot moisture which he sent out of his squeezed neck.

602 As he lay in this tight embrace, the heralds came running up at full speed, men chosen to be overseers of the games, that the victor might not kill him with those strangling arms. For there was then no such law as in later days their successors invented, for the case when a man overwhelmed by the suffocating pain of a noose round the neck testifies the victory of his adversary with significant silence, by tapping the victor with submissive hand.[a]

610 Then the Myrmidons laid hands on the twenty-measure tripod as the servants of the victorious prince; and Actaion quickly lifted the cauldron, his father's second prize, and carried it away with sorrowful hand.

614 Then Bacchos set the contest of the footrace. For the first man he offered as treasures of victory a silver mixing-bowl and a woman captive of the spear; for the second he offered a Thessalian horse with dappled neck; for the last, a sharp sword with well-wrought sling-strap. He rose and made the announcement, calling for quickfoot runners:

620 "Let these be the prizes for men who can run!"

621 At these words, came Dictaian Ocythoös,[b]

falls counted (in which A throws B off his feet while still standing himself).

[b] The name inferred from what follows. A line has dropt out.

τῷ δ' ἐπὶ ποικιλόμητις ἀνέδραμεν ὠκὺς Ἐρεχθεύς,
Παλλάδι Νικαίῃ μεμελημένος, αὐτὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῷ
Πρίασος ὠκυπόδης, Κυβεληΐδος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης.
τοῖσι μὲν ἐκ βαλβῖδος ἔην δρόμος· Ὠκύθοος δὲ
πρῶτος ἀελλήεντι ποδῶν κουφίζετο παλμῷ,
ἰθυτενῆ προκέλευθον ἔχων δρόμον· ἐσσύμενος δὲ
δεύτερος ἀγχικέλευθος ὀπίστερος ἦεν Ἐρεχθεύς,
γείτονος Ὠκυθόοιο μετάφρενον ἄσθματι βάλλων,
καὶ κεφαλὴν θέρμαινε· φιληλακάτοιο δὲ κούρης
οἷα κανὼν στέρνοιο πέλει μέσος, ὃν τιν μέτρῳ
παρθένος ἱστοπόνος τεχνήμονι χειρὶ τανύσσῃ,
Ὠκυθόου πέλε τόσσον ὀπίστερος· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
ἴχνια τύπτε πόδεσσι, πάρος κόνιν ἀμφιχυθῆναι.
καί νύ κεν ἀμφήριστος ἔην δρόμος· ἀλλὰ πορείην
μιμηλὴν ἰσόμετρον ἰδὼν ἐτιταίνετο ταρσῷ
κουφοτέρῳ, καὶ φῶτα παρέδραμε μείζονι μέτρῳ,
ὁππόσον ἀνέρος ἶχνος· ὅθεν τρομέων περὶ νίκης
τοῖον ἔπος βοόων Βορέην ἱκέτευεν Ἐρεχθεύς·
" Γαμβρέ, τεῷ χραίσμησον Ἐρεχθέι καὶ σέο νύμφῃ,
εἰ μεθέπεις γλυκὺν οἶστρον ἐμῆς ἔτι παιδὸς Ἐρώτων·
δός μοι σῶν πτερύγων βάλιον δρόμον εἰς μίαν ὥρην,
Ὠκύθοον ταχύγουνον ἵνα προθέοντα παρέλθω."
Ὡς φαμένου Βορέης ἱκετήσιον ἔκλυε φωνήν,
καί μιν ἐυτροχάλοιο ταχίονα θῆκεν ἀέλλης.
τρεῖς μὲν ἐπερρώοντο ποδῶν ἀνεμώδεϊ παλμῷ,
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἴσα τάλαντα· καὶ ὁππόσον ὠκέι ταρσῷ
Ὠκυθόου προθέοντος ὀπίστερος ἦεν Ἐρεχθεύς,
τόσσον ἀελλήεντος Ἐρεχθέος ἔπλετο γείτων
Πρίασος αὐχήεις, Φρύγιον γένος. ἐσσυμένων δὲ
ὁππότε λοίσθιος ἦεν ἔτι δρόμος ἅλματι ταρσῶν,

wagging his experienced knees. Next ran up fleet Erechtheus, a man full of craft, and dear to Victorious Pallas; after him fleetfoot Priasos, one from the arable land of Cybele. Off they went from scratch. Ocythoös led, light as the stormwind on his feet, going straight ahead and keeping his lead. Close behind came Erechtheus second at full speed, with his breath beating on the back of Ocythoös close by, and warming his head with it: as near as the rod lies between the web and the breast of a girl who loves the shuttle, when she holds it at measured distance with skilful hand working at the loom, so much was he behind Ocythoös, and he trod in his footmarks on the ground before the dust could settle in them. Then it would have been a dead heat; but Ocythoös saw this rival running pace for pace with himself, so he made a spurt and ran past the fellow by a longer distance, as much as a man's pace. Then Erechtheus anxious for victory addressed a prayer to Boreas and cried out:

640 "Goodson, help your own Erechtheus and your own bride, if you still cherish a sweet passion for my girl, your sweetheart! Lend me the speed of your swift wings for one hour, that I may pass kneequick Ocythoös now in front!"

644 Boreas heard his supplicating voice, and made him swifter than the rapid gale. All three were moving their legs like the wind, but the balance was not equal for all: as far as Erechtheus was behind Ocythoös running before him with swift foot, so far behind, near stormswift Erechtheus, was Priasos the proud son of Phrygia. So they ran on, until just as the end of the race was coming for their bounding

Ὠκύθοος ταχύγουνος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίῃ,
ἦχι βοῶν πέλεν ὄνθος ἀθέσφατος, οὓς παρὰ τύμβῳ
Μυγδονίῃ Διόνυσος ἀπηλοίησε μαχαίρῃ·
ἀλλὰ παλιννόστοιο ποδὸς ταχυδινέι παλμῷ
Ὠκύθοος πεφόρητο μετάλμενος· ἐσσυμένως δὲ
ἀντιπάλου προθέοντος ἐπήλυδα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,
εἰ τότε βαιὸς ἔην ἔτι που δρόμος, ἦ τάχα βαίνων
ἦ πέλεν ἀμφήριστος ἢ ἔφθασεν ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης.
Καὶ κτέρας αἰολόνωτον
ἐκούφισεν ὠκὺς Ἐρεχθεύς,
Σιδόνιον κρητῆρα τετυγμένον· Ὠκύθοος δὲ
εἶρυσε Θεσσαλὸν ἵππον· ὁ δὲ τρίτος ἠρίμα βαίνων
Πρίασος ἆορ ἔδεκτο σὺν ἀργυρέῳ τελαμῶνι.
καὶ Σατύρων ἐγέλασσε χορὸς φιλοπαίγμονι θυμῷ,
παπταίνων Κορύβαντα χυτῇ ῥυπόωντα κονίῃ,
ὄνθον ἀποπτύοντα κατάρρυτον ἀνθερεῶνος.
Καὶ σόλον αὐτοχόωνον ἄγων ἐπέθηκεν ἀγῶνι
δισκοβόλους Διόνυσος ἀκοντιστῆρας ἐπείγων·
πρώτῳ μὲν δύο δοῦρα σὺν ἱπποκόμῳ τριφαλείῃ
θῆκεν ἄγων, ἑτέρῳ δὲ διαυγέα κυκλάδα μίτρην,
καὶ τριτάτῳ φιάλην, καὶ νεβρῖδα θῆκε τετάρτῳ,
ἣν χρυσέῃ κληῖδι Διὸς περονήσατο χαλκεύς.
ὀρθωθεὶς δ' ἀνὰ μέσσον ἐγερσινόῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
" Οὗτος ἀγὼν ἐπὶ δίσκον ἀεθλητῆρας ἐπείγει."
Ὡς φαμένου Βρομίοιο
σακέσπαλος ὦρτο Μελισσεύς,
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ δεύτερος ἦλθεν ἀερσιπόδης Ἀλιμήδης,
καὶ τρίτος Εὐρυμέδων καὶ τέτρατος ἦλυθεν Ἄκμων·
καὶ πίσυρες στοιχηδὸν ἐφέστασαν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ.

feet, kneeswift Ocythoös slipt in the dirt, where was an infinite heap of dung from those cattle which had been slaughtered by the Mygdonian knife of Dionysos beside the tomb. But he sprang backwards with a quick-whirling spring of his foot and jumped back again, then off he went—and he would have quickly passed the travelling step of his rival running in front if there had been even a little space to run: whereby he would either have made a dead heat by a spurt or he would have passed the Athenian.

660 Swift Erechtheus then lifted the Sidonian mixing-bowl, that treasure adorned with curious workmanship on the surface; Ocythoös took off the Thessalian horse; Priasos quietly walked in third, and received the sword with silver sling-strap. The company of Satyrs laughed in mocking spirit when they saw the Corybant smeared all over with dirt, and spitting out the dung that filled his throat.

667 Now Dionysos brought out a lump of crude ore and laid it before him, and summoned competitors to put the weight. For the first, he brought and offered two spears and a helmet with horsehair crest; for the second, a brilliant round body-girdle; for the third, a flat bowl; and for the fourth a fawnskin, which the craftsman of Zeus had fastened with a golden brooch. Then he rose, and made his announcement among them in a rousing tone:

674 "This contest calls for competitors with the weight!"

675 At these words of Bromios up rose shakeshield Melisseus; second after him came footlifting Halimedes, and third, Eurymedon, and fourth, Acmon. The four stood in a row side by side. Melisseus took

καὶ σόλον εὐδίνητον ἑλὼν ἔρριψε Μελισσεύς·
Σειληνοὶ δ' ἐγέλασσαν ὀλίζονα φωτὸς ἐρωήν.
δεύτερος Εὐρυμέδων παλάμην ἐπερείσατο δίσκῳ . . .
καὶ σόλον εὐδίνητον ἑλὼν νωμήτορι καρπῷ
βριθὺ βέλος προέηκε περίτροχον εὔλοφος Ἄκμων·
καὶ βέλος ἠερόφοιτον ἐπέτρεχε σύνδρομον αὔραις,
καὶ σκοπὸν Εὐρυμέδοντος ὑπέρβαλε μείζονι μέτρῳ
ὀξείῃ στροφάλιγγι· καὶ ὑψιπόδης Ἀλιμήδης
εἰς σκοπὸν ἠκόντιζεν ἐν ἠέρι δίσκον ἀλήτην·
καὶ σόλος ἠερίῃσιν ἐπερροίζησεν ἀέλλαις
ἐκ βριαρῆς παλάμης πεφορημένος, ὡς ἀπὸ τόξου
ἵπταται ἀσταθέεσσι βέλος δεδονημένον αὔραις
ὄρθιον· ἠερόθεν δὲ πεσὼν ἐκυλίνδετο γαίῃ
ἄλματι τηλεπόρῳ, πεφορημένος εἰσέτι παλμῷ
χειρὸς ἐυστρέπτοιο, φέρων αὐτόσσυτον ὁρμήν,
εἰσόκε σήματα πάντα παρέδραμεν· ἀγρόμενοι δὲ
πάντες ἐπεσμαράγησαν ὀπιπευτῆρες ἀγῶνος,
ἀλλομένου δίσκοιο τεθηπότες ἄστατον ὁρμήν.

Καὶ δονέων δύο δοῦρα σὺν ὑψιλόφῳ τρυφαλείῃ
διπλόα δῶρα κόμιζεν ἀγηνορέων Ἀλιμήδης·
Ἄκμων δ' εἰλιπόδης χρυσαυγέα κούφισε μίτρην·
καὶ τρίτος Εὐρυμέδων φιάλην ἀπύρωτον ἀείρας
ἀμφίθετον κτέρας εἶλε· κατηφιόων δὲ προσώπῳ
νεβρίδα ποικιλόνωτον ἀνηέρταζε Μελισσεύς.

Καὶ προμάχοις Διόνυσος ἀέθλια θήκατο τόξου,
εὐστοχίης ἀνάθημα· καὶ ἑπταέτηρον ἐρύσσας
ἠμίονον ταλαεργὸν ἐνεστήριξεν ἀγῶνι,
καὶ δέπας εὐποίητον ἀέθλιον ἵστατο νίκης
ἀνδρὶ χερειοτέρῳ πεφυλαγμένον. Εὐρύαλος δὲ
νήιον ὀρθώσας περιμήκετον ἱστὸν ἀρούρῃ
στῆσεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδου ψαμαθώδεος, ὑψιφανῆ δὲ

the lump, swung it well and threw: the Seilenoi laughed loudly at the fellow's miserable throw! Second, Eurymedon rested his hand on the weight [and threw it farther]. Then highcrested Acmon took the lump, swung it well with experienced wrist, and cast the heavy missile hurtling through the air; the missile travelled through the air like the wind, and passed Eurymedon's mark by a longer measure, whirling swiftly. Then Halimedes, towering high on his feet, sent the weight travelling through the air to the mark: the mass whistled amid the stormwinds in the sky when hurled by that strong hand—for it flew like an arrow straight from a bow, twirled by unstable breezes; down from the sky to the earth it fell after its long leap, and rolled along the ground still under the impulse of the accomplished hand, moving of itself, until it had passed all the marks. The spectators of the contest crowded and cheered all together, amazed at the unchecked movement of the weight bounding along.

697 Halimedes proudly received the double prize, and went off with the highplumed helmet shaking the pair of spears. Acmon came shuffling up and lifted the body-belt shining with gold; third Eurymedon took up his treasure, the brand-new bowl with two handles; Melisseus with downcast countenance lifted the dappled fawnskin.

703 Now Dionysos put prizes ready for champions of the bow, the offering for good archery. He led out for the contest a hardy sevenyear mule, and made it stand before the company; and laid down a well-finished goblet as prize of victory to be kept for the less competent man. Then Euryalos planted a ship's tall mast in the ground, upright above the

δέσμιον ἠώρησε πελειάδα σύμπλοκον ἱστῷ,
λεπταλέον δισσοῖσι μίτον περὶ ποσσὶν ἑλίξας.
καὶ θεὸς ἀγρομένοις ἐναγώνιον ἴαχε φωνήν,
εἰς σκοπὸν ἠερόφοιτον ὀιστευτῆρας ἐπείγων·
"Ὃς μὲν ὀιστεύσειε πελειάδος ἄκρα τορήσας,
ἡμίονον φερέτω πολυαλφέα, μάρτυρα νίκης·
ὃς δὲ παραπλάζοιτο πελειάδος εἰς σκοπὸν ἕλκων,
ὄρνιν ἐυγλώχινι λιπὼν ἀχάρακτον ὀιστῷ,
ἄκρα δὲ μηρίνθοιο βαλὼν πτερόεντι βελέμνῳ,
ἥσσονα τοξεύσειε καὶ ἥσσονα δῶρα δεχέσθω·
ἀντὶ γὰρ ἡμιόνου δέπας οἴσεται, ὄφρά κε Φοίβῳ
τοξοφόρῳ σπείσειε καὶ οἰνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ."
Τοῖον ἔπος βοόωντος ἐχεκτεάνοιο Λυαίου
εὐχαίτης Ὑμέναιος ἑκηβόλος εἰς μέσον ἔστη . . .
εἰς σκοπὸν ἰθυκέλευθον ἄγων ἀντώπιον ἱστοῦ,
Κνώσσια τόξα φέρων τετανυσμένα κυκλάδι νευρῇ,
Ἀστέριος προέηκε βέλος κλήροιο τυχήσας,
καὶ τύχε μηρίνθοιο· δαϊζομένης δὲ βελέμνῳ
ἠερίη πεφόρητο μετάρσιος ὄρνις ἀλήμων·
καὶ μίτος εἰς χθόνα πῖπτε.
δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
ὄμμα φέρων ἑλικηδόν, ὑπὲρ νεφέων δὲ δοκεύων
τοξευτὴρ Ὑμέναιος ἑτοιμοτάτης ἀπὸ νευρῆς
εἰς σκοπὸν ἠερόφοιτον ὑπηνέμιον βέλος ἕλκων
ὀξύτερον προέηκε, πελειάδος ἄντα τιταίνων·
καὶ πτερόεις πεπότητο δι' ἠέρος ἰὸς ἀλήτης
ἀκροφανής, μέσα νῶτα παραξύων νεφελάων,
συρίζων ἀνέμοισι· βέλος δ' ἴθυνεν Ἀπόλλων
πιστὰ φέρων δυσέρωτι κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ·
ἱπταμένης δ' ἐτύχησε πελειάδος, ἐσσυμένης δὲ
στήθεος ἄκρον ἔτυψε· βαρυνομένου δὲ καρήνου
ὄρνις ἀελλήεσσα δι' ἠέρος ἔμπεσε γαίῃ·

sandy soil, and fastened a wild pigeon by a string to the top of the mast, winding a light cord about the two feet. The god called to all those assembled for the games, inviting any to shoot at the flying mark :

714 " Whoever shall pierce the skin of the pigeon, let him receive this valuable mule as witness to his victory : whoever shall draw at the mark and miss the pigeon, leaving the bird unwounded by the barbed arrow, but shall touch the string with his feathered shaft, he will be a worse shot and he shall receive a worse prize ; for instead of the mule he shall carry off the goblet, that he may pour a libation to Archer Apollo and Winegod Dionysos."

722 Such was the proclamation of wealthy Lyaios. Then Hymenaios the longshot, with his flowing hair, came forward [and after him Asterios. The lot fell to Asterios ;] and he taking aim straight at the mast in front of him, with his Cnossian bow and the string pulled back from it, let fly the first shot, and hit the string. When the shaft cut the string, the bird flew away up into the sky and the cord fell to the ground. Archer Hymenaios followed round the bird's high course with his eye and watched for him over the clouds ; he had his bowstring quite ready, and let fly a swift shot through the air at his highflying mark, aiming at the pigeon. The winged arrow sped travelling through the air visible on high, grazing the surface of the cloud in the middle, whistling at the winds. Apollo held the shot straight, keeping faith with his lovesick brother Dionysos ; the point hit the flying pigeon and struck it upon the breast as it sped, and the bird fell through the air quick as the wind to the earth, with heavy head, and half-dead

ἡμιθανὴς δὲ πέλεια περὶ πτερὰ πάλλε κονίῃ,
ποσσὶ περισκαίρουσα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου.
Καὶ θεὸς ἠβητῆρος ἀναθρῴσκων ἐπὶ νίκῃ
χεῖρας ἐπεπλατάγησεν ἐπικλάγξας Ὑμεναίῳ·
ξυνοὶ δ' εἰν ἑνὶ πάντες, ὅσοι παρέμιμνον ἀγῶνι,
ἀγχινεφῆ θάμβησαν ἐκηβολίην Ὑμεναίου.
καὶ γελόων Διόνυσος ἑαῖς παλάμῃσιν ἐρύσσας
ἡμίονον πόρε δῶρον ὀφειλομένην Ὑμεναίῳ·
καὶ γέρας Ἀστερίοιο δέπας κούφιζον ἑταῖροι.
Καὶ φιλίην ἐπὶ δῆριν ἀκοντιστῆρας ἐπείγων
Ἰνδικὰ Βάκχος ἄεθλα φέρων παρέθηκεν ἀγῶνι,
διχθαδίην κνημῖδα καὶ Ἰνδῴης λίθον ἅλμης.
ὀρθωθεὶς δ' ἀγόρευε, δύω δ' ἐκέλευσε μαχηταῖς,
ὄφρα μόθῳ παίζοντι καὶ οὐ κτείνοντι σιδήρῳ
μιμηλὴν τελέσωσιν ἀναίμονος εἰκόνα χάρμης·
" Οὗτος ἀγὼν δύο φῶτας ἀκοντιστῆρας ἐγείρων
μείλιχον οἶδεν Ἄρηα καὶ εὐδιόωσαν Ἐνυώ."
Ὡς φαμένου Βρομίοιο σιδήρεα τεύχεα πάλλων
Ἀστέριος κεκόρυστο, καὶ Λίακὸς εἰς μέσον ἔστη
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχων, πολυδαίδαλον ἀσπίδα πάλλων,
οἷα λέων ἄγραυλος ἐπαΐσσων τινὶ ταύρῳ
ἢ συΐ λαχνήεντι· σιδηρείῳ δὲ χιτῶνι
εἰς μέσον ἐρρώοντο καλυψάμενοι δέμας ἄμφω
Ἄρεος αἰχμητῆρες· ὁ μὲν δόρυ θοῦρον ἰάλλων
Ἀστέριος, Μίνωος ἔχων πατρώιον ἀλκήν,
οὔτασε δεξιτεροῖο βραχίονος ἄκρον ἀμύξας·
ὃς δὲ κατ' ἀσφαράγοιο σιδήρεον ἔγχος ἀείρων
Λίακός, ὑψιμέδοντος ἑοῦ Διὸς ἄξια ῥέζων,
νύξαι μὲν μενέαινε μεσαίτατον ἀνθερεῶνα·
ἀλλά ἑ Βάκχος ἔρυκε καὶ ἤρπασε φοίνιον αἰχμήν,

the pigeon beat about with its wings in the dust, fluttering about the feet of Dionysos weaver of dances.

743 Then the god leapt up on the young man's victory, and clapt his hands to applaud Hymenaios; and the company one and all who were present at the contest were astonished at the long shot of Hymenaios near the clouds. Dionysos laughing led forward with his own hands the mule which was due as a prize to Hymenaios, and gave it to him; and the comrades of Asterios lifted his prize, the goblet.

750 Now Bacchos invited those present to a friendly match at casting the javelin, and brought forward Indian prizes, a pair of greaves, and a stone from the Indian sea. He rose and made his announcement, and called for two warriors, bidding them show a fictitious image of bloodless battle, with not-killing steel in sport:

756 "This contest summons two javelin-men, and knows only Ares gentle and Enyo tranquil."

758 So spoke Bromios, and Asterios came up armed, shaking his weapons of steel; and Aiacos stept forward, holding a bronze spear and shaking a shield gorgeously adorned, like a lion in the country charging a bull or a shaggy boar. Both these spearmen of Ares marched forward covered with steel corselets. Asterios cast a furious spear with the vigour of Minos his father, and he wounded the right arm grazing the skin. Aiacos, doing a deed worthy of his father Zeus Lord in the highest, aimed his iron spear at the gullet and tried to pierce the throat right in the middle; but Bacchos checked him and caught the deadly blade, that he might not strike

αὐχένα μὴ πλήξειεν ἀκοντιστῆρι σιδήρῳ·
ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἀνέκοψε καὶ ἴαχε θυιάδι φωνῇ·
" Ῥάψατε τεύχεα ταῦτα φίλην στήσαντες Ἐνυώ·
ἄρθμιος οὗτος Ἄρης, καὶ ἀνούτατοί εἰσιν ἀγῶνες."
Ἔννεπεν· ἐγρεμόθου δὲ λαβὼν πρεσβήια νίκης
Αἰακὸς αὐχήεις χρυσέας κνημῖδας ἀείρων
δῶκεν ἑῷ θεράποντι· καὶ ὕστερα δῶρα κομίζων
Ἀστέριος κούφιζε δορικτήτην λίθον Ἰνδῶν.

the neck with the cast spear. Then he made them both stop, and called out with wild voice—

773 "Drop those spears! Yours was a friendly battle. This is a peaceful war, a contest without wounds."

775 So he spoke. Aiacos proudly received the prize of battlestirring victory, and took the golden greaves, which he handed over to his servant. Asterios carried off the second prize, the Indian stone taken by force of arms.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΟΓΔΟΟΝ

Ἦχι τριηκοστὸν πέλεν ὄγδοον, αἴθοπι δαλῷ
δειλαίου Φαέθοντος ἔχεις μόρον ἡνιοχῆος.

Λῦτο δ' ἀγών· λαοὶ δὲ μετήιον ἔνδια λόχμης,
καὶ σφετέραις κλισίῃσιν ὁμίλεον· ἀγρονόμοι δὲ
Πᾶνες ἐναυλίζοντο χαραδραίοισι μελάθροις,
αὐτοπαγῆ ναίοντες ἐρημάδος ἄντρα λεαίνης
ἐσπέριοι· Σάτυροι δὲ δεδυκότες εἰς σπέος ἄρκτου
θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι καὶ οὐ τμητῆρι σιδήρῳ
πετραίην ἐλάχειαν ἐκοιλαίνοντο χαμεύνην,
εἰσόκεν ὄρθρος ἔλαμψε σελασφόρος, ἀρτιφανὲς δὲ
ἀμφοτέροις ἀνέτελλε γαληναίης φάος Ἠοῦς,
Ἰνδοῖς καὶ Σατύροισιν· ἐπεὶ τότε κυκλάδι νύσσῃ
Μυγδονίου πολέμοιο καὶ Ἰνδῴοιο κυδοιμοῦ
ἀμβολίην ἐτάνυσσεν ἕλιξ χρόνος· οὐδέ τις αὐτοῖς
οὐ φόνος, οὐ τότε δῆρις· ἔκειτο δὲ τηλόθι χάρμης
Βακχιὰς ἐξαέτηρος ἀραχνιόωσα βοείη.

Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολέμων ἔτος ἕβδομον ἤγαγον Ὧραι,
οὐράνιον τότε σῆμα προάγγελον οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ
φαίνετο, θάμβος ἄπιστον· ἐπεὶ ζόφος ἤματι μέσσῳ
ἀπροϊδὴς τετάνυστο, κελαινιόωντι δὲ πέπλῳ

BOOK XXXVIII

When the thirty-eighth takes its turn, you have the fate of unhappy Phaëthon in the chariot, with a blazing brand.

The games were over. The people retired into the recesses of the forest, and entered their huts. The rustic Pans housed themselves under shelter in the ravines, for they occupied at evening time the natural caverns of a lioness in the wilds. The Satyrs dived into a bear's cave, and hollowed their little bed in the rock with sharp finger-nails in place of cutting steel; until the lightbringing morning shone, and the brightness of Dawn newly risen showed itself peacefully to both Indians and Satyrs. For then Time rolling in his ambit prolonged the truce of combat and strife between Indians and Mygdonians; there was no carnage among them then, no conflict, and the shield which Bacchos had borne for six years lay far from the battle covered with spiders' webs.[a]

15 But as soon as the Seasons brought the seventh year of warfare, a foreboding sign was shown to wine-faced Bacchos in the sky, an incredible wonder. For at midday, a sudden darkness was spread abroad,

[a] From Bacchylides, frag. 3 (Jebb), 6-7. Nonnos means there was perfect peace.

κρυπτόμενον Φαέθοντα μεσημβριὰς εἶχεν ὁμίχλη,
κλεπτομένης δ' ἀκτῖνος ἐπεσκιόωντο κολῶναι·
καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατήριπε πυρσὸς ἀλήτης,
ἅρματος οὐρανίοιο κατάρρυτος· ἄκρα δὲ γαίης
μυρίος ἔκλυσεν ὄμβρος, ἐκυμαίνοντο δὲ πέτραι
ἠερίαις λιβάδεσσιν, ἕως μόγις ὑψόθι δίφρου
ὑψιφανὴς ἀνέτελλε πάλιν πυρόεις Ὑπερίων.

Βάκχῳ δ' ἀσχαλόωντι δι' ἠέρος αἴσιος ἔπτη
αἰετὸς ὑψικέλευθος, ὄφιν κερόεντα κομίζων
θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσιν· ὁ δὲ θρασὺν αὐχένα κάμπτων
κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησεν Ὑδάσπῃ.
καὶ τρομερὴ νήριθμον ὅλον στρατὸν εἶχε σιωπή·
Ἴδμων δ' αἰολόμητις, ἐπεὶ μάθεν ὄργια Μούσης
Οὐρανίης εὐκυκλον ἐπισταμένης ἴτυν ἄστρων,
ἄτρομος ἵστατο μοῦνος, ἐπεὶ μάθεν ἴδμονι τέχνῃ
συμπλεκέος Φαέθοντι κατάσκια κύκλα Σελήνης,
καὶ φλόγα πορφύρουσαν ὑπὸ ζοφοειδέι κώνῳ
κλεπτομένου Φαέθοντος ἀθηήτοιο πορείης,
καὶ πάταγον βρονταῖον ἀρασσομένων νεφελάων,
αἰθέριον μύκημα, καὶ ἀστράπτοντα κομήτην,
καὶ δοκίδων ἀκτῖνα, καὶ ἔμπυρον ἅλμα κεραυνοῦ.
τοῖα παρ' Οὐρανίης δεδαημένος ἔργα θεαίνης
ἵστατο θαρσήεσσαν ἔχων φρένα· γυῖα δ' ἑκάστου
λύετο· μαντιπόλος δὲ γέρων γελόωντι προσώπῳ
Ἴδμων ἐμπεδόμυθον ἔχων ἐπὶ χείλεσι πειθὼ
λαὸν ὅλον θάρσυνεν, ὅτι χρονίοιο κυδοιμοῦ
ἐσσομένην μετὰ βαιὸν ἐπίστατο γείτονα νίκην.

Καὶ Φρύγιον πολύιδριν ἀνείρετο μάντιν Ἐρεχθεύς,

---

[a] Nonnos seems to think that a solar eclipse causes meteors.

and a midday obscurity covered Phaëthon with its black pall, and the hills were overshadowed as his beams were stolen away. Many a stray brand fell here and there scattered from the heavenly car [a]; thousands of rainshowers deluged the surface of the earth, the rocks were flooded by drops from the sky, until fiery Hyperion rose again shining high on his chariot after his hard struggle.

26 Then a happy omen was seen by impatient Bacchos, an eagle flying high through the air, holding a horned snake in his sharp talons. The snake twisted his bold neck, and slipt away of itself diving into the river Hydaspes. Trembling silence held all that innumerable host. Idmon alone stood untrembling, Idmon the treasury of learned lore, for he had been taught the secrets of Urania, the Muse who knows the round circuit of the stars: he had been taught by his learned art [b] the shades on the Moon's orb when in union with the Sun, and the ruddy flame of Phaëthon stolen out of sight from his course behind the cone of darkness, and the clap of thunder, the heavenly bellow of the bursting clouds, and the shining comet, and the flame of meteors,[c] and the fiery leap of the thunderbolt. Having been taught all these doings by Urania the goddess he stood with dauntless heart, while the limbs of every man were loosened. But Idmon that ancient seer encouraged all the host, with laughing countenance, and words of confident persuasion upon his lips: "I know," he said, "that victory is near, and soon it will end this long struggle."

46 Erechtheus also inquired of the accomplisht Phry-

[b] Idmon means learned.

[c] δοκίς, a small beam of wood, was used for a long narrow meteor.

σύμβολα παπταίνων ὑπάτου Διός, εἰ πέλε χάρμης
αἴσια δυσμενέεσσιν ἢ Ἰνδοφόνῳ Διονύσῳ,
οὐ τόσον ὑσμίνης ποθέων τέλος, ὅσσον ἀκοῦσαι
μυστιπόλοις ὀάροισι μεμηλότα μῦθον Ὀλύμπου,
καὶ στίχας ἀστραίων ἑλίκων καὶ κυκλάδα μήνην,
καὶ δύσιν ἠματίην Φαεθοντίδος ἄμμορον αἴγλης
κλεπτομένης. αἰεὶ δὲ θεορρήτων περὶ μύθων
Ἀτθίδος ἀρχαίης φιλοπευθέες εἰσὶ πολῖται.

Οὐδὲ γέρων ἀμέλησε θεοπρόπος, ἀλλὰ Λυαίου
σείων Εὔια θύρσα καὶ οὐ Παιονηίδα δάφνην
τοῖον ἔπος μαντῷον ἀνήριγεν ἀνθερεῶνος·

" Εἰσαΐειν ἐθέλεις φρενοθελγέα μῦθον, Ἐρεχθεῦ,
ὃν μοῦνοι δεδάασι θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου;
λέξω δ', ὡς με δίδαξεν ἐμὸς δαφναῖος Ἀπόλλων.
μὴ στεροπὴν τρομέοις, μὴ δείδιθι πυρσὸν ἀλήτην,
μὴ δρόμον Ἠελίου ζοφοειδέα, μηδὲ Λυαίου
νίκης ἐσσομένης πρωτάγγελον ὄρνιν Ὀλύμπου·
ὡς ὅ γε θηγαλέων ὀνύχων κεχαραγμένος αἰχμαῖς,
ἅρπαγος οἰωνοῖο πεπαρμένος ὀξέι ταρσῷ,
εἰς προχοὰς ποταμοῖο δράκων ὤλισθε κεράστης,
καὶ νέκυν ἑρπηστῆρα γέρων ἔκρυψεν Ὑδάσπης,
οὕτω Δηριάδην πατρώιον οἶδμα καλύψει
εἴκελον εἶδος ἔχοντα βοοκραίρῳ γενετῆρι."

Τοῖα γέρων ἀγόρευε θεηγόρος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μύθῳ
μαντιπόλῳ γήθησεν ὅλος στρατός· ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων
θαύματι χάρμα κέρασσεν ἀμήτορος ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης,
τοῖος ἐὼν γλυκερῇσιν ἐπ' ἐλπίσιν, ὡς ἐνὶ μέσσῳ
κωμάζων Μαραθῶνι μετ' Ἄρεα Δηριαδῆος.
Καὶ τότε μουνωθέντι φιλοσκοπέλῳ Διονύσῳ

[a] Is this a reminiscence of St. Paul's words on the

gian prophet, when he saw the portents of Highest Zeus, whether they were favourable to the enemy or to Indian-slaying Dionysos. He did not so much wish for the end of the conflict, but rather to hear the message from Olympos, the theme of mystical tales, and the orders of circling stars, and the round moon, and the sunset at midday which has no light of Phaëthon because this is stolen away. Always the citizens of ancient Athens are ready to hear discourses concerning the gods.[a]

55 Nor was the old seer neglectful; but shaking his Euian thyrsus instead of the Panopeian laurel,[b] he uttered these words of interpretation with his mouth:

58 "Do you wish, Erechtheus, to hear the heart-consoling tale which only the gods know who dwell in Olympos? Well, I will speak, as my laurelled Apollo has taught me. Tremble not at the lightning, fear not the travelling brand, nor the darkened course of Helios, nor the bird of Olympos, first harbinger of Lyaios's victory to come; as that horned snake, torn by the sharp pointed claws of the robber bird and pierced by its talons, slipt into the waters of the river, and old Hydaspes swallowed the reptile corpse, so Deriades shall be swallowed in the flood of his father's stream under the likeness of his bullhorned sire."

70 Thus spoke the old prophet; and at the diviner's words all the host was glad, but beyond others the citizen of unmothered Athene mingled gladness with wonder, as full of joy in his sweet hopes as if he were triumphing in Marathon itself after the war with Deriades.

75 And now to Dionysos, alone among the rocks

Areopagus, Acts xvii. 22 *ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, κατὰ πάντα ὡς δεισιδαιμονεστέρους ὑμᾶς θεωρῶ?*

[b] Delphian: Panopeus was near Delphi.

σύγγονος οὐρανόθεν Διὸς ἄγγελος ἦλυθεν Ἑρμῆς,
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπε παρηγορέων ἐπὶ νίκῃ·
"Μὴ τρομέοις τόδε σῆμα,
καὶ εἰ πέλεν ἠματίη νίξ·
τοῦτό σοι, ἄτρομε Βάκχε, πατὴρ ἀνέφηνε Κρονίων
νίκης Ἰνδοφόνοιο προάγγελον· ἠελίῳ γὰρ
δεύτερον ἀστράπτοντι φεραυγέα Βάκχον εἴσκω,
καὶ θρασὺν ὀρφναίῃ μελανόχροον Ἰνδὸν ὁμίχλῃ·
αἰθέρι γὰρ τύπος οὗτος ὁμοίως· εὐφαέος δὲ
ὡς ζόφος ἠμάλδυνε καλυπτομένης φάος ἠοῦς,
καὶ πάλιν ἀντέλλων πυριφεγγέος ὑψόθι δίφρου
Ἥλιος ζοφόεσσαν ἀπηκόντιζεν ὁμίχλην,
οὕτω σῶν βλεφάρων μάλα τηλόθι καὶ σὺ τινάξας
Ταρταρίης ζοφόεσσαν Ἐριννύος ἄσκοπον ἀχλὺν
ἀστράψεις κατ' Ἄρηα τὸ δεύτερον ὡς Ὑπερίων.
τηλίκον οὔ ποτε θαῦμα γέρων τροφὸς[1] ἤγαγεν Αἰών,
ἐξ ὅτε δαιμονίοιο πυρὸς βεβολημένος ἀτμῷ
κύμβαχος Ἠελίοιο φεραυγέος ἔκπεσε δίφρου
ἡμιδαὴς Φαέθων, ποταμῷ δ' ἐκρύπτετο Κελτῷ·
καὶ θρασὺν ἠβητῆρα παρ' ὀφρύσιν Ἡριδανοῖο
Ἡλιάδες κινυροῖσιν ἔτι στενάχουσι πετήλοις."
Ὣς φαμένου Διόνυσος ἐγήθεεν ἐλπίδι νίκης·
Ἑρμείαν δ' ἐρέεινε, καὶ ἤθελε μᾶλλον ἀκοῦσαι
Κελτοῖς Ἐσπερίοισι μεμηλότα μῦθον Ὀλύμπου,
πῶς Φαέθων κεκύλιστο δι' αἰθέρος, ἢ πόθεν αὐταὶ
Ἡλιάδες παρὰ χεῦμα γοήμονος Ἡριδανοῖο
εἰς φυτὸν ἠμείβοντο, καὶ εὐπετάλων ἀπὸ δένδρων
δάκρυα μαρμαίροντα κατασταλάουσι ῥείθροις.
Καί οἱ ἀνειρομένῳ
πετάσας στόμα μείλιχος Ἑρμῆς
θέσκελον ἐρροίβδησεν ἔπος φιλοπευθέι Βάκχῳ·

[1] So mss.: χρόνος Ludwich.

which he loved, came Hermes his brother from heaven as messenger of Zeus, and spoke assuring him of victory:

78 "Tremble not at this sign, even though night came at midday. This sign, fearless Bacchos, your father Cronion has shown you to foretell your victory in the Indian War. For I liken Bacchos the light-bringer to the sun shining again, and the bold black Indian to the thick darkness. That is what is meant by the picture in the sky. For as the darkness blotted out and covered the light of shining day, and then Helios rose again in his fireshining chariot and dispersed the gross darkness, so you also shall shake from your eyes far far away the darksome sightless gloom of the Tartarian Fury, and blaze again on the battlefield like Hyperion. So great a marvel ancient eternal Time our foster-father has never brought, since Phaëthon, struck by the steam of fire divine, fell tumbling half-burnt from Helios's lightbearing chariot, and was swallowed up in the Celtic river; and the daughters of Helios are still on the banks of Eridanos, lamenting the audacious youth with their whimpering leaves."

96 At these words, Dionysos rejoiced in hope of victory; then he questioned Hermes and wished to hear more of the Olympian tale which the Celts of the west know well: how Phaëthon tumbled over and over through the air, and why even the daughters of Helios were changed into trees beside the moaning Eridanos, and from their leafy trees drop sparkling tears into the stream.

103 In answer, friendly Hermes opened his mouth and noised out his inspired tale to Bacchos eagerly listening:

" Ἀνδρομέου, Διόνυσε, βίου τερψίμβροτε ποιμήν,
εἴ σε παλαιγενέων ἐπέων γλυκὺς οἶστρος ἐπείγει,
μῦθον ὅλον Φαέθοντος ἐγὼ στοιχηδὸν ἐνίψω.
Ὠκεανὸς κελάδων, μιτρούμενος ἄντυγι κόσμου,
ἰκμαλέην περὶ νύσσαν ἄγων γαιήοχον ὕδωρ,
Τηθύος ἀρχεγόνοισιν ὁμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις
νυμφίος ὑδατόεις Κλυμένην τέκεν, ἣν ποτε Τηθὺς
κρείσσονα Νηιάδων διερῷ μαιώσατο μαζῷ,
παρθένον ὁπλοτέρην εὐώλενον, ἧς ἐπὶ μορφῇ
Ἠέλιος λυκάβαντα δυωδεκάμηνον ἑλίσσων,
αἰθέρος ἑπτάζωνον ἴτυν στεφανηδὸν ὁδεύων,
κάμνε πυρὸς ταμίης ἑτέρῳ πυρί· καὶ φλόγα δίφρων
καὶ σέλας ἀκτίνων ἐβιήσατο πυρσὸς Ἐρώτων,
ὁππότε φοινίσσοντος ὑπὲρ κέρας Ὠκεανοῖο,
ἔμπυρον Ἠῴοισιν ἐὸν δέμας ὕδασι λούων,
παρθένον ἀγχικέλευθον ἐσέδρακεν, ὁππότε γυμνὴ
νήχετο πατρῴοισιν ἐπισκαίρουσα ῥεέθροις,
λουομένη δ' ἤστραπτεν· ἔην δέ τις, ὡς ὅτε διοσῆς
μαρμαρυγὴν τροχόεσσαν ἀναπλήσασα κεραίης
ἑσπερίη σελάγιζε δι' ὕδατος ὄμπνια Μήνη.
ἡμιφανὴς δ' ἀπέδιλος ἐν ὕδασιν ἵστατο κούρη,
Ἥλιον ῥοδέῃσιν ὀιστεύουσα παρειαῖς·
καὶ προχοαῖς κεχάρακτο τύπος χροός· οὐ τότε μίτρη
κούρης στέρνα κάλυπτε, καταυγάζουσα δὲ λίμνην
ἀργυφέων εὐκυκλος ἴτυς φοινίσσετο μαζῶν.
Αἰθερίῳ δ' ἐλατῆρι πατὴρ ἐζεύξατο κούρην·
καὶ Κλυμένης ὑμέναιον ἀνέκλαγον εὔποδες Ὧραι

---

[a] For the literary history of Phaëthon from Alexandrian times on, see G. Knaack, *Quaestiones Phaëthonteae*, Berlin 1886.

[b] The Zodiac (because all the planets move within it). The Greeks called the seven heavenly bodies planets: these

105 " Dionysos, joy of mankind, shepherd of human life ! If sweet desire constrains you to hear these ancient stories, I will tell you the whole tale of Phaëthon from beginning to end.[a]

108 " Loudbooming Oceanos, girdled with the circle of the sky, who leads his water earth-encompassing round the turning point which he bathes, was joined in primeval wedlock with Tethys. The watery bridegroom begat Clymene, fairest of the Naiads, whom Tethys nursed on her wet breast, her youngest, a maiden with lovely arms. For her beauty Helios pined, Helios who spins round the twelvemonth lichtgang, and travels the sevenzone circuit [b] garland-wise —Helios dispenser of fire was afflicted with another fire ! The torch of love was stronger than the blaze of his car and the shining of his rays, when over the bend of the reddened Ocean as he bathed his fiery form in the eastern waters, he beheld the maiden close by the way, while she swam naked and sported in her father's waves. Her body gleamed in her bath, she was one like the full Moon reflected in the evening waters, when she has filled the compass of her twin horns with light. Half-seen, unshod, the girl stood in the waves shooting the rosy shafts from her cheeks at Helios; her shape was outlined in the waters, no stomacher hid her maiden bosom, but the glowing circle of her round silvery breasts illuminated the stream.

130 " Her father united the girl to the heavenly charioteer. The lightfoot Seasons acclaimed Cly-

were the real planets, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and also the sun and moon. Thus the Zodiac is called sevenzoned. Note that they did not regard the Earth as a planet, and did not know the planets Uranus and Neptune, † Pluto.

καὶ γάμον Ἠελίοιο φαεσφόρον· ἀμφὶ δὲ Νύμφαι
Νηίδες ὠρχήσαντο· παρ' ὑδατόεντι δὲ παστῷ
εὔλοχος ἀστράπτοιτι γάμῳ νυμφεύετο κούρη,
καὶ ψυχροῖς μελέεσσιν ἐδέξατο θερμὸν ἀκοίτην.
ἀστραίης δὲ φάλαγγος ἔην θαλαμηπόλος αἴγλη,
καὶ μέλος εἰς Ὑμέναιον ἀνέπλεκε Κύπριδος ἀστήρ,
συζυγίης προκέλευθος Ἑωσφόρος· ἀντὶ δὲ πεύκης
νυμφιδίην ἀκτῖνα γαμοστόλον εἶχε Σελήνη·
Ἑσπερίδες δ' ἀλάλαζον· ἐῇ δ' ἅμα Τηθύι νύμφῃ
Ὠκεανὸς κελάδησε μέλος πολυπίδακι λαιμῷ.

Καὶ Κλυμένης γονόεντι γάμῳ κυμαίνετο γαστήρ·
καὶ βρέφος ὠδίνουσα πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο
γείνατο θέσκελον υἷα φαεσφόρον. ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρῳ
τικτομένῳ κελάδησε μέλος πατρώιος αἰθήρ·
Ὠκεανοῦ δὲ θύγατρες ἀποθρῴσκοντα λοχείης
υἱέα παππώοισιν ἐφαιδρύναντο λοετροῖς·
σπάργανα δ' ἀμφεβάλοντο·

καὶ ἀστέρες αἴθοπι παλμῷ
εἰς ῥόον ἀίσσοντες ἐθήμονος Ὠκεανοῖο
κοῦρον ἐκυκλώσαντο, καὶ Εἰλείθυια Σελήνη
μαρμαρυγὴν πέμπουσα σελασφόρον· Ἥλιος δὲ
υἱέι δῶκεν ἔχειν ἑὸν οὔνομα μάρτυρι μορφῇ
ἄρμενον· ἠιθέου γὰρ ἐπ' ἀστράπτοντι προσώπῳ
Ἠελίου γενετῆρος ἐπέπρεπε σύγγονος αἴγλη.

Πολλάκι παιδοκόμοισιν ἐν ἤθεσιν ἄβρὸν ἀθύρων
Ὠκεανὸς Φαέθοντα παλινδίνητον ἀείρων
γαστρὶ μέσῃ κούφιζε, δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
ἄστατον αὐτοέλικτον ἀλήμονι σύνδρομον αὔρῃ
ἠερόθεν παλίνορσον ἐδέξατο κοῦρον ἀγοστῷ,
καὶ πάλιν ἠκόντιζεν· ὁ δὲ τροχοειδέι παλμῷ
χειρὸς ἐυστρέπτοιο παράτροπος Ὠκεανοῖο
δινωτῇ στροφάλιγγι κατήριπεν εἰς μέλαν ὕδωρ,

mene's bridal with Helios Lightbringer, the Naiad Nymphs danced around; in a watery bridal-bower the fruitful maiden was wedded in a flaming union, and received the hot bridegroom into her cool arms. The light that shone on that bridal bed came from the starry train; and the star of Cypris, Lucifer, herald of the union, wove a bridal song. Instead of the wedding torch, Selene sent her beams to attend the wedding. The Hesperides raised the joy-cry, and Oceanos beside his bride Tethys sounded his song with all the fountains of his throat.

142 "Then Clymene's womb swelled in that fruitful union, and when the birth ripened she brought forth a baby son divine and brilliant with light. At the boy's birth his father's ether saluted him with song; as he sprang from the childbed, the daughters of Oceanos cleansed him, Clymene's son, in his grandsire's waters, and wrapt him in swaddlings. The stars in shining movement leapt into the stream of Oceanos which they knew so well, and surrounded the boy, with Selene our Lady of Labour, sending forth her sparkling gleams. Helios gave his son his own name, as well suited the testimony of his form; for upon the boy's shining face was visible the father's inborn radiance.

155 "Often in the course of the boy's training Oceanos would have a pretty game, lifting Phaëthon on his midbelly and letting him drop down; he would throw the boy high in the air, rolling over and over moving in a high path as quick as the wandering wind, and catch him again on his arm; then he would shoot him up again, and the boy would avoid the ready hand of Oceanos, and turn a somersault round and round till he splashed into the dark

μάντις ἐοῦ θανάτοιο· γέρων δ' ὤμωξε νοήσας,
θέσφατα γινώσκων, πιυτῇ δ' ἔκρυψε σιωπῇ,
μὴ Κλυμένης φιλόπαιδος ἀπενθέα θυμὸν ἀμύξῃ
πικρὰ προθεσπίζων Φαεθοντιάδος λίνα Μοίρης.
Καὶ πάις ἀρτικόμιστος ἔχων ἀνίουλον ὑπήνην
πῇ μὲν ἑῆς Κλυμένης δόμον ἄμφεπε,
πῇ δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
Θρινακίης λειμῶνα μετήιεν, ἦχι θαμίζων
Λαμπετίη παρέμιμνε, βόας καὶ μῆλα νομεύων . . .
πατρὸς ἐοῦ ζαθέοιο φέρων πόθον ἡνιοχῆος,
ἄξονα τεχνήεντι συνήρμοσε δούρασι δεσμῷ,
κυκλώσας τροχόεντα τύπον ψευδήμονι δίφρῳ·
ἀσκήσας δὲ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀνθοκόμων ἀπὸ κήπων
πλέξας λεπταλέοισι λύγοις τριέλικτον ἱμάσθλην
ἀρνειοῖς πισύροισι νέους ἐπέθηκε χαλινούς·
καὶ νόθον εὐποίητον Ἑωσφόρον ἀστέρα τεύχων
ἄνθεσιν ἀργεννοῖσιν, ἴσον τροχοειδέι κύκλῳ,
θῆκεν ἑῆς προκέλευθον ἐυκνήμιδος ἀπήνης,
ἀστέρος Ἠῴοιο φέρων τύπον· ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίταις
ὄρθιον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φεραυγέα δαλὸν ἐρείσας
ψευδομέναις ἀκτῖσιν ἑὸν μιμεῖτο τοκῆα,
ἱππεύων στεφανηδὸν ἁλίκτυπον ἄντυγα νήσου.
Ἀλλ' ὅτ' ἀνηέξητο φέρων εὐάνθεμον ἦβην,
πολλάκι πατρῴης φλογὸς ἥψατο, χειρὶ δὲ βαιῇ
κούφισε θερμὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀστερόεσσαν ἱμάσθλην,
καὶ τροχὸν ἀμφιπόλευε, καὶ ἀμφαφόων δέμας ἵππων
χιονέαις παλάμῃσιν ἐτέρπετο κοῦρος ἀθύρων·
δεξιτερῇ δ' ἔψαυε πυριβλήτοιο χαλινοῦ.
μαίνετο δ' ἱπποσύνης μεθέπων πόθον· ἐζόμενος δὲ
γούνασι πατρῴοις ἱκετήσια δάκρυα λείβων

---

[a] The island (later identified with Sicily) where the cattle

waters, prophet of his own death. The old man groaned when he saw it, recognizing the divine oracle, and hid all in prudent silence, that he might not tear the happy heart of Clymene the loving mother by foretelling the cruel threads of Phaëthon's Fate.

167 " So the boy, hardly grown up, and still with no down on his lip, sometimes frequented his mother Clymene's house, sometimes travelled even to the meadows of Thrinacia,[a] where he would often visit and stay with Lampetië, tending cattle and sheep . . . There he would long for his father the charioteer divine; made a wooden axle with skilful joinery, fitted on a sort of round wheel for his imitation car, fashioned yoke-straps, took three light withies from the flowering garden and plaited them into a lash, put unheard-of bridles on four young rams. Then he made a clever imitation of the morning star round like a wheel, out of a bunch of white flowers, and fixed it in front of his spokewheeled waggon to show the shape of the star Lucifer. He set burning torches standing about his hair on every side, and mimicked his father with fictitious rays as he drove round and round the coast of the seagirt isle.

184 " But when he grew up into the fair bloom of youth, he often touched his father's fire, lifted with his little hand the hot yokestraps and the starry whip, busied himself with the wheel, stroked the horses' coats with snow-white hands—and so the playful boy enjoyed himself. With his right hand he touched the fireshotten bridle, mad with longing to manage the horses. Seated on his father's knees, he shed imploring tears, and begged for a run with

of the Sun were, see *Od.* xii. 127; Lampetië was in charge of them.

ἤτεεν ἔμπυρον ἅρμα καὶ αἰθερίων δρόμον ἵππων.
καὶ γενέτης ἀνένευεν· ὁ δὲ πλέον ἠδέι μύθῳ
αἰτίζων λιτάνευε· παρηγορέων δ' ἐπὶ δίφρῳ
ὑψιπόρῳ νέον υἷα φιλοστόργῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
'Ὦ τέκος Ἠελίοιο, φίλον γένος Ὠκεανοῖο,
ἄλλο γέρας μάστευε· τί σοί ποτε δίφρος Ὀλύμπου;
ἱπποσύνης ἀκίχητον ἔα δρόμον· οὐ δύνασαι γὰρ
ἰθύνειν ἐμὸν ἅρμα, τό περ μόγις ἡνιοχεύω.
οὔ ποτε θοῦρος Ἄρης φλογερῷ κεκόρυστο κεραυνῷ,
ἀλλὰ μέλος σάλπιγγι καὶ οὐ βρονταῖον ἀράσσει·
οὐ νεφέλας Ἥφαιστος ἑοῦ γενετῆρος ἀγείρει,
οὐ νεφεληγερέτης κικλήσκεται οἷα Κρονίων,
ἀλλὰ παρ' ἐσχαρεῶνι σιδήρεον ἄκμονα τύπτει,
ἄσθμασι ποιητοῖσι χέων ποιητὸν ἀήτην·
κύκνον ἔχει πτερόεντα,
καὶ οὐ ταχὺν ἵππον Ἀπόλλων·
οὐ στεροπὴν πυρόεσσαν ἀερτάζει γενετῆρος
Ἑρμῆς ῥάβδον ἔχων, οὐκ αἰγίδα πατρὸς ἀείρει.
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· "Ζαγρῆι πόρεν σπιθῆρα κεραυνοῦ".
Ζαγρεὺς σκηπτὸν ἄειρε, καὶ ὠμίλησεν ὀλέθρῳ.
ἄζεο καὶ σύ, τέκος, πανομοίια πήματα πάσχειν.'
Εἶπε, καὶ οὐ παρέπεισε·
παὶς δὲ γενήτορα νύσσων
δάκρυσι θερμοτέροισιν ἑοὺς ἐδίηνε χιτῶνας·
χερσὶ δὲ πατρώης φλογερῆς ἔψαυσεν ὑπήνης,
ὀκλαδὸν ἐν δαπέδῳ κυκλούμενον αὐχένα κάμπτων,
λισσόμενος· καὶ παῖδα πατὴρ ἐλέαιρε δοκεύων.
καὶ κινυρὴ Κλυμένη πλέον ἤτεεν· αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμῷ
ἔμπεδα γινώσκων ἀμετάτροπα νήματα Μοίρης
ἀσχαλόων ἐπένευσεν, ἀποσμήξας δὲ χιτῶνι
μυρομένου Φαέθοντος ἀμειδέος ὄμβρον ὀπωπῆς
χείλεα παιδὸς ἔκυσσε, τόσην δ' ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν·

the fiery chariot and heavenly horses. His father said no, but he only begged and prayed all the more with gracious pleading. Then the father said in affectionate words to his young son in the highfaring car :

196 "'Dear son of Helios, dear grandson of Oceanos, ask me another boon ; what have you to do with the chariot of the sky ? Let alone the course of horsemanship. You cannot attain it, for you cannot guide my car—I can hardly drive it myself ! Furious Ares never armed him with flaming thunderbolt, but he blares his tune with a trumpet, not with thunder. Hephaistos never collects his father's clouds ; he is not called Cloudgatherer like Cronion, but hammers his iron anvil in the forge, and pours artificial blasts of artificial wind. Apollo has a winged swan, not a running horse. Hermes keeps his rod and wears not his father's aegis, lifts not his father's fiery lightning. But you will say—"He gave Zagreus the flash of the thunderbolt." Yes, Zagreus held the thunderbolt, and came to his death ! Take good care, my child, that you too suffer not woes like his.'

212 "So he spoke, but the boy would not listen ; he prodded his father and wetted his tunic with hotter tears. He put out his hands and touched his father's fiery beard ; kneeling on the ground he bent his arched neck, pleading, and when the father saw, he pitied the boy. Clymene cried and begged too. Then although he knew in his heart the immovable inflexible spinnings of Fate, he consented regretful, and wiped with his tunic the rain of tears from the unsmiling face of sad Phaëthon, and kissed the boy's lips while he said :

' Δώδεκα πάντες ἔασι πυρώδεος αἰθέρος οἶκοι,
Ζῳδιακοῦ γλαφυροῖο πεπηγότες ἄντυγι κύκλου,
κεκριμένοι στοιχηδὸν ἐπήτριμοι, οἷς ἔνι μούνοις
λοξὴ πουλυέλικτος ἀταρπιτός ἐστι πλανήτων
ἀσταθέων. καὶ ἕκαστον ἕλιξ Κρόνος οἶκον ἀμείβει
ἑρπύζων βαρύγουνος, ἕως μόγις ὀψὲ τελέσσῃ
εἴκοσι καὶ δέκα κύκλα παλιννόστοιο Σελήνης,
ζώνης ἑβδομάτης ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος· ὑψόθι δ' ἕκτης
ὠκύτερον γενετῆρος ἔχει δρόμον ἀντίπορος Ζεύς,
καὶ δρόμον εἰς λυκάβαντα διέρχεται·
ἐν τριτάτῃ δὲ . . .
ἤμασιν ἑξήκοντα παρέρχεται ἔμπυρος Ἄρης,
γείτων σεῖο τοκῆος· ἐπαντέλλων δὲ τετάρτῃ
αὐτὸς ἐγὼ στεφανηδὸν ὅλον πόλον ἅρμασι τέμνω
οὐρανίων Ἑλίκων πολυκαμπέα κύκλα διώκων,
μέτρα χρόνου πισύρῃσι φέρων κυκλούμενος Ὥραις,
τὴν αὐτὴν περὶ νύσσαν, ἕως ὅλον οἶκον ὁδεύσω,
πλήσας ἠθάδα μῆνα τελεσφόρον· οὐδὲ πορείην
καλλείψας ἀτέλεστον ὀπίστερον οἶμον ἀμείβω,
οὐδὲ πάλιν προκέλευθον, ἐπεὶ πολυκαμπέες ἄλλοι
ἀστέρες ἀντιθέοντες ἀεὶ στείχουσιν ἀλῆται,
ἅψ δ' ἀνασειράζοντες ἅμα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω
ἡμιτελῆ μεθέπουσι παλίλλυτα μέτρα κελεύθου,
δέγμενοι ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἐμὴν ἑτερόσσυτον αἴγλην·
οἷς ἔνι λευκαίνουσα πόλον κερόεσσα Σελήνη
κύκλον ὅλον πλήσασα σοφῷ πυρὶ μῆνα λοχεύει,
μεσσοφανής, ἐπίκυρτος, ὅλῳ πλήθουσα προσώπῳ·

[a] *i.e.* Saturn takes two and a half years to traverse one sign (30°), and therefore thirty years for the whole Zodiac.

[b] A line to this effect has perhaps been lost. The counting is very odd: Saturn is "seventh," *i.e.* from the earth, but Ares "third," *i.e.* counting from Saturn.

[c] The sun (regarded by the Greeks as a planet) never re-

222 "'There are twelve houses in all the fiery ether, set in the circle of the rounded Zodiac, one close after another in a row, each separate; through these alone is the inclined winding path of the restless planets rolling in their courses. All round these Cronos crawls from house to house on his heavy knees along the seventh zone upon the circle, until at last with difficulty he completes thirty circuits of returning Selene.[a] On the sixth, quicker than his father, Zeus has his course opposite, and goes his round in a lichtgang. By the third, fiery Ares passes [one sign that is, of the Zodiac [b]] in sixty days, near your father. I myself rise in the fourth, and traverse the whole sky garland-wise in my car, following the winding circles of the heavenly orbits. I carry the measures of time, surrounded by the four Seasons, about the same centre, until I have passed through a whole house and fulfilled one complete month as usual; I never leave my journey unfinished and change to a backward course, nor do I go forward again; since the other stars, the planets, in their various courses always run contrary ways: they check backwards, and go both to and fro; when the measures of their way are half done they run back again, thus receiving on both sides my one-sided light.[c] One of these planets is the horned moon whitening the sky; when she has completed all her circuit, she brings forth with her wise fire the month, being at first half seen, then curved,[d] then full moon with her whole face.

trogresses, as the other planets appear to do (*ἀνασειράζοντες*). As half the other planets (including the moon) are above and half below him (on the geocentric theory), each of them gets his light from one side only.

[d] The curving outline between first quarter and full moon (Stegemann).

Μήνη δ' ἀντικέλευθος ἐγὼ σφαιρηδὸν ἑλίσσων
μαρμαρυγὴν θρέπτειραν ἀμαλλοτόκου τοκετοῖο
Ζωδιακὴν περὶ νύσσαν ἀτέρμονα κύκλον ὁδεύω,
τίκτων μέτρα χρόνοιο, καὶ οἴκοθεν οἶκον ἀμείβων
καὶ τελέσας ἕνα κύκλον ὅλον λυκάβαντα κομίζω.
ἄκρα δὲ συνδέσμοιο φυλάσσεο, μὴ σχεδὸν ἕρπων,
ἅρμασιν ὑμετέροις ζοφοειδέα κῶνον ἑλίξας,
φέγγος ὅλον κλέψειεν[1] ἐπισκιόων σέο δίφρῳ·
μηδὲ παριππεύσειας ἐθήμονος ἄντυγα κύκλου·
μηδὲ τανυπλέκτων ἑλίκων πολυκαμπέι δεσμῷ,
πέντε παραλλήλων δεδοκημένος ἄντυγα κύκλων,
οἶστρον ἔχοις, καὶ νύσσαν ὁμήθεα πατρὸς ἐάσῃς,
μή σε παραπλάγξειαν ἐν αἰθέρι φοιτάδες ἵπποι·
μηδὲ διοπτεύων δυοκαίδεκα κύκλα πορείης
ἐκ δόμου εἰς δόμον ἄλλον ἐπείγεο· καὶ σέο δίφρῳ
Κριὸν ἐφιππεύων μὴ δίζεο Ταῦρον ἐλαύνειν·
γείτονα μὴ μάστευε προάγγελον ἱστοβοῆος
Σκορπίον ἀστερόφοιτον ὑπὸ Ζυγὸν ἡνιοχεύων,
εἰ μὴ ἀναπλήσειας ἑείκοσι καὶ δέκα μοίρας.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν κλύε μῦθον· ἐγὼ δέ σε πάντα διδάξω.
κέντρον ὅλου κόσμοιο,
μεσόμφαλον ἄστρον Ὀλύμπου,
Κριὸν ἐγὼ μεθέπων ὑψούμενος εἶαρ ἀέξω,
καὶ τροπικὴν Ζεφύροιο προάγγελον ἄντυγα βαίνων,
νύκτα ταλαντεύουσαν ἰσόρροπον ἠριγενείῃ,

[1] κλέψειας Stegemann: κλέψειεν Ludwich, mss.

[a] Where the moon cuts the ecliptic. The cone is the conical shadow of the earth, but this of course is on the side away from the sun. Nonnos is hopelessly confused.

[b] The arctic, the two tropic, the equatorial and the antarctic circles. He must keep between the tropics, imaginary parallel circles drawn through the two solstitial points in Cancer and Capricorn, as these bound the Zodiac.

Against the moon I move my rolling ball, the sparkling nourisher of sheafproducing growth, and pass on my endless circuit about the turning-point of the Zodiac, creating the measures of time. When I have completed one whole circle passing from house to house I bring off the lichtgang. Take care of the crossing-point itself,[a] lest when you come close, rounding the cone of darkness with your car, it should steal all the light from your overshadowed chariot. And in your driving do not stray from the usual circuit of the course, or be tempted to leave your father's usual goal by looking at the five parallel circles [b] with their multiple bond of long encompassing lines, or your horses may run away and carry you through the air out of your course. Do not, when you look about on the twelve circles [c] as you cross them, hurry from house to house. When you are driving your car in the Ram, do not try to drive over the Bull. Do not seek for his neighbour, the Scorpion moving among the stars, the harbinger of the plowtree,[d] when you are driving under the Balance, until you complete the thirty degrees.[e]

267 "'Just listen to me, and I will tell you everything. When I reach the Ram, the centre [f] of the universe, the navel-star of Olympos, I in my exaltation let the Spring increase; and crossing the herald of the west wind, the turning-line which balances night equal with day, I guide the dewy course of that

[c] An absurd inaccuracy for the 12 signs.

[d] The beginning of autumn ploughing.

[e] The distance from the beginning of one sign to the beginning of the next is 30 degrees. What follows describes the Sun's yearly course through the Signs.

[f] More absurdity; Aries is the starting-point on the circle of the Zodiac, not the centre of anything.

ἰθύνω δροσόεντα χελιδονίης δρόμον Ὥρης·
Κριοῦ δ' ἀντικέλευθον ἐνέρτερον οἶκον ἀμείβων,
χηλαῖς ἐν διδύμῃσιν ἰσήμερα φέγγεα πέμπων,
ἐντύνω παλίνορσος ἰσόζυγον ἦμαρ ὁμίχλῃ,
καὶ δρόμον εἰνοσίφυλλον ἄγω φθινοπωρίδος Ὥρης,
φέγγεϊ μειοτέρῳ χθαμαλὴν ἐπὶ νύσσαν ἐλαύνων
φυλλοχόῳ ἐνὶ μηνί· καὶ ἀνδράσι χεῖμα κομίζω
ὄμβριον ἰχθυόεντος ὑπὲρ ῥάχιν Αἰγοκερῆος,
ἀγρονόμοις ἵνα γαῖα φερέσβια δῶρα λοχεύσῃ,
νυμφίον ὄμβρον ἔχουσα καὶ εἰλείθυιαν ἐέρσην·
καὶ θέρος ἐντύνω σταχυηκόμον ἄγγελον ὄμπνης,
θερμοτέραις ἀκτῖσι πυρώδεα γαῖαν ἰμάσσων,
ὑψιτενὴς παρὰ νύσσαν ὅτ' εἰς δρόμον ἡνιοχεύω
Καρκίνον, ἀντικέλευθον ἀθαλπέος Αἰγοκερῆος,
ἀμφοτέρους καὶ Νεῖλον ὁμοῦ καὶ βότρυν ἀέξων.
ἀρχόμενος δὲ δρόμοιο μετέρχεο γείτονα Κέρνην,
Φωσφόρον ἀπλανέος μεθέπων πομπῆα κελεύθου,
ἱπποσύνης προκέλευθον· ἀμοιβαίῃ δὲ πορείῃ
σὸν δρόμον ἰθύνουσι δυώδεκα κυκλάδες Ὧραι.'

Ὡς εἰπὼν Φαέθοντος ἐπεστήριξε καρήνῳ
χρυσείην τρυφάλειαν, ἑῷ δέ μιν ἔστεφε πυρσῷ,
ἑπτατόνους ἀκτῖνας ἐπὶ πλοκάμοισιν ἑλίξας,
κυκλώσας στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἰξύι λευκάδα μίτρην·
καί μιν ἀνεχλαίνωσεν ἑῷ πυρόεντι χιτῶνι,
καὶ πόδα φοινίσσοντι διεσφήκωσε πεδίλῳ.
παιδὶ δὲ δίφρον ἔδωκε· καὶ ἠώης ἀπὸ φάτνης
ἵππους Ἡελίοιο πυρώδεας ἤγαγον Ὧραι·
καὶ θρασὺς εἰς ζυγὸν ἦλθεν Ἑωσφόρος,
ἀμφὶ δὲ φαιδρῷ
ἵππιον αὐχένα δοῦλον ἐπεκλήισσε λεπάδνῳ.
Καὶ Φαέθων ἐπέβαινε· δίδου δέ οἱ ἡνία πάλλειν,

[a] The summer solstice. [b] *Cf.* xvi. 45.

Season when the swallow comes. Passing into the lower house, opposite the Ram, I cast the light of equal day on the two hooves; and again I make day balanced equally with dark on my homeward course when I bring in the leafshaking course of the autumn Season, and drive with lesser light to the lower turning-point in the leafshedding month. Then I bring winter for mankind with its rains, over the back of fishtailed Capricorn, that earth may bring forth her gifts full of life for the farmers, when she receives the bridal showers and the creative dew. I deck out also corn-tending summer the messenger of harvest, flogging the wheatbearing earth with hotter beams, while I drive at the highest point of my course [a] in the Crab, who is right opposite to the cold Capricorn: both Nile and grapes together I make to grow.

287 "'When you begin your course, pass close by the side of Cerne,[b] and take Lucifer as guide to lead the way for your car, and you will not go astray; twelve circling Hours [c] in turn will direct your way.'

291 "After this speech, he placed the golden helmet on Phaëthon's head and crowned him with his own fire, winding the seven rays like strings upon his hair, and put the white kilt girdlewise round him over his loins; he clothed him in his own fiery robe and laced his foot into the purple boot, and gave his chariot to his son. The Seasons brought the fiery horses of Helios from their eastern manger; Lucifer came boldly to the yoke, and fastened the horses' necks in the bright yokestraps for their service.

301 "Then Phaëthon mounted, Helios his father gave

[c] The Sun has twelve minor hours attendant upon him, which are elsewhere assigned to the months, here clearly to the hours of the day.

ἠνία μαρμαίροντα καὶ αἰγλήεσσαν ἱμάσθλην
Ἥλιος γενέτης· τρομερῇ δ' ἐλελίζετο σιγῇ,
υἱέα γινώσκων μινυώριον· ἐγγύθι δ' ὄχθης
ἡμιφανὴς Κλυμένη φλογερῶν ἐπιβήτορα δίφρων
δερκομένη φιλότεκνος ἐπάλλετο χάρματι μήτηρ.
Ἤδη δὲ δροσόεις ἀμαρύσσετο Φωσφόρος ἀστήρ,
καὶ Φαέθων ἀνέτελλεν Ἑώιον ἄντυγα βαίνων,
ὕδασι παππώοισι λελουμένος Ὠκεανοῖο.
καὶ θρασὺς εὐφαέων ἐλατὴρ ὑψιδρόμος ἵππων
οὐρανὸν ἐσκοπίαζε χορῷ κεχαραγμένον ἄστρων,
ἑπτὰ περὶ ζώναις κυκλούμενον· εἶδεν ἀλήτας
ἀντιπόρους, καὶ γαῖαν ὁμοίιον ἕδρακε κέντρῳ
μεσσοπαγῆ, δολιχῇσιν ἀνυψωθεῖσαν ἐρίπναις,
πάντοθι πυργωθεῖσαν ὑπωροφίοισιν ἀήταις·
καὶ ποταμοὺς σκοπίαζε, καὶ ὀφρύας Ὠκεανοῖο
ἂψ ἀνασειράζοντος ἑὸν ῥόον εἰς ἑὸν ὕδωρ.
Ὄφρα μὲν ὄμμα τίταινεν
ἐς αἰθέρα καὶ χύσιν ἄστρων
καὶ χθονὸς αἰόλα φῦλα καὶ ἄστατα νῶτα θαλάσσης,
παπταίνων ἑλικηδὸν ἀτέρμονος ἕδραια κόσμου·
τόφρα δὲ δινηθέντες ὑπὸ ζυγὸν αἴθοπες ἵπποι
Ζῳδιακοῦ παράμειβον ἐθήμονος ἄντυγα κύκλου.
καὶ Φαέθων ἀδίδακτος, ἔχων πυρόεσσαν ἱμάσθλην,
φαίνετο[1] μαστίζων λόφον ἵππιον· οἱ δὲ μανέντες,
κέντρον ὑποπτήσσοντες ἀφειδέος ἡνιοχῆος,
ἀρχαίης ἀέκοντες ὑπὲρ βαλβῖδα κελεύθου
ἀξονίην παρὰ νύσσαν ἀλήμονες ἔτρεχον ἵπποι,
δεχνύμενοι κτύπον ἄλλον ἐθήμονος ἡνιοχῆος.
καὶ Νότιον παρὰ τέρμα καὶ ἄρκτια νῶτα Βορῆος
ἦν κλόνος. οὐρανίῳ δὲ παριστάμεναι πυλεῶνι
ἀλλοφανὲς νόθον ἦμαρ ἐθάμβεον εὔποδες Ὧραι·

[1] So MSS.: Ludwich μαίνετο.

him the reins to manage, shining reins and gleaming whip : he shook in trembling silence, for he understood that his son had not long to live. Clymene his mother could be half seen near the shore,[a] as she watched her dear son mounting the flaming car, and shook with joy.

307 " Already Lucifer was sparkling, that dewy star, and Phaëthon rose traversing the eastern ambit, after his bath in the waters of Oceanos his grandsire. The bold driver of brilliant horses, running on high, scanned the heavens dotted with the company of the stars, girdled about by the seven Zones ; he beheld the planets moving opposite, he saw the earth fixed in the middle like a centre, uplifted on tall cliffs and fortified on all sides by the winds in her caverns, he scanned the rivers, and the brows of Oceanos, driving back his own water into his own stream.

318 " While he directed his eye to the upper air and the flood of stars, the diverse races of earth and the restless back of the sea, gazing round and round on the foundations of the infinite universe, the shining horses rolled along under the yoke over their usual course through the zodiac. Now inexperienced Phaëthon with his fiery whip could be seen flogging the horses' necks ; they went wild shrinking under the goad of their merciless charioteer, and all unwilling they ran away over the limit of their ancient road beyond the mark of the zodiac, expecting a different call from their familiar driver. Then there was tumult along the bounds of the South and the back of the North Wind : the quickfoot Seasons at the celestial

[a] *i.e.* she was up to her waist in water.

ἔτρεμε δ' ἠριγένεια· καὶ ἴαχε Φωσφόρος ἀστὴρ·
'Πῇ φέρεαι, φίλε κοῦρε;
τί μαίνεαι ἵππον ἐλαύνων;
φείδεο σῆς μάστιγος ἀγήνορος· ἀμφοτέρων δὲ
πλαζομένων πεφύλαξο καὶ ἀπλανέων χορὸν ἄστρων,
μὴ θρασὺς Ὠρίων σε κατακτείνειε μαχαίρῃ,
μὴ ῥοπάλῳ πυρόεντι γέρων πλήξειε Βοώτης,
πλαγκτῆς δ' ἱπποσύνης ἔτι φείδεο, μηδέ σε μακρῷ
γαστέρι τυμβεύσειεν ἐν αἰθέρι Κῆτος Ὀλύμπου·
μηδέ σε δαιτρεύσειε Λέων, ἢ Ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου
αὐχένα κυρτώσας φλογερῇ πλήξειε κεραίῃ·
ἄζεο Τοξευτῆρα, τιταινομένης ἀπὸ νευρῆς
μή σε πυριγλώχινι κατακτείνειεν ὀιστῷ.
μὴ χάος ἄλλο γένοιτο, καὶ αἰθέρος ἄστρα φανείη
ἤματος ἰσταμένοιο, μεσημβρίζοντι δὲ δίφρῳ
ἄστατος ἠριγένεια συναντήσειε Σελήνῃ.'
Ὡς φαμένου Φαέθων πλέον ἤλασεν,
ἅρμα παρέλκων
εἰς Νότον, εἰς Βορέην,
Ζεφύρου σχεδόν, ἐγγύθεν Εὔρου.
καὶ κλόνος αἰθέρος ἦεν, ἀκινήτοιο δὲ κόσμου
ἁρμονίην ἐτίναξεν· ἐδοχμώθη δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
αἰθέρι δινήεντι μέσος τετορημένος ἄξων.
καὶ μόγις αὐτοέλικτον ἐλαφρίζων πόλον ἄστρων
ὀκλαδὸν ἐστήρικτο Λίβυς κυρτούμενος Ἄτλας,
μείζονα φόρτον ἔχων· καὶ ἰσήμερον ἔκτοθεν Ἄρκτου
κύκλον ἐπιξύων ἑλικώδεῖ γαστέρος ὁλκῷ
σύνδρομος ἀστερόεντι Δράκων ἐπεσύρισε Ταύρῳ,
καὶ Κυνὶ σειριάοντι Λέων βρυχήσατο λαιμῷ,
αἰθέρα θερμαίνων μαλερῷ πυρί, καὶ θρασὺς ἔστη
Καρκίνον ὀκταπόδην κλονέων λασιότριχι παλμῷ·
οὐρανίου δὲ Λέοντος ὀπισθιδίῳ παρὰ ταρσῷ

gate wondered at the strange and unreal day, Dawn trembled, and star Lucifer cried out.

333 " 'Where are you hurrying, dear boy? Why have you gone mad with reins in your hand? Spare your headstrong lash! Beware of these two companies—both planets and company of fixed stars, lest bold Orion kill you with his knife, lest ancient Boötes hit you with fiery cudgel. Spare this wild driving, and let not the Olympian Whale entomb you in his belly in high heaven; let not the Lion tear you to pieces, or the Olympian Bull arch his neck and strike you with fiery horn! Respect the Archer, or he may kill you with a firebarbed arrow from his drawn bowstring. Let there not be a second chaos, and the stars of heaven appear at the rising day, or erratic Dawn meet Selene at noonday in her car!'

347 " As he spoke, Phaëthon drove harder still, drawing his car aside to South, to North, close to the West, near to the East. There was tumult in the sky shaking the joints of the immovable universe: the very axle bent which runs through the middle of the revolving heavens. Libyan Atlas could hardly support the selfrolling firmament of stars, as he rested on his knees with bowed back under this greater burden. Now the Serpent scraped with his writhing belly the equator far away from the Bear, and hissed as he met with the starry Bull; the Lion roared out of his throat against the scorching Dog, heating the air with ravening fire, and stood boldly to attack the eight claws of the Crab with his shaggy hair bristling, while the heavenly Lion's thirsty tail flogged the Virgin hard by

Παρθένον ἀγχικέλευθον ἐμάστιε δίψιος οὐρή·
Κούρη δὲ πτερόεσσα παραΐξασα Βοώτην
ἄξονος ἐγγὺς ἵκανε καὶ ὠμίλησεν Ἀμάξῃ·
καὶ δυτικὴν παρὰ νύσσαν ἀλήμονα φέγγεα πέμπων
Ἕσπερον ἀντικέλευθον Ἑωσφόρος ὥθεεν ἀστὴρ·
πλάζετο δ' ἠριγένεια· καὶ ἠθάδος ἀντὶ Λαγωοῦ
Σείριος αἰθαλόεις ἐδράξατο διψάδος Ἄρκτου·
διχθὰ δὲ καλλείψαντες, ὁ μὲν Νότον, ὃς δὲ Βορῆα,
Ἰχθύες ἀστερόεντες ἐπεσκίρτησαν Ὀλύμπῳ,
γείτονες Ὑδροχόοιο· κυβιστητῆρι δὲ παλμῷ
σύνδρομος Αἰγοκερῆος ἕλιξ ὠρχήσατο Δελφίς·
καὶ Νοτίης ἑλικηδὸν ἀποπλαγχθέντα κελεύθου
Σκορπίον ἀγχικέλευθον, ἑῆς ψαύοντα μαχαίρης,
ἔτρεμεν Ὠρίων καὶ ἐν ἄστρασι, μὴ βραδὺς ἕρπων
ἄκρα ποδῶν ξύσειε τὸ δεύτερον ὀξέι κέντρῳ·
καὶ σέλας ἡμιτέλεστον ἀποπτύουσα προσώπου
ἀκροκελαινιόωσα μεσημβριὰς ἄνθορε Μήνη·
οὐ γὰρ ὑποκλέπτουσα νόθον σέλας ἄρσενι πυρσῷ
ἀντιπόρου Φαέθοντος ἀμέλγετο σύγγονον αἴγλην·
Πληιάδος δὲ φάλαγγος ἕλιξ ἑπτάστερος ἠχὼ
οὐρανὸν ἑπτάζωνον ἐπέβρεμε κυκλάδι φωνῇ·
καὶ κτύπον αἰθύσσοντες ἰσηρίθμων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ἀστέρες ἀντιθέοντες ἐβακχεύθησαν ἀλῆται·
Ζῆνα μὲν ὤθεε Κύπρις, Ἄρης Κρόνον, εἰαρινῆς δὲ
Πλειάδος ἐγγὺς ἵκανεν ἐμὸς μετανάστιος ἀστήρ,
ἄστρασι δ' ἑπταπόροις κεράσας ἐμφύλιον αἴγλην
ἡμιφανὴς ἀνέτελλεν ἐμῇ παρὰ μητέρι Μαίῃ,
Ἄρματος οὐρανίοιο παράτροπος, ᾧ πέλεν αἰεὶ

---

[a] Leo lashed his tail so hard that it hit the next constellation, Virgo!

[b] "Thirsty," because it never sets and so never touches the water.

his hind leg,[a] and the winged Maiden darting past the Waggoner came near the pole and met the Wain. The Morning Star sent forth his straying light in the setting region of the West and pushed away the Evening Star who met him there. Dawn wandered about; blazing Sirius grabbed the thirsty Bear[b] instead of his usual Hare. The two starry Fishes left one the South and one the North, and leapt in Olympos near Aquarius; the Dolphin danced in a ring and tumbled about with Capricorn. Scorpios also had wandered around from the southern path until he came near to Orion and touched his sword—Orion trembled even among the stars, lest he might creep up slowly and pierce his feet once again with a sharp sting.[c] The Moon leapt up at midday, spitting off the half-completed light from her face and growing black on the surface, for she could no longer steal the counterfeit light from the male torch of Phaëthon opposite and milk out his inborn flame. The sevenstar voices of the Pleiades rang circling round the sevenzone sky with echoing sound; the planets from as many[d] throats raised an outcry and rushed wildly against them. Cypris pushed Zeus, Ares Cronos[e]; my own wandering star[f] approached the Pleiad of Spring, and mingling a kindred light with the seven stars he rose halfseen beside my mother Maia—he turned away from the heavenly chariot, beside which he always runs or before it in the

[c] When he was on earth, Orion was killed by the sting of a huge scorpion, and the two constellations commemorate this.

[d] Presumably six; one planet, the Sun, was otherwise engaged. There are six Pleiades, omitting the one (Electra) which is too dim to see clearly.

[e] Venus, Jupiter, Mars, Saturn.

[f] The planet Mercury.

σύνδρομος ἢ προκέλευθος ἑώιος, ἑσπέριος δὲ
Ἠελίου δύνοντος ὀπίστερα φέγγεα πέμπει·
καί μιν, ὅτε δρόμον ἶσον ἔχων ἰσόμοιρος ὁδεύει,
Ἠελίου κραδίην ἐπεφήμισαν ἶδμονες ἄστρων·
καὶ δροσεραῖς νιφάδεσσι διάβροχον αὐχένα τεύων
νυμφίος Εὐρώπης μυκήσατο Ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου,
εἰς δρόμον ὀρθώσας πόδα καμπύλον· ὀξυτενὲς δὲ
δοχμώσας Φαέθοντι κέρας λοξοῖο μετώπου
οὐρανίην φλογερῇσιν ἐπέκτυπεν ἄντυγα χηλαῖς·
καὶ θρασὺς ἐκ κολεοῖο παρήορον αἴθοπι μηρῷ
Ὡρίων ξίφος εἵλκε· καλαύροπα πάλλε Βοώτης·
καὶ ποδὸς ἀστραίοιο μετάρσια γούνατα πάλλων
Πήγασος ἐχρεμέτιζε, καὶ αἰθύσσων πόλον ὁπλῇ
ἡμιφανὴς Λίβυς ἵππος ἐπέτρεχε γείτονι Κύκνῳ,
καὶ κοτέων πτερὰ πάλλεν, ὅπως πάλιν ἠνιοχῆα
ἄλλον ἀκοντίσσειεν ἀπ' αἰθέρος, οἷα καὶ αὐτὸν
ἄντυγος οὐρανίης ἀπεσείσατο Βελλεροφόντην.
οὐκέτι δ' ὑψιπόροιο Βορειάδος ἐγγύθι νύσσης
ἀλλήλων ἐχόρευον ἐπ' ἰξύι κυκλάδες Ἄρκτοι,
ἀλλὰ Νότῳ μίσγοντο, καὶ Ἑσπερίῃ παρὰ λίμνῃ
ἄβροχον ἴχνος ἔλουσαν ἀήθεος Ὠκεανοῖο.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Φαέθοντα κατεπρήνιξε κεραυνῷ
ὑψόθεν αὐτοκύλιστον ὑπὲρ ῥόον Ἠριδανοῖο·
δήσας δ' ἁρμονίην παλινάγρετον ἠλικι δεσμῷ
ἵππους Ἠελίῳ πάλιν ὤπασεν, αἰθέριον δὲ
ἀντολίῃ πόρεν ἅρμα, καὶ ἀρχαίῃ παρὰ νύσσῃ
ἀμφίπολοι Φαέθοντος ἐπέτρεχον εὔποδες Ὧραι.
γαῖα δὲ πᾶσα γέλασσε τὸ δεύτερον· ἠερόθεν δὲ
ζωοτόκου Διὸς ὄμβρος ὅλας ἐκάθηρεν ἀρούρας,
καὶ διερῇ ῥαθάμιγγι κατέσβεσε πυρσὸν ἀλήτην,

morning, and in the evening when Helios sets he sends his following light, and because he keeps equal course with him and travels with equal portion, astronomers have named him the Sun's Heart. Europa's bridegroom the Olympian Bull bellowed, stretching his neck drenched with damp snowflakes; he raised a foot curved for a run, and inclining his head sideways with its sharp horn against Phaëthon, stamped on the heavenly vault with fiery hooves. Bold Orion drew sword from sheath hanging by his glowing thigh; Boötes shook his cudgel; Pegasos neighed rearing and shaking the knees of his starry legs—halfseen [a] the Libyan courser trod the firmament with his foot and galloped towards the Swan his neighbour, angrily flapping his wings, that again he might send another rider hurtling down from the sky as he had once thrown Bellerophontes himself out of the heavenly vault.[b] No longer the circling Bears danced back to back beside the northern turningpost on high; but they passed to the south, and bathed their unwashen feet in the unfamiliar Ocean beside the western main.

410 "Then Father Zeus struck down Phaëthon with a thunderbolt, and sent him rolling helplessly from on high into the stream of Eridanos. He fixed again the joints which held all together with their primeval union, gave back the horses to Helios, brought the heavenly chariot to the place of rising; and the agile Hours that attended upon Phaëthon followed their ancient course. All the earth laughed again. Rain from lifebreeding Zeus cleared all the fields, and with moist showers quenched the wandering fires, all that

[a] The figure of the constellation shows only the front half of the heavenly horse, here called Pegasos.

[b] When he tried to ride to heaven on Pegasos's back.

ὅσσον ἐπὶ χθόνα πᾶσαν ἐριφλεγέων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
οὐρανόθεν χρεμέθοντες ἀπέπτυον αἴθοπες ἵπποι.
Ἥλιος δ' ἀνέτελλε παλίνδρομον ἅρμα νομεύων·
καὶ σπόρος ἠέξητο, πάλιν δ' ἐγέλασσαν ἀλωαί,
δεχνύμεναι προτέρην βιοτήσιον αἰθέρος αἴγλην.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Φαέθοντα κατεστήριξεν Ὀλύμπῳ
εἴκελον Ἠνιόχῳ καὶ ἐπώνυμον· οὐράνιον δὲ
πήχεϊ μαρμαίροντι σελασφόρον Ἅρμα τιταίνων
εἰς δρόμον ἀίσσοντος ἔχει τύπον Ἠνιοχῆος,
οἷα πάλιν ποθέων καὶ ἐν ἄστρασιν ἅρμα τοκῆος.
καὶ ποταμὸς πυρίκαυτος ἀνήλυθεν εἰς πόλον ἄστρων
Ζηνὸς ἐπαινήσαντος, ἐν ἀστερόεντι δὲ κύκλῳ
Ἠριδανοῦ πυρόεντος ἑλίσσεται ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ.

Γνωταὶ δ' ὠκυμόροιο δεδουπότος ἠνιοχῆος
εἰς φυτὸν εἶδος ἄμειψαν, ὀδυρομένων δ' ἀπὸ δένδρων
ἀφνειὴν πετάλοισι κατασταλάουσιν ἐέρσην."

the glowing horses had spat whinnying from their flaming throats out of the sky over all the earth. Helios rose driving his car on his road again ; the crops grew, the orchards laughed again, receiving as of yore the life-giving warmth from the sky.

424 " But Father Zeus fixed Phaëthon in Olympos, like a Charioteer, and bearing that name. As he holds in the radiant Chariot of the heavens with shining arm, he has the shape of a Charioteer starting upon his course, as if even among the stars he longed again for his father's car. The fire-scorched river also came up to the vault of the stars with consent of Zeus, and in the starry circle rolls the meandering stream of burning Eridanos.[a]

432 " But the sisters of the charioteer fallen to his early death changed their shape into trees, and from the weeping trees they distil precious dew [b] out of their leaves."

[a] The Milky Way. [b] Amber.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΝΑΤΟΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ ἑνάτῳ μετὰ κύματα λεύσσεις
Δηριάδην φεύγοντα πυριφλεγέων στόλον Ἰνδῶν.

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀκίχητος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἤλυθεν Ἑρμῆς,
χάρμα λιπὼν καὶ θαῦμα κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
Ὄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βάκχος
ἀκοσμήτων χύσιν ἄστρων
θάμβεε καὶ Φαέθοντα δεδουπότα, πῶς παρὰ Κελτοὺς
Ἐσπερίῳ πυρίκαυτος ἐπωλίσθησε ῥεέθρῳ,
τόφρα δὲ νῆες ἵκανον ἐπήλυδες, ἃς ἐνὶ πόντῳ
στοιχάδας ἰθύνοντες ἐς Ἄρεα ναίμαχον Ἰνδῶν
ἀκλύστῳ Ῥαδαμᾶνες ἐναυτίλλοντο θαλάσσῃ,
πόντον ἀμοιβαίῃσιν ἐπιρρήσσοντες ἐρωαῖς
ὑσμίνης ἐλατῆρες· ἐπειγομένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
ὁλκάσιν ἀντιτύποις ἐπεσύρισε πομπὸς ἀήτης.
καὶ Λύκος ἡγεμόνευεν ἐν ὕδασι δίφρον ἐλαύνων,
ἱππείαις ἀχάρακτον ἐπιξύων ῥόον ὁπλαῖς.
Δηριάδης δ' ἀπέλεθρος ὑπέρτερος ὑψόθι πύργων
ἐσσυμένων νεφεληδὸν ἐδέρκετο λαίφεα νηῶν
ὀφθαλμῷ κοτέοντι, καὶ ὡς ὑπέροπλος ἀκούων,
ἐγρεμόθους ὅτι νῆας Ἄραψ τορνώσατο τέκτων,
ὤμοσεν ὑλοτόμοισιν ἄγειν Ἀράβεσσιν Ἐνυώ,
καὶ πόλιν ἠπείλησεν ἀιστῶσαι Λυκοόργου,

BOOK XXXIX

In the thirty-ninth, you see Deriades after the flood trying to desert the host of fire-blazing Indians.

This story told, Hermes went into the heavens unapproachable, leaving joy and amazement to his brother Dionysos.

3 While Bacchos was wondering still at the confusion of the disordered stars, and Phaëthon's fall, how he slipt down among the Celts into the Western river, firescorched, the foreign ships were arriving, which the Rhadamanes had been navigating over the tranquil sea, guiding their columns on the deep towards the Indian War of ships, splashing into the deep with alternating motions, oarsmen of battle ; to suit the haste of Lyaios, a following wind whistled against the ships. And Lycos led them driving his car over the waters, and skimmed over the flood, where the horses' hooves left no mark.

14 But gigantic Deriades high on his battlements saw with angry eye the sails of the ships like a cloud; and in his overweening pride, as he heard that an Arabian shipwright had built battle-rousing ships, he swore to make war on the woodcutting Arabs, and threatened to mow down the Rhadamanes with de-

ἀμήσας Ῥαδαμᾶνας ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ.
καὶ στόλον ἀθρήσαντες ἀταρβέες ἔτρεμον Ἰνδοί,
Ἄρεα παπταίνοντες ἀλίκτυπον, ἄχρι καὶ αὐτοῦ
γούνατα τολμήεντος ἐλύετο Δηριαδῆος·
ποιητῷ δὲ γέλωτι γαληναίοιο προσώπου
Ἰνδὸς ἄναξ ἐκέλευσε τριηκοσίων ἀπὸ νήσων
ἧς ἐλεφαντοβότοιο παρὰ σφυρὰ δύσβατα γαίης
λαὸν ἄγειν· καὶ κραιπνὸς ἐς ἀτραπὸν ἦιε κῆρυξ,
ποσσὶ πολυγνάμπτοισιν ἀπὸ χθονὸς εἰς χθόνα βαίνων
καὶ στόλος ὀξὺς ἵκανε πολυσπερέων ἀπὸ νήσων
κεκλομένου βασιλῆος· ὁ δὲ θρασὺς αὐχένα τείνων,
ὁλκάδας εὐπήληκας ἐς Ἄρεα πόντιον ἕλκων,
λαὸν ὅλον θάρσυνε, καὶ ὑψιόῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
" Ἀνέρες, οὓς ἀτίταλλεν
ἐμὸς μενέχαρμος Ὑδάσπης,
ἄρτι πάλιν μάρνασθε πεποιθότες· αἰθόμενον δὲ
ἄξατε πῦρ ἐς Ἄρηα, καὶ ἄσπετον ἄψατε πεύκην,
νῆας ἵνα φλέξοιμι νεήλυδας αἴθοπι δαλῷ,
καὶ στρατὸν ὑγροκέλευθον ἐνικρίψοιμι θαλάσσῃ
σὺν δορί, σὺν θώρηκι, σὺν ὁλκάσι, σὺν Διονύσῳ.
εἰ θεὸς ἔπλετο Βάκχος, ἐμῷ πυρὶ Βάκχον ὀλέσσω·
οὐχ ἅλις, ὡς προχοῆσι πολύτροπα φάρμακα πάσσων
ἄνθεσι Θεσσαλικοῖσιν ἐμὸν φοίνιξεν Ὑδάσπην,
καί μιν ἰδὼν σίγησα, καὶ ἥσυχος εἰσέτι λεύσσειν
ἔτλην ξανθὰ ῥέεθρα μιαινομένου ποταμοῖο;
εἰ γὰρ ἔην ῥόος οὗτος ἀπ' ἀλλοτρίου ποταμοῖο,
μηδὲ πατὴρ ἐμὸς ἦεν Ἀρήιος Ἰνδὸς Ὑδάσπης,
καί κεν ἐγὼ τόδε χεῦμα χυτῆς ἔπλησα κονίης
ὀδμὴν βοτρυόεσσαν ἀμαλδύνων Διονύσου,
καὶ προχοὴν μεθύουσαν ἐμοῦ γενετῆρος ὀδεύων
ποσσὶ κονιομένοισι διέτρεχον ἄβροχον ὕδωρ,
οἷα παρ' Ἀργείοισι φατίζεται, ὡς ἐνοσίχθων

stroying steel and to devastate the city of Lycurgos.[a] The fearless Indians trembled at sight of the fleet, when they surveyed the seabeaten armada, until even the knees of daring Deriades gave way. With a forced laugh on a calm face, the Indian king ordered men to be marshalled from three hundred islands along the unapproachable slopes of his elephantfeeding land. In haste a herald went on his way, travelling from land to land with many a twist and turn, and a fleet came with speed from the many scattered isles at the summons of their king: boldly he stretched his neck, and drew the helmeted ships into the maritime war, with words of encouragement to all his men which he uttered in high-hearted tones:

33 "My men, bred beside my standfast Hydaspes, now fight again with confidence! Bring flaming fire into battle, light unquenchable torches, that I may burn those newly come ships with blazing brand and sink in the sea that waterfaring host, with spear, with corselet, with ships, with Dionysos! If Bacchos is a god, I will destroy Bacchos with my fire. Is it not enough, that he has sprinkled those cunning poisons in the water and reddened my Hydaspes with Thessalian flowers? That I have looked on him in silence, and let myself quietly behold the yellow streams of my maddened river? For if that stream came from a foreign river, if the warlike Indian Hydaspes were not my own father, then I would have filled that flood with heaps of dust to drown the viny stink of Dionysos; I would have walked upon the drunken stream of my father and crossed unwetting water with dusty feet, as once it is said among the Argives that Earthshaker made

[a] The Lycurgos of books xx.-xxi.

ξηρὸν ὕδωρ ποίησε, καὶ αὐσταλέου ποταμοῖο
Ἰναχίην ἵππειος ὄνυξ ἐχάραξε κονίην.
οὐ θεός, οὐ θεὸς οὗτος· ἑὴν δ' ἐψεύσατο φύτλην·
ποίην γὰρ Κρονίωνος Ὀλύμπιον αἰγίδα πάλλει;
ποῖον ἔχει σπινθῆρα Διοβλήτοιο κεραυνοῦ;
ποίην δ' οὐρανίην στεροπὴν γενετῆρος ἀείρει;
οὐ Κρονίδης κατ' Ἄρηα κορύσσεται οἴνοπι κισσῷ·
οὐ τυπάνων πατάγοισι μέλος βρονταῖον ἐίσκω,
οὐδὲ Διὸς σκηπτοῖσιν ὁμοίια θύρσα καλέσσω,
οὐ χθονίῳ θώρηκι Διὸς νέφος ἶσον ἐνίψω·
νεβρίδι δαιδαλέῃ πότε ποικίλον ἄστρον ἐίσκω;
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις, ὅτι βότρυν ἐδέξατο καὶ χύσιν οἴνου
δῶρα παρὰ Κρονίωνος ἀεξιφύτοιο τοκῆος·
Τρώιον αἷμα φέροντι καὶ ἀγρονόμῳ τινὶ βούτῃ
Ζεὺς πόρεν οἰνοχόῳ Γανυμήδεϊ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου,
νέκταρι δ' οὐ πέλεν οἶνος ὁμοίιος· εἴξατε, θύρσοι.
Βάκχος ὁμοῦ Σατύροισιν ἐπὶ χθονὸς εἰλαπινάζει·
δαίνυται οὐρανίοισι σὺν ἀθανάτοις Γανυμήδης.
εἰ δὲ πέλε βροτὸς οὗτος ἐπουρανίοιο τοκῆος,
σὺν Διὶ καὶ μακάρεσσι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης.
ἔκλυον, ὥς ποτε θῶκον ἑὸν καὶ σκῆπτρον Ὀλύμπου
δῶκε γέρας Ζαγρῆι παλαιοτέρῳ Διονύσῳ,
ἀστεροπὴν Ζαγρῆι καὶ ἄμπελον οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ."

Εἶπε καὶ εἰς μόθον ὦρτο· συνερρώοντο δὲ λαοὶ
σὺν δορί, σὺν σακέεσσι, καὶ ὄψιμον ἐλπίδα νίκης
χερσαίου πολέμοιο μετεστήσαντο θαλάσσῃ.
καὶ προμάχοις Διόνυσος ἐκέκλετο θυιάδι φωνῇ·

"Ἄρεος ἄλκιμα τέκνα καὶ εὐθώρηκος Ἀθήνης,
οἷς βίος ἔργα μόθοιο καὶ ἐλπίδες εἰσὶν ἀγῶνες,

[a] In his anger because Phoroneus and the other princes of Argos adjudged their land to Hera; see [Apollodoros] ii. 13, Pausanias ii. 15. 5.

water dry, and a horse's hoof left his prints on the dust of river Inachos dried up.[a]

53 "No god, no god is that man; he has lied about his birth. For what Olympian aegis of Cronion does he brandish? What spark has he of Zeus-thrown thunderbolt? What heavenly lightning of his father's does he lift? No Cronides equips himself for war with vineleaf and ivy! I cannot compare the music of thunder to rattling cymbals. I will not call the thyrsus anything like the thunderbolt of Zeus, I will not allow an earthly corselet to be equal to the clouds of Zeus. How can I liken a dappled fawnskin to the pattern of the stars?—But you will say, he received the grapes and the liquid wine as gifts from Cronion his father, who blesses the crops with increase. Well, Zeus gave Olympian nectar to one of Trojan blood, a country clown, a cowman, Ganymede the cupbearer, and wine is not equal to nectar: thyrsus, you have the worst of it! Bacchos feasts on earth with Satyrs; Ganymede banquets with the heavenly immortals. If this mortal had a heavenly father, he would have touched one board with Zeus and the Blessed. I have heard how Zeus once gave his throne and the sceptre of Olympos as prerogative to Zagreus the ancient Dionysos—lightning to Zagreus, vine to wineface Bacchos!"

74 He spoke, and away to battle. The people rushed together armed with spears, with shields, and now transferred their last hope of victory from land to sea. Then Dionysos called to his leaders with wild voice:

78 "Mighty sons of Ares and corseleted Athena, whose life is the works of war, whose hope is conflict!

σπεύσατε καὶ κατὰ πόντον ἀιστῶσαι γένος Ἰνδῶν,
εἰναλίην τελέσαντες ἐπιχθονίην μετὰ νίκην.
ἀλλὰ θαλασσαίοιο διάκτορα δηιοτῆτος,
ἔγχεα διπλώσαντες ὁμόπλοκα δίζυγι δεσμῷ
ναύμαχα κολλήεντα, περὶ στόμα εἰμένα χαλκῷ,
μίξατε δυσμενέεσσιν ἀλιπτοίητον Ἐνυώ,
προφθάμενοι, μὴ χειρὶ πυραυγέα δαλὸν ἀείρων
Δηριάδης φλέξειεν Ἀρήια δούρατα νηῶν.
νόσφι φόβου μάρνασθε, Μιμαλλόνες· ὑγρομόθων γὰρ
ἐλπίδες ἀντιβίων κενεαυχέες· εἰ δὲ μογήσας
φύλοπιν οὐκ ἐτέλεσσεν ἐπὶ χθονὸς ὄρχαμος Ἰνδῶν,
ἠλιβάτων λοφιῇσιν ἐφεδρήσσων ἐλεφάντων,
ἀγχινεφής, ἀκίχητος, ἀνούτατος, ἠέρι γείτων,
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ προμάχων ποτὲ δεύομαι, οὐδὲ καλέσσω
ἄλλον ἀοσσητῆρα μετὰ Κρονίωνα τοκῆα,
ἠνίοχον πόντοιο καὶ αἰθέρος· ἦν δ' ἐθελήσω,
γνωτὸν ἐμοῦ Κρονίδαο Ποσειδάωνα κορύσσω
Ἰνδῴην στίχα πᾶσαν ἀμαλδύνοντα τριαίνῃ·
καὶ πρόμον εὐρυγένειον, ἀπόσπορον ἐννοσιγαίου,
Γλαῦκον ἔχω συνάεθλον, ἐμῆς ἅτε γείτονα Θήβης,
πόντιον Ἀονίης Ἀνθηδόνος ἀστὸν ἀρούρης·
Γλαῦκον ἔχω καὶ Φόρκυν· ἰμασσομένην δὲ θαλάσσῃ
ὁλκάδα Δηριάδαο κατακρύψει Μελικέρτης,
κυδαίνων Διόνυσον ὁμόγνιον, οὗ ποτε μήτηρ
νήπιον ἔτρεφε Βάκχον, ἐπεὶ πόρε ποντιὰς Ἰνὼ
ἓν γλάγος ἀμφοτέροισι, Παλαίμονι καὶ Διονύσῳ·
μαντιπόλου δὲ γέροντος, ὃς ἡμετέρην ποτὲ νίκην
ἐσσομένην κατὰ πόντον ὑποβρυχίῃ φάτο φωνῇ,
εἰμὶ φίλος Πρωτῆος· ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ κορύσσει
θυγατέρας Νηρῆος ἐμὴ Θέτις, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
Βασσαρίδων συνάεθλος ἐμὴ θωρήσσεται Ἰνώ·
θωρήξω δ' ἐς Ἄρηα καὶ Αἰόλον, ὄφρα νοήσω

Make haste now—destroy the Indian race on the sea as well, and finish your land victory with another by sea! Come, take in hand those messengers of sea-warfare, spears coupled together with double rings, welded seapikes with bronze fixed at the mouth, and join sea-terrifying battle with your enemies—get in before them, that Deriades may not lift his fireblazing torch and burn up the warlike timbers of our ships. Fight without fear, Mimallones! For the hopes of our seafighting adversaries are all empty boasts. If for all his efforts the Indian chieftain could not finish off his war on land, seated on the neck of mountainous elephants, near the clouds, unapproachable, unwounded, a neighbour to the sky, then I never lack champions, I will call on no other helper after my father Cronion, charioteer of sea and sky; or if it please me, I will arm Poseidon the brother of my Cronides, to wipe out all the Indian host with his trident, and I have as my ally Earthshaker's offspring Glaucos, the broadbearded champion, as neighbour of my own Thebes and seaborn inhabitant of the land of Aonian Anthedon[a]—yes, Glaucos I have and Phorcys. And Melicertes will drown the vessel of Deriades flogged by the sea; he shall glorify Dionysos his kinsman, for his mother once nursed baby Bacchos, since Ino of the sea gave one milk to both Palaimon and Dionysos. I am also the friend of Proteus the Old Man prophetic, who told with a voice out of the deep waters my coming victory on the sea.[b] My Thetis also prepares the daughters of Nereus for war, and in the battle my Ino is arming to help the Bassarids. Aiolos too I will arm for warfare, that I

[a] *Cf.* xiii. 73. [b] *Cf.* xxi. 289.

Εὗρον ἀκοντίζοντα καὶ αἰχμάζοντα Βορῆα,
γαμβρὸν ἐμοῦ προμάχου,
Μαραθωνίδος ἅρπαγα νύμφης,
καὶ Νότον Αἰθιοπῆα προασπιστῆρα Λυαίου·
καὶ Ζέφυρος πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀελλήεντι κυδοιμῷ
ὁλκάδας ἀντιβίων δηλήσεται· ἡμετέρου γὰρ
εὐνέτιν Ἶριν ἔχει Διὸς ἄγγελον. ἀλλὰ σιωπῇ
ἔκτοθεν εὐθύρσοιο καὶ Ἰνδώοιο κυδοιμοῦ
μιμνέτω ἠρεμέων θρασὺς Αἴολος, ἠθάδι δεσμῷ
ἀσκὸν ἐπισφίγξας ἀνεμώδεα, μηδ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
ἄσθμασιν Ἰνδοφόνοισιν ἀριστεύσωσιν ἀῆται·
ἀλλὰ μόθον τελέσω νηοφθόρα θύρσα τιταίνων."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐκόρυσσε πεποιθότας ἡγεμονῆας.
ἤδη δὲ πτολέμοιο προάγγελος ἵστατο σάλπιγξ,
καὶ μέλος ἐγρεκύδοιμον ἀνέκλαγον Ἄρεος αὐλοὶ
λαὸν ἀολλίζοντες, ἀρασσομένη δὲ βοείῃ
εἰναλίου κελάδησε μόθου χαλκόκροτον ἠχώ,
καὶ καναχὴν ὁμόδουπον ἀγέστρατος ἴαχε σύριγξ·
ἀντὶ δὲ πετραίης πολεμήια λείψανα φωνῆς
Πανιὰς ὑστερόφωνος ἀμείβετο ποιτιὰς Ἠχώ.

Τοῖσι δὲ μαρναμένοισιν ἔην κλόνος, ὥρτο δ' ἰωὴ
κεκλομένων· καὶ λαὸς ἐθήμονι μάρνατο τέχνῃ
κυκλώσας στεφανηδὸν ὅλον στρατόν, ἐν δ' ἄρα μέσσῳ
νηυσὶν ὁμοζυγέεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη στόλος Ἰνδῶν
εἰς λίνον ἐργομένων νεπόδων τύπον· Αἰακίδαις δὲ
Αἰακὸς ὑγρὸν Ἄρηα προθεσπίζων Σαλαμῖνος
ἀρχόμενος πολέμοιο θεουδέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·

" Εἰ πάρος ἡμετέρην ἀίων ἱκετήσιον ἠχὼ
ἄσπορον εὐρυάλωος ἀπήλασας αὐχμὸν ἀρούρης,

may behold East Wind shooting arrows and North Wind hurling javelins—North Wind goodson of my champion[a] and the spoiler of the Marathonian bride, South Wind the Ethiopian defender of Lyaios. West Wind also much more shall destroy the ships of my adversaries with stormy tumult, for he has to wife Iris the messenger of my father Zeus. No, better let bold Aiolos keep away from the battle of Indian and thyrsus and remain in peace and quiet; let him tie up tight his windy bag by its usual cord, that the winds may not be heroes on the deep and slay the Indians with their blasts. I will finish the battle shaking a ship-destroying thyrsus."

123 With these words, he armed his confident captains. Already the trumpet was there as harbinger of war, and the pipes of war gave out their battle-rousing tune collecting the army. The stricken shield sounded with bronze-rattling noise for the seafight, and the host-assembling syrinx mingled its piercing tones, and Pan's answering Echo came from the sea with faint warlike whispers instead of her rocky voice.

131 Then there was din amongst the fighters, and the noise of clamour arose. The host fought with their accustomed skill, and surrounded all the enemy in ring; the Indian fleet was in the middle girt about with an unbroken circle of ships like a shoal of fish enclosed in a net. Then Aiacos beginning the battle cried aloud with inspired voice this prophecy of the watery strife at Salamis for the descendants of Aiacos:

138 "If ever, O Zeus of the rains, thou hast heard our voice of prayer, and driven away seedless drought

[a] Erechtheus.

διψαλέην ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγων βιοτήσιον ὕδωρ,
δὸς πάλιν ὀψιτέλεστον ἴσην χάριν, ὑέτιε Ζεῦ,
ὕδατι κυδαίνων με καὶ ἐνθάδε· καί τις ἐνίψῃ
νίκην ἡμετέρην δεδοκημένος· ‘ὡς ἐνὶ γαίῃ
Ζεὺς ἑὸν υἱα γέραιρε, καὶ ἐν πελάγεσσι γεραίρει.’
ἄλλος ἀνὴρ λέξειεν Ἀχαικός· ‘εἰν ἑνὶ θεσμῷ
Αἰακὸς Ἰνδοφόνος φυσίζοος· ἀμφότερον γάρ,
κείρων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα καὶ αὔλακι καρπὸν ὀπάσσας
χάρμα πόρεν Δήμητρι καὶ εὐφροσύην Διονύσῳ.’
ῥύεο δ’ ἡμετέρης πλόον ὁλκάδος· αὐσταλέῳ δὲ
ὡς χθονίῳ κενεῶνι φερέσβιον ἤγαγον ὕδωρ,
καὶ βυθίων λαγόνων θανατηφόρον οἶδμα κορύσσω
μαρνάμενον στρατιῇσι καὶ ὁλκάσι Δηριαδῆος.
ἀλλά, πάτερ, σκηπτοῦχε βίου, σκηπτοῦχε κυδοιμοῦ,
πέμπέ μοι αἰετὸν ὄρνιν ἐμῆς κήρυκα γενέθλης
δεξιτερὸν προμάχοισι καὶ ὑμετέρῳ Διονύσῳ·
ἄλλος δ’ ἀντιβίοισιν ἀριστερὸς ὄρνις ἰκέσθω·
σύμβολα δ’ ἀμφοτέροις ἑτερότροπα ταῦτα γενέσθω·
τὸν μὲν ἐσαθρήσω πεφορημένον ἅρπαγι ταρσῷ
θηγαλέων ὀνύχων κεχαραγμένον ὀξέι κέντρῳ
νεκρὸν ὄφιν περίμετρον ἀερτάζοντα κεράστην,
δυσμενέος κεροέντος ἀπαγγέλλοντα τελευτήν·
λαῷ δ’ ἀντιβίων ἕτερος μελανόχροος ἔλθῃ
κυανέαις πτερύγεσσι προθεσπίζων φόνον Ἰνδῶν,
αὐτομάτου θανάτοιο μέλαν τύπον· ἢν δ’ ἐθελήσῃς,
βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἐμὴν μαντεύεο νίκην,
καὶ στεροπὴν Βρομίοιο λεχώια φέγγεα πέμπων
υἱέα σεῖο γέραιρε πάλιν πυρί, δυσμενέων δὲ
ὁλκάδας εὐπήληκας ὀιστεύσωσι κεραυνοί.

---

* Because of Aiacos's piety, Zeus readily granted his

from the broad threshingfloors of our country,[a] and brought lifegiving water upon the thirsty land, then give us again an equal boon now at last, and glorify me here also with water! Then men may say when they see our victory, 'As Zeus showed honour to his son on land, so he shows him honour on the sea.' Some other man of Achaia may say, 'Aiacos is both Indian-slayer and lifebringer at once; he both cuts off his enemies' heads and brings fruit to the furrow, giving joy to Demeter and a merry heart to Dionysos.' Protect thou the sailing of our ship! As I brought lifegiving water to the hollow of the parched earth, so now I arm this flood from the hollows of the deep to bring death, battling against the armies and ships of Deriades.

153 "Come, O Father, monarch of life, monarch of battle! Send me an eagle, the auspicious herald of my birth, on the right hand of my captains and your own Dionysos! Let another omen come on the left for my adversaries, and let these two be opposite tokens for both. Let me see the one sailing along with robber's wing and lifting a huge horned serpent, dead and torn by sharp points of his keen talons, proclaiming the end of my horned enemy: let the other come to my host of adversaries black-hued, with dark wings, foretelling the carnage of the Indians, the black image of self-inflicted death. If it be thy pleasure, foretell my victory with claps of thunder, and send the lightning which lighted the birth of Bromios to honour your son once again with fire, and let thunderbolts strike the helmeted ships

prayers; therefore, when a great drought visited Greece, he was asked to intercede for the rest, and did so successfully; see Isocrates, *Evagoras* 5; Pausanias ii. 29. 7-8. *Cf.* xxii. 277.

ναί, πάτερ, Αἰγίνης μιμνήσκεο, μὴ σέο νύμφης
νυμφίον αἰσχύνειας ὁμόπτερον ὄρνιν Ἐρώτων."
Ὣς εἰπὼν πολέμιζεν. ἐς ἠερίας δὲ κελεύθους
ὄμμα παλιννόστοιο βαλὼν ἀντώπιον Ἄρκτου
γαμβρὸν ἑὸν λιτάνευε καὶ ἴαχε μῦθον Ἐρεχθεύς·
" Γαμβρὸς ἐμὸς Βορέης, θωρήσσεο,
καὶ σέο νύμφης
μαρναμένῳ γενετῆρι βοηθόον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
ἔδνα τεοῦ θαλάμοιο θαλασσαίην πόρε νίκην·
ὁλκάσι μὲν Βρομίοιο φέρων νησσόον αὖρην
δὸς χάριν ἀμφοτέροισιν, Ἐρεχθέι καὶ Διονύσῳ·
νηυσὶ δὲ Δηριάδαο μεμηνότα πόντον ἰμάσσων
ἄσθματι κυματόεντι τεὰς θώρηξον ἀέλλας—
ἐσσὶ γὰρ ὑσμίνης ἐμπείραμος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
Θρήκην ναιετάεις, ἐμπείραμος, οἷά περ Ἄρης—,
ἀντιβίων δὲ φάλαγγι δυσήνεμον ἄσθμα κομίζων
ἔγχεϊ παχνήεντι κορύσσεο Δηριαδῆι·
στήσας δ' ἀντιβίοισι θυελλήεσσαν Ἐνυὼ
δυσμενέας τόξευε χαλαζήεντι βελέμνῳ,
καὶ Διὶ πιστὰ φέρων καὶ Παλλάδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
μνώεο Κεκροπίης εὐπαρθένου, ἧχι γυναῖκες
κερκίδι ποικίλλουσι τεῶν ὑμέναιον Ἐρώτων·
Ἰλισσὸν δὲ γέραιρε γαμοστόλον, ὁππόθι κούρην
Ἀθῖδα σὴν παράκοιτιν ἀνήρπασαν ἅρπαγες αὖραι
ἐζομένην ἀτίνακτον ἀκινήτῳ σέθεν ὤμῳ.
οἶδα μέν, ὡς συνάεθλος ἐλεύσεται ἄλλος ἀήτης
γείτων ἀντιβίοισιν Ἑῴος· ἀλλ' ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
οὐ τρομέω θρασὺν Εὖρον, ὅτι πτερόεντες ἀῆται
πάντες, ὅσοι πνείουσιν, ὀπάονές εἰσι Βορῆος·
καὶ πρόμος Αἰθιόπων Νοτίην ἐπὶ πέζαν ἀρούρης
μηκέτι νοστήσειε Κορύμβασος, ἀλλὰ δαμείη

of the foe. Yes, Father, remember Aigina, and do not shame the bridegroom [a] of thy bride, the love-bird of like feather with this ! "

171 After this prayer, he began the fight; Erechtheus also cast up his eye to the heavenly path of the ever-returning Bear, and prayed to his goodson in these words :

174 " Goodson Boreas, put on your armour, and send a helping blast to your bride's father in battle ! Give victory by sea as the price of your bride ! Bring a ship-stirring wind for Bromios's fleet and grant a boon to Erechtheus and Dionysos alike. For the ships of Deriades, flog the maddened deep into waves with your blast and arm your tempests—for you are well practised in fighting, as one whose habitation is Thrace, well-practised as Ares himself—then drive a stormy wind upon the host of our enemies, arm yourself against Deriades with your icy spear. Raise a hurricane of war against our enemies, shoot the foe with your frozen shafts, and keep faith with Zeus and Pallas and Dionysos. Remember Cecropia [b] with its lovely girls, where the women weave with their shuttle the love-story of your wedding. Honour Ilissos who led the bridal train, when the robber breezes made robbery of your Attic bride, sitting unshaken upon your unmoving shoulder.

193 " I know that another wind will come to help our adversaries, the East Wind their neighbour: but I fear not bold Euros in battle, because all the winged breezes that blow are servants of Boreas. Let Corymbasos the chief of the Ethiopians never return to the arable land of the south; let him be brought

[a] Alluding to the eagle-shape which Zeus took to carry off Aigina. [b] Attica.

θερμὸν ἔχων συνάεθλον ἑὸν Νότον Αἰθιοπῆα,
ψυχρὸν ὑπὲρ πόντοιο πιὼν θανατηφόρον ὕδωρ·
οὐκ ἀλέγω Ζεφύροιο, κορυσσομένοιο Βορῆος.
δεῖξον ὁμοφροσύνην ἑκυρῷ σέθεν· οὐρανόθεν δὲ
σὺν σοὶ Βακχιάδεσσιν ἐμαῖς στρατιῇσιν ἀρήξει
μαρνάμενος τριόδοντι Ποσειδάων καὶ Ἀθήνη,
ἡ μὲν ἑοῖς ναέτῃσιν, ὁ δὲ γνωτοῖο γενέθλῃ·
καὶ πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος Ἐρεχθέος αἷμα γεραίρων
ἵξεται εὐάντητος ἐς ὑδατόεσσαν Ἐννώ,
ὁλκάσι Δηριάδαο μαχήμονα πυρσὸν ἐλίσσων.
δὸς δέ με νικῆσαι καὶ ἐν ὕδασι, καὶ μετὰ νίκην
Κεκροπίῃ κομίσειεν ἀπήμονα λαὸν Ἐρεχθεύς,
καὶ Βορέην μέλψωσι καὶ Ὠρείθυιαν Ἀθῆναι."

Τοῖον ἔπος βοόων ἁλιδίνεος ἥψατο χάρμης
ἔγχεϊ τεχνήεντι, καὶ ὡς ναέτης Μαραθῶνος
ναύμαχον εἶχεν ἔρωτα· φιληρέτμῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
εὔστολος ἦεν Ἄρης τότε ναυτίλος, ἐν παλάμῃ δὲ
πηδάλιον Φόβος εἶχε, κυβερνήτης δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
Δεῖμος ἀκοντοφόρων ἀνελύσατο πείσματα νηῶν.

Κυκλώπων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐναυτίλλοιντο θαλάσσῃ
ὁλκάδας ἀγχιάλοισιν ὀιστεύοντες ἐρίπναις·
Εὐρύαλος δ' ἀλάλαζεν, ἁλιρροίζῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
ἀγχινεφὴς οἴστρησεν ἐς ὑσμίνην Ἀλιμήδης.
καὶ διδύμαις στρατιῇσιν ἐπέκτυπε πόντιος Ἄρης
χερσαίην μετὰ δῆριν, ἁλιρροίζῳ δ' ἀλαλητῷ
ὁλκάσι Βακχείῃσιν ἐπέρρεον ὁλκάδες Ἰνδῶν·
καὶ φόνος ἦν ἑκάτερθε, καὶ ἔζεε κύματα λύθρῳ,
καὶ πολὺς ἀμφοτέρων στρατὸς ἤριπεν· ἀρτιχύτῳ δὲ
αἵματι κυανέης ἐρυθαίνετο νῶτα θαλάσσης.

low, although he is helped by his own hot Ethiopian South, let him drink the cold water of death beyond the sea. I care nothing for Zephyros, when Boreas is under arms. Show that you are of one heart with your goodfather. From heaven by your side will come Poseidon fighting for my Bacchiad armies with his trident, and Athena, she helping her countrymen, he his brother's son; and fiery Hephaistos honouring the blood of Erechtheus will come full welcome to the watery war, swinging a warlike torch against the ships of Deriades. Grant me victory on the sea also, and after victory let Erechtheus take his people home to Cecropia unhurt, and let Athens chant of Boreas and Oreithyia."

212 Thus he cried loudly, and fell to the fight on the eddies of the brine with well-skilled spear—as a man of Marathon [a] he was in love with seafighting. In that tumult of many oars Ares was then an excellent mariner, Rout held rudder in hand, Terror [b] was pilot of the fray and threw off the hawsers of the javelin-bearing ships.

218 Troops of Cyclopians navigated the sea, showering rocks from the shore upon the ships; Euryalos shouted the warcry, and Halimedes high as the sky dashed raging into battle with brineblustering tumult. In both armies the sea-battle roared after the conflict on land, while Indian ships charged Bacchic ships with brineblustering yells. There was carnage on both sides, and the waves boiled with gore; a great company fell from both armies, the back of the blue sea grew red with newly-shed blood.

[a] An odd blunder; Nonnos seems to confuse Marathon with Salamis.

[b] Phobos and Deimos are Ares' attendants in Homer.

Πολλοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα χυτῷ πίπτοντες ὀλέθρῳ
οἰδαλέοι πλωτῆρες ἐναντίλλοιντο θαλάσσῃ·
καὶ ῥοθίοις ἑλικηδὸν ἔχων πορθμῆας ἀήτας
σύρετο νεκρὸς ὅμιλος ἀφειδέι σύνδρομος αὔρῃ·
πολλοὶ δ' αὐτοκύλιστον ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγα κυδοιμοῦ
εἰς ῥόον ὠλίσθησαν, ἀναγκαίῃ δὲ πιόντες
πικρὸν ὕδωρ ἐνόησαν ὑποβρυχίης λίνα Μοίρης,
βριθόμενοι θώρηκι· καὶ οἰδαλέων μέλαν ὕδωρ
κυανέων ἐκάλυπτεν ὁμόχροα σώματα νεκρῶν
βένθεϊ φυκιόεντι, σὺν ὑγροπόρῳ δὲ φορῆι
χάλκεος ἰλυόεντι χιτὼν ἐκαλύπτετο πηλῷ·
καὶ τάφος ἔπλετο πόντος. ἐτυμβεύοντο δὲ πολλοὶ
κητείοις γενύεσσιν, ἐν ἰχθυόεντι δὲ λαιμῷ
ἄπνοον αἰθύσσουσα νέκυν τυμβεύσατο φώκη,
ξανθὸν ἐρευγομένη ῥόον αἵματος. ὀλλυμένων δὲ
τεύχεα πόντος ἔδεκτο, νεοσφαγέος δὲ φορῆος
αὐτομάτη λοφόεσσα δι' ὕδατος ἔπλεε πήληξ
δεσμοῦ λυομένοιο, θυελλήεντι δὲ πολλῆς
χεύματι φοιταλέης ἐπενήχετο κύκλα βοείης
σὺν διερῷ τελαμῶνι. πολὺς δ' ὑπὸ κύμασιν ἄκροις
ἀφρὸς ἐρευθιόων πολιῆς ἀνεκήκιεν ἅλμης
αἱμαλέῳ πάνλευκον ὑποστίξας χύσιν ὁλκῷ.
Καὶ φονίαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐφοινίχθη Μελικέρτης·
Λευκοθέη δ' ὀλόλυζε, τιθηνήτειρα Λυαίου,
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἔχουσα, καὶ Ἰνδοφόνου περὶ νίκης
ἄνθεϊ φυκιόεντι κόμην ἐστέψατο Νύμφη·
καὶ Θέτις ἀκρήδεμνος ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης
χεῖρας ἐρεισαμένη καὶ Δωρίδι καὶ Παναπείῃ
ἄσμενον ὄμμα τίταινεν ἐπ' εὐθύρσῳ Διονύσῳ.
Καὶ βυθίη Γαλάτεια θαλασσαίου διὰ κόλπου
ἠμιφανὴς πεφόρητο διαξύουσα γαλήνην,

228 Many on this side and that side fell into the mess of carnage, and navigated the sea swollen and floating. The merciless winds dragged with them the crowds of dead bodies, tossed about by the surge with breezes to ferry them. Many fell of themselves under the whirlwind of battle, and slipt into the flood, then drank of the bitter brine, for they could not help it, and weighed down with their corselets knew the threads of the Fate who drowned them in the waters. The black water covered the black livid bodies of the swollen dead with seaweed in the depths ; slimy mud covered coat of mail and seafaring wearer together ; the sea was their grave. Many again had sepulture in the maw of seamonsters, or the darting seal entombed the inanimate corpse in her fishy throat and belched out a stream of brownish blood. The sea took the armour of the dead ; the plumed helmet worked loose from the strap and floated upon the water by itself, its owner newly slain ; many a round shield swam at random on the flood with soaking sling driven by the gale, and under the surface of the waves masses of red foam bubbled up from the grey brine, marking the spread of white with streaks of blood.

250 Melicertes also was stained by the drops of gore ; Leucothea cried out for joy, she the nurse of Lyaios, raising a proud neck, and the Nymph crowned her hair with flowers of seaweed for the Indian-slaying victory ; and Thetis unveiled peeping up out of the sea, with her hands resting on Doris and Panopeia, turned a gladsome eye towards Dionysos with his thyrsus.

257 Galatea too came from the depths and moved half visible through the bosom of the deep sea,

καὶ φονίου Κύκλωπος ἀλιπτοίητον Ἐννὼ
δερκομένη δεδόνητο, φόβῳ δ' ἥμειψε παρειάς·
ἔλπετο γὰρ Πολύφημον ἰδεῖν κατὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
ἀντία Δηριάδαο συναιχμάζοντα Λυαίῳ·
ταρβαλέη δ' ἱκέτευε θαλασσαίην Ἀφροδίτην
υἷα Ποσειδάωνος ἀριστεύοντα σαῶσαι,
καὶ γενέτην φιλότεκνον ἐφ' υἱέι κυανοχαίτην
μαρναμένου λιτάνευε προασπίζειν Πολυφήμου.
καὶ βυθίου τριόδοντος ἐκυκλώσαντο φορῆα
θυγατέρες Νηρῆος· ἐρειδόμενος δὲ τριαίνῃ
πόντιος ἐννοσίγαιος ἐδέρκετο γείτονα χάρμην,
καὶ στρατὸν εὐθώρηκος ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου,
ζηλήμων ὀρόων ἑτέρου Κύκλωπος Ἐννώ,
ὑγρομόθῳ Βρομίῳ πολυμεμφέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
" Εἰς ἐνοπήν, φίλε Βάκχε,
τόσους Κύκλωπας ἀγείρων,
καλλείψας δ' ἕνα μοῦνον ἀπόπροθι δηιοτῆτος,
εἰς χρόνον ἑπταέτηρον ἔχεις πολύκυκλον ἀγῶνα,
βόσκων ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἀτέρμονος ἐλπίδα χάρμης,
ὅττι τεοῦ μεγάλοιο προασπιστῆρες ἀγῶνος
πάντες ἑνὸς χατέουσιν ἀνικήτου Πολυφήμου·
εἰ δὲ τεὴν ἐπὶ δῆριν ἐμὸς πάις ἵκετο Κύκλωψ,
πατρῴην δ' ἐλέλιζεν ἐμῆς γλωχῖνα τριαίνης,
καί κεν ὑπὲρ πεδίοιο συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ
στήθεα βουκεράοιο διέθλασε Δηριαδῆος,
καὶ πολὺν αἰνὸν ὅμιλον ἐμῷ τριόδοντι δαΐζων
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν ὅλον γένος ἔκτανεν Ἰνδῶν.
υἱὸς ἐμὸς πάλαι[1] ἄλλος ἔχων ἑκατοντάδα χειρῶν
Τιτήνων ὀλετῆρι τεῷ χραίσμησε τοκῆι,
Αἰγαίων πολύπηχυς, ὅτε Κρόνον εἰς φόβον ἔλκων

[1] So Marcellus: πάλιν mss. and edd.

[a] Nonnos follows the story according to which Galateia

wrinkling the calm surface, and looking upon the sea-affrighting battle of murderous Cyclops she was shaken, and her cheeks changed colour from fear, for she thought she saw Polyphemos fighting for Lyaios against Deriades in this Indian War; and in dismay she besought Aphrodite of the sea to protect the heroic son of Poseidon, and she prayed the loving father Seabluehair to defend his son Polyphemos in the battle.[a] The daughters of Nereus gathered round the bearer of the deepsea trident; Earth-shaker the seagod leaning upon his trident watched the neighbouring conflict, and scanning the host of corseleted Dionysos, he observed with jealousy the valour of another Cyclops, and loudly reproached Bacchos for disturbing the waters with battle:

273 "Bacchos my friend, how many Cyclopians you have brought into your war, and left only one far from the battle! Your conflict has lasted through many cycles, seven years, feeding the varying hopes of endless strife, because all the foremost champions of your great contest lack one, Polyphemos the invincible. If my son the Cyclops had come to your conflict, and brandished the prong of my trident, his father's, then indeed as the ally of Dionysos he would have pierced the chest of horned Deriades on this field—he would have destroyed a great and terrible host with my threetooth, and slain the whole Indian nation in one day! Before this another son of mine with a hundred hands helped your Father to destroy the Titans, Aigaion manyarm, when he

[a] loved Polyphemos in return (contrast Theocritos xi.) and bore him a son.

ἠλιβάτων ἐτίταινε πολυσπερὲς ἔθνος ἀγοστῶν,
ἠέλιον σκιόωσαν ἔχων ὑψαύχενα χαίτην,
καὶ βλοσυροὶ Τιτῆνες ἐνοσφίσθησαν Ὀλύμπου
εὐπαλάμου Βριαρῆος ὑποπτήσσοντες Ἐνυώ."
Τοῖον ἔπος φθονέων νεμεσήμονι πέφραδε φωνῇ.
αἰδομένη δὲ Θόωσα κατηφέας εἶχε παρειάς,
Ἄρεϊ μὴ παρεόντος ἐρωμανέος Πολυφήμου.
Ὡς δὲ πόνου τέλος ἦεν ἐριφλοίσβοιο κυδοιμοῦ,
ἠθάδα πόντον ὄπωπε κατάρρυτον αἵματι Νηρεύς·
ξανθῆς δ' ἐννοσίγαιος ἐθάμβεε νῶτα θαλάσσης,
ἰχθύας ἀνδροφάγους ὁρόων καὶ πληθύι νεκρῶν
γείτονος ἄβροχα νῶτα γεφυρωθέντα θαλάσσης . . .
Βακχιάδες τε φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον αἴθοπι λαῷ.
Κεῖτο δὲ δυσμενέων στρατὸς ἄσπετος,
ὧν ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
βαλλομένων ξιφέεσσι καὶ ὀξυτόροισιν ὀιστοῖς.
τοῦ μὲν ὑπὲρ λαπάρην βέλος ἔμπεσε,
τοῦ δὲ τυπέντος
ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ μεσάτης ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα κόρσης
ὠτειλὴ βεβάθυστο χαρασσομένοιο καρήνου.
πολλοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πολυσπερέων ἐλατήρων
πόντον ἀμοιβαίοισιν ἀνασχίζοντες ἐρετμοῖς
κυανέην λεύκαινον ἐπασσυτέρην χύσιν ἀφρῷ,
καὶ πόνος ἦν ἀνόνητος ἐπειγομένων ἐλατήρων,
συμφερτοὺς δὲ κάλωας ἀοσσητῆρι σιδήρῳ
ἰθυντὴρ ἀπέκοψε καὶ ἔσχισεν ἄορι σειρήν.

put Cronos to flight and stretched the farspread legion of his high-climbing arms and shadowed the sun with hair flying high over his neck, so that the grim Titans were driven from Olympos cringing, before the attack of Briareos and all his arms!"

[292] So he spoke, in a tone of grudging jealousy; and Thoösa [a] sank down her cheeks in shame that lovesick Polyphemos was not present in the battle.

[295] But when the end came of this loudblustering conflict, Nereus saw his familiar sea flooded with blood; Earthshaker was amazed at the brownish surface of the deep, as he saw fishes eating men, and the back of the neighbouring sea bridged over dry with the heaps of corpses . . . The troops of Bacchos poured upon the swarthy people.

([301] There lay an infinite multitude of the enemy, struck down in the fight by swords and sharp arrows. One had a shaft lodged over the flank; one was struck by a bronze spear over the round of his temple, the wound running deep into the cloven head. Great numbers of the farscattered oarsmen on both sides cleft the dark flood with continuous strokes of alternating oars, and whitened it with foam; but the labour of the hurrying oarsmen was in vain, for the commander cut the ropes with his sword and severed with aiding steel the tangled mass of lashings.[b])

[a] Daughter of Phorcys, mother by Poseidon of Polyphemos, *Od.* i. 71.

[b] This seems to be a description of a ship getting away from another which has grappled her. Something is lost to the effect that Dionysos's followers caught and killed those who were rowing away. But the whole paragraph may be out of place, for in the next lines the Indians are still fighting stoutly.

Ἀμφοτέρης δὲ φάλαγγος ἐν ἠέρι ῥοῖζον ἰάλλων
ἔρρεεν ἀπλανέων δολιχόσκιος ὄμβρος ὀιστῶν·
ὧν ὁ μὲν ἱστὸν ἔβαλλε μεσαίτατον, ὃς δὲ περήσας
ἱστίον εὐδίνητον ἐβόμβεε σύνδρομος αὔραις,
ἄλλος ἔην προτόνοισι πεπαρμένος, ὃς δὲ μεσόδμῃ
κεῖτο πεσών, ἕτερος δὲ δι' ἠέρος ἰὸς ἀλήτης
ἀκροτάτης ἐτύχησεν ἀερσιλόφοιο κεραίης,
σέλμασι δ' ἄλλος ἔην τετανυσμένος· ἀγχιφανὴ δὲ
ἄλλα κυβερνητῆρος ἀποπλαγχθέντα κελεύθου
ἄστατα πηδαλίοιο διέξεσεν ἄκρα κορύμβου·
καὶ Φλόγιος κλυτότοξος ὑπηνέμιον βέλος ἕλκων
ἴκρια νηὸς ἔβαλλε καὶ οὐκ ἐτύχησε Λυαίου.
ἦν δ' ἐσιδεῖν κατὰ πόντον ἐύπτερον ἰὸν ἀλήτην
πουλύποδος σκολιοῖο περιπλεχθέντα κορύμβοις·
ἄλλου δ' ἤμβροτεν ἄλλος· Ἐρυθραίῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
πομπίλον ἄλλος ἔτυψε καταιχμάζων Διονύσου·
ἔγχεϊ δ' ἠκόντιζε Κορύμβασος, ὄφρα τυχήσῃ
ὁλκαίης Σατύροιο, παραΐξασα δὲ λόγχη
ἰχθύος ὑγροπόροιο κατέγραφε δίζυγον οὐρὴν
θηγαλέῃ γλωχῖνι· τιτυσκόμενος δὲ σιδήρῳ
εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήιστον ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου
Δηριάδης δόρυ πέμπεν, ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα δὲ Βάκχου
εἰς ῥαχίην δελφῖνος ἐποίπνυε λοίγιος αἰχμή,
κυρτὸς ὅπῃ λοφιῇσι συνάπτεται ἰχθύος αὐχήν,
δελφὶς δ' αὐτοέλικτος ἐθήμονι κυκλάδι νώσῃ
ἡμιθανὴς σκίρτησε χορίτιδος ἅλματι Μοίρης·
πολλοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κυβιστητῆρες ὀλέθρου
ἰχθύες ὠρχήσαντο χαρασσομένων ἀπὸ νώτων.
Καὶ Στερόπης προμάχιζεν·
ἀερσιπόδης δ' Ἀλιμήδης
χειρὶ λαβὼν πρηῶνα θαλασσοτόκοιο κολώνης
ῥῖψεν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν· ἔδυνε δὲ φοιταλέη νηῦς

312 From each army flew straight a shower of long-shafted arrows whizzing unerring through the air. One struck full upon a mast, one ran noisily through a flapping sail quick as the wind, another pierced the forestays, another fell and stuck in the mastbox ; an arrow again flying through the air hit the end of the yard which supported the sail, another stuck straight up on the foredeck. Others came near the helmsman, but missed the way in which they had been sent and scraped the top of the moving rudder. Phlogios the famous archer drew a shot through the air, and hit the ship's deck but missed Lyaios. You could see a winged arrow fly and skim over the sea, then embraced in the feelers of a curling squid. Many missed, but one with Erythraian steel aimed at Dionysos hit a pilot-fish.[a] Corymbasos cast a lance at a Satyr's tail, but the lance missed him and scored the forked tail of a waterfaring fish with its sharp point. Deriades aimed his steel at a target impossible to hit, as he cast at unwounded Dionysos ; the deadly point missed Bacchos and got to work on the backbone of a dolphin, where the curving neck of the fish joins the bristling back—the fish leapt of itself in its usual curving course, and already half-dead skipt with the leap of a dancing Fate. On all sides many a fish with pierced back tumbled about in his dance of death.

340 Steropes also fought in the forefront ; Halimedes high uplifted upon his feet grasped the crag of a seaborn cliff and threw it at the foe—a stray

[a] Naucrates ductor.

τρηχαλέου βληθεῖσα λίθου τροχοειδέι κύκλῳ.
καί τις ἀκοντισθεῖσα δι' ὁλκάδος ὁλκάδι γείτων
ἀμφοτέρας ἔζευξεν ἀλίδρομος ἔγχεος αἰχμή,
νῆας ἐπισφίγξασα δύω ξυνήονι δεσμῷ
στεινομένων νεφεληδόν· ἕην δ' ἑτερόκτυπος ἠχώ.
Καὶ στόλος ἀμφοτέρων τετράζυγον εἶχεν Ἐννώ,
ὧν ὁ μὲν ἀντιπόροιο περὶ ῥάχιν αἴθοπος Εὔρου,
ὃς δὲ Λιβὸς δροσεροῖο παρὰ πτερόν, ὃς δὲ Βορῆος,
καὶ Νοτίην παρὰ πέζαν. ἀμοιβαίῃσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
Μορρεὺς μὲν ταχύγουνος ἀφ' ὁλκάδος ὁλκάδα βαίνων
Βασσαρίδων ἐφόβησεν ἀλιπτοίητον Ἐννώ,
ἶσος ἀριστεύων καὶ ἐν ὕδασιν· ἀλλά ἑ θύρσῳ
Εὔιος οὐτήσας διερῆς ἀνεσείρασε χάρμης,
καὶ μογέων ὀδύῃσιν ἐπὶ πτόλιν ᾤχετο Μορρεύς.
Ὄφρα μὲν ἔνθεον ἔλκος, ὅ μιν λάχε, δαιμονίῃ χεὶρ
λυσιπόνου Βραχμῆνος ἀκέσσατο Φοιβάδι τέχνῃ,
θεσπεσίῃ λάλον ὕμνον ὑποτρύζοντος ἀοιδῇ,
τόφρα δὲ δυσμενέεσσιν ἐπέχρας Λύδιος Ἄρης.
Τοῖσι μὲν ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἕην πλόος, εἶχε δ' Ἐννὼ
ναυτιλίης προκέλευθον, ἁλισμαράγου δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
ἦν κλόνος ἀμφοτέρων ἑτερότροπος· ἀντιβίων γὰρ
ὅσσοι μὲν κραναοῖσιν ὀιστεύοντο βελέμνοις
ἢ φονίοις πετάλοισιν ἢ ἔγχεσιν ἠὲ μαχαίραις,
χεῖρας ἐρετμώσαντες ἀήθεας εἰς μέλαν ὕδωρ
ἴθμασιν ἀσταθέεσσιν ἐτυμβεύοντο θαλάσσης·
εἰ δέ τις εἰς ἅλα πῖπτε τυπεὶς Βρομίοιο μαχητής,
αἰθύσσων παλάμας ἐπενήχετο κύματα τέμνων
χερσὶ θαλασσομόθοισιν, ἁλιρροίζῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
μαρνάμενος ῥοθίοισι μετ' ἀνέρας ἔσχισεν ὕδωρ.
Εἰναλίης δὲ τάλαντα μάχης ἔκλινε Κρονίων,

ship sank, struck by the rounded mass of hard stone. Or again, a spear cast over the sea at close quarters joined ship to ship and coupled the pair together, holding two vessels fast in a common bond, while they were all crushed together in a cloud—great was the clamour on both sides.

348 The two fleets were engaged in four divisions: one facing the backbone of the scorching East Wind, one by the wing of the rainy Sou'west, one in the region of the North, one in the South. Morrheus with alternating rushes marched kneeswift from ship to ship and scattered the seascared array of Bassarids, a conquering hero equally on the sea; but Euios wounded him with his thyrsus and checked his valour on the deep—then Morrheus in agony was gone back to the city.

357 While the divine wound which had got him was being healed by the godly hand of a painquelling Brahman with Apollo's art, who cooed a verbose ditty of solemn incantation, so long the Lydian wargod prevailed against his enemies.

361 Their assault awoke a new conflict: Enyo went before their sails, and the struggle of the two navies in the brineplashing battle was different. For those of the enemy who were struck by volleys of hard stones, or deadly leaves, or spears or swords, paddled the black water with unaccustomed hands and found a grave in the sea with staggering steps; but if any warrior of Bromios fell stricken into the brine, he darted out his arms and swam cutting the waves with seabattling hands, as he fought the surge with brineblustering noise and cleft water instead of men.

372 Now Cronion inclined the balance of the sea-

νίκην ὑδατόεσσαν ἐπεντύνων Διονύσῳ·
καὶ βυθίῳ τριόδοντι κορύσσετο κυανοχαίτης
μαρνάμενος δηίοισι, καὶ ἄβροχον ἡνιοχεύων
ἅρμα Ποσειδάωνος ἐβακχεύθη Μελικέρτης.
καὶ πισύραις κατὰ πόντον ἐφιππεύοντες ἀέλλαις
κύματα πυργώσαντες ἐθωρήχθησαν ἀῆται,
δυσμενέων ἐθέλοντες ἀιστῶσαι στίχα νηῶν,
οἱ μὲν Δηριαδῆος ἀρηγόνες, οἱ δὲ Λυαίου·
καὶ Ζέφυρος κεκόρυστο,
Νότος δ' ἐπεσύρισεν Εὖρῳ,
καὶ Βορέης Θρήισσαν ἄγων ἀντίπνοον αὔρην
ἄγρια μαινομένης ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα θαλάσσης.
καὶ στόλον ἰθύνουσα μαχήμονα Δηριαδῆος
ὑσμίνης Ἔρις ἦρχε· Διωνύσοιο δὲ νηῶν
Ἰνδοφόνῳ παλάμῃ κολπώσατο λαίφεα Νίκη.
χείλεσι δ' ἰκμαλέοισι μαχήμονα κόχλον ἐρείσας
εἰναλίῃ σάλπιγγι μέλος μυκήσατο Νηρεύς·
καὶ Θέτις ἐσμαράγησεν ἐναλίης μέλος Ἠχοῦς
κύμασι πατρῴοισι προασπίζουσα Λυαίου.

Εὐρυμέδων δὲ Κάβειρος ἐθήμονα δαλὸν ἀείρων
ὑσμίνης δόλον εὗρεν ἀρηγόνα· μηκεδανὴν γὰρ
νηῦν ἰδίην ἔφλεξεν ἐκούσιον ἁψάμενος πῦρ·
νηυσὶ δ' ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἐπέτρεχε φοιταλέη νηῦς
νεύμασι Βακχείοισι περισκαίρουσα θαλάσσῃ,
καὶ λοξαῖς ἑλίκεσσιν ἀφ' ὁλκάδος ὁλκάδα βαίνων
κύκλον ἐς αὐτοέλικτον ἐνήχετο πυρσὸς ἀλήτης,
καίων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πολυσπερέων στίχα νηῶν.
καὶ σέλας ἀθρήσασα πυριβλήτοιο θαλάσσης
Νηρεῖς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐδύσατο βένθεα πόντου,
αἰθομένου φεύγουσα δι' ὕδατος ἰκμαλέον πῦρ.

Χάζετο δ' Ἰνδὸς ὅμιλος ἐπὶ χθόνα, πόντον ἐάσας·
καὶ Φαέθων ἐγέλασσεν, ὅτι προτέρους μετὰ δεσμοὺς

fight, preparing a watery victory for Dionysos; Seabluehair armed him with his trident of the deep to fight the foe, and Melicertes madly drove the unwetted car of Poseidon. The winds also rode on four tempests over the sea, armed for the fray and towering up the waves, with a will to destroy the lines of their enemies' ships, these to help Deriades, those Lyaios: Zephyros was ready, Notos whistled against Euros, Boreas brought up his Thracian breeze as a counterblast and flogged the back of the maddened sea. Discord guided the warlike navy of Deriades and led the battle; but Victory filled out the sails of Dionysos with a hand which bore death for the Indians. Nereus pressed his conch of war with dripping lips and boomed a tune through the sea-trumpet, and Thetis shrilled a tune of warlike sound and defended Lyaios with her father's billows.

391 Eurymedon the Cabeiros lifting his familiar torch invented a useful stratagem of war. He set fire to his own long vessel on purpose; then the vessel was sent adrift bounding over the sea against the enemy at the command of Bacchos. The errant bonfire floated round of itself by wayward turns from ship to ship, and setting alight here and there the long line of far-scattered vessels. The Nereïd unveiled seeing the glare of the fire-shotten sea dived into the depths, and fled from liquid fire through burning water.

402 Then the Indian host left the sea and retreated to the land; and Phaëthon laughed, because Ares in the seafight had fled again before the fire of

ἐκ πυρὸς Ἡφαίστοιο πάλιν φύγε ναύμαχος Ἄρης.
Δηριάδης δ' ἀκίχητος ἰδὼν φλόγα σύνδρομον αὔραις
εἰς πεδίον πεπότητο θοώτερα γούνατα πάλλων,
φεύγων ὑγρὸν Ἄρηα θαλασσομόθου Διονύσου.

---

[a] When Hephaistos caught him with Aphrodite in a net

Hephaistos, as once before he fled from his chains.[a] And Deriades when he saw the flame, fast as the wind fled to the land, wagging his knees too quick to catch, as he tried to escape the watery assault of seafighting Dionysos.

[a] of fine chains, *Od.* viii. 296; Helios (Phaëthon) spied on them, *ibid.* 302.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ

Τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔχει δεδαιγμένον ὅρχαμον Ἰνδῶν,
πῶς δὲ Τύρον Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο, πατρίδα Κάδμου.

Οὐ δὲ Δίκην ἀλέεινε παναφλιον, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
ἀρραγέος κλωστῆρος ἀκαμπέα νήματα Μοίρης·
ἀλλά μιν ἀθρήσασα πεφυζότα Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη—
ἕζετο γὰρ κατὰ πόντον ἐπὶ προβλῆτος ἐρίπνης,
ναύμαχον εἰσορόωσα κορυσσομένων μόθον Ἰνδῶν—
ἐκ σκοπιῆς ἀνέπαλτο, καὶ ἄρσενα δύσατο μορφήν·
κλεψινόοις δ' ὀάροισι παρήπαφεν ὅρχαμον Ἰνδῶν,
Μορρέος εἶδος ἔχουσα, χαριζομένη δὲ Λυαίῳ
Δηριάδην ἀνέκοψε, καὶ ὡς ἀλέγουσα κυδοιμοῦ
φρικτὸν ἀπερροίβδησεν ἔπος πολυμεμφέι φωνῇ·

"Φεύγεις, Δηριάδη; τίνι κάλλιπες Ἄρεα νηῶν;
πῶς δύνασαι ναέτῃσι φανήμεναι; ἢ πόθεν ἄντην
ὄψεαι Ὀρσιβόην μενεδήιον, αἴ κεν ἀκούσῃ
Δηριάδην φεύγοντα καὶ οὐ μίμνοντα γυναῖκας;
αἶδεο Χειροβίην ῥηξήνορα, μή σε νοήσῃ
ὑσμίνην ἀσίδηρον ὑποπτήσσοντα Λυαίου,
ἢ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχουσα καὶ ὀχλίζουσα βοείην
μάρναται Βασσαρίδεσσι, συνεσπομένη παρακοίτῃ.
χάζεό μοι Μορρῆι λιπὼν μόθον· ἢν δ' ἐθελήσῃς,
αὐτὸς ἀριστεύσω καὶ ἀνάλκιδα Βάκχον ὀλέσσω.

BOOK XL

The fortieth has the Indian chief wounded, and how Dionysos visited Tyre, the native place of Cadmos.

YET he escaped not allseeing Justice, nor the inflexible threads of Fate herself the inexorable Spinner. No—Pallas Athena beheld him in flight, for she sat on a headland high over the sea, and watched the Indians contending in their battle on the sea. Down from the height she leapt, and put on the shape of a man, the form of Morrheus; and, all to please Dionysos, she checked Deriades, cajoling the Indian chieftain with mindstealing whispers. As if anxious about the conflict, she poured out words of affright in reproachful tones :

11 " You flee, Deriades! Whom have you left in charge of the seafight? How can you show yourself to the people? Or how will you look in the face of dauntless Orsiboë, if she hears that Deriades is in flight and will not stand before women? Have respect for manbreaking Cheirobië, let her not see you shrinking from fight with Lyaios unarmed—why, she held a furious spear, she heaved up an oxhide and fought the Bassarids following her husband! Give place, please, to Morrheus—you have left the field, and if you please, I will be champion myself and

πενθερὸν οὐ καλέσω σε πεφυζότα, σεῖο δὲ κούρης
ἔστω Χειροβίης ἕτερος πόσις· αἰδόμενος γὰρ
καλλείψω τεὸν ἄστυ, καὶ ἴξομαι εἰς χθόνα Μήδων,
ἴξομαι εἰς Σκυθίην, ἵνα μὴ σέο γαμβρὸς ἀκούσω.
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· ' εὔοπλος ἐμὴ δάμαρ οἵδεν Ἐννώ.'
εἰσὶν Ἀμαζονίδες περὶ Καύκασον, ὀππόθι πολλαὶ
Χειροβίης πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι γυναῖκες·
κεῖθι δορικτήτην βριαρὴν ἀνάεδνον ἀκοίτης
εἰς γάμον, ἣν ἐθέλω, μίαν ἄξομαι· ἐν θαλάμοις γὰρ
οὐ δέχομαι σέο παῖδα φυγοπτολέμοιο τοκῆος.'

Ὣς φαμένη παρέπεισεν ἀγήνορα Δηριαδῆα,
καί οἱ θάρσος ἔδωκε τὸ δεύτερον, ὄφρα δαμείη
μαρναμένου Βρομίοιο τυπεὶς φθισήνορι θύρσῳ.
καὶ θρασὺς ἀγνώσσων δολίην παρεοῦσαν Ἀθήνην
ψευδομένου Μορρῆος ἐλεγχέα μῦθον ἀκούων
χείλεσιν αἰδομένοισι παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν·

" Φείδεο σῶν ἐπέων·
τί με μέμφεαι, ἄτρομε Μορρεῦ;
οὐ πρόμος, οὐ πρόμος οὗτος,
ἐὸν δέμας αἰὲν ἀμείβων.
καὶ γὰρ ἀμηχανέω, τίνι μάρναμαι ἢ τίνα βάλλω·
σπεύδων μὲν πτερόεντι βαλεῖν Διόνυσον ὀιστῷ,
ἢ ξίφεϊ πλήξας μέσον αὐχένος, ἢ δόρυ πέμπων
οὐτῆσαι ποθέων διὰ γαστέρος, ἀντὶ Λυαίου
πόρδαλιν αἰολόνωτον ἐπαΐσσοντα κιχάνω . . .
μαρναμένου δὲ λέοντος ἐπείγομαι αὐχένα τέμνειν,
καὶ θρασὺν ἀντὶ λέοντος ὄφιν δασπλῆτα δοκεύω·
σπεύδων δ' ἀντὶ δράκοντος ὀπιπεύω ῥάχιν ἄρκτου·
εἰς λοφιὴν δ' ἐπίκυρτον ἐμὸν δόρυ θοῦρον ἰάλλω,
ἀλλὰ μάτην τανύω δολιχὸν βέλος· ἀντὶ γὰρ ἄρκτου

* The sense of the lost words may have been " I attack the panther and it turns into a lion."

destroy that weakling Bacchos. I call you goodfather no more, you, a runaway—let your girl Cheirobië find another husband: for I am ashamed —I will leave your city and migrate to the Median country, I will go to Scythia, that I may not be called your goodson.

[25] "But you will say 'My wife is well armed, she understands warfare!' There are Amazons about Caucasos, and many women are there far better champions than Cheirobië. There I will carry off a strong one for my bed, captive of my spear, to wed me without brideprice, if I like. For I will never receive into my bridechamber your daughter, whose father is a fugitive from the battle!"

[31] With this reproach she persuaded proud Deriades, and gave him courage again, that he might be struck down by the mandestroying thyrsus of warring Bromios. He knew not that it was deceitful Athena before him; he heard the reproachful voice of the pretended Morrheus, and bold again, spoke comforting words with shamed lips:

[37] "Spare your words. Why do you reproach me, fearless Morrheus? No soldier is this, no soldier, who is always changing shape. Indeed I am at a loss who it is I am fighting and whom I strike. Eager to shoot Dionysos with a feathered arrow, or to cut through his neck with a sword, or desiring to cast a spear and pierce his belly—instead of Lyaios I find a speckled panther charging upon me. . . .[a] A lion is fighting and I hasten to shear his neck, and I see a bold horrible serpent instead of a lion—I attack, and instead of a serpent I behold a bear's back—I cast my furious spear at the curving neck, but in vain I hurl

φαίνεται ἠερόφοιτος ἀνούτατος ἱπταμίνη φλόξ.
κάπρον ἰδὼν ἐπιόντα βοὸς μυκηθμὸν ἀκούω,
ἀντὶ συός τινα ταῦρον ὑπὲρ λοξοῖο μετώπου
παπταίνω χαροπῇσιν ἀκοντίζοντα κεραίαις
ἡμετέρους ἐλέφαντας· ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὸν ἄορ ἑλίσσω
θηρσὶ πολυσπερέεσσι, καὶ οὐχ ἕνα θῆρα δαμάζω.
καὶ φυτὸν ἀθρήσας τανύω βέλος, ἀλλὰ φυγόντος
νύσσαν ἐς ἠερίην ὁρόω κυρτούμενον ὕδωρ.
ἔνθεν ἐγὼ τρομέων πολυφάρμακα θαύματα τέχνης
φύλοπιν ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἀλυσκάζω Διονύσου·
ἀλλὰ πάλιν Βρομίῳ θωρήξομαι, ἄχρις ἐλέγξω
μάγγανα τεχνήεντα δολορραφέος Διονύσου."

Ὡς εἰπὼν κεκόρυστο τὸ δεύτερον ἠθάδι λύσσῃ,
καὶ πάλιν ἐν πεδίῳ μόθος ἔβρεμε, μαρναμένῳ δὲ
εἰναλίην μετὰ δῆριν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσῳ·
καὶ προτέρης Βρομίοιο λελασμένος ἔπλετο νίκης,
ὁππότε δενδρήεντι περίπλοκος αὐχένα δεσμῷ
ἱκεσίην πολύευκτον ἀνέσχεθε μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ·
ἀλλὰ πάλιν πρόμος ἔσκε θεημάχος· εἶχε δὲ βουλὴν
διχθαδίην, ἢ Βάκχον ἐλεῖν ἢ δμῶα τελέσσαι.
τρὶς μὲν ἑὸν δόρυ πέμπε,
καὶ ἤμβροτεν ἠέρα βάλλων·
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέδραμεν οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ
εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήιστον ἐπήορον ἔγχος ἰάλλων
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος, ἑοῦ συνάεθλον ἀγῶνος
γαμβρὸν ἑὸν καλέεσκε, καὶ οὐκέτι φαίνετο Μορρεύς·
ἀλλὰ μεταστρέψασα δολοπλόκον εἶδος Ἀθήνη
δαίμονι βοτρυόεντι παρίστατο· δερκομένου δὲ
δείματι θεσπεσίῳ λύτο γούνατα Δηριαδῆος·
ἔγνω δ' ἀνδρομέης ἀπατήλιον εἰκόνα μορφῆς
Μορρέος ἀντιτύποιο φέρειν μίμημα προσώπου·
καὶ δόλον ἠπεροπῆα σοφῆς ἐνόησεν Ἀθήνης.

the long shaft, for instead of a bear appears a flame flickering up into the air uninjured! I see a boar rushing and I hear a bull's bellow, instead of the boar I see a bull lowering his head sideways and stabbing our elephants with flashing horns. I swing my sword against all sorts of beasts, and cannot overcome that one beast. I behold a tree and take aim, but it is off and I see a spout of water curving into the path of the sky. Therefore I tremble at the bewitched miracles of his art, and shrink from the changeable warfare of Dionysos. But I will confront Bromios again, until I lay bare the cunning enchantments of Dionysos the botcher of guile!"

61 He spoke, and a second time armed himself, wild as before; again the uproar of battle rose on the plain—there after the seafight he met Dionysos in arms. He had forgotten the former victory of Bromios, when his neck was entangled in leafy bonds and he offered his prayers of many supplications to Bacchos, who saw it all. Again he was a soldier fighting against the gods; doubtful only whether to kill or make Bromios a slave. Thrice he cast a spear, and missed, striking nothing but air; but when the fourth time in his arrogance Deriades rushed upon wineface Bacchos, and cast his spear through the air at a mark which could not be hit, he called his goodson to help him—and Morrheus was no longer to be seen, but Athena had changed her deceptive shape and stood beside the vinegod. Deriades saw her, and his knees trembled with overwhelming fear: he understood that the human shape which bore the likeness of Morrheus was all a deception, and recognized the

τὴν μὲν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἐγήθεεν, ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
ψευδομένην γίνωσκε συναιχμάζουσαν Ἀθήνην.
Καὶ τότε βοτρυόεις κοτέων βακχεύετο δαίμων
ὑψιτενὴς περίμετρος, ἴσος Παρνησσίδι πέτρῃ·
Δηριάδην δ' ἐδίωκε ταχύδρομον· αὐτὰρ ὁ φεύγων
κοῦφος ἐπειγομέναις ἐτιταίνετο σύνδρομος αὔραις·
ἀλλ' ὅτε χῶρον ἵκανον, ὅπῃ πολεμητόκον ὕδωρ
κύματι λυσσώοντι γέρων κελάρυζεν Ὑδάσπης,
ἤτοι ὁ μὲν ποταμοῖο παρ' ἠόνας ἅπλετος ἔστη,
ὡς γενέτην συνάεθλον ἔχων κελάδοντα μαχητὴν
ὑγρὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα κορυσσομένου Διονύσου,
δαίμων δ' ἀμπελόεις ταμεσίχροα θύρσον ἰάλλων
ἀκρότατον χρόα μοῦνον ἐπέγραφε Δηριαδῆος.
αὐτὰρ ὁ κισσήεντι τυπεὶς φθισήνορι θαλλῷ
πατρῴῳ προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησε ῥείθρῳ,
μηκεδανοῖς μελέεσσι γεφυρώσας ὅλον ὕδωρ
αὐτόματος. χρονίην δὲ θεοὶ μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
σὺν Διὶ παμμεδέοντι πάλιν νόστησαν Ὀλύμπῳ.
Βάκχοι δ' ἀμφαλάλαζον ἀδηρίτου Διονύσου
δῆριν ἀνευάζοντες, ἀολλίζοντο δὲ πολλοὶ
ἔγχεσιν οὐτάζοντες ὅλον χρόα Δηριαδῆος.
Ὀρσιβόη δ' ὤμωξε πολυθρήνων ἐπὶ πύργων,
κείμενον ἀρτιδάικτον ὀδυρομένη παρακοίτην·
πενθαλέοις δ' ὀνύχεσσι κατέγραφε κύκλα προσώπου,
καὶ σκολιῆς ὤλοψεν ἀκηδέα βότρυν ἐθείρης,
καὶ κόνιν αἰθαλόεσσαν ἑοῦ κατέχευε καρήνου·
Χειροβίη δ' ὀλόλυξε καταφθιμένοιο τοκῆος,
κυανέους δ' ἤρασσε βραχίονας, ἀργυφέου δὲ
στέρνον ὅλον γύμνωσε διχαζομένοιο χιτῶνος·
Πρωτονόη δ' ἀπέδιλος ἑὰς ξύουσα παρειάς,

deluding trick of wise Athena. But Dionysos was glad when he saw Athena, and knew in his heart that she had been helping him in disguise.

82 Then the grapy deity was maddened with anger. He rose lofty and huge, like the rock of Parnassos, and pursued swiftrunning Deriades; he raced off light and quick as the hurrying winds, but when they reached the place where ancient Hydaspes rolled his warbreeding water in wild bubbling waves, he stood immense on the river bank as having now an ally, his father, roaring loud, to shoot with his waters against Dionysos in battle: there the vine-deity cast his fleshcutting thyrsus and just grazed the skin of Deriades. Struck with the mandestroying ivy bunch he slipt headfirst into his father's flood, and bridged all that water himself with his long frame.

96 Now the long Indian War was ended, the gods returned again to Olympos with Zeus the Lord of all; the Bacchants cheered in triumph around Dionysos the invincible, crying Euoi for the conflict, and many thronged round Deriades piercing him everywhere with their spears.[a]

101 Orsiboë wailed on the battlements with a loud lamentable dirge, sorrowing for her husband who lay so newly slain; she scratched her cheeks with her fingernails in sorrow, and heedlessly tore out bunches of her curling hair, and poured smoking ashes on her head. Cheirobië lamented for her dead father, and scored her black arms, rent her white robe and bared all her breast; Protonoë[b] unshod tore her

[a] From the appearance of Athena in the shape of Morrheus to this line, the death of Hector in *Iliad* xxii. is closely imitated.

[b] Daughter of Deriades, wife of Orontes (xxvi. 17).

κύκλα κονισαλέοιο καταισχύνουσα προσώπου,
κλαῖεν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι καὶ ἀνέρι καὶ γενετῆρι,
διπλόον ἄλγος ἔχουσα, καὶ ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ·
"Ἄνερ, ἀπ' αἰῶνος νέος ὤλεο· κἀδ δ' ἐμὲ χήρην
ἔλλιπες ἐν μεγάροισιν ἀπειρήτην τοκετοῖο·
νήπιον οὐ τέκον υἷα παραίφασιν· οὐ μετὰ νίκην
νόστιμον ἄνδρα νόησα τὸ δεύτερον, ἀλλὰ σιδήρῳ
αὐτὸς ἑῷ δέδμητο, καὶ οὔνομα δῶκε μαέθροις,
καὶ θάνεν ἐν ξείνοισιν, ὅπως ἐμὸν ἄνδρα καλέσσω
ἄσπορον αὐτοδάικτον ἀνόστιμον ὑγρὸν Ὀρόντην.
μύρομαι ἀμφοτέρους καὶ Δηριάδην καὶ Ὀρόντην,
ἶσον ἀποφθιμένους διερὸν μόρον· ἀνδροφόνον γὰρ
Δηριάδην κρύφε κῦμα, ῥόος δ' ἐκάλυψεν Ὀρόντην.
μητέρι δ' οὐ γενόμην πανομοίιος· Ὀρσιβόη γὰρ
θυγατέρων ἤεισε καταφθαμένους ὑμεναίους·
Πρωτονόης γάμον εἶδεν,
ἐδέξατο γαμβρὸν Ὀρόντην,
Χειροβίην δ' ἔζευξεν ἀνικήτῳ παρακοίτῃ,
ὃν τρομέει καὶ Βάκχος ὁ τηλίκος· ἀμφιέπει μὲν
Χειροβίη ζώοντα φίλον πόσιν, οὐ δέ ἑ θύρσος,
οὐ ῥόος ἐπρήνιξεν· ἐγὼ δ' ἄρα διπλόα πάσχω,
ἀνέρος οἰχομένοιο καὶ ὀλλυμένου γενετῆρος.
λῆγε, μάτην σέο παῖδα παρηγορέουσα, τιθήνη,
δός μοι ἔχειν ἐμὸν ἄνδρα, καὶ οὐ γενετῆρα γοήσω·
δεῖξον ἐμοί τινα παῖδα, παρήγορον ἀνδρὸς ἀνίης.
τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειεν ἐς εὐρυρέεθρον Ὑδάσπην,
ὄφρα κύσω φίλον οἶδμα μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο;
τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειεν ἐς ἱερὰ τέμπεα Δάφνης,
ὄφρα περιπτύξαιμι καὶ ἐν προχοῇσιν Ὀρόντην;
εἴην ἱμερόεις καὶ ἐγὼ ῥόος· αἴθε καὶ αὐτὴ
δάκρυσιν ὀμβρηθεῖσα φανήσομαι αὐτόθι πηγή,
ἧχι θανὼν εὔυδρος ἐμὸς πόσις οἶδμα κυλίνδει,

cheeks and smeared her face all over with dirty dust, weeping for both husband and father, with twofold agony, and cried in tones of sorrow—

113 "Husband, how young you have lost your life! You have left me a widow in the house ere I have borne a child, no baby son I have to console me! I never saw my husband come home a second time after victory, but he slew himself with his own steel, and gave his name to the stream, and died among strangers, that I should have to call the watery Orontes my husband, childless, self-slain, never returned! I wail for both Deriades and Orontes, both perished by one watery fate: Deriades the death of many men was buried in the wave, the flood swallowed Orontes. But I am not like my mother; for Orsiboë sang her hymn over her daughters' weddings accomplished, she saw the marriage of Protonoë, she received Orontes as goodson, she joined Cheirobië to an unconquered husband, whom Bacchos trembled at great as he is; Cheirobië has her dear husband alive, no thyrsus, no flood has brought him down—but I it seems doubly suffer, my husband gone and my father perished.

131 "Cease to comfort your child, my nurse, all in vain. Let me have my husband, and I will not bewail my father; show me a child to console me for my husband's loss! Who will take me and bring me to the broad stream of Hydaspes, that I may kiss the wave of that honeydropping river? Who will take me and bring me to the sacred vale of Daphne, that I may embrace Orontes even in the waters? O that I too could be a lovely stream! O that I might also become a fountain there, watered by my own tears, a watery bride where my husband dead rolls his

εὐνέτις ὑδατόεσσα· καὶ ἔσσομαι οἷα Κομαιθώ,
ἣ πάρος ἱμερόεντος ἐρασσαμένη ποταμοῖο
τέρπεται ἀγκὰς ἔχουσα καὶ εἰσέτι Κύδνον ἀκοίτην,
δαέρος ἡμετέρου παρὰ Μορρέος οἷον ἐκείνοις
ἀνδράσι πὰρ Κιλίκεσσι μεμηλότα μῦθον ἀκούω·
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ ποθέουσα παρέρχομαι ἡδὺν Ὀρόιτην,
οἷα φυγὰς Περίβοια, καὶ οὔ ποτε καμπύλον ὕδωρ
ἄψ ἀνασειράζουσα φυλάξομαι ὑγρὸν ἀκοίτην.
εἰ δέ μοι οὐ πέπρωτο θανεῖν παρὰ γείτονι Δάφνῃ,
κύμασι πατροπάτωρ με κατακρύψειεν Ὑδάσπης,
μὴ Σατύρου κεροέντος ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσιν ἰαύσω,
μὴ Φρύγα κῶμον ἴδω, μὴ κύμβαλα χερσὶ τινάξω,
μὴ τελετὴν τελέσω φιλοπαίγμονα, μηδὲ νοήσω
Μαιονίην, μὴ Τμῶλον ἴδω, μὴ δῶμα Λυαίου
ἢ ζυγὰ δουλοσύνης βαρυαχθέα, μή τις ἐνίψῃ·
‘ κούρη Δηριάδαο δοριθρασέος βασιλῆος
ληιδίη μετὰ δῆριν ὑποδρήσσει Διονύσῳ.’ ”
Ὣς φαμένης ἐλεεινὰ συνεστενάχοντο γυναῖκες,
ὧν πάις, ὧν τέθνηκεν ἀδελφεός, ὧν γενετῆρες
ἢ πόσις ἀρτιγένειος ἀώριος. ἐκ δὲ καρήνου
Χειροβίη τίλλουσα κόμην ἤμυξε παρειάς·
διχθαδίαις δ’ ὀδύνῃσιν ἰμάσσετο, καὶ γενετῆρα
οὐ τόσον ἐστενάχιζεν, ὅσον νεμέσιζεν ἀκοίτῃ·
ἔκλυε γὰρ Μορρῆος ἐρωμανέουσαν ἀνάγκην
καὶ δόλον ἠπεροπῆα σαόφρονα Χαλκομεδείης.
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἑὸν ῥήξασα χιτῶνα·

---

* Not mentioned elsewhere. There was a Comaitho, daughter of Pterelaos, who loved Amphitryon, and cut off Pterelaos's golden hair which made him immortal. She was killed by Amphitryon.

beautiful waters! Then I shall be like Comaitho,[a] who in olden days was enamoured of a lovely river and still has the joy of holding Cydnos her husband in her arms, as I hear is a favourite story among those Cilician men. So says Morrheus my goodbrother. But I am not like runaway Periboia[b]; I will not pass charming Orontes whom I love, I will not draw back my winding water and avoid a watery spouse. If it was not ordained that I should die near his neighbour Daphne, may Hydaspes my father's father drown me in his waves, and save me from sleeping in the arms of a horned Satyr, and seeing Phrygian revels, rattling their cymbals in my hands, joining their sportive rites; that I may not see Maionia and Tmolos, the house of Lyaios or the all-burdensome yoke of slavery; that men may not say—'The daughter of Deriades the spearbold king, taken captive after the war, is now a servant to Dionysos.'"

158 When she had finished the women groaned piteously with her,[c] those who had lost a son or a brother, whose fathers were dead or husband untimely taken, with the down on his chin. And Cheirobië tore the hair from her head and scored her cheeks; she was tormented by double sorrow, and she groaned not so much for her father as she was indignant against her husband, for she had heard the enamoured passion of her husband and the delusive guile of chaste Chalcomedeia.[d] She rent her dress and spoke:

[b] Unknown; unless she is that Periboia who was wife of Oineus of Calydon. See the play of Pacuvius, entitled *Periboia* (*Remains of Old Latin*, L.C.L. ii., pp. 274 ff.).

[c] An echo of *Iliad* xxii. 515. This whole passage is a feeble imitation of the wailing for Hector.

[d] *Cf.* bks. xxxiii.-xxxv.

" Φειδόμενος μελίης
γενέτην ἐμὸν ἔκτανε Μορρεύς·
οὐδὲ πέλε φθιμένου τιμήορος· ἐχθομένην δὲ
Χαλκομέδην ποθέων οὐκ ἤλασε θῆλυν Ἐννώ,
ἀλλ' ἔτι Βασσαρίδεσσι χαρίζεται. εἶπατε, Μοῖραι·
τίς φθόνος Ἰνδώην πόλιν ἔπραθε;
τίς φθόνος ἄφνω
ἔχραεν ἀμφοτέρῃσι θυγατράσι Δηριαδῆος;
θνήσκων μὲν κατὰ δῆριν ἐὴν παράκοιτιν Ὀρόντης
Πρωτονόην ἀκόμιστον ἐθήκατο πενθάδα χήρην,
Χειροβίην δ' ἀπέειπεν ἔτι ζώουσαν ἀκοίτης.
γνωτῆς δ' ἡμετέρης ὀλοώτερα πήματα πάσχω·
Πρωτονόη πόσιν ἔσχεν ἀοσσητῆρα τιθήνης,
Χειροβίη πόσιν ἔσχεν ἑῆς δηλήμονα πάτρης,
αἰχμητὴν ἀνόνητον, ὀπάονα Κυπρογενείης
ἄλκιμον, ἀλλοπρόσαλλον, ὁμοφρονέοντα Λυαίῳ.
εἰς ἐμὲ θωρήχθη καὶ ἐμὸς γάμος· ἡμετέρου γὰρ
Μορρέος ἱμείροντος ἐσυλήθη πόλις Ἰνδῶν·
πατρὸς ἐνοσφίσθην χάριν ἀνέρος· ἡ πρὶν ἀγήνωρ
καὶ θυγάτηρ βασιλῆος, ἐγὼ ποτε δεσπότις Ἰνδῶν,
ἔσσομαι ἀμφιπόλων καὶ ἐγὼ μία· καὶ τάχα δειλὴ
δμωΐδα Χαλκομέδειαν ἐμὴν δέσποιναν ἐνίψω.
σήμερον Ἰνδὸν ἔδεθλον ἔχεις, ἀπατήλιε Μορρεῦ·
αὔριον αὐτοκέλευστος ἐλεύσεαι εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν,
Χαλκομέδης διὰ κάλλος ὑποδρήσσων Διονύσῳ.
ἀμφαδὰ Χαλκομέδης ἔχε δέμνια, νυμφίε Μορρεῦ·
οὐκέτι γὰρ τρομέεις βλοσυρὸν στόμα Δηριαδῆος.
χάζεο, κικλήσκει σε δράκων πάλιν, ὅς σε διώκει
φρουρὸν ἀσυλήτοιο γάμου συριγμὸν ἰάλλων."

Τοῖα μὲν ἀχνυμένη βαρυδάκρυος ἔννεπε νύμφη·
Πρωτονόη δ' ὀλόλυξε τὸ δεύτερον. ἀμφοτέραις δὲ
χεῖρας ἐπικλίνασα κατηφέας ἴαχε μήτηρ·

167 "By sparing his spear Morrheus killed my father, and no one avenged his death. For desire of that hateful Chalcomede he did not rout the women on the field—nay, he still shows favour to the Bassarids. Tell me, Fates; what jealousy[a] destroyed the Indian city? What jealousy came down suddenly upon both daughters of Deriades? Dying on the battlefield, Orontes made his wife Protonoë a widow to mourn uncared-for; Cheirobië still living was repudiated by her husband. And I have more cruel things to suffer than my sister. Protonoë had a husband who defended her that nursed him[b]; Cheirobië had a husband who destroyed his country, a useless warrior, the lackey of Cyprogeneia, a strong man unstable, a partisan of Lyaios. Even my marriage was my enemy, for the Indian city was sacked because my Morrheus fell in love. I was robbed of my father for my husband's sake; I so proud once, and daughter of a king, I once the mistress of the Indians, I too shall be one of the servants; perhaps I shall be so unhappy as to give the title of mistress to Chalcomedeia the serf! Traitor Morrheus, to-day India is your home; to-morrow unbidden you will go to the Lydian land, a menial of Dionysos because of Chalcomede's beauty. Husband Morrheus, make no secret of your union with Chalcomede; for you fear no longer the threatening tongue of Deriades. Begone! the serpent calls you back, the one that chased you away with hisses from the wedding which you failed to force!"

194 Thus lamented the wife with heavy tears, and Protonoë wailed a second time. Their mother rested an arm on each and dolorously cried—

[a] Jealousy of the gods. [b] His country.

" Πατρίδος ἡμετέρης πέσον ἐλπίδες·
οὐκέτι λείσσω
ἀνέρα Δηριαδῆα καὶ οὐκέτι γαμβρὸν Ὀρόντην.
Δηριάδης τέθνηκεν· ἐσυλήθη πόλις Ἰνδῶν,
ἀρραγὲς ἤριπε τεῖχος ἐμῆς χθονός· αἴθε καὶ αὐτὴν
Βάκχος ἑλὼν ὀλέσῃ με σὺν ὀλλυμένῳ παρακοίτῃ,
καί με λαβὼν ῥίψειεν ἐς ὠκυρέεθρον Ὑδάσπην,
γαῖαν ἀναινομένην· ἐχέτω δέ με πενθερὸν ὕδωρ,
Δηριάδην δ' ἐσίδω καὶ ἐν ὕδασι· μηδὲ νοήσω
Πρωτονόην ἀέκουσαν ἐφεσπομένην Διονύσῳ,
μή ποτε Χειροβίης ἕτερον γόον οἰκτρὸν ἀκούσω
ἑλκομένης ἐς ἔρωτα δορικτήτων ὑμεναίων·
μὴ πόσιν ἄλλον ἴδοιμι μετ' ἀνέρα Δηριαδῆα.
εἴην Νηιάδεσσιν ὁμέστιος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴν
Λευκοθέην ζώουσαν ἐδέξατο κυανοχαίτης,
καὶ μία Νηρείδων κικλήσκεται, ἀντὶ δὲ λευκῆς
ἄλλη κυανόπεζα φανήσομαι ὑδριὰς Ἰνώ."

Τοῖα μὲν ἑλκεχίτωνες ἐπωδύροντο γυναῖκες
ἱστάμεναι στοιχηδὸν ἐρισμαράγων ἐπὶ πύργων.
Βάκχοι δ' ἐκροτάλιζον ἀπορρίψαντες Ἐννώ,
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωντες ὁμογλώσσων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν·
" Ἡράμεθα μέγα κῦδος·
ἐπέφνομεν ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν."

Καὶ γελόων Διόνυσος ἐπάλλετο χάρματι νίκης,
ἀμπνεύσας δὲ πόνοιο καὶ αἱματόεντος ἀγῶνος
πρῶτα μὲν ἐκτερέιξεν ἀτυμβεύτων στίχα νεκρῶν,
δωμήσας ἕνα τύμβον ἀπείριτον εὐρέι κόλπῳ
ἄκριτον ἀμφὶ πυρὴν ἑκατόμπεδον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκροῖς
Μυγδονὶς αἰολόμολπος ἐπέκτυπεν αἴλινα σύριγξ,
καὶ Φρύγες αὐλητῆρες ἀνέπλεκον ἅρσενα μολπὴν

[a] Ino is also called Leucothea, " white goddess," and " silver-footed " is a stock epithet of Thetis.

197 " The hopes of our country have perished! No longer I see Deriades my husband, no longer Orontes my son. Deriades is dead; the city of the Indians is plundered. The unbreakable citadel of my country has fallen: would that I myself may be taken by Bacchos and slain with my dead husband! May he seize and cast me into the swift-flowing Hydaspes, for I refuse the earth. Let my goodfather's water receive me, may I see Deriades even in the waters; may I not see Protonoë following Dionysos perforce, may I never hear another piteous groan from Cheirobië while she is dragged to a captive wedlock; may I not see another husband after Deriades, my man. May I dwell with the Naiads, since Seabluehair received Leucothea also living and she is called one of the Nereïds; and may I appear another watery Ino, no longer white, but blackfooted." [a]

213 Such were the lamentations of the longrobed women, standing in a row upon the loud-echoing battlements.

215 But the Bacchoi rattled their cymbals, having now made an end of warring, and they cried with one voice: " We have won great glory! we have slain the Indian chieftain! " [b]

218 And Dionysos laughed aloud, trembling with the joy of victory. Now resting from his labours and the bloody contest, he first gave their due to the crowd of unburied dead. He built round the pyre one vast tomb for all alike with a wide bosom, a hundred feet long. Round about the bodies the melodious Mygdonian syrinx sounded their dirge, and the Phrygian pipers wove their manly tune with

[b] Quoted from *Iliad* xxii. 393, with ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν for Ἕκτορα δῖον.

πενθαλέοις στομάτεσσιν, ἐπωρχήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
ἁβρὰ μελιζομένοιο Γανύκτορος Εὐάδι φωνῇ·
καὶ Κλεόχου Βερέκυντες ὑπὸ στόμα δίζυγες αὐλοὶ
φρικτὸν ἐμυκήσαντο Λίβυν γόον, ὃν πάρος ἄμφω
Σθεννώ τ' Εὐρυάλη τε μιῇ πολυδειράδι φωνῇ
ἀρτιτόμῳ ῥοιζηδὸν ἐπεκλαύσαντο Μεδούσῃ
φθεγγομένων κεφαλῆσι διηκοσίῃσι δρακόντων,
ὧν ἄπο μυρομένων σκολιὸν σύριγμα κομάων
θρῆνον πουλυκάρηνον ἐφημίξαντο Μεδούσης.

Παυσάμενος δὲ πόνοιο, καὶ ὕδατι γυῖα καθήρας,
ὤπασε λυσιμόθοισι θεουδέα κοίρανον Ἰνδοῖς,
κρινάμενος Μωδαῖον· ἐπὶ ξυνῷ δὲ κυπέλλῳ
Βάκχοις δαινυμένοισι μιῆς ἥψαντο τραπέζης
ξανθὸν ὕδωρ πίνοντες ἀπ' οἰνοπόρου ποταμοῖο.
καὶ χορὸς ἄσπετος ἔσκεν· ἐπεσκίρτησε δὲ πολλὴ
Βασσαρὶς οἰστρήεντι πέδον κρούουσα πεδίλῳ,
καὶ Σάτυρος βαρύδουπον ἐπιρρήσσων χθόνα ταρσῷ
λοξὰ κυβιστητῆρι ποδῶν βακχεύετο παλμῷ,
πῆχυν ἐπικλίνων μανιώδεος αὐχένι Βάκχης·
καὶ πρυλέες Βρομίοιο συνωρχήσαντο βοείαις,
καὶ τροχαλῆς κλονέοντες ἐνόπλια κύκλα χορείης
ῥυθμὸν ἐμιμήσαντο φερεσσακέων Κορυβάντων,
καὶ στρατὸς ἱππήων κορυθαιόλον εἰς χορὸν ἔστη
νίκην πανδαμάτειραν ἀνευάζων Διονύσου·
οὐδέ τις ἄψοφος ἦεν· ὁμογλώσσῳ δ' ἀλαλητῷ
εἰς πόλον ἑπτάζωνον ἀνέδραμεν εὔιος ἠχώ.

Ἀλλ' ὅτε λυσιπόνοιο παρήλυθε κῶμος ἑορτῆς,
νίκης ληΐδα πᾶσαν ἑλὼν μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν

---

[a] Pindar, *Pyth.* xii. 23 gives this origin of the tune called πολυκέφαλος—πολλᾶν κεφαλᾶν νόμον, the tune of many heads.

[b] A particularly bad imitation of Homer. Achilles in his grief for Patroclos refuses to wash till he has buried him.

mournful lips, while the Bacchant women danced and Ganyctor trolled his dainty song with Euian voice. The double Berecyntian pipes in the mouth of Cleochos drooned a gruesome Libyan lament, one which long ago both Sthenno and Euryale with one manythroated voice sounded hissing and weeping over Medusa newly gashed, while their snakes gave out voice from two hundred heads, and from the lamentations of their curling and hissing hairs they uttered the " manyheaded dirge of Medusa." [a]

234 Now resting from his labours, he cleansed his body with water,[b] and assigned a governor for the Indians, choosing the godfearing Modaios [c]; they now pacified touched one table with banqueting Bacchoi over a common bowl, and drank the yellow water from the winebreeding river. There was dancing without end. Many a Bassarid skipt about, tapping the floor with wild slipper; many a Satyr stormed the resounding ground with heavy foot, and revelled with side-trippings of his tumbling feet as he rested an arm on the neck of some maddened Bacchant. The foot-soldiers of Bromios danced round with their oxhides and mimicked the pattern of the shieldbearing Corybants, wildly circling in the quick dance under arms. The horsemen in their glancing helmets also stood up for the dance, acclaiming the allvanquishing victory of Dionysos. Not a soul was silent—the Euian tones went up to the sevenzone sky with shouts of triumph from every tongue.

251 But when the revels of the carefree feast were over, and Dionysos had gathered all the spoil after his

Il. xxiii. 39 ff. Dionysos apparently does the same for no particular reason.

[c] Mentioned in xxxii. 165.

ἀρχαίης Διόνυσος ἑῆς ἐμνήσατο πάτρης,
λύσας ἑπταέτηρα θεμείλια δηιοτῆτος.
καὶ δηίων ὅλον ὄλβον ἐληίζοντο μαχηταί,
ὧν ὁ μὲν Ἰνδὸν ἔασπιν, ὁ δὲ γραπτῆς ὑακίνθου
Φοιβάδος εἶχε μέταλλα καὶ ἔγχλοα νῶτα μαράγδου·
ἄλλος ἐυκρήπιδος ὑπὸ σκοπιῇσιν Ἰμαίου
ὄρθιον ἴχνος ἔπειγε δορικτήτων ἐλεφάντων,
ὃς δὲ παρ' Ἡμωδοῖο βαθυσπήλυγγι κολώνῃ
ἤλασεν Ἰνδῴων μετανάστιον ἅρμα λεόντων
κυδιόων, ἕτερος δὲ κατ' αὐχένος ἄμμα πεδήσας
Μυγδονίην ἔσπευδεν ἐς ἠόνα πόρδαλιν ἕλκειν·
καὶ Σάτυρος πεφόρητο, φιλακρήτῳ δὲ πετήλῳ
στικτὸν ἔχων προκέλευθον ἐκώμασε τίγριν ἰμάσσων·
ἄλλος ἄγων νόστησεν ἑῇ Κυβεληίδι νύμφῃ
φυταλιὴν εὔοδμον ἀλιτρεφέων δονακήων,
καὶ λίθον ἀστράπτουσαν Ἐρυθραίης γέρας ἅλμης·
πολλὴ δ' ἐκ θαλάμοιο σὺν ἀρτιγάμῳ παρακοίτῃ
ληιδίη πλοκάμων μελανόχροος ἕλκετο νύμφη,
δέσμιον αὐχένα δοῦλον ὑποζεύξασα λεπάδνῳ.
χειρὶ δὲ κουφίζουσα ῥυηφενέος χύσιν ὄλβου
εἰς σκοπιὰς Τμώλοιο θεόσσυτος ἦιε Βάκχη,
κῶμον ἀνευάζουσα παλιντόστῳ Διονύσῳ.
Καὶ στρατιῇ Διόνυσος ἐδάσσατο ληίδα χάρμης
λαὸν ὅλον συνάεθλον ὑπότροπον οἴκαδε πέμπων
Ἰνδῴην μετὰ δῆριν· ἀπεσσεύοντο δὲ λαοὶ
μάρμαρα κουφίζοντες Ἑώια δῶρα θαλάσσης,
ὄρνεά τ' αἰολόμορφα· παλιντόστῳ δὲ πορείῃ
κῶμον ἀνευάζοντες ἀνικήτῳ Διονύσῳ

---

* Hyacinthos again! The stone has no connexion with the god, but the fact that it has the same name as the flower is enough to awaken Nonnos's obsession.

Indian War, he remembered the land of his ancient home, now he had swept away the foundations of that seven years' conflict. The whole wealth of the enemy was given to the army as their plunder. One got an Indian jasper, one the jewel of Phoibos's patterned sapphire [a] and the smooth green emerald; another hurried under the lofty peaks of broad-based Imaios [b] the straight-legged elephants which he had captured by his spear. Here was one by the deepcaverned mountain of Hemodos [c] driving to exile a team of Indian lions, in triumph; there was another pulling a panther to the Mygdonian shore with a chain fast about its neck. A Satyr rushed along with a striped tiger before him, which he flogged in his wild way with a handful of tippling-leaves. Another returned with a gift for his Cybeleïd [d] bride, the fragrant plants of seagrown reeds and the shining stone [e] which is the glory of the Erythraian brine. Many a blackskin bride was dragged out of her chamber by the hair, her neck bound fast under the yoke of slavery, spoil of war along with her newly wedded husband. The Bacchant woman god-possessed returned to the hills of Tmolos with hands full of streaming riches, chanting Euoi for the return of Dionysos.

275 So Dionysos distributed the spoils of battle among his followers, after the Indian War, and sent returning home the whole host who had shared his labours. The people made haste to go, laden with shining treasures of the Eastern sea and birds of many strange forms. Their return was a triumphal march with universal acclaim to Dionysos the invincible;

[b] Himalaya.
[c] Himalaya, Imaios in 258.
[d] Phrygian.
[e] Pearl.

πάντες ἐβακχεύοντο, πολυκμήτοιο λιπόντες
μνῆστιν ὅλου πολέμοιο, Βορειάδι σύνδρομον αὔρῃ
σκιδναμένην· καὶ ἕκαστος ἔχων ἀναθήματα νίκης
ὄψιμον εἰς δόμον ἦλθε παλίνδρομος. ἀντὶ δὲ πάτρης
Ἀστέριος τότε μοῦνος ἀνιπτοπόδων σχεδὸν Ἄρκτων
Φάσιδος ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρον ἀθαλπέι νάσσατο γαίῃ
Μασσαγέτην παρὰ κόλπον, ἑοῦ γενέταο τοκῆος
ναίων ἀστερόεντος ὑπὸ σφυρὰ δύσηφα Ταύρου,
φεύγων Κνώσσιον ἄστυ καὶ ἀρσενόπαιδα γενέθλην,
Πασιφάην στυγέων καὶ ἐὸν Μίνωα τοκῆα,
καὶ Σκυθίην προβέβουλεν ἑῆς χθονός·
αὐτὰρ ὁ μούνοις
Βάκχος ἑοῖς Σατύροισι καὶ Ἰνδοφόνοις ἅμα Βάκχαις
Καυκασίην μετὰ δῆριν Ἀμαζονίου ποταμοῖο
Ἀρραβίης ἐπέβαινε τὸ δεύτερον, ἦχι θαμίζων
λαὸν ἀβακχεύτων Ἀράβων ἐδίδαξεν ἀείρειν
μυστιπόλους νάρθηκας· ἀεξιφύτοιο δὲ λόχμης
Νύσια βοτρυόεντι κατέστεφεν οὔρεα θαλλῷ.

Ἀρραβίης δὲ τένοντα βαθύσκιον ἅλσος ἐάσας
ἀτραπὸν Ἀσσυρίην διεμέτρεε πεζὸς ὁδίτης,
καὶ Τυρίων μενέαινεν ἰδεῖν χθόνα πατρῖδα Κάδμου·
κεῖθι γὰρ ἴχνος ἔκαμψε, καὶ ἄσπετα πέπλα δοκεύων
θάμβεεν Ἀσσυρίης ἑτερόχροα δαίδαλα τέχνης,
ἄργυφον εἰσορόων Βαβυλωνίδος ἔργον Ἀράχνης·
καὶ Τυρίῃ σκοπίαζε δεδευμένα φάρεα κόχλῳ,
πορφυρέους σπινθῆρας ἀκοντίζοντα θαλάσσης,
ἦχι κύων ἁλιεργὸς ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖσιν ἐρέπτων
ἐνδόμυχον χαροπῇσι γενειάσι θέσκελον ἰχθὺν
χιονέας πόρφυρε παρηίδας αἵματι κόχλου,

---

* Because the great Bear never dips into the ocean.
[b] Now the Rion.

all revelled, for they left behind them all memory of that toilsome war, to blow away with the north wind, and each came returning home at last with his thank-offerings for victory. Asterios alone did not now return to his own country ; instead, he settled near the foot-unwashen Bears,[a] about the river Phasis[b] in a cold land by the Massagetic Gulf,[c] where he dwelt under the snowburdened feet of his father's father, Tauros the Bull,[d] translated to the stars. He avoided the Cnossian city and the sons of his family, hating Pasiphaë and his own father Minos, and preferring Scythia to his own country. But Bacchos, followed only by his Satyrs and the Indianslaying Bacchant women, after a war in the Caucasos beside the Amazonian River, visited Arabia the second time, where he stayed and taught the Arabian people who knew not Bacchos to uplift the mystic fennel, and crowned the Nysian hills with the vineclusters of his fruitful plant.

298 Leaving the long stretch of Arabia with its deep-shadowy forests he measured the Assyrian road on foot, and had a mind to see the Tyrian land, Cadmos's country ; for thither he turned his tracks, and with stuffs in thousands before his eyes he admired the manycoloured patterns of Assyrian art, as he stared at the woven work of the Babylonian Arachne[e] ; he examined cloth dyed with the Tyrian shell, shooting out sea-sparklings of purple : on that shore once a dog busy by the sea, gobbling the wonderful lurking fish with joyous jaws, stained his white jowl with the blood

[c] The Caspian Sea, called a gulf because it was supposed to open out into the so-called Northern Ocean.

[d] The pedigree is Zeus and Europe—Minos—Asterios.

[e] Arachne, daughter of Idmon of Colophon, a great dyer and weaver; she challenged Athena, and was changed into a spider. See Ovid, *Met.* vi. 1. ff.

χείλεα φοινίξας διερῷ πυρί, τῷ ποτε μούνῳ
φαιδρὸν ἁλιχλαίνων ἐρυθαίνετο φᾶρος ἀνάκτων.
Καὶ πόλιν ἀθρήσας ἐπεγήθεεν, ἣν ἐνοσίχθων
οὐ διερῷ μίτρωσεν ὅλῳ ζωστῆρι θαλάσσης,
ἀλλὰ τύπον λάχε τοῖον Ὀλύμπιον, οἷον ὑφαίνει
ἀγχιτελὴς λείπουσα μιῇ γλωχῖνι σελήνη.
καί οἱ ὀπιπεύοντι μέσην χθόνα σύζυγον ἅλμῃ
διπλόον ἔλλαχε θάμβος, ἐπεὶ Τύρος εἰν ἁλὶ κεῖται
εἰς χθόνα μοιρηθεῖσα, συναπτομένη δὲ θαλάσσῃ
τριχθαδίαις λαγόνεσσι μίαν ξυνώσατο μίτρην·
νηχομένῃ δ' ἀτίνακτος ὁμοίως ἕπλετο κούρῃ,
καὶ κεφαλὴν καὶ στέρνα καὶ αὐχένα δῶκε θαλάσσῃ,
χεῖρας ἐφαπλώσασα μέσῃ διδυμάονι πόντῳ,
γείτονι λευκαίνουσα θαλασσαίῳ δέμας ἀφρῷ,
καὶ πόδας ἀμφοτέρους ἐπερείσατο μητέρι γαίῃ.
καὶ πόλιν ἐννοσίγαιος ἔχων ἀστεμφέι δεσμῷ
νυμφίος ὑδατόεις περινήχεται, οἷα συνάπτων
πήχεϊ παφλάζοντι περίπλοκον αὐχένα νύμφης.
Καὶ Τύρον εἰσέτι Βάκχος ἐθάμβεε, τῇ ἔνι μούνῃ
βουκόλος ἀγχικέλευθος ὁμίλεε γείτονι ναύτῃ
συρίζων παρὰ θῖνα, καὶ αἰπόλος ἰχθυβολῆι
δίκτυον αὖ ἐρύοντι, καὶ ἀντιτύποισιν ἐρετμοῖς
σχιζομένων ὑδάτων ἐχαράσσετο βῶλος ἀρότρῳ·
εἰναλίης δ' ὁἀριζον ὁμήλυδες ἐγγύθι λόχμης
ποιμένες . . . ὑλοτόμοισι, καὶ ἔβρεμεν εἰν ἑνὶ χώρῳ
φλοῖσβος ἁλός, μύκημα βοῶν, ψιθύρισμα πετήλων,
πεῖσμα, φυτόν, πλόος, ἅλσος,
ὕδωρ, νέες, ὁλκάς, ἐχέτλη,

---

* This story, which seems to have passed from one list of

of the shell, and reddened his lips with running fire, which once alone made scarlet the sea-dyed robes of kings.[a]

311 He was delighted to see that city, which Earth-shaker surrounded with a liquid girdle of sea, not wholly, but it got the shape which the moon weaves in the sky when she is almost full, falling short of fullness by one point. And when he saw the mainland joined to the brine, he felt a double wonder, since Tyre lies in the brine, having her own share in the land but joined with the sea which has joined one girdle with the three sides together. Unshakable, it is like a swimming girl, who gives to the sea head and breast and neck, stretching her arms between under the two waters, and her body whitened with foam from the sea beside her, while she rests both feet on mother earth. And Earthshaker holding the city in a firm bond floats all about like a watery bridegroom, as if embracing the neck of his bride in a splashing arm.

327 Still more Bacchos admired the city of Tyre; where alone the herdsman's way was near the fisherman, and he kept company with his piping along the shore, and goatherd with fisher again when he drew his net, and the glebe was cleft by the plow while opposite the oars were cutting the waters. Shepherds near the seaside woods gossiped in company [with boatmen, fisher with] woodmen, and in one place was the loud noise of the sea, the lowing of cattle, the whispering of leaves, rigging and trees, navigation and forest, water, ships, and lugger, plowtail,

"discoverers," *εὑρέται*, to another (see M. Kremmer, *De catalogis heurematum*, Leipzig 1890, pp. 45, 94), is told by St. Gregory Nazianzen, *Orat.* iv. 108, Cassiodorus, *Variae* i. 2.

μῆλα, δόναξ, δρεπάνη, σκαφίδες,
λίνα, λαίφεα, θώρηξ.
καὶ τάδε παπταίνων πολυθαμβέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
"Νῆσον ἐν ἠπείρῳ πόθεν ἕδρακον; εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
τηλίκον οὔ ποτε κάλλος ἐσέδρακον· ὑψιτενὴ γὰρ
δένδρεα συρίζει παρὰ κύματα, Νηρεΐδος δὲ
φθεγγομένης κατὰ πόντον Ἀμαδρυὰς ἐγγὺς ἀκούει,
καὶ Τυρίοις πελάγεσσι καὶ ἀγχιάλοισιν ἀρούραις
πνείων ἐκ Λιβάνοιο μεσημβρινὸς ἄβρὸς ἀήτης
ἄσθματι καρποτόκῳ προχέει νησσόον αἶρην,
ψύχων ἀγρονόμον καὶ ναυτίλον εἰς πλόον ἕλκων,
καὶ χθονίην δρεπάνην βυθίῃ πελάσασα τριαίνῃ
φθέγγεται ὑγρομέδοντι θαλυσιὰς ἐνθάδε Δηώ,
κωφῆς ἄβροχον ἅρμα καθιππεύοντι γαλήνης,
ἰθύνειν δρόμον ἶσον ὁμοζήλων ἐπὶ δίφρων,
ὄμπνια μαστίζουσα μετάρσια νῶτα δρακόντων.
ὦ πόλι πασιμέλουσα, τύπος χθονός, αἰθέρος εἰκών,
συμφυέος τρίπλευρον ἔχεις τελαμῶνα θαλάσσης."
Ὡς εἰπὼν παράμειβε δι' ἄστεος ὄμμα τιταίνων·
καὶ οἱ ὀπιπεύοντι λιθογλώχινες ἀγυιαὶ
μαρμαρυγὴν ἀνέφαινον ἀμοιβαίοιο μετάλλου·
καὶ προγόνου δόμον εἶδεν Ἀγήνορος, ἕδρακεν αὐλὰς
καὶ θάλαμον Κάδμοιο, καὶ ἁρπαμένης ποτὲ νύμφης
Εὐρώπης ἀφύλακτον ἐδύσατο παρθενεῶνα,
μνῆστιν ἔχων κερόεντος ἑοῦ Διός· ἀρχεγόνους δὲ
πηγὰς θάμβεε μᾶλλον, ὅπῃ χθονίου διὰ κόλπου
νάματος ἐκχυμένου παλινάγρετον εἰς μίαν ὥρην
χεύμασιν αὐτογόνοισι πολυτρεφὲς ἔβλυεν ὕδωρ·
εἶδεν Ἀβαρβαρέης γόνιμον ῥόον, ἕδρακε πηγὴν

sheep, reeds, and sickle, boats, lines, sails, and corselet. As he surveyed all this, he thus expressed his wonder :

338 " How's this—how do I see an island on the mainland ? If I may say so, never have I beheld such beauty. Lofty trees rustle beside the waves, the Nereïd speaks on the deep and the Hamadryad hears hard by. A delicate breeze of the south breathes from Lebanon upon Tyrian seas and seaside plowland, pouring a breath of wind which fosters the corn and speeds the ships at once, cools the husbandman and draws the seaman to his voyage. Here harvesthome Deo brings the sickle of the land close to the trident of the deep, and speaks to the monarch of the wet, who drives his car unwetted upon the soundless calm, while she asks him to guide her rival car on the same course, and herself whips the bounteous backs of her aerial dragons. O world-famous city, image of the earth, picture of the sky ! You have a belt of sea grown into one with your three sides ! "

353 So he spoke, and wandered through the city casting his eyes about. He gazed at the streets paved with mosaic of stones and shining metals ; he saw the house of Agenor his ancestor, he saw the courtyards and the women's apartments of Cadmos ; he entered the ill-guarded maiden chamber of Europe, the bride stolen long ago, and thought of his own horned Zeus. Still more he wondered at those primeval fountains, where a stream comes pouring out through the bosom of the earth, and after one hour plenty of water bubbles up again with flood self-produced. He saw the creative stream of Abarbareë,[a] he saw the

[a] Not the same as in xv. 378. For the stories of these otherwise unknown fountains, see below, 538 ff.

Καλλιρόην ἐρόεσσαν ἐπώνυμον, εἶδε καὶ αὐτῆς
ἁβρὸν ἐρευγομένης Δροσερῆς νυμφήιον ὕδωρ.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε πάντα νόησεν ἐῷ φιλοτερπέι θυμῷ,
εἰς δόμον Ἀστροχίτωνος ἐκώμασε,
καὶ πρόμον ἄστρων
τοῖον ἔπος βοόων ἐκαλέσσατο μύστιδι φωνῇ·
" Ἀστροχίτων Ἡρακλες,
ἄναξ πυρός, ὄρχαμε κόσμου,
Ἠέλιε, βροτέοιο βίου δολιχόσκιε ποιμήν,
ἱππεύων ἑλικηδὸν ὅλον πόλον αἴθοπι δίσκῳ,
υἷα χρόνου λυκάβαντα δυωδεκάμηνον ἑλίσσων,
κύκλον ἄγεις μετὰ κύκλον· ἀφ' ὑμετέροιο δὲ δίφρου
γήραϊ καὶ νεότητι ῥέει μορφούμενος αἰών·
μαῖα σοφῆς ὠδῖνος ἀμήτορος εἰκόνα Μήνης
ὠδίνεις τριέλικτον, ὅτε δροσόεσσα Σελήνη
σῆς λοχίης ἀκτῖνος ἀμέλγεται ἀντίτυπον πῦρ,
ταυρείην ἐπίκυρτον ἀολλίζουσα κεραίην·
παμφαὲς αἰθέρος ὄμμα, φέρεις τετράζυγι δίφρῳ
χεῖμα μετὰ φθινόπωρον, ἄγεις θέρος εἶαρ ἀμείβων.
νὺξ μὲν ἀκοντιστῆρι διωκομένη σέο πυρσῷ
χάζεται ἀστήρικτος, ὅτε ζυγὸν ἄργυφον ἕλκων
ἀκροφανὴς ἵππειος ἰμάσσεται ὄρθιος αὐχήν,
σεῖο δὲ λαμπομένοιο φαάντερον οὐκέτι λάμπων
ποικίλος εὐφαέεσσι χαράσσεται ἄστρασι λειμών,
χεύμασι δ' ἀντολικοῖο λελουμένος Ὠκεανοῖο
σεισάμενος γονόεσσαν ἀθαλπέος ἰκμάδα χαίτης
ὄμβρον ἄγεις φερέκαρπον, ἐπ' εὐώδινι δὲ Γαίῃ
ἠερίης ἠῶον ἐρεύγεαι ἀρδμὸν ἐέρσης,
καὶ σταχύων ὠδῖνας ἀναλδαίνεις σέο δίσκῳ

lovely fountain named after Callirhoë, he saw the bridal water of Drosera herself spouting daintily out.

366 But when he had noted all this and gratified his curiosity, he went revelling to the temple of the Starclad [a] and there called loudly upon the leader of the stars in mystic words :

369 " Starclad Heracles, lord of fire, prince of the universe ! O Helios, longshadowed shepherd of human life, coursing round the whole sky with shining disk and wheeling the twelvemonth lichtgang the son of Time ! Circle after circle thou drivest, and from thy car is shaped the running lifespace for youth and age ! Nurse of wise birth, thou bringest forth the threefold image of the motherless Moon,[b] while dewy Selene milks her imitative light from thy fruitful beam, while she fills in her curving bull's-horn. All-shining Eye of the heavens, thou bringest in thy four-horse chariot winter following autumn, and changest spring to summer. Night pursued by thy shooting torch moves and gives place, when the first morning glimpse comes of thy straightnecked steeds drawing the silver yoke under thy lashes ; when thy light shines, the varied heavenly meadow no longer shines brighter dotted with patterns of bright stars. From thy bath in the waters of the eastern Ocean thou shakest off the creative moisture from thy cool hair, bringing the fruitful rain, and discharging the early wet of the heavenly dew upon the prolific earth. With thy disk thou givest increase to the growth of

[a] Melkart. He had long been identified with Heracles and, later, with the Sun.

[b] Helios is the father, according to Nonnos there is no mother.

ῥαίνων ζωοτόκοιο δι' αὔλακος ὄμπνιον ἀκτήν.
Βῆλος ἐπ' Εὐφρήταο, Λίβυς κεκλημένος Ἄμμων,
Ἄπις ἔφυς Νειλῶος,
Ἄραψ Κρόνος, Ἀσσύριος Ζεύς·
καὶ ξύλα κηώεντα φέρων γαμψώνυχι ταρσῷ
χιλιέτης σοφὸς ὄρνις ἐπ' εὐόδμῳ σέο βωμῷ
φοίνιξ, τέρμα βίοιο φέρων αὐτόσπορον ἀρχήν,
τίκτεται ἰσοτύποιο χρόνου παλιναγρέτος εἰκών,
λύσας δ' ἐν πυρὶ γῆρας ἀμείβεται ἐκ πυρὸς ἦβην·
εἴτε Σάραπις ἔφυς, Αἰγύπτιος ἀντέφελος Ζεύς,
εἰ Κρόνος, εἰ Φαέθων πολυώνυμος, εἴτε σὺ Μίθρης,
Ἥλιος Βαβυλῶνος, ἐν Ἑλλάδι Δελφὸς Ἀπόλλων
εἰ Γάμος, ὃν σκιροῖσιν Ἔρως ἔσπειρεν ὀνείροις
μιμηλῆς τελέων ἀπατήλιον ἵμερον εἰνῆς,
ἐκ Διὸς ὑπνώοντος ὅτε γλωχῖνι μαχαίρης
αὐτογάμῳ σπόρον ὑγρὸν ἐπιξύσαντος ἀρούρης
οὐρανίαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐμαιώθησαν ἐρίπναι,
εἴτε σὺ Παιήων ὀδυνήφατος, εἰ πέλες Λίθηρ
ποικίλος, Ἀστροχίτων δὲ φατίζεαι—ἐννύχιοι γὰρ
οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντες ἐπαυγάζουσι χιτῶνες—·
οὔασιν εὐμενέεσσιν ἐμὴν ἀσπάζεο φωνήν."

Τοῖον ἔπος Διόνυσος ἀνήρυγεν. ἐξαπίνης δὲ
ἔνθεον εἶδος ἔχων θεοδέγμονος ἔνδοθι νηοῦ
Ἀστροχίτων ἤστραψε· πυριγλήνου δὲ προσώπου
μαρμαρυγὴν ῥοδόεσσαν ἀπηκόντιζον ὀπωπαί·
καὶ θεὸς αἰγλήεις παλάμην ὤρεξε Λυαίῳ,
ποικίλον εἶμα φέρων, τύπον αἰθέρος,
εἰκόνα κόσμου,
στίλβων ξανθὰ γένεια καὶ ἀστερόεσσαν ὑπήνην·
καί μιν ἐυφραίνων φιλίῃ μείλιξε τραπέζῃ.
αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμὸν ἔτερπεν ἀδαιτρεύτῳ παρὰ δείπνῳ
ψαύων ἀμβροσίης καὶ νέκταρος· οὐ νέμεσις δέ,

harvest, irrigating the bounteous corn in the life-nourishing furrows.

392 "Belos on the Euphrates, called Ammon in Libya, thou art Apis by the Nile, Arabian Cronos, Assyrian Zeus! On thy fragrant altar, that thousand-year-old wise bird the phoenix lays sweetsmelling woods with his curved claw, bringing the end of one life and the beginning of another; for there he is born again, self-begotten, the image of equal time renewed—he sheds old age in the fire, and from the fire takes in exchange youthful bloom. Be thou called Sarapis, the cloudless Zeus of Egypt; be thou Cronos, or Phaëthon of many names, or Mithras the Sun of Babylon, in Hellas Delphic Apollo; be thou Gamos,[a] whom Love begat in shadowy dreams, fulfilling the deceptive desire of a mock union, when from sleeping Zeus, after he had sprinkled the damp seed over the earth with the self-wedding point of the sword, the heights brought forth by reason of the heavenly drops; be thou painquelling Paieon, or patterned Heaven; be thou called the Starclad, since by night starry mantles illuminate the sky—O hear my voice graciously with friendly ears!"

411 Such was the hymn of Dionysos. Suddenly in form divine the Starclad flashed upon him in that dedicated temple. The fiery eyes of his countenance shot forth a rosy light, and the shining god, clad in a patterned robe like the sky, and image of the universe, with yellow cheek sparkling and a starry beard, held out a hand to Lyaios, and entertained him with good cheer at a friendly table. He enjoyed a feast without meatcarving, and touched nectar and ambrosia: why not indeed, if he did drink sweet nectar,

[a] Marriage.

εἰ γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἔπινε μετὰ γλάγος ἄμβροτον Ἥρης·
εἵρετο δ' Ἀστροχίτωνα χέων φιλοπευθέα φωνήν·
" Ἀστροχίτων με δίδασκε,
τύπῳ χθονός, εἰκόνι νήσου,
τίς θεὸς ἄστυ πόλισσε, τίς ἔγραφεν οὐρανίη χείρ;
τίς σκοπέλους ἀνάειρε καὶ ἐρρίζωσε θαλάσσῃ;
τίς κάμε δαίδαλα ταῦτα; πόθεν λάχον οὔνομα πηγαί;
τίς χθονὶ νῆσον ἔμιξεν ὁμόζυγα μητρὶ θαλάσσῃ;"
Εἶπε· καὶ Ἡρακλέης φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·
" Βάκχε, σὺ μὲν κλύε μῦθον·
ἐγὼ δέ σε πάντα διδάξω.
ἐνθάδε φῶτες ἔναιον, ὁμόσπορος οὓς ποτε μούνους
ἀενάου κόσμοιο συνήλικας ἔδρακεν Αἰών,
ἀγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτοιο γένος χθονός, ὧν τότε μορφὴν
αὐτομάτην ὤδινεν ἀνήροτος ἄσπορος ὑλύς·
οἳ πόλιν ἰσοτύπων δαπέδων αὐτόχθονι τέχνῃ
πετραίοις ἀτίνακτον ἐπυργώσαντο θεμέθλοις.
καί ποτε πηγαίῃσι παρ' εὐύδροισι χαμευναῖς
ἠελίου πυρόεντος ἰμασσομένης χθονὸς ἀτμῷ
τερψινόου Ληθαῖον ἀμεργόμενοι πτερὸν Ὕπνου
εὗδον ὁμοῦ, κραδίῃ δὲ φιλόπτολιν οἶστρον ἀέξων
Γηγενέων στατὸν ἴχνος ἐπῃώρησα καρήνῳ,
καὶ βροτέου σκιοειδὲς ἔχων ἴνδαλμα προσώπου
θέσφατον ὀμφήεντος ἀνήρυγον ἀνθερεῶνος·
' ὕπνον ἀποσκεδάσαντες ἀεργέα, παῖδες ἀρούρης,
τεύξατέ μοι ξένον ἅρμα βατῆς ἁλός· ὀξυτόμοις δὲ
κόψατέ μοι πελέκεσσι ῥάχιν πιτυώδεος ὕλης·
τεύξατέ μοι σοφὸν ἔργον· ὑπὸ σταμίνεσσι δὲ πυκνοῖς
ἰκρία γομφώσαντες ἐπασσυτέρῳ τινὶ κόσμῳ

---

[a] Heracles, here identified with Helios, sucked Hera's

after the immortal milk of Hera?[a] Then he spoke to the Starclad in words full of curiosity:

423 "Inform me, Astrochiton, what god built this city in the form of a continent and the image of an island? What heavenly hand designed it? Who lifted these rocks and rooted them in the sea? Who made all these works of art? Whence came the name of the fountains? Who mingled island with mainland and bound them together with mother sea?"

428 He spoke, and Heracles satisfied him with friendly words:

429 "Hear the story, Bacchos, I will tell you all. People dwelt here once whom Time, bred along with them, saw the only agemates of the eternal universe, holy offspring of the virgin earth, whose bodies came forth of themselves from the unplowed unsown mud. These by indigenous art built upon foundations of rock a city unshakable on ground also of rock. Once on their watery beds among the fountains, while the fiery sun was beating the earth with steam, they were resting together and plucking at the Lethean wing of mind-rejoicing sleep. Now I cherished a passion of love for that city; so I took the shadowed form of a human face, and stayed my step overhanging the head of these earthborn folk, and spoke to them my oracle in words of inspiration:

443 "'Shake off idle sleep, sons of the soil! Make me a new kind of vehicle to travel on the brine. Clear me this ridge of pinewoods with your sharp axes and make me a clever work. Set a long row of thickset standing ribs and rivet planks to them, then

breast (without her knowledge, for the story varies) and so became her fosterson.

συμφερτὴν ἀτίνακτον ἀρηρότι δήσατε δεσμῷ,
δίφρον ἁλός, σχεδίην πρωτόπλοον, ἢ διὰ πόντου
ὑμέας ὀχλίζειε· καὶ ἀγκύλον ἄκρον ἀπ' ἄκρου
πρωτοπαγὲς δόρυ μακρὸν ἅλον στήριγμα δεχέσθω·
ἰκρία δὲ σταμίνεσσιν ἀρηρότα δήσατε κύκλῳ,
τοίχου δουρατέου πυκινὸν τύπον· ἰψιτενὲς δὲ
σφιγγόμενον δεσμοῖσι μέσον ξύλον ὄρθιον ἔστω·
καὶ λίνεον πλατὺ φᾶρος ἐφάψατε δούρατι μέσσῳ,
συμπλεκέας δὲ κάλωας ἀμοιβαδίς, ὧν ἀπὸ δεσμῶν
ἑκταδὸν ἠερίῳ κολπώσατε φᾶρος ἀήτῃ
ἔγκυον ἐξ ἀνέμου νηοσσόον· ἀρτιπαγῆ δὲ
φράξατε λεπταλέοισι σεσηρότα δούρατα γόμφοις,
πυκνὰ περιστρώσαντες ὁμοζυγέων ἐπὶ τοίχων
ῥίπεσιν οἰσυΐνοις, μὴ φώριον οἶδμα χυθείη
ἐνδόμυχον γλαφυροῖο κεχηνότι δούρατος ὁλκῷ.
καὶ σχεδίης οἴηκα κυβερνητῆρα πορείης
ὑγρῆς ἀτραπιτοῖο πολύστροφον ἡνιοχῆα
πάντοθι δινεύοντες, ὅπῃ νόος ὑμέας ἕλκει,
δουρατέῳ κενεῶνι χαράξατε νῶτα θαλάσσης,
εἰσόκε χῶρον ἵκοισθε μεμορμένον, ὁππόθι δισσαὶ
ἀσταθέες πλώουσιν ἀλήμονες εἰν ἁλὶ πέτραι,
ἃς Φύσις Ἀμβροσίας ἐπεφήμισεν, αἷς ἔνι θάλλει
ἥλικος αὐτόρριζον ὁμόζυγον ἔρνος ἐλαίης,
πέτρης ὑγροπόροιο μεσόμφαλον· ἀκροτάτοις δὲ
αἰετὸν ἀθρήσητε παρεδρήσσοντα κορύμβοις
καὶ φιάλην εὔτυκτον· ἀπὸ φλογεροῖο δὲ δένδρου
θαμβαλέους σπινθῆρας ἐρεύγεται αὐτόματον πῦρ,
καὶ σέλας ἀφλεγέος περιβόσκεται ἔρνος ἐλαίης·
καὶ φυτὸν ὑψιπέτηλον ἕλιξ ὄφις ἀμφιχορεύει,
ἀμφότερον βλεφάροισι καὶ οὔασι θάμβος ἀέξων·

join them firmly together with a wellfitting bond—the chariot of the sea, the first craft that ever sailed, which can heave you over the deep! But first let it have a long curved beam running from end to end to support the whole, and fasten the planks to the ribs fitted about it like a close wall of wood. Let there be a tall spar upright in the middle held fast with stays. Fasten a wide linen cloth to the middle of the pole with twisted ropes on each side. Keep the sail extended by these ropes, and let it belly out to the wind of heaven, pregnant by the breeze which carries the ship along. Where the newfitted timbers gape, plug them with thin pegs. Cover the sides with hurdles of wickerwork to keep them together, lest the water leak through unnoticed by a hole in the hollow vessel. Have a tiller as guide for your craft, to steer a course and drive you on the watery path with many a turn—twist it about everywhere as your mind draws you, and cleave the back of the sea in your wooden hull, until you come to the fated place, where driven wandering over the brine are two floating rocks, which Nature has named the Ambrosial Rocks.[a]

469 " ' On one of them grows a spire of olive, their agemate, selfrooted and joined to the rock, in the very midst of the waterfaring stone. On the top of the foliage you will see an eagle perched, and a well-made bowl. From the flaming tree fire selfmade spits out wonderful sparks, and the glow devours the olive tree all round but consumes it not. A snake writhes round the tree with its highlifted leaves, increasing the wonder both for eyes and for ears. For the serpent

[a] Where, if anywhere, Nonnos found this extraordinary tale of the founding of Tyre is unknown.

οὐ γὰρ ἀερσιπότητον ἐς αἰετὸν ἄψοφος ἕρπων
λοξὸς ἀπειλητῆρι δράκων περιβάλλεται ὅλκῳ,
οὐδὲ διαπτύων θανατηφόρον ἰὸν ὀδόντων
ὄρνιν ἑαῖς γενύεσσι κατεσθίει, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
αἰετὸς ἑρπηστῆρα πολυσπείρητον ἀκάνθαις
ἁρπάξας ὀνύχεσσι μετάρσιος ἠέρα τέμνει,
οὐδέ μιν ὀξυόδοντι καταγράψειε γενείῳ·
οὐδὲ τανυπρέμνοιο φυτοῦ πεφορημένος ὄζοις
πυρσὸς ἀδηλήτου περιβόσκεται ἕρνος ἐλαίης,
οὐδὲ δρακοντείων φολίδων σπείρημα μαραίνει
σύννομον ἀγχικέλευθον, ὁμοπλεκέων δὲ καὶ αὐτῶν
οὐ πτερύγων ὄρνιθος ἐφάπτεται ἀλλόμενον πῦρ,
ἀλλὰ φυτοῦ κατὰ μέσσα φίλον σέλας ἀτμὸν ἰάλλει·
οὐδὲ κύλιξ ἀτίνακτος ἐπήορος ὑψόθι πίπτει
σειομένων ἀνέμοισιν ὀλισθήσασα κορύμβων.
καὶ σοφὸν ἀγρεύσαντες ὁμόχρονον ὄρνιν ἐλαίης
αἰετὸν ὑψιπέτην ἱερεύσατε κυνοχαίτῃ,
λύθρον ἐπισπένδοντες ἁλιπλανέεσσι κολώναις
καὶ Διὶ καὶ μακάρεσσι· καὶ ἄστατος οὐκέτι πέτρη
πλάζεται ὑγροφόρητος, ἀκινήτοις δὲ θεμέθλοις
αὐτομάτη ζωσθεῖσα συνάπτεται ἄζυγι πέτρῃ.
πήξατε δ' ἀμφοτέραις ἐπικείμενον ἄστυ κολώναις
ἀμφοτέρης ἑκάτερθεν ἐπὶ κρηπῖδι θαλάσσης.'
τοῖον ἔπος μαντῶον ἀνήρυγον· ἐγρόμενοι δὲ
Γηγενέες δεδόνητο, καὶ οὔασιν αἰὲν ἑκάστου
θέσκελος ἁπλανέων ἐπεβόμβεε μῦθος ὀνείρων.
τοῖσι δ' ἐγὼ τέρας ἄλλο μετὰ πτερόεντας ὀνείρους
ἀχνυμένοις ἀνέφηνα, φιλόκτιτον ἦθος ἀέξων
ἐσσόμενος πολιοῦχος· ὑπερκύψας δὲ θαλάσσης
ἀντίτυπον μίμημα φέρων ἰσόζυγι μορφῇ
εἰς πλόον αὐτοδίδακτον ἐνήχετο ναυτίλος ἰχθύς·
τὸν τότε παπταίνοντες ἐοικότα νηὶ θαλάσσης

does not creep silently to the eagle flying on high, and throw itself at him from one side with a threatening sweep to envelop him, nor spits deadly poison from his teeth and swallows the bird in his jaws ; the eagle himself does not seize in his talons that crawler with many curling coils and carry him off high through the air, nor will he wound him with sharptoothed beak ; the flame does not spread over the branches of the tall trunk and devour the olive tree, which cannot be destroyed, nor withers the scales of the twining snake, so close a neighbour, nor does the leaping flame catch even the bird's interlaced feathers. No—the fire keeps to the middle of the tree and sends out a friendly glow : the bowl remains aloft, immovable though the clusters are shaken in the wind, and does not slip and fall.

493 " ' You must catch this wise bird, the high-flying eagle agemate of the olive, and sacrifice him to Seabluehair. Pour out his blood on the seawandering cliffs to Zeus and the Blessed. Then the rock wanders no longer driven over the waters ; but it is fixed upon immovable foundations and unites itself bound to the free rock. Found upon both rocks a builded city, with quays on two seas, on both sides.'

501 " Such was my prophetic message. The Earthborn awaking were stirred, and the divine message of the unerring dreams still rang in the ears of each. I showed yet another marvel after the winged dreams to these troubled ones, indulging my mood of founding cities, myself destined to be City-holder : out of the sea popped a nautilus fish, perfect image of what I meant and shaped like a ship, sailing on its voyage selftaught. Thus observing this crea-

καὶ πλόον εὐποίητον ἄτερ καμάτοιο μαθόντες,
καὶ σχεδίην πήξαντες ὁμοίιον ἰχθύι πόντου
ναυτιλίης τύπον ἶσον ἐμιμήσαντο θαλάσσης.
καὶ πλόος ἦν· πισύρων δὲ λίθων ἰσοελκέι φόρτῳ
ναυτιλίην ἰσόμετρον ἐπιστώσαντο θαλάσσῃ,
καὶ γεράνων ἀτίνακτον ἐμιμήσαντο πορείην,
αἳ στομάτων ἔντοσθεν ἀοσσητῆρα κελεύθου
λᾶαν ἐλαφρίζουσι καταχθέα, μή ποτε κείνων
ἱπταμένων πτερὰ κοῦφα παραπλίγξειεν ἀήτης,
εἰσόκε χῶρον ἐκεῖνον ἐσέδρακον, ἦχι θυέλλαις
εἰς πλόον αὐτοκέλευθον ἐναντίλλοιντο κολῶναι.
καὶ σχεδίην ἔστησαν ἁλιστεφάνῳ παρὰ νήσῳ,
καὶ σπιλάδων ἐπέβαινον, ὅπῃ φυτὸν ἦεν Ἀθήνης.
τοῖσι δὲ μαιομένοισιν ἐφέστιον ὄρνιν ἐλαίης
αἰετὸς ἠερόφοιτος ἐκούσιον εἰς μόρον ἔστη·
Γηγενέες δὲ λαβόντες ἐΰπτερον ἔνθεον ἄγρην,
ἂψ ἀνασειράζοντες ὀπισθοτόνοιο καρήνου
γυμνὸν ἐφαπλώσαντες ἐλεύθερον ἀνθερεῶνα,
αἰετὸν αὐτοκέλευθον ἐδαιτρεύσαντο μαχαίρῃ
Ζηνὶ καὶ ὑγρομέδοντι· δαϊζομένου δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἔμφρονος οἰωνοῖο νεοσφαγέων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
θέσκελον ἔρρεεν αἷμα, θαλασσοπόρους δὲ κολώνας
δαιμονίαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐπερρίζωσε θαλάσσῃ
ἄγχι Τύρου παρὰ πόντον· ἐπ᾽ ἀρραγέεσσι δὲ πέτραις
Γηγενέες βαθύκολπον ἐδωμήσαντο τιθήνην.
σοὶ μέν, ἄναξ Διόνυσε, πεδοτρεφὲς αἷμα Γιγάντων
ἔννεπον αὐτολόχευτον Ὀλύμπιον, ὄφρα δαείης
ὑμετέρων προγόνων Τυρίην αὐτόχθονα φύτλην·
ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγάων μυθήσομαι· ἀρχέγονοι γὰρ
παρθενικαὶ πάρος ἦσαν ἐχέφρονες, ὧν ἐπὶ μίτρῃ

ture so like a ship of the sea, they learnt without trouble how to make a voyage, they built a craft like to a fish of the deep and imitated its navigation of the sea. Then came a voyage : with four stones of an equal weight they trusted their balanced navigation to the sea, imitating the steady flight of the crane ; for she carries a ballast-stone in her mouth to help her course, lest the wind should beat her light wings aside as she flies.[a] They went on until they saw that place, where the rocks were driven by the gales to navigate by themselves.

521 " There they stayed their craft beside the sea-girt isle, and climbed the cliffs where the tree of Athena stood. When they tried to catch the eagle which was at home on the olive tree, he flew down willingly and awaited his fate. The Earthborn took their winged prey inspired, and drawing the head backwards they stretched out the neck free and bare, they sacrificed with the knife that selfsurrendered eagle to Zeus and the Lord of the waters. As the sage bird was sacrificed, the blood of prophecy gushed from the throat newly cut, and with those divine drops rooted the seafaring rocks at the bottom near to Tyre [b] on the sea ; and upon those unassailable rocks the Earthborn built up their deepbreasted nurse.

535 " There, Lord Dionysos, I have told you of the soilbred race of the Earthborn, selfborn, Olympian, that you might know how the Tyrian breed of your ancestors sprang out of the earth. Now I will speak of the fountains. In the olden days they were chaste maidens primeval, but hot Eros was angered against

[a] For some references to this story about cranes, see Sir D'A. W. Thompson, *Glossary of Greek Birds*[2], p. 72.

[b] *i.e.* Old Tyre, the mainland part of the city.

θερμὸς Ἔρως κεχόλωτο, καὶ ἱμερόεν βέλος ἕλκων
τοῖον ἀλεξιγάμοισιν ἔπος ξυνώσατο Νύμφαις·
‘ Νηὶς Ἀβαρβαρέη φιλοπάρθενε, δέξο καὶ αὐτὴ
τοῦτο βέλος, τό περ ἔσχεν ὅλη φύσις· ἐνθάδε πήξω
παστάδα Καλλιρόης, Δροσερῆς δ’ ὑμέναιον ἀείσω.
ἀλλ’ ἐρέεις· ‘‘ μεθέπω διερὸν γένος, ἐκ δὲ ῥοάων
αὐτοτελὴς γενόμην, καὶ ἐμὴ τροφὸς ἔπλετο πηγή.’’
Νηιὰς ἦν Κλυμένη καὶ ἀπόσπορος Ὠκεανοῖο·
ἀλλὰ γάμοις ὑπόειξεν, ἐνυμφεύθη δὲ καὶ αὐτή,
ὡς ἴδε λάτριν Ἔρωτος ἀρείονα κυανοχαίτην
οἴστρῳ Κυπριδίῳ δεδονημένον· ἀρχέγονος δὲ
Ὠκεανὸς ποταμοῖσι καὶ ὕδασι πᾶσι κελεύων
Τηθύος οἶδεν ἔρωτα καὶ εὐύδρους ὑμεναίους.
τέτλαθι καὶ σὺ φέρειν ἴσα Τηθύι. τοσσατίης δὲ
ἐξ ἁλὸς αἷμα φέρουσα καὶ οὐκ ὀλίγης ἀπὸ πηγῆς
ἱμείρει Γαλάτεια μελιζομένου Πολυφήμου,
καὶ βυθίη χερσαῖον ἔχει πόσιν, ἐκ δὲ θαλάσσης
πηκτίδι θελγομένη μετανάστιος εἰς χθόνα βαίνει.
καὶ πηγαὶ δεδάασιν ἐμὸν βέλος· οὔ σε διδάξω
ἵμερον ὑδατόεντα· ποθοβλήτοιο δὲ πηγῆς
ἔκλυες ὑγρὸν ἔρωτα Συρηκοσίης Ἀρεθούσης·
Ἀλφειὸν δεδάηκας, ὃς ἱκμαλέῳ παρὰ παστῷ
ὑδρηλαῖς παλάμαις περιβάλλεται ἠθάδα Νύμφην.
πηγῆς αἷμα φέρουσα τί τέρπεαι ἰοχεαίρῃ;
Ἄρτεμις οὐ βλάστησεν ἀφ’ ὕδατος, ὡς Ἀφροδίτη.
ἔννεπε Καλλιρόῃ· Δροσερῇ μὴ κρύπτε καὶ αὐτῇ.
Κύπριδι μᾶλλον ὄφελλες ἄγειν χάριν, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
αὐχένα κάμψεν Ἔρωτι,
καὶ εἰ τροφός ἐστιν Ἐρώτων.
δέχνυσο κέντρα πόθοιο, καὶ ὑγρονόμον σε καλέσσω
εἰς γενεήν, ἐς ἔρωτα κασιγνήτην Ἀφροδίτης.’
τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξεν· ὀπισθοτόνοιο δὲ τόξου

their maiden girdles, and drawing a shaft of love he spoke thus to the marriage-hating nymphs : ' Naiad Abarbarië, so fond of your maidenhood, you too receive this shaft, which all nature has felt. Here I will build Callirhoë's bridechamber, here I will sing Drosera's wedding hymn—But you will say, Mine is a watery race, I came selfborn from the streams, and my nurse was a fountain.—Yes, Clymene was a Naiad, and the offspring of Oceanos ; but she yielded to wedlock, she also was a bride, when she saw Seabluehair the mighty a lackey of Eros, and shaken with the passion of Cypris. Primeval Oceanos, who commands all rivers and waters, knows love for Tethys and a watery wedding. Make the best of it, and endure as Tethys did. Another sprung from the sea so great and not from a little fountain, Galateia, has desire for melodious Polyphemos [a] ; the deepsea maiden has a husband from the land, she migrates from sea to land, enchanted by the lute. Fountains also have known my shafts. I need not teach you of love in the waters ; you have heard of the watery passion of Syracusan Arethusa, that lovestricken fountain ; you have heard of Alpheios, who in a watery bower embraces the indwelling nymph with watery hands.[b] You—the offspring of a fountain—why are you pleased with the Archeress ? Artemis did not come from the water like Aphrodite. Tell that to Callirhoë, do not hide it from Drosera herself. You ought rather to please Cypris, because she herself bent her neck to Eros even though she is nurse of the loves. Accept the stings of desire, and I will call you by birth one waterwalking, by love sister of Aphrodite.' So he spoke ; and from his backbent bow let fly three

[a] *Cf.* on xxxix. 257.

[b] *Cf.* on xxxvii. 173.

τριπλόα πέμπε βέλεμνα, καὶ εὐύδρῳ παρὰ παστῷ
Νηιάδων φιλότητι συνήρμοσεν υἷας ἀρούρης,
καὶ Τυρίης ἔσπειρε θεηγενὲς αἷμα γενέθλης."
Τοῖα μὲν Ἡρακλέης πρόμος αἰθέρος ἔννεπε Βάκχῳ
τερψινόοις ὀάροισιν· ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετο μύθῳ,
καὶ πόρεν Ἡρακλῆι, τὸν οὐρανίη κάμε τέχνη,
χρυσοφαῆ κρητῆρα σελασφόρον· Ἡρακλέης δὲ
ἀστραίῳ Διόνυσον ἀνεχλαίνωσε χιτῶνι.
Καὶ θεὸν ἀστροχίτωνα Τύρου πολιοῦχον ἐάσας
Ἀσσυρίης ἑτέρης ἐπεβήσατο Βάκχος ἀρούρης.

ADDITIONAL NOTE TO BOOK XL

369 ff. This curious prayer, or hymn, might almost be called a compendium of solar syncretism. *Omnis paene deos ad solem referunt*, says Macrobius, *Sat.* i. 17. 2, and some examples of the ingenious theorizing by which this result was reached may be found there or in Julian's *Hymn to King Sun* 143 D ff. (vol. i. p. 390 in L.C.L.). Down to 391, Dionysos simply celebrates the physical powers of the sun; then begin the identifications. He is "Belos on the Euphrates"; the Greeks were as firmly convinced as many modern Bible-readers that the Semites, or the Orientals generally, worshipped a god called Baal or Bel, the truth of course being that *ba'al* is a Semitic word for lord or master, and so is applied to a multitude of gods. This "Bel," then, being an important deity, must be the sun, the more so as some of the gods bearing that title may have been really solar. He is "Libyan Ammon" and "the Assyrian Zeus" because Zeus is the same as Helios and Ammon is Zeus. Apis is *solis instar*, Macrob. *ibid.* xxi. 20, Cronos, long since

shots. Then in that watery bower he joined in love sons of the soil to the Naiads, and sowed the divine race of your family."

574 So much Heracles leader of heaven said to Bacchos in pleasant gossip. He was delighted at heart by the tale, and offered to Heracles a mixing-bowl of gold bright and shining, which the art of heaven had made; Heracles clad Dionysos in a starry robe.

579 Then Bacchos left the Starclad god, cityholder of Tyre, and went on to another district of Assyria.

misinterpreted as Time, was very easy to identify with the best-known measure of time, and therefore the gods of other nations identified with him (we do not know what Arab god Nonnos means; it would be interesting if it were Allah) are sun-gods too. Sarapis (399) had declared himself to be the Sun, Macrob. *ibid.* xx. 17, and so he must be Zeus also; Phaëthon means Helios scores of times in Nonnos, to say nothing of other writers; Mithra really was a sun-god; the "Helios of Babylon" might be simply El; Apollo had been identified with Helios since the fifth century B.C. Paian is Apollo (407) and consequently Helios also; to call the sun the ether or sky (*ibid.*) is but a small stretch of identification for a syncretist of those days; remains Gamos (402), and here we seem to have neither cult nor philosophy, but a literary pedantry of Nonnos's own. Philoxenos the dithyrambic poet, in a passage cited by Athenaios, 6 a, had called Gamos the most brilliant (λαμπρότατε) of the gods; now the sun is the most brilliant object in the universe, and undoubtedly a god; therefore Gamos also is Helios, Q.E.D.!

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΠΡΩΤΟΝ

Πρῶτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔχει, πόθεν υἱέι Μύρρης
ἄλλην Κύπριν ἔτικτεν Ἀμυμώνην Ἀφροδίτη.

Ἄρτι μὲν ὀφρυόεντος ὑπὲρ Λιβάνοιο καρήνων
πήξας ἀγλαόκαρπον ἐπὶ χθονὶ βότρυν ὀπώρης
οἰνοτόκους ἐμέθυσσεν ὅλης κεκεῶνας ἀρούρης·
καὶ Παφίης δόμον εἶδε γαμήλιον· ἡμερίδων δὲ
ἔρνεσιν ἀρτιφύτοισι βαθύσκιον ἄλσος ἐρέψας
ἀμπελόεν πόρε δῶρον Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ.
καὶ Χαρίτων χορὸς ἦεν· ἀεξιφύτοιο δὲ λόχμης
ἡμερίδων ζωστῆρι θοροὺν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ
κισσὸς ἀερσιπότητος ἐμιτρώθη κυπαρίσσῳ.
Ἀλλὰ θεμιστοπόλου Βερόης παρὰ γείτονι πέζῃ
ὕμνον Ἀμυμώνης, Λιβαινίδες εἴπατε Μοῦσαι,
καὶ βυθίου Κρονίδαο καὶ εὐύμνιου Λυαίου
Ἄρεα κυματόεντα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν Ἐνυώ.
Ἔστι πόλις Βερόη, βιότου τρόπις, ὅρμος Ἐρώτων,
ποντοπαγής, εὔνησος, εὐχλοος, οὐ ῥάχις ἰσθμοῦ
στεινὴ μῆκος ἔχοντος, ὅπῃ διδύμης μέσος ἅλμης
κύμασιν ἀμφοτέροισιν ἱμάσσεται ὄρθιος αὐχήν·
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν βαθύδενδρον ὑπὸ ῥάχιν αἴθοπος Εὔρου

BOOK XLI

The forty-first tells how Aphrodite bore Amymone a second Cypris to the son of Myrrha.

Already he had planted in the earth the clustering vintage of his glorious fruit under the beetling crags of Lebanon, and intoxicated all the winebearing bottoms of the land. He saw the wedding-chamber of Paphia; there with newgrown shoots of the gardenvine he roofed a deep-shaded grove, then presented the viny gift to Adonis and Cythereia. There was also a troop of Graces; and from the luxuriant coppice high leapt the ivy in his girdle of cultivated vine, and climbed aloft embracing the cypress.

10 Come now, ye Muses of Lebanon on the neighbouring land of Beroë, that handmaiden of law! recite the lay of Amymone, the war between Cronides of the deep[a] and well-besung Lyaios, the war of waters and the strife of the vine.

13 There is a city Beroë,[b] the keel of human life, harbour of the Loves, firmbased on the sea, with fine islands and fine verdure, with a ridge of isthmus narrow and long, where the rising neck between two seas is beaten by the waves of both. On one side it spreads under the deepwooded ridge of Assyrian

[a] Poseidon. [b] Berytos, Beyrout.

Ἀσσυρίῳ Λιβάνῳ παραπέπταται, ἦχι πολίταις
ὄρθια συρίζουσα βιοσσόος ἔρχεται αὔρη,
εὐόδμοις ἀνέμοισι τινασσομένων κυπαρίσσων . . .
σύννομος ἰχθυβολῆι γέρων ἐμελίζετο ποιμήν,
καὶ δόμος ἀγρονόμων, ὅθι πολλάκις ἐγγύθι λόχμης
Πανὶ μελιζομένῳ δρεπαιηφόρος ἤντετο Δηώ,
καί τις ἐφ' ἱστοβοῆι γεωμόρος αὐχένα κάμψας,
ῥαίνων ἀρτιχάρακτον ὀπισθοβόλῳ χθόνα καρπῷ,
γείτονι μηλοβοτῆρι παρὰ σφυρὰ φορβάδος ὕλης,
σφίγξας σύζυγα ταῦρον, ὁμίλεε κυρτὸς ἀροτρεύς.
ἄλλα δὲ πὰρ πελάγεσσιν ἔχει πόλις, ἦχι τιταίνει
στέρνα Ποσειδάωνι, καὶ ἔμβρυον αὐχένα κούρης
πήχεϊ μυδαλέῳ περιβάλλεται ὑγρὸς ἀκοίτης,
πέμπων ὑδατόεντα φιλήματα χείλεσι νύμφης·
καὶ βυθίης ἀπὸ χειρὸς ὁμευνέτις ἠθάδι κόλπῳ
ἕδνα Ποσειδάωνος ἁλίτροφα πώεα λίμνης
δέχνυται, ἰχθυόεντα πολύχροα δεῖπνα τραπέζης,
εἰναλίῃ Νηρῆος ἐπισκαίροντα τραπέζῃ,
ἀρκτῴῃ παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ βαθυκύμονος ἀκτῆς
μηκεδανῷ κενεῶνι Βορήιος ἕλκεται αὐλών.
ἀμφὶ δὲ τερψινόοιο μεσημβρινὸν αὐχένα γαίης
εἰς ῥαχίην Νοτίην ψαμαθώδεές εἰσιν ἀταρποὶ
εἰς χθόνα Σιδονίην, ὅθι ποικίλα δένδρεα κήπων
καὶ σταφυλαὶ κομόωσι, τανυπτόρθοις δὲ πετήλοις
δάσκιος ἁπλανέεσσι τιταίνεται οἶμος ὁδίταις.
δοχμώσας δὲ ῥέεθρον ἐπ' ἠόνι πόντος ἀράσσει
ἀμφὶ δύσιν κυανωπόν, ὅπῃ λιγυηχέι ταρσῷ
Ἑσπερίων Ζεφύροιο καθιππεύοντος ἐναύλων
συριγμῷ δροσόεντι Λίβυς ῥιπίζεται ἀγκών,
ἀνθεμόεις ὅθι χῶρος, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτονι πόντῳ

Lebanon in the blazing East, and there comes for its people a lifesaving breeze, whistling loud and shaking the cypress trees with fragrant winds. There the ancient shepherd shared his domain and made his music along with the fisherman; there was the dwelling of the farmers, where often near the woodland, Deo sickle in hand met Pan playing on his pipes; and the husbandman bending his neck over the plowpole, and showering the corn behind him into the newcut furrows with backturned wrist, the bowed plowman gripping his yoke of bulls, had converse with his neighbour the shepherd along the foothills of the woodland pasture. The other part by the seas the city possesses, where she offers her breast to Poseidon, and her watery husband embraces the girl's pregnant neck with wet arm, putting moist kisses on the bride's lips; his bedfellow in her well-accustomed bosom accepts Poseidon's familiar bride-gifts from his hand out of the deep, the seabred flocks of the waters, the fishes of many colours for her banqueting-table, which dance on the table of Nereus in the brine, in the region of the Bear, where the northerly coast receives the deep waves into its long channel. About the southern neck of this delightful country sandy roads lead to the southern hills and the Sidonian land, where are all manner of trees and vines thick with foliage in the gardens, and a highway stretches that no traveller can miss, overshadowed with long leafy branches. The sea bending its course beats on the shore about the darkfaced west, while the bight of Libya is fanned by the dewy whistle of Zephyros as he rides with shrill-sounding heel over the western channels, where is a flowery land, where nurseries

φυταλιαὶ θαλέουσι, καὶ εὐπετάλων ἀπὸ δένδρων
ἄσθματι βομβήεντι μελίζεται ἔμπνοος ὕλη.
Ἐνθάδε φῶτες ἔναιον ὁμήλικες ἠριγενείης,
οὓς Φύσις αὐτογένεθλος ἀνυμφεύτῳ τινὶ θεσμῷ
ἤροσε νόσφι γάμων, ἀπάτωρ, ἀλόχευτος, ἀμήτωρ,
ὁππότε συμμιγέων ἀτόμων τετράζυγι δεσμῷ
ὕδατι καὶ πυρόεντι πεφυρμένον ἠέρος ἀτμῷ
σύζυγα μορφώσασα σοφὸν τόκον ἄσπορος ὕλης
ἔμπνοον ἐψύχωσε γονὴν ἐγκύμονι πηλῷ,
οἷς Φύσις εἶδος ὄπασσε τελεσφόρον· ἀρχεγόνου γὰρ
Κέκροπος οὐ τύπον εἶχον, ὃς ἰοβόλῳ ποδὸς ὁλκῷ
γαῖαν ἐπιξύων ὀφιώδεϊ σύρετο ταρσῷ,
νέρθε δράκων, καὶ ὕπερθεν ἀπ' ἰξύος ἄχρι καρήνου
ἀλλοφυὴς ἀτέλεστος ἐφαίνετο δίχροος ἀνήρ·
οὐ τύπον ἄγριον εἶχον Ἐρεχθέος, ὃν τέκε Γαίης
αὔλακι νυμφεύσας γαμίην Ἥφαιστος ἐέρσην·
ἀλλὰ θεῶν ἴνδαλμα γονῆς αὐτόχθονι ῥίζῃ
πρωτοφανὴς χρύσειος ἐμαιώθη στάχυς ἀνδρῶν.
καὶ Βερόης νάσσαντο πόλιν πρωτόσπορον ἕδρην,
ἣν Κρόνος αὐτὸς ἔδειμε, σοφῆς ὅτε νεύματι Ῥείης
ὀκρυόεν θέτο δόρπον ἑῷ πολυχανδέϊ λαιμῷ,
καὶ λίθον Εἰλείθυιαν ἔχων βεβριθότι φόρτῳ,
θλιβομένης πολύπαιδος ἀκοιτιστῆρα γενέθλης,
χανδὸν ὅλου ποταμοῖο ῥόον νεφεληδὸν ἀφύσσων
στήθεϊ παφλάζοντι μογοστόκον ἔσπασεν ὕδωρ,
λύσας γαστέρος ὄγκον· ἐπασσυτέρους δὲ διώκων
δισσοτόκους υἱῆας ἀνήρυγεν ἔγκυος αὐχήν,
πορθμὸν ἔχων τοκετοῖο λεχώιον ἀνθερεῶνα·

---

[a] The four elements.

[b] First king of Athens, a kind of Attic Adam; he had snakes for legs.

[c] He means Erichthonios, *cf.* xiii. 171 ff.

bloom hard by the sea, and the fragrant forest pervaded by humming winds sings from its leafy trees.

51 Here dwelt a people agemates with the Dawn, whom Nature by her own breeding, in some unwedded way, begat without bridal, without wedding, fatherless, motherless, unborn: when the atoms were mingled in fourfold combination, and the seedless ooze shaped a clever offspring by commingling water with fiery heat and air,[a] and quickened the teeming mud with the breath of life. To these Nature gave perfect shape: for they had not the form of primeval Cecrops,[b] who crawled and scratched the earth with snaky feet that spat poison as he moved, dragon below, but above from loins to head he seemed a man half made, strange in shape and of twyform flesh; they had not the savage form of Erechtheus,[c] whom Hephaistos begat on a furrow of Earth with fertilizing dew; but now first appeared the golden crop of men brought forth in the image of the gods,[d] with the roots of their stock in the earth. And these dwelt in the city of Beroë, that primordial seat which Cronos himself builded, at the time when invited by clever Rheia he set that jagged supper before his voracious throat, and having the heavy weight of that stone within him to play the deliverer's part, he shot out the whole generation of his tormented children. Gaping wide, he sucked up the storming flood of a whole river, and swallowed it in his bubbling chest to ease his pangs, then threw off the burden of his belly; so one after another his pregnant throat pushed up and disgorged his twiceborn sons through the delivering channel of his gullet.

[a] The Golden Age.

Ζεὺς τότε κοῦρος ἔην, ἔτι που βρέφος· οὔ ποτε πυκνῷ
θερμὸν ἀνασχίζουσα νέφος βητάρμονι παλμῷ
ἀστεροπὴ σελάγιζε, καὶ οὐ Τιτηνίδι χάρμῃ
Ζηνὸς ἀοσσητῆρες ὀιστεύοντο κεραυνοί·
οὐδὲ συνερχομένων νεφέων μυκήτορι ῥόμβῳ
βρονταίη βαρύδουπος ἐβόμβεεν ὄμβριος ἠχώ.
ἀλλὰ πόλις Βερόη προτέρη πέλεν, ἣν ἅμα γαίῃ
πρωτοφανὴς ἐνόησεν ὁμήλικα σύμφυτος Λίων·
οὐ τότε Ταρσὸς ἔην τερψίμβροτος, οὐ τότε Θήβη,
οὐ τότε Σάρδιες ἦσαν, ὅπῃ Πακτωλίδος ὄχθης
χρυσὸν ἐρευγομένης ἀμαρύσσεται ὄλβιος ἰλύς,
Σάρδιες, Ἠελίοιο συνήλικες· οὐ γένος ἀνδρῶν,
οὐ τότε τις πόλις ἦεν Ἀχαιιάς, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
Ἀρκαδίη προσέληνος· ἀνεβλάστησε δὲ μούνη
πρεσβυτέρη Φαέθοντος, ὅθεν φάος ἔσχε Σελήνη,
καὶ φθαμένη χθόνα πᾶσαν, ἑῷ παμμήτορι κόλπῳ
Ἠελίου νεοφεγγὲς ἀμελγομένη σέλας αἴγλης
καὶ φάος ὀψιτέλεστον ἀκοιμήτοιο Σελήνης,
πρώτη κυανέης ἀπεσείσατο κῶνον ὁμίχλης,
καὶ χάεος ζοφόεσσαν ἀπεστυφέλιξε καλύπτρην·
καὶ φθαμένη Κύπροιο καὶ Ἰσθμιον ἄστυ Κορίνθου
πρώτη Κύπριν ἔδεκτο φιλοξείνῳ πυλεῶνι
ἐξ ἁλὸς ἀρτιλόχευτον, ὅτε βρυχίην Ἀφροδίτην
Οὐρανίης ὤδινεν ἀπ' αὐλακος ἔγκυον ὕδωρ,
ὁππόθι νόσφι γάμων ἀρόσας ῥόον ἄρσενι λύθρῳ
αὐτοτελὴς μορφοῦτο θυγατρογόνῳ γόνος ἀφρῷ,
καὶ Φύσις ἔπλετο μαῖα· συναντέλλων δὲ θεαίνῃ
στικτὸς ἰμάς, στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἰξύι κύκλον ἑλίξας,
αὐτομάτῳ ζωστῆρι δέμας μίτρωσεν ἀνάσσης.
καὶ θεὸς ἰχνεύουσα δι' ὕδατος ἄψοφον ἀκτὴν
οὐ Πάφον, οὐκ ἐπὶ Βύβλον ἀνέδραμεν,
οὐ πόδα χέρσῳ

77 Zeus was then a child, still a baby methinks; not yet the lightning flashed and cleft the hot clouds with many a dancing leap, not yet bolts of Zeus were shot to help in the Titans' war, not yet the rainy sound of thunderclaps roared heavily with bang and boom through colliding clouds: but before that, the city of Beroë was there, which Time with her first appearing saw when born together with her agemate Earth. Tarsos the delight of mankind was not then, Thebes was not then, nor then was Sardis where the bank of Pactolos sparkles with opulent ooze disgorged, Sardis agemate of Helios. The race of men was not then, nor any Achaian city, nor yet Arcadia itself which came before the moon. Beroë alone grew up, older than Phaëthon, from whom Selene got her light, even before all the earth, milking out from Helios the shine of his newmade brightness upon her all-mothering breast and the later perfected light of unresting Selene Beroë first shook away the cone of darkling mist, and threw off the gloomy veil of chaos. Before Cyprus and the Isthmian city of Corinth, she first received Cypris within her welcoming portal, newly born from the brine; when the water impregnated from the furrow of Uranos was delivered of deepsea Aphrodite; when without marriage, the seed plowed the flood with male fertility, and of itself shaped the foam into a daughter, and Nature was the midwife—coming up with the goddess there was that embroidered strap which ran round her loins like a belt, set about the queen's body in a girdle of itself. Then the goddess, moving through the water along the quiet shore, ran out, not to Paphos, not to Byblos, set no

Κωλιάδος ῥηγμῖνος ἐφήρμοσεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῶν
ὠκυτέρῃ στροφάλιγγι παρέτρεχεν ἄστυ Κυθήρων·
καὶ χρόα φυκιόεντι περιτρίψασα κορύμβῳ
πορφυρέῃ πέλε μᾶλλον· ἀκυμάντοιο δὲ πόντου
χεῖρας ἐρετμώσασα θεητόκον ἔσχισεν ὕδωρ
νηχομένη, καὶ στέρνον ἐπιστορέσασα θαλάσσῃ
σιγαλέην ἀνέκοπτε χαρασσομένην ἅλα ταρσῷ,
καὶ δέμας ᾐώρησε, διχαζομένης δὲ γαλήνης
ποσσὶν ἀμοιβαίοισιν ὀπίστερον ὤθεεν ὕδωρ·
καὶ Βερόης ἐπέβαινε· ποδῶν δ' ἐπίβαθρα θεαίνης
ἐξ ἁλὸς ἐρχομένης ναέτης ἐψεύσατο Κύπρου.
πρώτη Κύπριν ἔδεκτο· καὶ ὑψόθι γείτονος ὅρμου
αὐτοφυεῖς λειμῶνες ἐρευγόμενοι βρύα ποίης
ἤνθεον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, πολυψαμάθῳ δ' ἐνὶ κόλπῳ
ἠιόνες ῥοδέοισιν ἐφοινίσσοντο κορύμβοις,
πέτρη δ' ἀφριόωσα θυώδεος ἔγκυος οἴνου
πορφυρέην ὠδῖνα χαραδραίῳ τέκε μαζῷ,
ληναίαις λιβάδεσσι κατάσκιον ὄμβρον ἐέρσης . . .
ἀργεννὴ κελάρυζε γαλαξαίῳ χύσις ὁλκῷ·
αὐτοχύτου δὲ μύροιο μετάρσιον ἀτμὸν ἐλίσσων
ἠερίους ἐμέθυσσε πόρους εὔοδμος ἀήτης.
καὶ τότε θοῦρον Ἔρωτα, γονῆς πρωτόσπορον ἀρχήν,
ἁρμονίης κόσμοιο φερέσβιον ἡνιοχῆα,
ἀρτιφανὴς ὤδινεν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι γείτονος ὅρμου·
καὶ πάις ὠκυπόδης, κόπον ἄρσενα ποσσὶ τινάξας,
γαστρὸς ἀμαιεύτοιο μογοστόκον ἔφθασεν ὥρην,
μητρὸς ἀνυμφεύτοιο μεμυκότα κόλπον ἀράξας,
θερμὸς ἔτι πρὸ τόκοιο· κυβιστητῆρι δὲ παλμῷ

[a] In Attica. All these places are famous centres of the worship of Aphrodite.

foot on land by the dry beach of Colias,[a] even passed by Cythera's city itself with quicker circuit: aye, she rubbed her skin with bunches of seaweed and made it purpler still; paddling with her hands she cleft the birthwaters of the waveless deep, and swam; resting her bosom upon the sea she struck up the silent brine, marking it with her feet, and kept her body afloat, and as she cut through the calm, pushed the water behind her with successive thrusts of her feet, and emerged at Beroë. Those footsteps of the goddess coming out from the sea are all lies of the people of Cyprus.[b]

119 Beroë first received Cypris; and above the neighbouring roads, the meadows of themselves put out plants of grass and flowers on all sides; in the sandy bay the beach became ruddy with clumps of roses, the foamy stone teemed with sweetsmelling wine and brought forth purple fruit on its rocky bosom, a shadowing shower of dew with the liquor of the winepress,[c] . . . a white rill bubbled with milky juice: the fragrant breeze wafted upwards the curling vapours of scent, selfspread, and intoxicated the paths of the air. There, as soon as she was seen on the brows of the neighbouring harbourage, she brought forth wild Eros, first seed and beginning of generation, quickening guide of the system of the universe; and the quickleg boy, kicking manfully with his lively legs, hastened the hard labour of that body without a nurse, and beat on the closed womb of his unwedded mother; then a hot one even before birth, he shook his light

[b] Possibly this means that some marks on the rocks in Cyprus were shown as the prints of Aphrodite's feet.

[c] The loss of one or more lines makes this obscure.

δινεύων πτερὰ κοῦφα πύλας ὤιξε λοχείης.
καὶ ταχὺς αἰγλήεντι θορὼν ἐπὶ μητρὸς ἀγοστῷ
ἄστατος ἀκλινέεσσιν Ἔρως ἀνεπάλλετο μαζοῖς,
στήθεϊ παιδοκόμῳ τετανυσμένος· εἶχε δὲ φορβῆς
ἵμερον αὐτοδίδακτον· ἀνημέλκτοιο δὲ θηλῆς
ἄκρα δακὼν γονίμων λιβάδων τεθλιμμένον ὄγκῳ
οἰδαλέων ἀκόρητος ὅλον γλάγος ἔσπασε μαζῶν.
Ῥίζα βίου, Βερόη, πολίων τροφός, εὖχος ἀνάκτων,
πρωτοφανής, Λιῶνος ὁμόσπορε, σύγχρονε κόσμου,
ἕδρανον Ἑρμείαο, Δίκης πέδον, ἄστυ θεμίστων,
ἔνδιον Εὐφροσύνης, Παφίης δόμος, οἶκος Ἐρώτων,
Βάκχου τερπνὸν ἔδεθλον, ἐναύλιον ἰοχεαίρης,
Νηρεΐδων ἀνάθημα, Διὸς δόμος, Ἄρεος αὐλή,
Ὀρχομενὸς Χαρίτων, Λιβανηΐδος ἄστρον ἀρούρης,
Τηθύος ἰσοέτηρος, ὁμόδρομος Ὠκεανοῖο,
ὃς Βερόην ἐφύτευσεν ἑῷ πολυπίδακι παστῷ
Τηθύος ἱκμαλέοισιν ὁμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις,
ἣν περ Ἀμυμώνην ἐπεφήμισαν, εὖτέ ἑ μήτηρ
ὑδρηλῆς φιλότητος ὑποβρυχίῃ τέκεν εὐνῇ.
Ἀλλά τις ὁπλοτέρη πέλεται φάτις, ὅττί μιν αὐτὴ
ἀνδρομέης Κυθέρεια κυβερνήτειρα γενέθλης
Ἀσσυρίῳ πάνλευκον Ἀδώνιδι γείνατο μήτηρ·
καὶ δρόμον ἐννεάκυκλον ἀναπλήσασα Σελήνης
φόρτον ἐλαφρίζει· φθάμενος δέ μιν ὠκέι ταρσῷ,
ἐσσομένων κήρυκα, Λατινίδα δέλτον, ἀείρων,
εἰς Βερόης ὠδῖνα μογοστόκος ἦλυθεν Ἑρμῆς,
καὶ Θέμις Εἰλείθυια, καὶ οἰδαλέου διὰ κόλπου

---

[a] *i.e.* as much beloved by them as Orchomenos, the ancient seat of their cult, *cf.* xvi. 131.

[b] Whether either legend is older than Nonnos or his own

wings and with a tumbling push opened the gates of birth. Thus quickly Eros leapt into his mother's gleaming arms, and pounced at once upon her firm breasts spreading himself over that nursing bosom. Untaught he yearned for his food; he bit with his gums the end of the teat never milked before, and greedily drank all the milk of those breasts swollen with the pressure of the lifegiving drops.

143 O Beroë, root of life, nurse of cities, the boast of princes, the first city seen, twin sister of Time, coeval with the universe, seat of Hermes, land of justice, city of laws, bower of Merryheart, house of Paphia, hall of the Loves, delectable ground of Bacchos, home of the Archeress, jewel of the Nereïds, house of Zeus, court of Ares, Orchomenos of the Graces,[a] star of the Lebanon country, yearsmate of Tethys, running side by side with Oceanos, who begat thee in his bed of many fountains when joined in watery union with Tethys—Beroë the same they named Amymone when her mother brought her forth on her bed in the deep waters!

155 But there is a younger legend,[b] that her mother was Cythereia herself, the pilot of human life, who bore her all white to Assyrian Adonis. Now she had completed the nine circles of Selene's course carrying her burden: but Hermes was there in time on speedy foot, holding a Latin[c] tablet which was herald of the future. He came to help the labour of Beroë, and Themis[d] was her Eileithyia—she made a way through

invention may be doubted. All this mixture of pedantry and prettiness has for its inspiration the great law school of Berytus (Beirut).

[c] It was of course Roman law that was taught at Berytus, although not at the time of Solon (see line 165).

[d] Goddess of Justice.

στεινομένης ὠδῖνος ἀναπτύξασα καλύπτρην
ὀξὺ βέλος κούφιζε πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο,
θεσμὰ Σόλωνος ἔχουσα· πιεζομένη δὲ λοχείῃ
λυσιτόκῳ βαρὺ νῶτον ἐπικλίνασα θεαίνῃ
Κύπρις ἀνωδίνεσκε, καὶ Ἀτθίδος ὑφόθι βίβλου
παῖδα σοφὴν ἐλόχευσε, Λακωνίδες οἷα γυναῖκες
υἱέας ὠδίνουσιν ἐπ' εὐκύκλοιο βοείης·
καὶ τόκον ἀρτιλόχευτον ἀπέπτυε θήλεϊ κάλπῃ,
ἄρσενα μαῖαν ἔχουσα δικασπόλον υἱέα Μαίης·
καὶ βρέφος εἰς φάος ἦγεν. ἐχυτλώσαντο δὲ κούρην
τέσσαρες ἄστεα πάντα διιππεύοντες ἀῆται,
ἐκ Βερόης ἵνα γαῖαν ἄλην πλήσωσι θεμίστων·
τῇ δὲ λοχευομένῃ πρωτάγγελος εἰσέτι θεσμῶν
Ὠκεανὸς πόρε χεῦμα λεχώιον ἰξύι κόσμου
ἀενάῳ τελαμῶνι χέων μιτρούμενον ὕδωρ·
χερσὶ δὲ γηραλέῃσιν ἐς ἀρτιτόκου χρόα κούρης
σπάργανα πέπλα Δίκης ἀνεκούφισε σύντροφος Λιών,
μάντις ἐπεσσομένων, ὅτι γήραος ἄχθος ἀμείβων,
ὡς ὄφις ἀδρανέων φολίδων σπείρημα τινάξας,
ἔμπαλιν ἠβήσειε λελουμένος οἴδμασι θεσμῶν·
θεσπεσίην δὲ θύγατρα λοχευομένης Ἀφροδίτης
σύνθροον ἐκρούσαντο μέλος τετράζυγες Ὧραι.

Καὶ Παφίης ὠδῖνα τελεσσιγόνοιο μαθόντες
θῆρες ἐβακχεύοντο· λέων δέ τις ἄβρὸν ἀθύρων
χείλεϊ μειλιχίῳ ῥαχίην ἠσπάζετο ταύρου,
ἀκροτέροις στομάτεσσι φίλον μυκηθμὸν ἰάλλων,
καὶ τροχαλῇ βαρύδουπον ἐπιρρήσσων πέδον ὁπλῇ
ἵππος ἀνεκροτάλιζε γενέθλιον ἦχον ἀράσσων,
καὶ ποδὸς ὑψιπόροιο θορὼν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ
πόρδαλις αἰολόνωτος ἐπεσκίρτησε λαγωῷ,
ὠρυγῆς δ' ὀλόλυγμα χέων φιλοπαίγμονι λαιμῷ

the narrow opening of the swollen womb for the child, and unfolded the wrapping, and lightened the sharp. pang of the ripening birth, with Solon's laws in hand. Cypris under the oppression of her travail leaned back heavily against the ministering goddess, and in her throes brought forth the wise child upon the Attic book, as the Laconian women bring forth their sons upon the round leather shield. She brought forth her newborn child from her motherly womb with Hermes the Judge to help as man-midwife. So she brought the baby into the light. The girl was bathed by the four Winds, which ride through all cities to fill the whole earth with the precepts of Beroë. Oceanos, first messenger of the laws for the newborn child, sent his flood for the childbed round the loins of the world, pouring his girdle of water in an everflowing belt. Time, his coeval, with his aged hands swaddled about the newborn girl's body the robes of Justice, prophet of things to come ; because he would put off the burden of age, like a snake throwing off the rope-like slough of his feeble old scales, and grow young again bathed in the waves of Law. The four Seasons struck up a tune together, when Aphrodite brought forth her wonderful daughter.

185 The beasts were wild with joy when they learnt of the Paphian's child safely born. The lion in playful sport pressed his mouth gently on the bull's neck, and uttered a friendly growl with pouting lips. The horse rattled off, scraping the ground with thuds of galloping feet, as he beat out a birthday tune. The spotted panther leaping on high with bounding feet capered towards the hare. The wolf let out a triumphal howl from a merry throat and kissed the

ἀδρύπτοις γενύεσσι λύκος πρωσπτίξατο ποίμνην,
καί τις ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισι λιπὼν κεμαδοσσόον ἄγρην,
ἄλλον ἔχων γλυκὺν οἶστρον, ἀμιλλητῆρι χορείῃ
ὀρχηστὴρ ἐρίδαινε κύων βητάρμονι κάπρῳ,
καὶ πόδας ὀρθώσασα, περιπλεχθεῖσα δὲ δειρῇ,
ἄρκτος ἀδηλήτῳ δαμάλην ἠγκάσσατο δεσμῷ,
πυκνὰ δὲ κυρτώσασα φιλέψιον ἄντυγα κόρσης
πόρτις ἀνεσκίρτησε, δέμας λιχμιῶσα λεαίνης,
ἡμιτελὲς μύκημα νέων πέμπουσα γενείων,
καὶ φιλίων ἐλέφαντι δράκων ἔψαυεν ὀδόντων·
καὶ δρύες[a] ἐφθέγξαντο· γαληναίῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
ἠθάδα πέμπε γέλωτα φιλομμειδὴς Ἀφροδίτη,
τερπομένων ὁρόωσα λεχώια παίγνια θηρῶν.
πᾶσι μὲν ἀμφελέλιζε γεγηθότα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,
πᾶσιν ὁμοῦ· μούνην δὲ συῶν οὐκ ἤθελε λεύσσειν
τερπωλήν, ἅτε μάντις, ἐπεὶ συὸς εἰκόνι μορφῆς
Ἄρης καρχαρόδων θανατηφόρον ἰὸν ἰάλλων
ζηλομανὴς ἤμελλεν Ἀδώνιδι πότμον ὑφαίνειν.

Καὶ Βερόην γελόωσαν ἔτι βρέφος ἄμματι χειρῶν
δεξαμένη παρὰ μητρὸς ὅλου κόσμοιο τιθήνη
παρθένος Ἀστραίη, χρυσέης θρέπτειρα γενέθλης,
ἔννομα παππάζουσαν ἀνέτρεφεν ἔμφρονι μαζῷ·
παρθενίῳ δὲ γάλακτι ῥοὰς βλύζουσα θεμίστων
χείλεα παιδὸς ἔδευσε,
καὶ ἔβλυεν εἰς στόμα κούρης
Ἀτθίδος ἡδυτόκοιο περιθλίψασα μελίσσης
δαιδαλέην ὠδῖνα πολυτρήτοιο λοχείης,
κηρία φωνήεντα σοφῷ κεράσασα κυπέλλῳ·

[a] καὶ δρύες. As this makes no sense, perhaps we should read οὔρηγες, supposing the loss of a line between 203 and 204 or between ἐφθέγξαντο and γαληναίῳ, to this effect "And the gazelles uttered [a friendly call in answer to the

sheep with jaws that tore not. The hound left his chase of the deer in the thickets, now that he felt a passion strange and sweet, and danced in tripping rivalry with the sportive boar. The bear lifted her forefeet and threw them round the heifer's neck, embracing her with a bond that did no hurt. The calf bending again and again in sport her rounded head, skipt up and licked the lioness's body, while her young lips made a half-completed moo. The serpent touched the friendly tusks of the elephant, and the trees [a] uttered a voice.

204 With calm face ever-smiling Aphrodite rang out her unfailing laugh, when she saw the birthday games of the happy beasts. She turned her round eyes delighted in all directions ; only the boars she would not watch in their pleasures, for being a prophet she knew, that in the shape of a wild boar, Ares with jagged tusk and spitting deadly poison was destined to weave fate for Adonis in jealous madness.[b]

212 Virgin Astraia, nurse of the whole universe, cherisher of the Golden Age, received Beroë from her mother into the embrace of her arms, laughing, still a babe,[c] and fed her with wise breast as she babbled words of law. With her virgin milk, she let streams of statutes gush into the baby's lips, and dropt into the girl's mouth the sweet produce of the Attic bee ; she pressed the bee's riddled travail of many cells, and mixed the voiceful comb in a sapient cup. If the girl

tiger's (or some other carnivore's) purr]." For a possible imitation of this passage by Milton, see *Paradise Lost*, iv. 340 ff.

[b] All stories agree that Adonis was killed by a boar, but differ as to what, if anything, Ares had to do with it.

[c] A sign of a wonder-child, see Ed. Norden, *Die Geburt des Kindes* (Teubner 1924), p. 65.

εἴ ποτε διψαλέη ποτὸν ἤτεεν, ὥρεγε κούρῃ
Πύθιον Ἀπόλλωνι λάλον πεφυλαγμένον ὕδωρ
ἢ ῥόον Ἱλισσοῖο, τὸν ἔμπνοον Ἀτθίδι Μούσῃ
Πιερικαὶ δονέουσιν ἐπ' ἠόνι Φοιβάδες αὖραι·
καὶ στάχυν ἀστερόεντα περιγνάμψασα κορύμβῳ
χρύσεον, οἷά περ ὁρμόν, ἐπ' αὐχένι θήκατο κούρης.
κοῦραι δ' ἁβρὰ λοετρὰ χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο
ἀμφίπολοι Παφίης μεμελημένον ἐννέα Μούσαις
ἐκ κρήνης ἀρύοντο νοήμονος ἵππιον ὕδωρ.
Καὶ Βερόη βλάστησεν ὁμόδρομος ἰσχεαίρῃ,
δίκτυα θηρητῆρος ἀερτάζουσα τοκῆος·
καὶ Παφίης ὅλον εἶδος ὁμόγνιον εἶχε τεκούσης
καὶ πόδας αἰγλήεντας· ὑπερκύψασα δὲ πόντου
χιονέῳ σκαίρουσα Θέτις βητάρμονι ταρσῷ
ἄλλην ἀργυρόπεζαν ἴδεν Θέτιν· αἰδομένη δὲ
κρύπτετο δειμαίνουσα πάλιν στόμα Κασσιεπείης.
Ἀσσυρίην δ' ἑτέρην δεδοκημένος ἄζυγα κούρην
Ζεὺς πάλιν ἐπτοίητο, καὶ ἤθελεν εἶδος ἀμεῖψαι·
καί νύ κε φόρτον Ἔρωτος ἔχων ταυρώπιδι μορφῇ
ἀκροβαφὴς πεφόρητο δι' ὕδατος ἴχνος ἐρέσσων,
κουφίζων ἀδίαντον ὑπὲρ νώτοιο γυναῖκα,
εἰ μὴ μνῆστις ἔρυκε βοοκραίρων ὑμεναίων
Σιδονίς, ἀστερόεν δὲ μέλος ζηλήμονι λαιμῷ
νυμφίος Εὐρώπης μυκήσατο, Ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου,
μὴ βοὸς ἰσοτύποιο δι' αἰθέρος εἰκόνα τεύχων
ποντοπόρων στήσειε νεώτερον ἄστρον Ἐρώτων·
καὶ Βερόην διεροῖσιν ὀφειλομένην ὑμεναίοις

---

[a] The star Spica, which Virgo-Astraea holds in her hand.
[b] Peirene in Corinth, or Hippocrene in Helicon.
[c] Mother of Andromeda, *cf.* xxv. 135: Thetis fears that she

thirsting asked for a drink, she gave the speaking Pythian water kept for Apollo, or the stream of Ilissos, which is inspired by the Attic Muse when the Pierian breezes of Phoibos beat on the bank. She took the golden Cornstalk [a] from the stars, and entwined it in a cluster to put round the girl's neck like a necklace. The dancing maidens of Orchomenos, handmaids of the Paphian, drew from the horsehoof [b] fountain of imagination, dear to the nine Muses, delicate water to wash her.

230 Beroë grew up, and coursed with the Archeress, carrying the nets of her hunter sire. She had the very likeness of her Paphian mother, and her shining feet. When Thetis came up out of the sea to skip with snowy dancing foot, she saw another silverfoot Thetis, and hid in shame, fearing the raillery of Cassiepeia [c] once again. Zeus perceiving another unwedded maiden of Assyria, was fluttered again and wished to change his form : certainly he would have carried the burden of love in bull's form again, skimming away with his legs in the water, paddling along, bearing the woman unwetted on his back, had he not been held back by the memory of that Sidonian [d] bull-horned wedding, and had not the Bull of Olympos, Europa's bridegroom, bellowed from out the stars with jealous throat, to think that he might set up there a new star of seafaring amours and make the image of a rival bull in the sky. So he left Beroë, who was destined for a watery bridal, as his brother's

will once more be told, this time with truth, that someone else, viz. Beroë, is more beautiful than the Nereïds. "Silverfoot" is Thetis's stock epithet.

[d] To Nonnos's free and easy geography Assyria and Sidon aremuch the same, and Berytus is more or less equivalent to both.

γνωτῷ λεῖπεν ἄκοιτιν, ἐπιχθονίης περὶ νύμφης
ὑσμίνην γαμίης πεφυλαγμένος ἐννοσιγαίου.
Τοίη ἔην Βερόη, Χαρίτων θάλος· εἴ ποτε κούρη
λαροτέρην σίμβλοιο μελίρρυτον ἤπνε φωνήν,
ἡδυεπὴς ἀκόρητος ἐφίστατο χείλεσι Πειθώ
καὶ πινυτὰς οἴστρησεν ἀκηλήτων φρένας ἀνδρῶν·
Ἀσσυρίης δ' ἔκρυπτον ὁμήγυριν ἤλικος ἤβης
ὀφθαλμοὶ γελόωντες, ἀκοιτιστῆρες Ἐρώτων,
φαιδροτέραις χαρίτεσσιν, ὅσον πλέον ἄστρα καλύπτει
ἀννεφέλους ἀκτῖνας ὀιστεύουσα Σελήνη
πλησιφαής· λευκοὶ δὲ παρὰ σφυρὰ νείατα κούρης
πορφυρέοις μελέεσσιν ἐφοινίσσοντο χιτῶνες.
οὐ νέμεσίς ποτε τοῦτο, καὶ εἰ πλέον ἤλικος ἤβης
τηλίκον ἔλλαχεν εἶδος, ἐπεί νύ οἱ ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
κάλλεα διχθαδίων ἀμαρύσσετο φαιδρὰ τοκήων.
Τὴν τότε Κύπρις ἰδοῦσα, νοήμονος ἔγκυος ὀμφῆς,
ὠκυτέρην ἐλέλιζε περιστρωφῶσα μενοινήν,
καὶ νόον ἱππεύσασα περὶ χθόνα πᾶσαν ἀλήτην
φαιδρὰ παλαιγενέων διεμέτρεε βάθρα πολήων,
ὅττι φερωνυμίην ἑλικώπιδος εἶχε Μυκήνης
στέμματι τειχιόεντι περιζωσθεῖσα Μυκήνη
Κυκλώπων κανόνεσσι, καὶ ὡς νοτίῳ παρὰ Νείλῳ
Θήβης ἀρχεγόνοιο φερώνυμος ἔπλετο Θήβη·
καὶ Βερόης μενέαινεν ἐπώνυμον ἄστυ χαράξαι,
ἀντιτύπων μεθέπουσα φιλόπτολιν οἶστρον Ἐρώτων.
φραζομένη δὲ Σόλωνος ἀλεξικάκων στίχα θεσμῶν
δόχμιον ὄμμα τίταινεν ἐς εὐρυάγυιαν Ἀθήνην,
γνωτῆς ζῆλον ἔχουσα δικασπόλον· ἐσσυμένῳ δὲ
ἠερίην ἀψῖδα διερροίζησε πεδίλῳ
εἰς δόμον Ἁρμονίης παμμήτορος, ὀππόθι νύμφη

bedfellow, for he wished not to quarrel with Earth-shaker about a mortal wife.

250 Such was Beroë, flower of the Graces. If ever the girl uttered her voice trickling sweeter than honey and the honeycomb, winning Persuasion sat ever upon her lips and enchanted the clever wits of men whom nothing else could charm. Her laughing eyes outshone all the company of her young Assyrian agemates as they shot their shafts of love, with brighter graces, like the moon at the full, when showering her cloudless rays and hiding the stars. Her white robes falling down to the girl's feet showed the blush of her rosy limbs. There is no wonder in that, even if she had such fairness beyond her young yearsmates, since bright over her countenance sparkled the beauties of both her parents.

263 Then Cypris saw her: pregnant with prophetic intelligence she sent her imagination wandering swiftly round, and driving her mind to wander about the whole earth surveyed the foundations of the brilliant cities of ancient days. She saw how Mycene girt about with a garland of walls by the Cyclopian masons took the name of twinkle-eye Mycene; how Thebes beside the southern Nile took the name of primeval Thebe; and she decided to design a city named after Beroë, being possessed with a passion to make her city as good as theirs. She observed there the long column of Solon's Laws, that safeguard against wrong, and turned aside her eye to the broad streets of Athens, and envied her sister the just Judge. With hurrying shoe, she whizzed along the vault of heaven to the hall of Allmother Harmonia, where that nymph dwelt

εἴκελον οἶκον ἔναιε τύπῳ τετράζυγι κόσμου
αὐτοπαγῆ· πίσυρες δὲ θύραι στιβαροῖο μελάθρου
ἀρραγέες πισύρεσσιν ἐμιτρώθησαν ἀήταις·
καὶ δόμον ἐρρύοντο περίτροχον εἰκόνα κόσμου
δμωῖδες ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα· μεριζομένων δὲ θυράτρων
Ἀντολίη θεράπαινα πύλην περιδέδρομεν Εὔρου,
καὶ Ζεφύρου πυλεῶνα Δύσις, θρέπτειρα Σελήνης,
καὶ Νότιον πυρόεντα Μεσημβριὰς εἶχεν ὀχῆα,
καὶ πυκινὴν νεφέεσσι, παλινσυμίνην δὲ χαλάζῃ
Ἄρκτος ὑποδρήστειρα πύλην ἐπέτασσε Βορῆος.

Κεῖθι Χάρις προθοροῦσα, συνέμπορος ἀφρογενείῃ,
Εὔρου κόψε θύρετρον Ἑώιον· ἐνδόμυχος δὲ
Ἀντολίης κροκόεντος ἀρασσομένου πυλεῶνος
ἄνδραμεν Ἀστυνόμεια διάκτορος, ἱσταμένην δὲ
Κύπριν ἐσαθρήσασα παρὰ προπύλαια μελάθρου
ποσσὶ παλιντόστοισι προάγγελος ἦλθεν ἀνάσσῃ.
ἡ μὲν ἐποιχομένη πολυδαίδαλον ἱστὸν Ἀθήνης
κερκίδι πέπλον ὕφαινεν· ὑφαινομένου δὲ χιτῶνος
πρώτην γαῖαν ἔπασσε μεσόμφαλον, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
οὐρανὸν ἐσφαίρωσε τύπῳ κεχαραγμένον ἄστρων,
συμφερτὴν δὲ θάλασσαν ἐφήρμοσε σύζυγι γαίῃ·
καὶ ποταμοὺς ποίκιλλεν, ἐπ' ἀνδρομέῳ δὲ μετώπῳ
ταυροφυὴς μορφοῦτο κερασφόρος ἔγχλοος εἰκών·
καὶ πυμάτην παρὰ πέζαν ἑνκλώστοιο χιτῶνος
ὠκεανὸν κύκλωσε περίδρομον ἄντυγι κόσμου.
ἀμφίπολος δέ οἱ ἦλθε καὶ ἐγγύθι θήλεος ἱστοῦ
ἱσταμένην ἤγγειλε παρὰ προθύροις Ἀφροδίτην.
καὶ θεός, ὡς ἤκουσε, μίτους ῥίψασα χιτῶνος
θέσκελον ἱστοπόνων ἀπεσείσατο κερκίδα χειρῶν·
καὶ ταχινὴ πυκάσασα δέμας χιονώδεϊ πέπλῳ

in a house, self-built, shaped like the great universe with its four quarters joined in one. Four portals were about that stronghold standing proof against the four winds. Handmaids protected this dwelling on all sides, a round image of the universe: the doors were allotted—Antolia [a] was the maid who attended the East Wind's gate; at the West Wind's was Dysis the nurse of Selene; Mesembrias held the bolt of the fiery South; Arctos the Bear was the servant who opened the gate of the North, thick with clouds and sprinkled with hail.

288 To that place went Charis, fellow-voyager with the Foamborn, and running ahead she knocked at the eastern gate of Euros. As the rap came on the saffron portal of sunrise, Astynomeia an attendant ran up from within; and when she saw Cypris standing in front of the gatehouse of the dwelling, she went with returning feet to inform her mistress beforehand. She was then busy at Athena's loom, weaving a patterned cloth with her shuttle. In the robe she was weaving, she worked first Earth as the navel in the midst; round it she balled the sky dotted with the shape of stars, and fitted the sea closely to the embracing earth; she embroidered also the rivers in a green picture, shaped each with a human face and bull's horns; and at the outer fringe of the wellspun robe she made Ocean run all round the world in a loop. The maid came up to the woman's loom, and announced that Aphrodite stood before the gatehouse. When the goddess heard, she dropt the threads of the robe and threw down the divine shuttle from her hands busy at the loom. Quickly she wrapped a snow-white

[a] The names mean Rising, Setting, She of Midday.

φαιδροτέρη χρυσέης ὑπερίζανεν ἠθάδος ἔδρης,
δεχνυμένη Κυθέρειαν, ἀναΐξασα δὲ θώκου
τηλεφανῆ κύδηνεν ἐπερχομένην Ἀφροδίτην.
καὶ Παφίην ἵδρυσεν ἐπὶ θρόνον ἐγγὺς ἀνάσσης
Εὐρυνόμη τανύπεπλος· ἀτυζομένου δὲ προσώπου
Κύπριν ὀπιπεύουσα κατηφέι μάρτυρι μορφῇ
παιτρόφος Ἁρμονίη φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·
" Ῥίζα βίου, Κυθέρεια φυτοσπόρε, μαῖα γενέθλης,
ἐλπὶς ὅλου κόσμοιο, τεῆς ὑπὸ νεύματι βουλῆς
ἁπλανέες κλώθουσι πολύτροπα νήματα Μοῖραι . . ."
" . . . εἰρομένῃ θέσπιζε, καὶ ὡς βιότοιο τιθήνη,
ὡς τροφὸς ἀθανάτων, ὡς σύγχρονος ἡλικι κόσμῳ,
εἰπέ· τίνι πτολίων βασιληΐδος ὄργανα φωνῆς
λυσιπόνων ἀτίνακτα φυλάσσεται ἡνία θεσμῶν;
ὅττι πολυχρονίοιο πόθου δεδονημένον οἴστρῳ
Ἥρης κέντρον ἔχοντα κασιγνήτων ὑμεναίων
εἰς χρόνον ἰμείροντα τριηκοσίων ἐνιαυτῶν
Ζῆνα γάμοις ἔζευξα· χάριν δέ μοι ἄξιον ἔργων
μισθὸν ἑοῦ θαλάμοιο νοήμονι νεῦσε καρήνῳ,
ὅττι μιῇ πολίων, ὧν ἔλλαχον, ἐγγυαλίξει
θεσμὰ Δίκης. ποθέω δὲ δαήμεναι, εἰ χθονὶ Κύπρου
ἠὲ Πάφῳ τάδε δῶρα φυλάσσεται ἠὲ Κορίνθῳ
ἢ Σπάρτῃ, Λυκόοργος ὅθεν πέλεν, ἠὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
κούρης ἡμετέρης Βερόης εὐήνορι πάτρῃ.
ἀλλὰ δίκης ἀλέγιζε καὶ ἁρμονίην πόρε κόσμῳ
Ἁρμονίη γεγαυῖα βιοσσόος· εἰς σὲ γὰρ αὐτὴ
πέμψεν ἐπειγομένην με
θεμιστοπόλων τροφὸς ἀνδρῶν,

[a] While weaving she no doubt had nothing on but a smock.

robe about her body,[a] and brighter than the gold took her place on her usual seat to await Cythereia. As soon as Aphrodite appeared in the distance, she leapt from her throne to show due respect. Eurynome in her long robe led the Paphian to a seat near her mistress; Harmonia the Nurse of the world saw the looks and dejected bearing of Cypris that showed her distress, and comforted her in friendly tones:

315 "Cythereia, root of life, seedsower of being, midwife of nature, hope of the whole universe, at the bidding of your will the unbending Fates do spin their complicated threads! [Tell me your trouble."]

318 [She replied]: " . . . Reveal to your questioner, and tell me, as nourisher of life, nurse of immortals, as coeval with the universe your agemate; which of the cities has the organ of sovereign voice? which has reserved for it the unshaken reins of troublesolving Law? I joined Zeus in wedlock with Hera his sister, after he had felt the pangs of longlasting desire and desired her for three hundred years: in gratitude he bowed his wise head, and promised as a worthy reward for the marriage that he would commit the precepts of Justice to one of the cities allotted to me. I wish to learn whether the gift is reserved for land of Cyprus or Paphos or Corinth, or Sparta whence Lycurgos came, or the noblemen's country of my own daughter Beroë. Have a care then for Justice, and grant harmony to the world, you who are Harmonia the saviour of life! For I was sent here in haste by the Virgin of the Stars herself, the nurse of law-abiding men;

[a] χιτώνιον, like the housewife in Theocritos xv. 31; she dresses more formally to receive her visitor.

Παρθένος ἀστερόεσσα· τὸ δὲ πλέον ἔννομος Ἑρμῆς
τοῦτο γέρας μεθέηκε, βιαζομένους ἵνα μοίρη
ἀνέρας, οὓς ἔσπειρα, γάμου θεσμοῖσι σαώσω."
Ὣς φαμένην θάρσυνε θεὰ καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·
" Γίνεο θαρσαλέη, μὴ δείδιθι, μῆτερ Ἐρώτων·
ἑπτὰ γὰρ ἐν πινάκεσσιν ἔχω μαντήια κόσμου,
καὶ πίνακες γεγάασιν ἐπώνυμοι ἑπτὰ πλανήτων.
πρῶτος ἐυτροχάλοιο φερώνυμός ἐστι Σελήνης·
δεύτερος Ἑρμείαο πίναξ χρύσειος ἀκούει
στίλβων, ᾧ ἔνι πάντα τετεύχαται ὄργια θεσμῶν·
οὔνομα σὸν μεθέπει ῥοδόεις τρίτος· ὑμετέρου γὰρ
ἀστέρος Ἠώιον φέρει τύπον· ἑπταπόρων δὲ
τέτρατος Ἠελίοιο μεσόμφαλός ἐστι πλανήτων·
πέμπτος ἐρευθιόων πυρόεις κικλήσκεται Ἄρης·
καὶ Φαέθων Κρονίδαο φατίζεται ἕκτος ἀλήτης·
ἕβδομος ὑψιπόροιο Κρόνου πέλεν οὔνομα φαίνων.
τοῖς ἓνι ποικίλα πάντα μεμορμένα θέσφατα κόσμου
γράμματι φοινικόεντι γέρων ἐχάραξεν Ὀφίων.
ἀλλ', ἐπεὶ ἰθυνόων με διείρεαι εἵνεκα θεσμῶν,
πρεσβυτέρη πολίων πρεσβήια ταῦτα φυλάσσω·
εἴτ' οὖν Ἀρκαδίη προτέρη πέλεν ἢ πόλις Ἥρης,
Σάρδιες εἰ γεγάασι παλαίτεραι, εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
Ταρσὸς ἀειδομένη πρωτόπτολις, εἰ δέ τις ἄλλη,
οὐκ ἐδάην· Κρόνιος δὲ πίναξ τάδε πάντα διδάσκει,
τίς προτέρη βλάστησε,
τίς ἔπλετο σύγχρονος Ἠοῦς."
Εἶπε· καὶ ἡγεμόνευεν ἐς ἀγλαὰ θέσφατα τοίχου,
εἰσόκεν ἕδρακε χῶρον, ὅπη Βερόης περὶ πάτρης
θέσφατον ὀψιτέλεστον Ὀφιονίη γράφε τέχνη
ἐν πίνακι Κρονίῳ κεχαραγμένον οἴνοπι μίλτῳ·
" πρωτοφανὴς Βερόη πέλε σύγχρονος ἤλικι κόσμῳ,

and what is more, law-loving Hermes has passed on this honour to me, that I alone by enforcing the laws of marriage may preserve the men whom I have sown."

338 To these words of hers the goddess replied with an encouraging speech:

339 "Be of good cheer, fear not, mother of the Loves! For I have oracles of history on seven tablets, and the tablets bear the names of the seven planets. The first has the name of revolving Selene; the second is called of Hermes, a shining [a] tablet of gold, upon which are wrought all the secrets of law; the third has your name, a rosy tablet, for it has the shape of your star in the East; the fourth is of Helios, central navel of the seven travelling planets; the fifth is called Ares, red and fiery; the sixth is called Phaëthon,[b] the planet of Cronides; the seventh shows the name of highmoving Cronos. Upon these, ancient Ophion [c] has engraved in red letters all the divers oracles of fate for the universe. But since you ask me about the directing laws, this prerogative I keep for the eldest of cities. Whether then Arcadia is first or Hera's city,[d] whether Sardis be the oldest, or even Tarsos celebrated in song be the first city, or some other, I have not been told. The tablet of Cronos will teach you all this, which first arose, which was coeval with Dawn."

360 She spoke; and led the way to the glorious oracles of the wall, until she saw the place where Ophion's art had engraved in ruddy vermilion on the tablet of Cronos the oracle to be fulfilled in time about Beroë's country. "Beroë came the first, coeval with

[a] *στίλβων*, an older name for the planet Mercury.
[b] The planet Jupiter.
[c] *Cf.* ii. 573.
[d] Argos.

νύμφης ὀψιγόνοιο φερώνυμος, ἣν μετανάσται
υἱέες Αὐσονίων, ὑπατήια φέγγεα Ῥώμης,
Βηρυτὸν καλέσουσιν, ἐπεὶ Λιβάνῳ πέσε γείτων. . . ."
τοῖον ἔπος δεδάηκε θεοπρόπον. ἀλλ' ὅτε δαίμων
θέσκελον ἑβδομάτου πίνακος παρεμέτρεεν ἀρχήν,
δεύτερον ἐσκοπίαζεν, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτονι τοίχῳ
ποικίλα παντοίης ἐχαράσσετο δαίδαλα τέχνης
μαντιπόλοις ἐπέεσσιν, ὅτι πρώτιστα νοήσει
Πὰν νόμιος σύριγγα, λύρην Ἑλικώνιος Ἑρμῆς,
δίθροον ἁβρὸς Ὕαγνις ἐυτρήτου μέλος αὐλοῦ,
Ὀρφεὺς μυστιπόλοιο θεηγόρα χεύματα μολπῆς,
καὶ Λίνος εὐεπίην Φοιβήιος, Ἀρκὰς ἀλήτης
μέτρα δυωδεκάμηνα καὶ Ἠελίοιο πορείην,
μητέρα τικτομένων ἐτέων τετράζυγι δίφρῳ,
καὶ σοφὸς Ἐνδυμίων ἑτερότροπα δάκτυλα κάμψας
γνώσεται ἄστατα κύκλα παλιντόστοιο Σελήνης
τριπλόα, καὶ στοιχεῖον ὁμόζυγον ἄζυγι μίξας
Κάδμος ἐυγλώσσοιο διδάξεται ὄργια φωνῆς,

---

[a] Something has fallen out explaining the name by some local legend.

[b] Another list of "inventors," see note on xl. 310.

[c] Alluding to the (late) theory that the twelve rounds of the chariot race refer to the twelve months. Here Arcas, not Erichthonios, invents chariots.

[d] This does not mean that Endymion (rationalized here into an astronomer who calculated the times of the moon's phases) was so bad an arithmetician that he had to count on his fingers, as our children do. The ancients of course knew of this primitive method of reckoning, *cf.* ps.-Arist. *Prob.* xv. 3, p. 910 b 23 ff., and the verb πεμπάζειν, but, owing to

the universe her agemate, bearing the name of the nymph later born, which the colonizing sons of the Ausonians, the consular lights of Rome, shall call Berytos, since here fell a neighbour to Lebanon. . . ." [a]

368 Such was the word of prophecy that she learnt. But when the deity had scanned the prophetic beginning of the seventh tablet, she looked at the second, where on the neighbouring wall many strange signs were engraved with varied art in oracular speech: how first [b] shepherd Pan will invent the syrinx, Heliconian Hermes the harp, tender Hyagnis the music of the double pipes with their clever holes, Orpheus the streams of mystic song with divine voice, Apollo's Linos eloquent speech; how Arcas the traveller will find out the measures of the twelve months, and the sun's circuit which is the mother of the years brought forth by his fourhorse team [c]; how wise Endymion with changing bends of his fingers [d] will calculate the three varying phases of Selene; how Cadmos will combine consonant with vowel and teach the secrets

the clumsiness of their written figures, they found it convenient to have a number of conventional gestures with the fingers to signify numerals for purposes of calculation. A rough method, of which no details are known, is mentioned by Ar. *Wasps* 656, but long before Nonnos's day (see Juvenal x. 249 and Mayor *ad loc.*) a kind of arithmetical deaf-and-dumb alphabet had been invented, details of which are preserved by the Venerable Bede, in the section *De ratione computandi* at the beginning of his work *De temporum ratione* (printed, beside the editions of Bede, in Graevius, *Thesaurus* xi. 1699 ff. and C. Sittl, *Gebärde der Griechen und Römer*, pp. 256 ff.). By this, the fingers of the left hand alone can express numbers from 1 to 99, those of the right, 100-10,000, while by holding the hands against various parts of the body, higher numbers up to 1,000,000 can be indicated. See also G. Loria, *Le Scienze esatte nell' antica Grecia*, 743-747, and Sir T. L. Heath, *Hist. of Greek Maths.* i. 26-27; ii. 550-552.

θεσμιὰ Σόλων ἄχραντα, καὶ ἔννομον Ἀτθίδι πεύκῃ
συζυγίης ἀλύτοιο συνωρίδα δίζυγα Κέκροψ.
καὶ Παφίη μετὰ πάντα πολύτροπα δαίδαλα Μούσης
πυκνὰ πολυσπερέων παρεμέτρεεν ἔργα πολήων·
καὶ πίνακος γραπτοῖο μέσην ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα κόσμου
τοῖον ἔπος σοφὸν εἶρε πολύστιχον Ἑλλάδι Μούσῃ·
" Σκῆπτρον ὕλης Λύγουστος ὅτε
χθονὸς ἡνιοχεύσει,
Ῥώμῃ μὲν ζαθέῃ δωρήσεται Αἰσόνιος Ζεὺς
κοιρανίην, Βερόῃ δὲ χαρίζεται ἠνία θεσμῶν,
ὁππότε θωρηχθεῖσα φαρεσσακέων ἐπὶ νηῶν
φύλοπιν ὑγρομόθοιο κατευνήσει Κλεοπάτρης·
πρὶν γὰρ ἀτασθαλίῃ πολιπόρθιος οὔ ποτε λήξει
εἰρήνην κλονέουσα σαόπτολιν, ἄχρι δικάζει
Βηρυτὸς βιότοιο γαληναίοιο τιθήμη
γαῖαν ὁμοῦ καὶ πόντον, ἀκαμπέι τείχεϊ θεσμῶν
ἄστεα πυργώσασα, μία πτόλις ἄστεα κόσμου."
Καὶ θεός, ὁππότε πᾶσαν Ὀφιονίην μάθεν ὁμφήν,
εἰς ἑὸν οἶκον ἔβαινε παλίνδρομος· ἐζομένου δὲ
υἱέος ἐγγὺς ἔθηκεν ἑὴν χρυσήλατον ἔρνην,
καὶ μέσον ἀγκὰς ἑλοῦσα γαληνιόωντι προσώπῳ
πεπταμένῳ πήχυνε γεγηθότι κοῦρον ἀγοστῷ,
γούνασι κουφίζουσα φίλον βάρος· ἀμφότερον δὲ
καὶ στόμα παιδὸς ἔκυσσε καὶ ὄμματα· θελξινόου δὲ

---

[a] The Phoenician alphabet, which the Greeks borrowed (traditionally through Cadmos), had signs for consonants only; the brilliant Greek innovation was to use some of these signs, which represented consonants which did not exist in Greek, for vowels. They thus invented the first complete alphabet of human history.

[b] The list rationalizes: Endymion, beloved of the Moon, becomes a skilful astronomer, and the twy-formed Cecrops

of correct speech [a] ; how Solon will invent inviolable laws, and Cecrops the union of two yoked together under the sacred yoke of marriage made lawful with the Attic torch.[b]

385 Now the Paphian, after all these manifold wonders of the Muse, scanned the various deeds of the scattered cities ; and on the written tablet which lay in the midst on the circuit of the universe, she found these words of wisdom inscribed in many lines of Grecian verse :

389 " When Augustus shall hold the sceptre of the world, Ausonian Zeus will give to divine Rome the lordship, and to Beroë he will grant the reins of law, when armed in her fleet of shielded ships she shall pacify the strife of battlestirring Cleopatra. For before that, citysacking violence will never cease to shake citysaving peace, until Berytos the nurse of quiet life does justice on land and sea, fortifying the cities with the unshakable wall of law, one city for all cities of the world." [c]

399 Then the goddess, having learnt all the oracles of Ophion, returned to her own house. She placed her own goldwrought throne beside the place where her son sat, and throwing an arm round his waist, with quiet countenance opened her glad arms to receive the boy and held the dear burden on her knees ; she kissed both his lips and eyes, touched his mind-

(*cf.* 59) is the person who first united the two contrasting natures of man and woman in a durable union. To do Nonnos justice, he did not originate these sillinesses.

[c] Berytos was destroyed by Tryphon in 140 B.C. in his rivalry with Antiochos VII. It recovered, became a town of the Roman Empire, and was renowned for its schools, especially of law. Octavian (afterwards Augustus) defeated Cleopatra at Actium in 31 B.C.

ἀπτομένη τόξοιο καὶ ἀμφαφόωσα φαρέτρην,
οἷά περ ἀσχαλόωσα, δολόφρονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
" Ἐλπὶς ὅλου βιότοιο, παραίφασις ἀφρογενείης,
νηλειὴς ἐμὰ τέκνα βιήσατο μοῦνα Κρονίων·
ἐννέα γὰρ πλήσασα μογοστόκα κύκλα Σελήνης
δριμὺ βέλος μεθέπουσα δυηπαθέος τοκετοῖο
Ἁρμονίην ἐλόχευσα, καὶ ἄλγεα ποικίλα πάσχει
ἀχνυμένη· κούρην δὲ μογοστόκον ἔλλαχε Λητώ,
Ἄρτεμιν Εἰλείθυιαν, ἀρηγόνα θηλυτεράων.
τέκνον Ἀμυμώνης ὁμογάστριον, οὔ σε διδάξω,
ὡς λάχον ἐξ ἁλὸς αἷμα καὶ αἰθέρος· ἀλλὰ τελέσσαι
ἤθελον ἄξιον ἔργον, ὅπως παρὰ μητρὶ θαλάσσῃ
οὐρανόθεν γεγαυῖα καὶ οὐρανὸν ἐν χθονὶ πήξω·
ἀλλὰ κασιγνήτης ἐπὶ κάλλεϊ σεῖο . . . τιταίνων
θέλγε θεούς, καὶ μᾶλλον ἴσον βέλος εἰν ἑνὶ θεσμῷ
πέμπε Ποσειδάωνι καὶ ἀμπελόεντι Λυαίῳ,
ἀμφοτέροις μακάρεσσιν· ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἄξια μόχθων
δῶρον ἑκηβολίης ἐπεοικότα μισθὸν ὀπάσσω·
δώσω σοι χρυσέην γαμίην χέλυν, ἣν παρὰ παστῷ
Ἁρμονίῃ πόρε Φοῖβος, ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἐγγυαλίξω
ἄστεος ἐσσομένου μνημήιον, ὄφρά κεν εἴης
καὶ μετὰ τοξευτῆρα λυροκτύπος,
ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων."

bewitching bow and fingered the quiver, and spoke in feigned anger these cunning words :

408 " You hope of all life ! You cajoler of the Foamborn ! Cronion is a cruel tyrant to my children alone ! After nine full months of hard travail I brought forth Harmonia, suffering the bitter pangs of painful childbirth ; and now she suffers all sorts of grief and tribulation. But Leto has borne Artemis Eileithyia, the Lady of Travail, the ally of womankind. You Amymone's [a] brother, son of the same mother, need not to be told how I got my blood from brine and ether ; but I would perform a worthy deed, and being born of heaven, I will plant heaven on earth beside the sea my mother. Come then—for your sister's beauty draw your bow [b] and bewitch the gods, or say, shoot one shaft and hit with the same shot Poseidon and vinegod Lyaios, Blessed Ones both. I will give you a gift for your long shot which will be a proper wage worthy of your feat —I will give you the marriage harp of gold, which Phoibos gave to Harmonia at the door of the bridal chamber ; I will place it in your hands in memory of a city to be, that you may be not only an archer, but a harpist, just like Apollo."

[a] Otherwise unknown, not daughter of Danaos.
[b] A line has fallen out paraphrasing the word " bow."

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΝ

Τεσσαρακοστὸν ὕφηνα τὸ δεύτερον, ἦχι λιγαίνω
Βάκχου τερπνὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἵμερον ἐννοσιγαίου.

Ὡς φαμένη παρέπεισε· μεταχρονίῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
θερμὸς Ἔρως ἀκίχητος ὑπηνέμιον πόδα πάλλων
ὑψινεφὴς πτερόεντι κατέγραφεν ἠέρα ταρσῷ,
τόξα φέρων φλογόεντα. κατωμαδίη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
μειλιχίου πλήθουσα πυρὸς κεχάλαστο φαρέτρη.
ὡς δ' ὁπότ' ἀννεφέλοιο δι' αἰθέρος ὀξὺς ὀδίτης
ἐκταδίῳ σπινθῆρι τιταίνεται ὄρθιος ἀστήρ,
ἢ στρατιῇ πολέμοιο φέρων τέρας ἤ τιν ναύτῃ,
αἰθέρος ἔγραφε νῶτον ὀπισθιδίῳ πυρὸς ὁλκῷ·
ὣς τότε θοῦρος Ἔρως πεφορημένος ὀξέι ῥοίζῳ,
παλλομένων πτερύγων ἀνεμώδεα βόμβον ἰάλλων,
ἠερόθεν ῥοίζησε· καὶ Ἀσσυρίῃ παρὰ πέτρῃ
ἔμπυρα δισσὰ βέλεμνα μιῇ ξυνώσατο νευρῇ,
παρθενικῆς ὑπ' ἔρωτος ὁμοίιον εἰς πόθον ἕλκων
διχθαδίους μνηστῆρας ὁμοζήλων ὑμεναίων,
δαίμονα βοτρυόεντα καὶ ἡνιοχῆα θαλάσσης.

Τῆμος ὁ μὲν βαθὺ κῦμα λιπὼν ἁλιγείτονος ὅρμου,
ὃς δὲ Τύρου μετὰ πέζαν, ἔσω Λιβάνοιο καρήνων
ἤντεον εἰς ἕνα χῶρον. ἀπὸ βλοσυροῖο δὲ δίφρου
πόρδαλιν ἱδρώοντα Μάρων ἀνέλυσε λεπάδνων,

BOOK XLII

The forty-second web I have woven, where I celebrate a delightful love of Bacchos and the desire of Earthshaker.

He obeyed her request ; treading on Time's heels hot Love swiftly sped, plying his feet into the wind, high in the clouds scoring the air with winged step, and carried his flaming bow ; the quiver too, filled with gentle fire, hung down over his shoulder. As when a star stretches straight with a long trail of sparks, a swift traveller through the unclouded sky, bringing a portent for a warhost or some sailor man, and streaks the back of the upper air with a wake of fire—so went furious Eros in a swift rush, and his wings beat the air with a sharp whirring sound that whistled down from the sky. Then near the Assyrian rock he united two fiery arrows on one string, to bring two wooers into like desire for the love of a maid, rivals for one bride, the vinegod and the ruler of the sea.

17 Meanwhile one came from the deep waters of the sea-neighbouring roadstead, and one left the land of Tyre, and among the mountains of Lebanon the two met in one place. Maron loosed the panther sweating from the yoke of his awful car, and brushed off the dust

καὶ κόνιν ἐξετίναξε καὶ ἔκλυσεν ὕδατι πηγῆς
θερμὸν ἀναψύχων κεχαραγμένον αὐχένα θηρῶν.
ἔνθα μολὼν ἀκίχητος Ἔρως ἐπὶ γείτονι κούρῃ
δαίμονας ἀμφοτέρους διδυμάονι βάλλεν ὀιστῷ,
βακχεύσας Διόνυσον ἄγειν κειμήλια νύμφῃ,
εὐφροσύνην βιότοιο καὶ οἰνοπα βότρυν ὀπώρης,
οἰστρήσας δ' ἐς ἔρωτα κυβερνητῆρα τριαίνης
διπλόον ἔδνον ἔρωτος ἄγειν ἀλιγείτονι κούρῃ,
ναύμαχον ὑγρὸν Ἄρηα καὶ αἰόλα δεῖπνα τραπέζης.
καὶ πλέον ἔφλεγε Βάκχον, ἐπεὶ νόον οἶνος ἐγείρει
εἰς πόθον, ὁπλοτέρων δὲ πολὺ πλέον ἄφρονι κέντρῳ
θελγομένην ἀχάλινον ἔχων πειθήνιον ἦβην·
Βάκχον Ἔρως τόξευεν, ὅλον βέλος εἰς φρένα πήξας·
ἔφλεγε δ', ὅσσον ἔθελγεν ἐπιστάξας μέλι πειθοῦς.
ἀμφοτέρους δ' οἴστρησε· δι' αἰθερίης δὲ κελεύθου
κυκλώσας βαλίοισιν ὁμόδρομον ἴχνος ἀήταις
νηχομένῳ νότῳ ὄρνις ἀηκώρητο πεδίλῳ,
τοῖον ἔπος βοόων φιλοκέρτομον· " ἀνέρας οἶνῳ
εἰ κλονέει Διόνυσος, ἐγὼ πυρὶ Βάκχον ὁρίνω."
Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις ἀντώπιον ὄμμα τιταίνων
ἄβρὸν ἐυπλοκάμοιο δέμας διεμέτρεε νύμφης,
θάμβος ἔχων ὀχετηγὸν ἐς ἵμερον· ἀρχομένων δὲ
ὀφθαλμὸς προκέλευθος ἐγίνετο πορθμὸς Ἐρώτων.
πλάζετο μὲν Διόνυσος ἔσω τερψίφρονος ὕλης,
λάθριος εἰς Βερόην πεφυλαγμένον ὄμμα τιταίνων,
καὶ κατὰ βαιὸν ὄπισθεν ἐς ἀτραπὸν ἧιε κούρης·
οὐδέ οἱ εἰσορόωντι κόρος πέλεν· ἱσταμένην γὰρ
παρθένον ὅσσον ὄπωπε, τόσον πλέον ἤθελε λεύσσειν.
καὶ Κλυμένης φιλότητος ἀναμιήσας πρόμον ἄστρων
Ἥλιον λιτάνευεν, ὀπισθοτόνων ἐπὶ δίφρων
αἰθερίῳ στατὸν ἵππον ἀνασφίγγοντα χαλινῷ
μηκύνειν γλυκὺ φέγγος, ἵνα βραδὺς εἰς δύσιν ἔλθῃ

and swilled the beasts with water of the fountain, cooling their hot scarred necks. Then Eros came quickly up to the maiden hard by, and struck both divinities with two arrows. He maddened Dionysos to offer his treasures to the bride, life's merry heart and the ruddy vintage of the grape; he goaded to love the lord of the trident, that he might bring the sea-neighbouring maid a double lovegift, seafaring battle on the water and varied dishes for the table. He set Bacchos more in a flame, since wine excites the mind for desire, and wine finds unbridled youth much more obedient to the rein when it is charmed with the prick of unreason; so he shot Bacchos and drove the whole shaft into his heart, and Bacchos burnt, as much as he was charmed by the trickling honey of persuasion. Thus he maddened them both; and in the counterfeit shape of a bird circling his tracks in the airy road as swift as the rapid winds, he rose with paddling feet, and cried these taunting words: "If Dionysos confounds men with wine, I excite Bacchos with fire!"

40 The vinegod turned his eye to look, and scanned the tender body of the longhaired maiden, full of admiration the conduit of desire; his eye led the way and ferried the newborn love. Dionysos wandered in that heartrejoicing wood, secretly fixing his careful gaze on Beroë, and followed the girl's path a little behind. He could not have enough of his gazing; for the more he beheld the maid standing there, the more he wanted to watch. He called to Helios, reminding the chief of stars of his love for Clymene, and prayed him to hold back his car and check the stalled horses with the heavenly bit, that he might prolong the sweet light, that he might go

φειδομένῃ μάστιγι παλιμφυὲς ἦμαρ ἀέξων.
καὶ Βερόης μετρηδὸν ἐπ' ἴχνεσιν ἴχνος ἐρείδων,
οἷά περ ἀγνώσσων, περιδέδρομεν· ἐκ Λιβάνου δὲ
ὀκναλέου ποδὸς ἴχνος ὑποκλέπτων ἐνοσίχθων
ἐντροπαλιζομένῳ βραδυπειθέι χάζετο ταρσῷ,
καὶ νόον ἀστήρικτον ὁμοίιον εἶχε θαλάσσῃ,
κύμασι παφλάζοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο μερίμνης.
Καὶ γλυκερῆς ἀκόρητος ἔσω Λιβαινίδος ὕλης
οἰώθη Διόνυσος ἐρημαίῃ παρὰ νύμφῃ,
οἰώθη Διόνυσος. Ὀρειάδες εἴπατε Νύμφαι,
τί πλέον ἤθελεν ἄλλο φιλαίτερον, ἢ χρόα κούρης
μοῦνος ἰδεῖν δυσέρωτος ἐλεύθερος ἐννοσιγαίου;
[1]καὶ κύσε νηρίθμοισι φιλήμασι λάθριος ἕρπων
χῶρον, ὅπῃ πόδα θῆκε, καὶ ἦν ἐπάτησε κονίην
παρθενικὴ ῥοδόεντι καταυγάζουσα πεδίλῳ·
καὶ γλυκὺν αὐχένα Βάκχος ἐδέρκετο,
καὶ σφυρὰ κούρης
νισσομένης καὶ κάλλος, ὃ περ φύσις ὤπασε νύμφῃ,
κάλλος, ὃ περ φύσις εὗρε· καὶ οὐ ξανθόχροϊ κόσμῳ
χρισαμένη Βερόη ῥοδοειδέα κύκλα προσώπου
ψευδομένας ἐρύθηνε νόθῳ σπινθῆρι παρειάς,
οὐ χροὸς ἀντιτύποιο διαυγέι μάρτυρι χαλκῷ
μιμηλῆς ἐγέλασσεν ἐς ἄπνοον εἶδος ὀπωπῆς
κάλλος ἑὸν κρίνουσα, καὶ οὐ τεχνήμονι θεσμῷ
πολλάκις ἰσάζουσα παρ' ὀφρύσιν ἄκρα κομάων
πλαζομένης ἔστησε μετήλυδα βότρυν ἐθείρης.
ἀλλὰ γυναιμανέοντα πολὺ πλέον ὀξέι κέντρῳ
ἀγλαΐαι κλονέουσιν ἀκηδέστοιο προσώπου,
καὶ πλόκαμοι ῥυπόωντες ἀκοσμήτοιο καρήνου
ἀβρότεροι γεγάασιν, ὅτ' ἀπλεκέες καὶ ἀλῆται
χιονέῳ στιχόωσι παρήοροι ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ.
Καί ποτε διψήσασα μετέστιχε γείτονα πηγήν,

slow to his setting and with sparing whip increase the day to shine again. Pressing measured step by step in Beroë's tracks the god passed round her as if noticing nothing; while Earthshaker stole from Lebanon with lingering feet, and departed with steps slow to obey, turning again and again, his mind shifting like the sea and rippling with billows of ever-murmuring care.

60 Unsated, in the delicious forests of Lebanon, Dionysos was left alone beside the lonely girl. Dionysos was left alone! Tell me, Oreiad Nymphs, what could he wish for more lovely than to see the maiden's flesh, alone, and free from lovesick Earthshaker? He kissed with a million kisses the place where she set her foot, creeping up secretly, and kissed the dust where the maiden had trod making it bright with her shoes of roses. Bacchos watched the girl's sweet neck, her ankles as she walked, beauty which nature had given her, the beauty which nature had made: for no ruddy ornament for the skin had Beroë smeared on her round rosy face, no meretricious rouge put a false blush on her cheeks. She consulted no shining mirror of bronze with its reflection a witness of her looks, she laughed at no lifeless form of a mimic face to estimate her beauty, she was not for ever arranging the curls over her brows, and setting in place some stray wandering lock of hair by her eyebrows with cunning touch. But the natural beauties of a face confound the desperate lover with far sharper sting, and the untidy tresses of an unbedizened head are all the more dainty, when they stray unbraided down the sides of a snow-white face.

89 Sometimes athirst when beaten by the heat of

[1] See below, p. 246, for lines 65-70.

οὐρανίου πυρόεντος ἱμασσομένη Κυνὸς ἀτμῷ,
χείλεσι καρχαλέοισι· καθελκομένῳ δὲ καρήνῳ
κάμπτετο κυρτωθεῖσα, καὶ εἰς στόμα πολλάκι κούρη
χερσὶ βαθυνομένῃσιν ἀρύετο πάτριον ὕδωρ,
ἄχρι κορεσσαμένη λίπε νάματα· χαζομένης δὲ
ἱμερτῇ Διόνυσος ὑποκλίνας γόνυ πηγῇ
κοιλαίνων παλάμας ἐρατὴν μιμήσατο κούρην,
νέκταρος αὐτοχύτοιο πιὼν γλυκερώτερον ὕδωρ.
καί μιν ἐσαθρήσασα πόθου δεδονημένον οἴστρῳ
πηγαίῃ βαθύκολπος ἀσάμβιλος ἴαχε Νύμφη·
" Ψυχρὸν ὕδωρ, Διόνυσε, μάτην πίες·
οὐ δύναται γὰρ
σβέσσαι δίψαν ἔρωτος ὅλος ῥόος Ὠκεανοῖο.
εἶρεο σὸν γενέτην, ὅτι τηλίκον οἶδμα περήσας
νυμφίος Εὐρώπης οὐκ ἔσβεσεν ἱμερόεν πῦρ,
ἀλλ' ἔτι μᾶλλον ἔκαμνεν ἐν ὕδασιν· ὑγροπόρου δὲ
μάρτυρα λάτριν Ἔρωτος ἔχεις Ἀλφειὸν ἀλήτην,
ὅττι τόσοις ῥοθίοισι δι' ὕδατος ὕδατα σύρων
οὐ φύγε θερμὸν ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ πέλεν ὑγρὸς ὁδίτης."
Ὡς φαμένη πηγαῖον ἐδύσατο σύγχροον ὕδωρ
Νηιὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπεγγελόωσα Λυαίῳ.
καὶ θεὸς ὑγρομέδοντι Ποσειδάωνι μεγαίρων
εἶχε φόβον καὶ ζῆλον, ἐπεὶ πίε παρθένος ὕδωρ
ἀντὶ μέθης, καὶ κωφὸν ἐς ἠέρα ῥήξατο φωνήν,
οἷά περ εἰσαΐουσαν ἔχων πειθήμονα κούρην·
" Παρθένε, δέχνυσο νέκταρ·
ἓα φιλοπάρθενον ὕδωρ·
φεῦγε ποτὸν κρηναῖον, ὅπως μὴ σεῖο κορείην
ὑδατόεις κλέψειεν ἐν ὕδασι κυανοχαίτης,
ὅττι γυναιμανέων δολόεις πέλε· Θεσσαλίδος δὲ

the fiery Dog of heaven, the girl sought out a neighbouring spring with parched lips ; the girl bent down her curving neck and stooped her head, dipping a hand again and again and scooping the water of her own country to her mouth, until she had enough and left the rills. When she was gone, Dionysos would bend his knee to the lovely spring, and hollow his palms in mimicry of the beloved girl : then he drank water sweeter than selfpoured nectar. And the unshod deep-bosomed nymph of the spring, seeing him struck by the sting of desire, would say :

100 " Cold water to drink, Dionysos, is of no use to you ; for all the stream of Oceanos cannot quench the thirst of love. Ask your own father ! Europa's bridegroom traversed that wide gulf and yet did not quench the fire of longing, but he suffered still more on the waters. Witness wandering Alpheios,[a] whom you see the servant of waterfaring love, in that trailing water through water in all those floods he escaped not hot love, though he was a watery traveller ! "

108 So said the unveiled Naiad, and laughed at Lyaios, diving into her spring, which had one colour with her body.[b] And the god grudging at Poseidon ruler of the waves felt fear and jealousy, since the maiden drank water and not wine. He uttered his voice to the unhearing air, as if the girl were there to hear and obey :

114 " Maiden, accept the nectar—leave this water that maidens love ! Avoid the water of the spring, lest Seabluehair steal your maidenhood in the water —for a mad lover and a crafty one he is ! You know

[a] See on xxxvii. 173.

[b] This, if anything, is what the curious Greek phrase seems to mean.

Τυροῦς οἶδας ἔρωτα καὶ ὑγροπόρους ὑμεναίους·
καὶ σὺ ῥόον δολόεντα φυλάσσεο, μὴ σέο μίτρην
ψευδαλέος λύσειε, γαμοκλόπος ὥς περ Ἐνιπεύς.
ἤθελον εἰ γενόμην καὶ ἐγὼ ῥόος, ὡς ἐνοσίχθων,
καὶ κελάδων πήχυνα ποθοβλήτῳ παρὰ πηγῇ
διψαλέην ἀφύλακτον ἐμὴν Λιβανηΐδα Τυρώ."
Εἶπε θεός· μελέων δὲ μετάτροπον εἶδος ἀμείψας,
ὁππόθι παρθένος ἦεν, ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην
Εὔιος ἀγρευτῆρι πανείκελος· ἄβροκόμῳ δὲ
ἀλλοφυὴς ἄγνωστος ὁμίλεεν ἅζυγι κούρῃ
εἴκελος ἡβητῆρι, καὶ ἀκλινὲς ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
ψευδαλέον μίμημα σαόφρονος ἔπλασεν αἰδοῦς·
καὶ πῇ μὲν σκοπίαζεν ἐρημάδος ἄκρον ἐρίπνης,
πῇ δὲ τανυπτόρθοιο βαθύσκιον εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
εἰς πίτυν ὄμμα φέρων λελιημένον, ἄλλοτε πεύκην
ἢ πτελέην ἐδόκευε· φυλασσομένου δὲ προσώπου
ὄμμασι λαθριδίοισιν ἐδέρκετο γείτονα κούρην,
μή μιν ἀλυσκάζειε μετάτροπος· ἠθέῳ γὰρ
κάλλος ὀπιπεύοντι καὶ ἥλικος ὄμματα κούρης
Κυπριδίων ἐλάχεια παραίφασίς ἐστιν Ἐρώτων.
Καὶ Βερόης σχεδὸν ἦλθε καὶ ἤθελε μῦθον ἐνίψαι,
ἀλλὰ φόβῳ πεπέδητο· φιλεύιε, πῇ σέο θύρσοι
ἀνδροφόνοι; πῇ φρικτὰ κεράατα; πῇ σέο χαίτῃ
γλαυκὰ πεδοτρεφέων ὀφιώδεα δεσμὰ δρακόντων;
πῇ στομάτων μύκημα βαρύβρομον; ἃ μέγα θαῦμα,
παρθένον ἔτρεμε Βάκχος, ὃν ἔτρεμε φῦλα Γιγάντων·
Γηγενέων ὀλετῆρα φόβος νίκησεν Ἐρώτων·
τοσσατίων δ' ἤμησεν ἀρειμανέων γένος Ἰνδῶν,
καὶ μίαν ἱμερόεσσαν ἀνάλκιδα δείδιε κούρην,
δείδιε θηλυτέρην ἀπαλόχροον· ἐν δὲ κολώναις

the love of Thessalian Tyro[a] and her wedding in the waters; then you too take care of the crafty flood, lest the deceiver loose your girdle just as the wedding-thief Enipeus did. O that I also might become a flood, like Earthshaker, and murmuring might embrace my own Tyro of Lebanon, thirsty and careless beside the lovestricken spring!"

124 So the god spoke; and changing his form for another he plunged into the shady thicket where the maiden was, Euios wholly like a hunter; in a new and unknown aspect he joined the softhaired unyoked maid, like a youth, moulding a false image of modesty with steady looks on his face. Now he surveyed the peak of a lonely rock, now he spied into the long-branching trees on the uplands, turning an eager eye on a pine or again inspecting a firtree, or an elm—but with cautious countenance and stolen glances he watched the girl so close to him, lest she should turn and run away; for beauty and the eyes of a girl of his own age have little consolation to a lad who gazes at her for the loves which the Cyprian sends.

138 He came near to Beroë and would have spoken a word, but fear held him fast. God of jubilation, where is your manslaying thyrsus? Where your frightful horns? Where the green snaky ropes of earthfed serpents in your hair? Where is your heavy-booming bellow? See a great miracle—Bacchos trembling before a maid, Bacchos before whom the tribes of the giants trembled! Love's fear has conquered the destroyer of giants. He mowed down all that warmad nation of the Indians, and he fears one weak lovely girl, fears a tender woman. On the

[a] She loved the river Enipeus; Poseidon enjoyed her by taking the river god's shape. See *Od.* xi. 235 ff.

θηρονόμῳ νάρθηκι κατεπρήυνε λεόντων
φρικαλέον μύκημα, καὶ ἔτρεμε θῆλυν ἀπειλήν·
καί οἱ ἐριπτοίητον ὑπὸ στόμα μῦθος ἀλήτης
γλῶσσαν ἐς ἀκροτάτην ἐτιταίνετο χείλεϊ γείτων,
ἐκ φρενὸς αἰίσσων καὶ ἐπὶ φρένα νόστιμος ἕρπων·
ἀλλὰ φόβον γλυκύπικρον ἔχων αἰδήμονι σιγῇ
εἰς φάος ἐσσυμένην παλινάγρετον ἔσπασε φωνήν.
καὶ μόγις ὑστερόμυθον ὑπὸ στόμα δεσμὸν ἀράξας
αἰδοῦς ἀμβολιεργὸν ἀπεσφήκωσε σιωπήν,
καὶ Βερόην ἐρέεινε χέων ψευδήμονα φωνήν·
"Ἄρτεμι, πῇ σέο τόξα;
τίς ἥρπασε σεῖο φαρέτρην;
πῇ λίπες, ὃν φορέεις ἐπιγουνίδος ἄχρι χιτῶνα;
πῇ σέο κεῖνα πέδιλα, θοώτερα κυκλάδος αὔρης;
πῇ χορὸς ἀμφιπόλων; πῇ δίκτυα; πῇ κύνες ἀργαί;
οὐ δρόμον ἐντύνεις κεμαδοσσόον· οὐκ ἐθέλεις γὰρ
ἀγρώσσειν, ὅθι Κύπρις Ἀδώνιδος ἐγγὺς ἰαύει."
Ἔννεπε θάμβος ἔχων ἀπατήλιον· ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
παρθενικὴ μείδησεν· ἀπειροκάκῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρεν ἀγαλλομένη χάριν ἥβης,
ὅττι, γυνή περ ἐοῦσα, φυὴν ἤικτο θεαύῃ·
οὐδὲ δόλον γίνωσκε νοοπλανέος Διονύσου.
καὶ πλέον ἄχνυτο Βάκχος, ἐπεὶ πόθον οὐ μάθε κούρη
νήπιον ἦθος ἔχουσα, καὶ ἤθελεν, ὄφρα δαείη
οἷστρον ἑὸν βαρύμοχθον, ἐπισταμένης ὅτι κούρης
ὄψιμος ἠιθέῳ περιλείπεται ἐλπὶς Ἐρώτων
ἐσσομένης φιλότητος, ἐπ' ἀπρήκτῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
ἀνέρες ἰμείρουσιν, ὅτ' ἀγνώσσουσι γυναῖκες.
Καὶ θεὸς ἦμαρ ἐπ' ἦμαρ ἔσω πιτυώδεος ὕλης
δείελος, εἰς μέσον ἦμαρ, Ἑώιος, Ἕσπερος ἕρπων,
παρθενικῇ παρέμιμνε, καὶ ἤθελεν εἰσέτι μίμνειν·

mountains he quieted the terrifying roar of lions with his beast-ruling fennel, and he trembled before a woman's threat. A word strayed into his trembling mouth to the tip of his tongue close behind the lips—it came from his heart and crept back to his heart again, but the bittersweet fear held it in shamefast silence, and drew back the voice, as it tried to issue into the light. Too late he spoke, and hardly then, when he burst the chain of shame from his lips and undid the procrastinating silence, and asked Beroë in a voice of pretence,

158 "Artemis, where are your arrows? Who has stolen your quiver? Where did you leave the tunic you wear, just covering the knees? Where are those boots quicker than the whirling wind? Where is your company in attendance? Where are your nets? Where your fleet hounds? You are not making ready for chase of the pricket, for you do not wish to hunt where Cypris is sleeping beside Adonis."

164 So he spoke, feigning astonishment, and the maiden smiled in her heart; she lifted a proud neck in unsuspicious pleasure, rejoicing in her youthful freshness, because she, a mortal woman, was likened to a goddess in beauty, and did not see the trick of mindconfusing Dionysos. But Bacchos was yet more affected, because the girl in her childish simplicity knew not desire; he wished she might learn his own overpowering passion, since when the girl knows, there is always hope for the lad that love will come at last, but when women do not notice, man's desire is only a fruitless anxiety.

175 Thus day after day, midday and afternoon, morning and evening, the god lingered in the pine-wood, waiting for the girl and ever willing to wait;

πάντων γὰρ κόρος ἐστὶ παρ' ἀνδράσιν, ἡδέος ὕπνου
μολπῆς τ' εὐκελάδοιο καὶ ὁππότε κάμπτεται ἀνὴρ
εἰς δρόμον ὀρχηστῆρα· γυναιμανέοντι δὲ μούνῳ
οὐ κόρος ἐστὶ πόθων· ἐψεύσατο βίβλος Ὁμήρου.
Καὶ μογέων Διόνυσος ὑπερβρυχᾶτο σιωπῇ,
δαιμονίῃ μάστιγι τετυμμένος, ἔνδοθι πέσσων
κρυπτὸν ἀκοιμήτων ὑποκάρδιον ἕλκος Ἐρώτων.
ὡς δ' ὅτε βοῦς ἀκίχητος ἔσω πλαταμῶνος ὀδεύων
ἑσμὸν ὀρεσσινόμων παρεμέτρεεν ἠθάδα ταύρων
οἰστρηθεὶς ἀγέληθεν, ὃν εὐπετάλῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ
βουτύπος ὀξυόεντι μύωψ ἐχαράσσετο κέντρῳ
ἀπροϊδής, ὀλίγῳ δὲ δέμας βεβολημένος οἴστρῳ
τηλίκος ἐστυφέλικτο, καὶ ὄρθιον ὑψόθι νώτου
ἄψ ἀνασειράζων παλινάγρετον ἔσπασεν οὐρὴν
κυρτὸς ἐπιτρίβων σκοπέλων ῥάχιν, ἀντίτυπον δὲ
ὀξὺ κέρας δόχμωσεν ἀνούτατον ἠέρα τύπτων·
οὕτω καὶ Διόνυσον, ὃν ἔστεφε πολλάκι νίκη,
βαιὸς Ἔρως οἰστρησε βαλὼν παιθελγέι κέντρῳ.
Ὀψὲ δὲ μαστεύων γλυκὺ φάρμακον εἰς Ἀφροδίτην
Πανὶ δασυστέρνῳ Παφίης ἐγκύμονι μύθῳ
Κυπριδίην ἄγρυπνον ἐὴν ἀνέφαινεν ἀνάγκην,
καὶ βουλὴν ἐρέεινεν, ἀλεξήτειραν Ἐρώτων.
καὶ καμάτους Βάκχοιο πυριπνείοντας ἀκούων
Πὰν κερόεις ἐγέλασσε, κατεκλάσθη δὲ μενοινῇ
οἰκτείρων δυσέρωτα δυσίμερος· εἶπε δὲ βουλὴν
Κυπριδίην· ὀλίγην δὲ παραίφασιν εἶχεν Ἐρώτων
ἄλλον ἰδὼν φλεχθέντα μιῆς σπινθῆρι φαρέτρης·
" Ξυνὰ παθών, φίλε Βάκχε,
τεὰς ὤκτειρα μερίμνας·
καὶ σὲ πόθεν νίκησεν Ἔρως θρασύς; εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,

---

[a] Hom. *Il.* xiii. 636: " Sleep and love are very sweet,

for men can have enough of all things, of sweet sleep and melodious song, and when one turns in the moving dance—but only the man mad for love never has enough of his longing; Homer's book did not tell the truth![a]

182 Dionysos suffered and moaned in silence, struck with the divine whip, stewing the hidden wound of love in his restless heart. As an ox goes scampering over the flats past the well-known swarm of hillranging bulls, driven from the herd when a gadfly has pierced his hide with sharp sting under the leafy trees unnoticed: how small the sting that strikes, how vast the bulk of the routed beast! he lifts the tail straight over his back and lashes back, bends and scratches his chine on the rocks, and darts a sharp horn at his side striking only the unwounded elastic air—so Dionysos, crowned so often with victory, was pricked by little Love and his allbewitching sting.

196 At length, seeking a sweet medicine for love, he disclosed to bushybreasted Pan in words full of passion the unsleeping constraint of his desire, and craved advice to defend him against love. Horned Pan laughed aloud, when he heard the firebreathing torments of Bacchos, but, a luckless lover himself, heartbroken he pitied one unhappy in love, and gave him love-advice; it was a small alleviation of his own love to see another burnt with a spark from the same quiver:

205 "We are companions in suffering, friend Bacchos, and I pity your feelings. How comes it that bold Love has conquered you too? If I dare to say

song and dance with trippling feet, yet a time comes when they pall, you can have enough of all—but these Trojans never can have enough of war!"

εἰς ἐμὲ καὶ Διόνυσον Ἔρως ἐκίνωσε φαρέτρην.
ἀλλὰ πόθου δολίοιο πολύτροπον ἦθος ἐνίψω.
πᾶσα γυνὴ ποθέει πλέον ἀνέρος, αἰδομένη δὲ
κεύθει κέντρον Ἔρωτος ἐρωμανέουσα καὶ αὐτή,
καὶ μογέει πολὺ μᾶλλον, ἐπεὶ σπιθῆρες Ἐρώτων
θερμότεροι γεγάασιν, ὅτε κρύπτουσι γυναῖκες
ἐνδόμυχον πραπίδεσσι πεπαρμένον ἰὸν Ἐρώτων.
καὶ γὰρ ὅτ' ἀλλήλῃσι πόθων ἐνέπουσιν ἀνάγκην,
λυσιπόνοις ὀάροισιν ὑποκλέπτουσι μερίμνας
Κυπριδίας. σὺ δέ, Βάκχε, τεῶν ὀχετηγὸν Ἐρώτων
μιμηλῆς ἐρύθημα φέρων ἀπατήλιον αἰδοῦς,
οἷα σαοφρονέουσαν ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωπήν,
ὡς ἀέκων Βερόης σχεδὸν ἵστασο· καὶ λίνα πάλλων
θαύματι μὲν δολίῳ ῥοδοειδέα δέρκεο κούρην,
κάλλος ἐπαινήσας, ὅτι τηλίκον οὐ λάχεν Ἥρη,
καὶ Χάριτας κίκλησκε χερείονας, ἀμφοτέρων δὲ
μορφῇ μῶμον ἄναπτε, καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος καὶ Ἀθήνης,
καὶ Βερόην ἀγόρευε φαεινοτέρην Ἀφροδίτης·
κούρη δ' εἰσαΐουσα τεὴν ψευδήμονα μομφὴν
αἴνῳ τερπομένη πλέον ἵσταται· οὐκ ἐθέλει γὰρ
ὅλβον ὅλον χρύσειον, ὅσον ῥοδέης περὶ μορφῆς
εἰσαΐειν, ὅτι κάλλος ὑπέρβαλεν ἡλικος ἥβης.
παρθενικὴν δ' ἐς ἔρωτα νοήμονι θέλγε σιωπῇ,
κινυμένων βλεφάρων ἀντώπια νεύματα πέμπων·
πεπταμένῃ δὲ μέτωπον ἀφειδέι χειρὶ πατάξας
ψευδαλέον σέο θάμβος ἐχέφρονι δείκνυε σιγῇ.
ἀλλὰ φόβος μεθέπει σε σαόφρονος ἐγγύθι κούρης·
εἰπέ, τί σοὶ ῥέξει μία παρθένος; οὐ δόρυ πάλλει,
οὐ ῥοδέῃ παλάμῃ τανύει βέλος· ἔγχεα κούρης
ὀφθαλμοὶ γεγάασιν ἀκοντιστῆρες Ἐρώτων,
παρθενικῆς δὲ βέλεμνα ῥοδώπιδές εἰσι παρειαί.

so, Eros has emptied his quiver on me and Dionysos! But I will tell you the multifarious ways of deception in love.

209 "Every woman has greater desire than the man, but shamefast she hides the sting of love, though mad for love herself; and she suffers much more, since the sparks of love become hotter when women conceal in their bosoms the piercing arrow of love. Indeed, when they tell each other of the force of desire, their gossip is meant to soothe the pain and deceive their voluptuous longings. And you, Bacchos, must wear a deceptive blush of pretended shame to carry your love along. You must keep an unsmiling countenance as if through modesty, and stand beside Beroë as if by mere chance. Hold your nets in hand, and look at the rosy girl with pretended amazement, praising her beauty; say that not Hera has the like, call the Graces less fair, find fault with the good looks of both Artemis and Athena, tell Beroë she is more brilliant than Aphrodite. Then the girl when she hears your feigned faultfinding, stands there more delighted with your praise; more than mountains of gold she would hear about her rosy comeliness, how her beauty surpasses all the friends of her youth. Charm the maiden to love with a meaning silence. Let your eyelids move, send wink and beck towards her. Open your hand and slap your brow without mercy, and show your feigned amazement by prudent silence. You will say, fear restrains you in the presence of a modest maid; tell me, what will a lonely girl do to you? She shakes no spear, she draws no shaft with that rosy hand [a]; the girl's weapons are those eyes which shoot love, her batteries are

[a] Nonnos, or Pan, has forgotten that Beroë was a huntress.

ἕδνα δὲ σοῖο πόθοιο, τεῆς κειμήλια νύμφης,
μὴ λίθον Ἰνδῴην, μὴ μάργαρα χειρὶ τινάξῃς,
οἷα γυναιμανέοντι πέλει θέμις· εἰς Παφίην γὰρ
ἀμφιέπεις τεὸν εἶδος ἐπάρκιον, εὐαφέος δὲ
κάλλεος ἱμείρουσι καὶ οὐ χρυσοῖο γυναῖκες.
μαρτυρίης ἑτέρης οὐ δεύομαι· ἁβροκόμου γὰρ
ποῖα παρ' Ἐνδυμίωνος ἐδέξατο δῶρα Σελήνη;
Κύπριδι ποῖον Ἄδωνις ἐδείκνυεν ἕδνον Ἐρώτων;
ἄργυρον Ὡρίων οὐκ ὤπασεν ἠριγενείῃ·
οὐ Κέφαλος πόρεν ὄλβον ἐπήρατον·
ἀλλ' ἄρα μοῦνος
χωλὸς ἐὼν Ἥφαιστος ἀθελγέος εἵνεκα μορφῆς
ὤπασε ποικίλα δῶρα, καὶ οὐ παρέπεισεν Ἀθήνην·
οὐ πέλεκυς χραίσμησε λεχώιος· ἀλλὰ θεαίνης
ἱμείρων ἀφάμαρτε. σὲ δὲ ζυγίων ὑμεναίων
φέρτερον, ἣν ἐθέλῃς, θελκτήριον ἄλλο διδάξω·
βάρβιτα χειρὶ λίγαινε, τεῆς ἀναθήματα Ῥείης,
Κύπριδος ἁβρὸν ἄγαλμα παροίνιον· ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
πλήκτροις καὶ στομάτεσσι χέων ἑτερόθροον ἠχώ,
Δάφνην πρῶτον ἄειδε καὶ ἀσταθέος δρόμον Ἠχοῦς
καί κτύπον ὑστερόφωνον ἀσιγήτοιο θεαίνης,
ὅττι θεοὺς ποθέοντας ἀπέστυγον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν
μέλπε Πίτυν φυγόδεμνον,
ὀρειάσι σύνδρομον αὔραις,
Πανὸς ἀλυσκάζουσαν ἀνυμφεύτους ὑμεναίους·
μέλπε μόρον φθιμένης αὐτόχθονα· μέμφεο γαίῃ.
καὶ τάχα δακρύσειε γοήμονος ἄλγεα νύμφης
καὶ μόρον οἰκτείρουσα· σὺ δὲ φρένα τέρπεο σιγῇ

those rose-red girlish cheeks. For lovegifts to be treasures for your bride, do not display the Indian jewel, or pearls, as is the way of mad lovers; for to get love, your own handsome shape is enough—to touch your beautiful body is what women want, not gold!

243 "I need no other testimony—what gifts did Selene take from softhaired Endymion? What lovegift did Adonis produce for Cypris? Orion [a] gave no silver to Dawn; Cephalos [b] provided no delectable wealth; but the only one it seems who did offer handsome gifts was Hephaistos, being lame, to make up for his unattractive looks, and then he failed to persuade Athena—his birthdelivering axe did not help him, but he missed the goddess he wanted.

251 "But there is a stronger charm for wedded union, which I will teach you if you like. Twang the lyre which was dedicated to your Rheia, the delicate treasure of Cypris beside the winecup. Pour out the varied sounds together, voice and striker! Sing first Daphne,[c] sing the erratic course of Echo,[d] and the answering note of the goddess who never fails to speak, for these two despised the desire of gods. Yes, and sing also of Pitys [e] who hated marriage, who fled fast as the wind over the mountains to escape the unlawful wooing of Pan, and her fate—how she disappeared into the soil herself; put the blame on the Earth! Then she may perhaps lament the sorrows and the fate of the wailing nymph; but you must let your heart rejoice in silence, as you see the honey-

[a] One of the numerous lovers of Eos; same as Orion the hunter.

[b] An Attic hero, husband of Procris, loved by Eos.

[c] *Cf.* ii. 108. [d] *Cf.* ii. 119. [e] *Cf.* ii. 108.

μυρομένης ὁρόων μελιηδέα δάκρυα κούρης·
οὐδὲ γέλως πέλε τοῖος, ἐπεὶ πλέον οἴνοπι μορφῇ
ἱμερταὶ γεγάασιν, ὅτε στενίχουσι γυναῖκες.
μέλψον ἐρωμανέουσαν ἐπ' Ἐνδυμίωνι Σελήνην,
μέλπε γάμον χαρίεντος Ἀδώνιδος, εἰπὲ καὶ αὐτὴν
αὐχμηρὴν ἀπέδιλον ἀλωομένην Ἀφροδίτην,
νυμφίον ἰχνεύουσαν ὀριδρομον· οὐδέ σε φεύγει
πατρῴων ἀίουσα μελίφρονα θεσμὸν Ἐρώτων.
σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ τάδε πάντα,
δυσίμερε Βάκχε, πιφαύσκω·
ἀλλά με καὶ σὺ δίδαξον ἐμῆς θελκτήριον Ἠχοῦς."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμπε γεγηθότα παῖδα Θυώνης.
καὶ δολίην Διόνυσος ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωπὴν
παρθενικὴν ἐρέεινεν Ἀδώνιδος ἀμφὶ τοκῆος,
ὡς φίλος, ὡς ὁμόθηρος ὀριδρομος· ἱσταμένης δὲ
στήθεϊ χεῖρα πέλασσε δυσίμερον, ἄκρα δὲ μίτρης
ὡς ἀέκων ἔθλιψεν· ἐπιφαύουσα δὲ μαζῶν
δεξιτερὴ νάρκησε γυναιμανέος Διονύσου.
καί ποτε νηπιάχοισιν ἐν ἤθεσιν εἴρετο κούρη
υἷα Διὸς παρεόντα, τίς ἔπλετο καὶ τίνος εἴη·
καὶ πρόφασιν μόγις εὗρε παρὰ προθύροις Ἀφροδίτης
ὄρχατον ἀμπελόεντα καὶ ὄμπνια λήια γαίης
καὶ δροσερὸν λειμῶνα καὶ αἰόλα δένδρα δοκεύων
ἤθεσι κερδαλέοισι· καί, οἷά τε γηπόνος ἀνήρ,
ἀμφὶ γάμου τινὰ μῦθον ἀσημάντῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
" Εἰμὶ τεοῦ Λιβάνοιο γεωμόρος· ἦν ἐθελήσῃς,
ἀρδεύω σέο γαῖαν, ἐγὼ σέο καρπὸν ἀέξω.
Ὡράων πισύρων νοέω δρόμον· ἱσταμένην δὲ
νύσσαν ὀπιπεύων φθινοπωρίδα τοῦτο βοήσω·
' Σκορπίος ἀντέλλει βιοτήσιος, ἔστι δὲ κῆρυξ
αὔλακος εὐκάρποιο· βόας ζεύξωμεν ἀρότρῳ.

sweet tears of the sorrowing maid. No laugh was ever like that, since women become more desirable with that ruddy flush when they mourn. Sing Selene madly in love with Endymion, sing the wedding of graceful Adonis, sing Aphrodite herself wandering dusty and unshod, and tracking her bridegroom over the hills. Beroë will not run away from you when she hears the honeyhearted lovestories of her home. There you have all I can tell you, Bacchos, for your unhappy love! Now you tell me something to charm my Echo."

274 Having said his say, he dismissed the son of Thyone comforted. Then Dionysos put on a serious look, the trickster! and questioned the maiden about her father Adonis, as a friend of his, as a fellow-hunter among the hills. She stood still, he brought a longing hand near her breast, and stroked her belt as if not thinking what he did: but touching her breast, the lovesick god's right hand grew numb. Once in her childlike way, the girl asked the son of Zeus beside her who he was and who was his father. With much ado he found an excuse, when he saw before the portals of Aphrodite the vineyard and the bounteous harvest of the land, the dewy meadow and all the trees; and in the cunning of his mind, he made as if he were a farm-labourer and spoke of wedding in words that meant more than they said:

282 "I am a countryman of your Lebanon. If it is your pleasure, I will water your land, I will grow your corn. I understand the course of the four Seasons. When I see the limit of autumn is here, I will call aloud—'Scorpion is rising with his bounteous plenty, he is the herald of a fruitful furrow, let us yoke oxen

Πληιάδες δύνουσι· πότε[1] σπείρωμεν ἀρούρας;
αὔλακες ὠδίνουσιν, ὅτε δρόσος εἰς χθόνα πίπτει
αὐομένην Φαέθοντι.' καὶ Ἄρκάδος ἐγγὺς Ἀμάξης
χείματος ὀμβρήσαντος ἰδὼν Ἄρκτοῦρον ἀνίψω·
' διψαλέη ποτὲ γαῖα Διὸς νυμφεύεται ὄμβρῳ.'
εἴαρος ἀντέλλοντος ἑὼιος εἰς σὲ βοήσω·
' ἄνθεα σεῖο τέθηλε· πότε κρίνα καὶ ῥόδα τίλλω;
ἠνίδε, πῶς ὑάκινθος ἐπέτρεχε γείτονι μύρτῳ,
πῶς γελάᾳ νάρκισσος ἐπιθρῴσκων ἀνεμώνῃ.'
καὶ σταφυλὴν ὁρόων θέρεος παρεόντος ἀνίψω·
' ἄμπελος ἠβώουσα πεπαίνεται ἄμμορος ἅρπης·
παρθένε, σύγγονος ἦλθε·
πότε τρυγόωμεν ὀπώρην;
σὸς στάχυς ἠέξητο καὶ ἀμητοῖο χατίζει·
λήιον ἀμήσω σταχυηφόρον, ἀντὶ δὲ Δηοῦς
μητρὶ τεῇ ῥέξαιμι θαλύσια Κυπρογενείῃ.'
δέξο δὲ γειοπόνον με τεῆς ὑποεργὸν ἀλωῆς·
ὑμετέρης με κόμισσε φυτηκόμον ἀφρογενείης,
ὄφρα φυτὸν πήξαιμι φερέσβιον, ἡμερίδων δὲ
ὄμφακα γινώσκω νεοθηλέα χερσὶν ἀφάσσων.
οἶδα, πόθεν ποτὲ μῆλα πεπαίνεται· οἶδα φυτεῦσαι
καὶ πτελέην τανύφυλλον ἐρειδομένην κυπαρίσσῳ·
ἄρσενα καὶ φοίνικα γεγηθότα θήλεῖ μίσγω,
καὶ κρόκον, ἣν ἐθέλῃς, παρὰ μίλακι καλὸν ἀέξω.
μή μοι χρυσὸν ἄγοις κομιδῆς χάριν·
οὐ χρέος ὄλβου·

[1] δύνουσί ποτε Rose, δύνουσι· πότε edd.

to the plow. The Pleiads are setting: when shall we sow the fields? The furrows are teeming, when the dew falls on land parched by Phaëthon.'[a] And in the showers of winter when I see Arcturos[b] close to the Arcadian wain, I will exclaim—'At last thirsty Earth is wedded with the showers of Zeus.' As the spring rises up, I will cry out in the morning—'Your flowers are blooming, when shall I pluck lilies and roses? Just look how the iris has run over the neighbouring myrtle, how narcissus laughs as he leaps on anemone!' And when I see the grapes of summer before me I will cry—'The vine is in her prime, ripening without the sickle: Maiden, your sister[c] has come—when shall we gather the grapes? Your wheatear is grown big and wants the harvest; I will reap the crop of corn-ears, and I will celebrate harvest home for your mother the Cyprus-born instead of Deo.'

303 "Accept me as your labourer to help on your fertile lands. Take me as planter for your Foam-born, that I may plant that lifebringing tree, that I may detect the half-ripe berry of the tame vine and feel the newgrowing bud. I know how apples ripen; I know how to plant the widespreading elm too, leaning against the cypress. I can join the male palm happily with the female, and make pretty saffron, if you like, grow beside bindweed. Don't offer me gold for my keep; I have no need of wealth—my

[a] The Sun is in Scorpius in late October, the Pleiads set about the beginning of November, the plowing and sowing are for winter wheat.

[b] Arcturos (and Boötes) sets in the evening early in November, and rises in the evening about the beginning of March; the latter is meant here, apparently: a sign of rain.

[c] Perhaps this means "Virgo has risen" (Aug. 31).

μισθὸν ἔχω δύο μῆλα, μιῆς ἕνα βότρυν ὀπώρης."
Τοῖα μάτην ἀγόρευε, καὶ οὐκ ἠμείβετο κούρη
Βάκχου μὴ νοέουσα γυναιμανέος στίχα μύθων.
Ἀλλὰ δόλῳ δόλον ἄλλον ἐπέφραδεν[1] Εἰραφιώτης· 315
καὶ Βερόης ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἐδέχνυτο δίκτυα θήρης
οἷά τε θαμβήσας τεχνήμονα, πυκνὰ δὲ σείων
εἰς χρόνον ἀμφελέλιζε, καὶ εἵρετο πολλάκι κούρην·
" Τίς θεὸς ἔντεα ταῦτα, τίς οὐρανίη κάμε τέχνη;
τίς κάμε; καὶ γὰρ ἄπιστον ἔχω νόον, ὅττι τελίσσει 320
ζηλομανὴς Ἥφαιστος Ἀδώνιδι τεύχεα θήρης."
Εἶπεν ἀκηλήτοιο παραπλάζων φρένα κούρης.
καί ποτε πεπταμένων ἀνεμωνίδος ὑφόθι φύλλων
νήδυμον ὕπνον ἴαυεν· ὅναρ δέ οἱ ἔπλετο κούρη
εἴματι νυμφιδίῳ πεπυκασμένη. ἀντίτυπον γὰρ 325
ἔργον, ὅ περ τελέει τις ἐν ἤματι, νυκτὶ δοκεύει·
βουκόλος ὑπνώων κεραοὺς βόας εἰς νομὸν ἕλκει·
δίκτυα θηρητῆρι φαείνεται ὄψις ὀνείρου·
γειοπόνοι δ' εὖδοντες ἀροτρεύουσιν ἀρούρας,
αὔλακα δὲ σπείρουσι φερέσταχυν· ἁζαλέῃ δὲ 330
ἄνδρα μεσημβρίζοντα κατάσχετον αἴθοπι δίψῃ
εἰς ῥόον, εἰς ἀμάρην ἀπατήλιος ὕπνος ἐλαύνει.
οὕτω καὶ Διόνυσος, ἔχων ἰνδάλματα μόχθων,
μιμηλῷ πτερόεντα νόον πόμπευεν ὀνείρῳ,

[1] So mss.: Ludwich *ἐπείρραφεν*.

---

[a] Dionysos is using the well-worn parallel of woman and field, man and plowman, or plow, but Beroë is too innocent to understand (314). Half the things he says are charged with a double meaning: Aphrodite's harvest-home (300) would be marriage, or perhaps the birth of a child, the

wages will be two apples and one bunch of grapes of one vintage."[a]

313 All this he said in vain; the girl answered nothing, for she understood nothing of the mad lover's long speech.

315 But Eiraphiotes[b] thought of trick after trick. He took the hunting-net from Beroë's hands and pretended to admire the clever work, shaking it round and round for some time and asking the girl many questions—"What god made this gear, what heavenly art? Who made it? Indeed I cannot believe that Hephaistos mad with jealousy made hunting-gear for Adonis!"

322 So he tried to bewilder the wits of the girl who would not be so charmed. Once it happened that he lay sound asleep on a bed of anemone leaves; and he saw the girl in a dream decked out in bridal array. For what a man does in the day, the image of that he sees in the night; the herdsman sleeping takes his horned cattle to pasture; the huntsman sees nets in the vision of a dream; men who work on the land plow the fields in sleep and sow the furrow with corn; a man parched at midday and possessed with fiery thirst is driven by deceiving sleep to a river, to a channel of water. So Dionysos also beheld the likeness of his troubles, and let his mind go flying in mimic dreams

"planter of the Foamborn" a successful lover (304), and the trees and grapes have an obvious sexual allusion. Finally, the proposed wages (311-312) contain another pun; μῆλα is properly apples, but can mean a woman's breasts, and a bunch of grapes is what one gathers at vintage, but to "gather the vintage" of a woman is to enjoy her favours, *cf.* Ar. *Peace* 1338-1339.

[b] The meaning of the epithet is unknown: but Nonnos connects it with ῥάπτειν "to stitch" in ix. 23, which suggested the conjecture ἐπέρραφεν here for ἐπέφραδεν from vii. 152.

καὶ σκιεροῖσι γάμοισιν ὁμίλεεν. ἐγρόμενος δὲ
παρθένον οὐκ ἐκίχησε, καὶ ἤθελεν αὖτις ἰαύειν·
καὶ κενεὴν ἐκόμισσε μινυθαδίης χάριν εὐνῆς,
εὖδων ἐν πετάλοισι ταχυφθιμένης ἀνεμώνης.
μέμφετο δ' ἀφθόγγων πετάλων χύσιν·
ἀχνύμενος δὲ
Ὕπνον ὁμοῦ καὶ Ἔρωτα καὶ ἑσπερίην Ἀφροδίτην
τὴν αὐτὴν ἱκέτευεν ἰδεῖν πάλιν ὄφιν ὀνείρου,
φάσμα γάμου ποθέων ἀπατήλιον. ἄγχι δὲ μύρτου
πολλάκι Βάκχος ἴαυε, καὶ οὐ γαμίου τύχεν ὕπνου.
ἀλλὰ πόνον γλυκὺν εἶχε, ποθοβλήτῳ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
λυσιμελὴς Διόνυσος ἐλύετο γυῖα μερίμνῃ.

Καὶ Βερόης γενετῆρι συνέμπορος, υἱέι Μύρρης,
θηροσύνην ἀνέφηνεν· ἀκοντιστῆρι δὲ θύρσῳ
στικτὰ νεοσφαγέων ὑπεδύσατο δέρματα νεβρῶν,
λάθριος εἰς Βερόην δεδοκημένος· ἱσταμένου δὲ
παρθένος ἄστατον ὄμμα φυλασσομένη Διονύσου
φάρεϊ μαρμαίρουσαν ἑὴν ἔκρυψε παρειήν.
καὶ πλέον ἔφλεγε Βάκχον, ὅτι δρηστῆρες Ἐρώτων
αἰδομένας ἔτι μᾶλλον ὀπιπεύουσι γυναῖκας,
καὶ πλέον ἱμείρουσι καλυπτομένοιο προσώπου.

Καί ποτε μουνωθεῖσαν Ἀδώνιδος ἄζυγα κούρην
ἀθρήσας σχεδὸν ἦλθε, καὶ ἀνδρομέης ἀπὸ μορφῆς
εἶδος ἑὸν μετάμειψε, καὶ ὡς θεὸς ἵστατο κούρῃ·
καί οἱ ἑὸν γένος εἶπε καὶ οὔνομα,
καὶ φόνον Ἰνδῶν,
καὶ χορὸν ἀμπελόεντα, καὶ ἡδυπότου χύσιν οἴνου,
ὅττί μιν ἀνδράσιν εὗρε· φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
θάρσος ἀναιδείῃ κεράσας ἀλλότριον αἰδοῦς
τοίην ποικιλόμυθον ὑποσσαίνων φάτο φωνήν·
" Παρθένε, σὸν δι' ἔρωτα καὶ οὐρανὸν οὐκέτι ναίω·
σῶν πατέρων σπήλυγγες ἀρείονές εἰσιν Ὀλύμπου.

until he was joined to her in a wedding of shadow. He awoke—and found no maiden, and wished once again to slumber: he carried away the empty largess of that short embrace, as he slept on the leaves of the anemone which perishes so soon. He reproached the dumb leaves there spread; and sorrowfully prayed to Sleep and Love and Aphrodite of the evening,[a] all at once, to let him see the same vision of a dream once more, longing for the deceptive phantom of an embrace. Bacchos often slept near the myrtle[b] and never dreamt of marriage. But sweet pain he did feel; and limb-relaxing Dionysos found his own limbs relaxed by lovestricken cares.

346 In company with Beroë's father, the son of Myrrha, he showed his hunting-skill. He cast his thyrsus, and wrapt himself in the dappled skins of the newslain fawns, ever with his eye secretly on Beroë; as he stood, the maiden covered her bright cheeks with her robe, to escape the wandering eye of Dionysos. She made him burn all the more, since the servants of love watch shamefast women more closely, and desire more strongly the covered countenance.

355 Once he caught sight of the unyoked girl of Adonis alone, and came near, and changed his human form and stood as a god before her. He told her his name and family, the slaughter of the Indians, how he found out for man the vine-dance and the sweet juice of wine to drink; then in loving passion he mingled audacity with a boldness far from modesty, and his flattering voice uttered this ingratiating speech:

363 "Maiden, for your love I have even renounced my home in heaven. The caves of your fathers are

[a] Venus, the evening star.
[b] As being Aphrodite's plant.

πατρίδα σὴν φιλέω πλέον αἰθέρος· οὐ μενεαίνω
σκῆπτρα Διὸς γενετῆρος, ὅσον Βερόης ὑμεναίους·
ἀμβροσίης σέο κάλλος ὑπέρτερον· αἰθερίου δὲ
νέκταρος εὐόδμοιο τεοὶ πνείουσι χιτῶνες.
παρθένε, θάμβος ἔχω σέο μητέρα Κύπριν ἀκούων,
ὅττί σε κεστὸς ἔλειπεν ἀθελγέα· πῶς δὲ σὺ μούνη
σύγγονον εἶχες Ἔρωτα
καὶ οὐ μάθες οἶστρον Ἐρώτων;
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις γλαυκῶπιν ἀπειρήτην ὑμεναίων·
νόσφι γάμου βλάστησε καὶ οὐ γάμον οἶδεν Ἀθήνη·
οὔ σε τέκε γλαυκῶπις ἡ Ἄρτεμις. ἀλλὰ σύ, κούρη,
Κύπριδος αἷμα φέρουσα τί Κύπριδος ὄργια φεύγεις;
μὴ γένος αἰσχύνῃς μητρώιον· Ἀσσυρίου δὲ
εἰ ἐτεὸν χαρίεντος Ἀδώνιδος αἷμα κομίζεις,
ἁβρὰ τελεσσιγάμοιο διδάσκεο θεσμὰ τοκῆος,
καὶ Παφίης ζωστῆρι συνήλικι πείθεο κεστῷ,
καὶ γαμίων πεφύλαξο δυσάντεα μῆνιν Ἐρώτων·
νηλέες εἰσὶν Ἔρωτες, ὅτε χρέος, ὁππότε ποινὴν
ἀπρήκτου φιλότητος ἀπαιτίζουσι γυναῖκας·
οἶσθα γάρ, ὡς πυρόεσσαν ἀτιμήσασα Κυθήρην
μισθὸν ἀγηνορίης φιλοπάρθενος ὤπασε[1] Σύριγξ,
ὅττι φυτὸν γεγαυῖα νόθῃ δονακώδεϊ μορφῇ
ἔκφυγε Πανὸς ἔρωτα, πόθους δ' ἔτι Παινὸς ἀείδει·
καὶ θυγάτηρ Λάδωνος, ἀειδομένου ποταμοῖο,
ἔργα γάμων στυγέουσα δέμας δενδρώσατο Νύμφη,
ἔμπνοα συρίζουσα, καὶ ὀμφήεντι κορύμβῳ
Φοίβου λέκτρα φυγοῦσα κόμην ἐστέψατο Φοίβου.
καὶ σὺ χόλον δασπλῆτα φυλάσσεο, μή σε χαλέψῃ
θερμὸς Ἔρως βαρύμηνις· ἀφειδήσασα δὲ μίτρης

[1] So mss.: Ludwich ὤχμασε.

better than Olympos. I love your country more than the sky; I desire not the sceptre of my Father Zeus as much as Beroë for my wife. Your beauty is above ambrosia; indeed, heavenly nectar breathes fragrant from your dress! Maiden, when I hear that your mother is Cypris, my only wonder is that her cestus has left you uncharmed. How is it you alone have Love for a brother, and yet know not the sting of love? But you will say Brighteyes had nothing to do with marriage; Athena was born without wedlock and knows nothing of wedlock. Yes, but your mother was neither Brighteyes nor Artemis. Well, girl, you have the blood of Cypris—then why do you flee from the secrets of Cypris? Do not shame your mother's race. If you really have in you the blood of Assyrian Adonis the charming, learn the tender rules of your sire whose blessing is upon marriage, obey the cestus girdle born with the Paphian, save yourself from the dangerous wrath of the bridal Loves! Harsh are the Loves when there's need, when they exact from women the penalty for love unfulfilled.

383 "For you know how Syrinx[a] disregarded fiery Cythera, and what price she paid for her too-great pride and love for virginity; how she turned into a plant with reedy growth substituted for her own, when she had fled from Pan's love, and how she still sings Pan's desire! And how the daughter of Ladon,[b] that celebrated river, hated the works of marriage and the nymph became a tree with inspired whispers, she escaped the bed of Phoibos but she crowned his hair with prophetic clusters. You too should beware of a god's horrid anger, lest hot Love should afflict you in heavy wrath. Spare not your

[a] *Cf.* ii. 118. [b] Daphne, *cf.* ii. 108.

διπλόον ἄμφεπε Βάκχον ὀπάονα καὶ παρακοίτην·
καὶ λίνα σοῖο τοκῆος Ἀδώνιδος αὐτὸς ἀείρων
λέκτρον ἐγὼ στορέσοιμι κασιγνήτης Ἀφροδίτης.
ποῖά σοι ἐννοσίγαιος ἐπάξια δῶρα κομίσσει;
ἦ ῥά σοι ἔδνα γάμοιο λελέξεται ἁλμυρὸν ὕδωρ,
καὶ στορέσει πνείοντα δυσώδεα πόντιον ὀδμὴν
δέρματα φωκάων, Ποσιδήια πέπλα θαλάσσης;
δέρματα φωκάων μὴ δέχνυσο· σεῖο δὲ παστῷ
Βάκχας ἀμφιπόλους, Σατύρους θεράποντας ὀπάσσω·
δέξό μοι ἔδνα γάμοιο καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην·
εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις δόρυ θοῦρον Ἀδώνιδος οἷά τε κούρη,
θύρσον ἔχεις ἐμὸν ἔγχος· ἔα γλωχῖνα τριαίνης.
φεῦγε, φίλη, κακὸν ἦχον ἀσιγήτοιο θαλάσσης,
φεῦγε δυσαντήτων Ποσιδήιον οἶστρον Ἐρώτων.
ἄλλη Ἀμυμώνη παρελέξατο κυανοχαίτης,
ἀλλὰ γυνὴ μετὰ λέκτρον ὁμώνυμος ἔπλετο πηγῇ·
καὶ Σκύλλῃ παρίαυε καὶ εἰναλίην θέτο πέτρην·
Ἀστερίῃ δ' ἐδίωκε, καὶ ἔπλετο νῆσος ἐρήμη·
παρθενικὴν δ' Εὔβοιαν ἐνερρίζωσε θαλάσσῃ.
οὗτος Ἀμυμώνην μνηστεύεται, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴν
λαΐνέην τελέσῃ μετὰ δέμνιον· οὗτος ὀπάσσει
ἔδνον ἑὧν θαλάμων ὀλίγον ῥόον ἢ βρύον ἅλμης
ἢ βυθίην τινὰ κόχλον. ἐγὼ δέ σοι εἵνεκα μορφῆς
ἴσταμαι ἀσχαλόων, τίνα σοι, τίνα δῶρα κομίσσω·
οὐ χατέει χρυσοῖο τέκος χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης.
ἀλλά σοι ἐξ Ἀλύβης κειμήλια πολλὰ κομίσσω·
ἄργυρον ἀργυρόπηχυς ἀναίνεται. εἰς σὲ κομίσσω
δῶρα διαστίλβοντα φερανγέος Ἠριδανοῖο·
Ἡλιάδων δ' ὅλον ὅλβον ἐπαισχύνει σέο μορφὴ

---

[a] See xli. 11.

[b] A rationalization; usually she is a devouring monster, but this was often explained away as a dangerous rock.

girdle, but attend Bacchos both as comrade and bedfellow. I myself will carry the nets of your father Adonis, I will lay the bed of my sister Aphrodite.

396 "What worthy gifts will Earthshaker bring? Will he choose his salt water for a bridegift, and lay sealskins breathing the filthy stink of the deep, as Poseidon's coverlets from the sea? Do not accept his sealskins. I will provide you with Bacchants to wait upon your bridechamber, and Satyrs for your chamberlains. Accept from me as bridegift my grape-vintage too. If you want a wild spear also as daughter of Adonis, you have my thyrsus for a lance —away with the trident's tooth! Flee, my dear, from the ugly noise of the neversilent sea, flee the madness of Poseidon's dangerous love! Seabluehair lay beside another Amymone,[a] but after the bed the wife became a spring of that name. He slept with Scylla, and made her a cliff in the water.[b] He pursued Asterië,[c] and she became a desert island; Euboia[d] the maiden he rooted in the sea. This creature woos Amymone just to turn her too into stone after the bed; this creature offers as gift for his wedding a drop of water, or seaweed from the brine, or a deepsea conch. And I, distressed for your beauty as I stand here, what have I for you, what gifts shall I offer? The daughter of golden Aphrodite needs no gold. Shall I bring you heaps of treasure from Alybe? Silverarm cares not for silver! Shall I bring you gleaming gifts from brilliant Eridanos? Your beauty, your blushing whiteness,

[c] See ii. 125.

[d] The nymph after whom the island was mythically named, being named originally Macris (Long Island). Only Nonnos mentions her as Poseidon's love, and the identification of her with the actual rock of the island is apparently his own.

λευκὸν ἐρευθιόωσα, βολαῖς δ' ἀντίρροπος Ἠοῦς
εἴκελος ἠλέκτρῳ Βερόης ἀμαρύσσεται αὐχήν . . .
καὶ λίθον ἀστράπτοντα· τεοῦ χροὸς εἶδος ἐλέγχει
μάρμαρα τιμήεντα· μὴ εἴκελον αἴθοπι λύχνῳ
λυχνίδα σοι κομίσοιμι, σέλας πέμπουσιν ὀπωπαί·
μὴ καλύκων ῥοδόεντος ἀναΐσσοντα κορύμβου
σοὶ ῥόδα δῶρα φέροιμι, ῥοδώπιδές εἰσι παρειαί."
Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε· καὶ οὔατος ἔνδοθι κούρη
χεῖρας ἐρεισαμένη διδύμας ἔφραξεν ἀκουάς,
μὴ πάλιν ἄλλον Ἔρωτι μεμηλότα μῦθον ἀκούσῃ,
ἔργα γάμου στυγέουσα· ποθοβλήτῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
μόχθῳ μόχθον ἔμιξε. τί κύντερόν ἐστιν Ἐρώτων,
ἢ ὅτε θυμοβόροιο πόθου λυσσώδεϊ κέντρῳ
ἀνέρας ἰμείροντας ἀλυσκάζουσι γυναῖκες
καὶ πλέον οἶστρον ἄγουσι σαόφρονες;
ἐνδόμυχος δὲ
διπλόος ἐστὶν ἔρως, ὅτε παρθένος ἀνέρα φεύγει.
Ὣς ὁ μὲν οἰστρήεντι πόθου μαστίζετο κεντῷ·
παρθενικῆς δ' ἀπέμιμνεν· ἀμιτροχίτωνι δὲ κούρῃ
σύνδρομον ἀγρώσσοντα νόον πόμπευεν ἀλήτην,
κέντρον ἔχων γλυκύπικρον.
ἀνεσσύμενος δὲ θαλάσσης,
ἴκμια διψαλέοιο δι' οὔρεος ἴχνια πάλλων,
παρθενικὴν μάστευε Ποσειδάων μετανάστης,
ἄβροχον ὑδατόεντι περιρραίνων χθόνα ταρσῷ·
καί οἱ ἔτι σπεύδοντι παρὰ κλέτας εὔβοτον ὕλης
οὔρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο παλμῷ . . .
εἰς Βερόην σκοπίαζε, καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς ἄχρι καρήνου
κούρης ἰσταμένης διεμέτρεεν ἔνθεον ἦβην·
ὀξὺ δὲ λεπταλέοιο δι' εἵματος οἷα κατόπτρῳ
ὄμμασιν ἁπλανέεσσι τύπον τεκμαίρετο κούρης,
οἷά τε γυμνωθέντα παρακλιδὸν ἄκρα δοκεύων

puts to shame all the wealth of the Heliades ; the neck of Beroë is like the gleams of Dawn, it shines like amber, [outshines] a sparkling jewel ; your fair shape makes precious marble cheap. I would not bring you the lampstone blazing like a lamp, for light comes from your eyes. I would not give you roses, shooting up from the flowercups of a rosy cluster, for roses are in your cheeks."

429 Such was his address ; and the girl pressed the fingers of her two hands into her ears to keep the words away from her hearing, lest she might hear again another speech concerned with love, and she hated the works of marriage. So she made trouble upon trouble for lovestricken Lyaios. What is more shameless than love, or when women avoid men who yearn with the heart-eating maddening urge of desire, and only make them more passionate by their modesty ? The love within them is doubled when a maiden flees from a man.

438 So he was flogged by the maddening cestus of desire ; and he kept away from the girl, but full of bittersweet pangs, he sent his mind to wander a-hunting with the girl with ungirt tunic. Then out from the sea came Poseidon, moving his wet footsteps in search of the girl over the thirsty hills, a foreign land to him, and sprinkling the unwatered earth with watery foot ; and as he hasted along the fertile slope of the woodland, the topmost peaks of the mountains shook under the movement. . . . He espied Beroë, and from head to foot he scanned her divine young freshness while she stood. Clear through the filmy robe he noted the shape of the girl with steady eyes, as if in a mirror ; glancing from side to side he saw the shining skin of her breasts as if naked, and cursed

στήθεα μαρμαίροντα, πολυπλεκέεσσι δὲ δεσμοῖς
μαζῶν κρυπτομένων φθονερὴν ἐπεμέμφετο μίτρην,
δινεύων ἑλικηδὸν ἐρωμανὲς ὄμμα προσώπου,
παπταίνων ἀκόρητος ὅλον δίμας· οἰστρομανὴς δὲ
εἰναλίην Κυθέρειαν ἁλὸς μεδέων ἐνοσίχθων
μοχθίζων ἱκέτευε, καὶ ἀγραύλῳ παρὰ ποίμῃ
παρθένον ἱσταμένην φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·

" Ἑλλάδα καλλιγύναικα γυνὴ μία πᾶσαν ἐλέγχει·
οὐ Πάφος, οὐκέτι Λέσβος ἀείδεται, οὐκέτι Κύπρου
οὔνομα καλλιτόκοιο φατίζεται· οὐκέτι μέλφω
Νάξον ἀειδομένην εὐπάρθενον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
εἰς τόκον, εἰς ὠδῖνας ἐνικήθη Λακεδαίμων·
οὐ Πάφος, οὐκέτι Λέσβος, Ἀμυμώνης δὲ τιθήνη
ἀντολίη σύλησεν ὅλον κλέος Ὀρχομενοῖο,
μούνην ἀμφιέπουσα μίαν Χάριν· ὁπλοτέρη γὰρ
τρισσάων Χαρίτων Βερόη βλάστησε τετάρτη.
παρθένε, κάλλιπε γαῖαν, ὃ περ θέμις· οὐ σέο μήτηρ
ἐκ χθονὸς ἐβλάστησεν, ἁλὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη·
πόντον ἔχεις ἐμὸν ἕδνον ἀτέρμονα, μείζονα γαίης·
σπεῦσον ἐριδμαίνειν ἁλόχῳ Διός, ὁππά τις εἴπῃ,
ὅττι δάμαρ Κρονίδαο καὶ εὐνέτις ἐνοσιγαίου
πάντοθι κοιρανέουσιν, ἐπεὶ νιφόεντος Ὀλύμπου
Ἥρη σκῆπτρον ἔχει, Βερόη κράτος ἔσχε θαλάσσης.
οὔ σοι Βασσαρίδας μανιώπεας ἐγγυαλίξω,
οὐ Σάτυρον σκαίροντα καὶ οὐ Σειληνὸν ὀπάσσω·
ἀλλὰ τελεσσιγάμοιο τεῆς θαλαμηπόλον εὐνῆς
Πρωτέα σοι καὶ Γλαῦκον ὑποδρηστῆρα τελέσσω·
δέχνυσο καὶ Νηρῆα καί, ἢν ἐθέλῃς, Μελικέρτην·
καὶ πλατὺν ἀενάου μιτρούμενον ἄντυγι κόσμου
Ὠκεανὸν κελάδοντα τεὸν θεράποντα καλέσσω·

the jealous bodice wrapt about in many folds which hid the bosom, he ran his lovemaddened eye round and round over her face, he gazed never satisfied on her whole body. Then mad with passion Earthshaker lord of the brine appealed in his trouble to Cythereia of the brine, and tried with flattering words to make friends with the maiden standing beside the country flock :

459 " One woman outshines all the lovely women of Hellas ! Paphos is celebrated no longer, nor Lesbos, Cyprus no longer has a name as mother of beauty ; no longer will I sing Naxos which the singers call isle of fair maids ; yes, even Lacedaimon is worsted for children and childbirth ! No more Paphos, no more Lesbos—the land of the rising sun, Amymone's nurse, has plundered all the glory of Orchomenos, for one single Grace of her own ! For Beroë has appeared a fourth grace, younger than the three !

468 " Maiden, leave the land. That is just, for your mother grew not from the land, she is Aphrodite daughter of the brine. Here is my infinite sea for your bridegift, larger than earth. Hasten to challenge the consort of Zeus, that men may say that the lady of Cronides and the wife of Earthshaker hold universal rule, since Hera has the sceptre of snowy Olympos, Beroë has gotten the empire of the sea. I will not provide you with mad-eyed Bassarids, I will give you no dancing Satyr and no Seilenos, but I will make Proteus chamberlain of your marriage-consummating bed, and Glaucos shall be your underling—take Nereus too, and Melicertes if you like ; and I will call murmuring Oceanos your servant, broad Oceanos girdling the rim of the eternal

σοὶ ποταμοὺς ξύμπαντας ὀπάονας ἔδνον ὀπάσσω.
εἰ δὲ καὶ ἀμφιπόλοις ἐπιτέρπεαι, εἰς σὲ κομίσσω
θυγατέρας Νηρῆος· ἀναινομένη δὲ γενέσθω
μαῖα Διωνύσοιο τεὴ θαλαμηπόλος Ἰνώ."
Ἔννεπε· χωομένην δὲ λιπὼν δυσπειθέα κούρην
ἠέρι μῦθον ἔειπε χέων ἀνεμώδεα φωνήν·
"Μύρρης ὄλβιε κοῦρε, λαχὼν εὔπαιδα γενέθλην
τιμὴν μοῦνος ἔχεις διδυμάονα· μοῦνος ἀκούεις
καὶ γενέτης Βερόης καὶ νυμφίος ἀφρογενείης."
Τοῖα μὲν ἐννοσίγαιος ἰμάσσετο κέντορι κεστῷ·
πολλὰ δὲ δῶρα τίταινεν Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ,
κούρης ἔδνον ἔρωτος. ὁμοφλέκτῳ δὲ βελέμνῳ
ὅλβον ἄγων Διόνυσος, ὅσον παρὰ γείτονι Γάγγῃ
χρυσοφαεῖς ὠδῖνες ἐμαιώσαντο μετάλλων,
πολλὰ μάτην ἱκέτευε θαλασσαίην Ἀφροδίτην.
Καὶ Παφίη δεδόνητο, πολυμνήστοιο δὲ κούρης
ἀμφοτέρους μνηστῆρας ἐδείδιεν· ἀμφοτέρων δὲ
ἰσοτύπων ὁρόωσα πόθον καὶ ζῆλον Ἐρώτων
Ἄρεϊ νυμφιδίῳ Βερόης κήρυξεν ἀγῶνα
καὶ γάμον αἰχμητῆρα καὶ ἱμερόεσσαν Ἐνυώ.
καί μιν ὅλην πυκάσασα γυναικείῳ τινὶ κόσμῳ
Κύπρις ἐπ' ἀκροπόληος ἑῆς ἱδρύσατο πάτρης
παρθένον ἀμφήριστον ἀέθλιον ἄβρὸν Ἐρώτων·
ἀμφοτέροις δὲ θεοῖσι μίαν ξυνώσατο φωνήν·
"Ἤθελον, εἰ δύο παῖδας ἐγὼ λάχον, ὄφρα συνάψω
τὴν μὲν ὀφειλομένην ἐνοσίχθονι, τὴν δὲ Λυαίῳ·
ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ οὐ γενόμην διδυμητόκος, οὐδὲ κελεύει
θεσμὰ γάμων ἄχραντα μίαν ξυνήονα κούρην

world. I give you as a bridal gift all the rivers together for your attendants. If you are pleased to have waitingmaids also, I will bring you the daughters of Nereus; and let Ino the nurse of Dionysos be your chambermaid, whether she likes it or not!"

486 Thus he pleaded, but the maiden was angry and would not listen; so he left her, pouring out his last words into the air—

488 "Happy son of Myrrha, you have got a fine daughter, and now a double honour is yours alone; you alone are named father of Beroë and bridegroom of the Foamborn."

491 Thus Earthshaker was flogged by the blows of the cestus; but he offered many gifts to Adonis and Cythereia, bridegifts for the love of their daughter. Dionysos burning with the same shaft brought his treasures, all the shining gold that the mines near the Ganges had brought forth in their throes of labour; earnestly but in vain he made his petition to Aphrodite of the sea.

497 Now Paphia was anxious, for she feared both wooers of her muchwooed girl. When she saw equal desire and ardour of love in both, she announced that the rivals must fight for the bride, a war for a wedding, a battle for love. Cypris arrayed her daughter in all a woman's finery, and placed her upon the fortress of her country, a maiden to be fought for as the dainty prize of contest. Then she addressed both gods in the same words:

506 "I could wish had I two daughters, to wed one as is justly due to Earthshaker, and one to Lyaios; but since my child was not twins, and the undefiled laws of marriage do not allow us to join one girl to a

ζεῦξαι διχθαδίοισιν ἀμοιβαίοις παρακοίταις,
ἀμφὶ μιῆς ἀλόχοιο μόθος νυμφοστόλος ἔστω·
οὐ γὰρ ἄτερ καμάτου Βερόης λέχος· ἀμφὶ δὲ νύμφης
ἄμφω ἀεθλεύσοιτε γάμου προκέλευθον ἀγῶνα·
ὃς δέ κε νικήσει, Βερόην ἀνάεδνον ἀγέσθω . . .
ἀμφοτέροις φίλος ὅρκος· ἐπεὶ περιδείδια κούρης
γείτονος ἀμφὶ πόληος, ὅπῃ πολιοῦχος ἀκούω,
πατρίδα μὴ Βερόης Βερόης διὰ κάλλος ἀλέσσω·
συνθεσίας πρὸ γάμοιο τελέσσατε, μὴ μετὰ χάρμην
πόντιος ἐννοσίγαιος ἀτεμβόμενος περὶ νίκης
γαῖαν ἀιστώσειεν ἑῆς γλωχῖνι τριαίνης,
μὴ κοτέων Διόνυσος Ἀμυμώνης περὶ λέκτρων
ἄστεος ἀμπελόεσσαν ἀμαλδύνειεν ἀλωήν.
εὐμενέες δὲ γένεσθε μετὰ κλόνον· ἀμφότεροι δὲ
φίλτρου ζῆλον ἔχοντες ὁμοφροσύνης ἐνὶ θεσμῷ
κάλλεϊ φαιδροτέρῳ κοσμήσατε πατρίδα νύμφης."

Ὣς φαμένης μνηστῆρες ἐπῄνεον· ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
ἔμπεδος ὅρκος ἔην Κρονίδης καὶ Γαῖα καὶ Λίθὴρ
καὶ Στύγιαι ῥαθάμιγγες· ἐπιστώσαντο δὲ Μοῖραι
συνθεσίας· καὶ Δῆρις ἀέξετο πομπὸς Ἐρώτων
καὶ Κλόνος·

ἀμφοτέρους δὲ γαμοστόλος ὦπλισε Πειθώ.
οὐρανόθεν δὲ μολόντες ὀπιπευτῆρες ἀγῶνος
σὺν Διὶ πάντες ἔμιμνον, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
μάρτυρες ὑσμίνης Λιβαηίδος ὑψόθι πέτρης.
Ἔνθα φάνη μέγα σῆμα ποθοβλήτῳ Διονύσῳ·
κίρκος ἀελλήεις χαλάσας πτερὸν ἔγκυον αὔρης
βοσκομένην ἐδίωκε πελειάδα· τὴν δέ τις ἄφνω
ἐκ χθονὸς ἁρπάξας ἁλιαίετος εἰς βυθὸν ἔπτη,
φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσι μετάρσιον ὄρνιν ἀείρων.

pair of husbands together change and change about, let battle be chamberlain for one single bride, for without hard labour there is no marriage with Beroë. Then if you would wed the maid, first fight it out together; let the winner lead away Beroë without brideprice. Both must agree to an oath, since I fear for the girl's neighbouring city where I am known as Cityholder, that because of Beroë's beauty I may lose Beroë's home. Make treaty before the marriage, that seagod Earthshaker if he lose the victory shall not in his grief lay waste the land with his trident's tooth; and that Dionysos shall not be angry about Amymone's wedding and destroy the vineyards [a] of the city. And you must be friends after the battle: both be rivals in singlehearted affection, and in one contract of goodwill adorn the city of the bride with still more brilliant beauty."

526 The wooers agreed to this proposal. Both took a binding oath, by Cronides and Earth, by Sky and the floods of Styx; and the Fates formally witnessed the bargain. Then Strife grew greater to escort the Loves, and Turmoil also; Persuasion the handmaid of marriage, armed them both. From heaven came all the dwellers on Olympos, with Zeus, and stayed to watch the combat upon the rocks of Lebanon.

534 Then appeared a great portent for lovestricken Dionysos. A stormswift falcon was in chase of a feeding pigeon; he drooped his breeze-impregnated wings,[b] when suddenly an osprey caught up the pigeon from the ground and flew to the deep, holding

[a] How there came to be any so early as that Nonnos does not explain.

[b] *i.e.* he was just dropping on the pigeon, when the eagle came under with a swoop sideways and caught it.

καί μιν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἀπέπτυεν ἐλπίδα νίκης·
ἔμπης δ' εἰς μόθον ἦλθεν.
ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρων δὲ κυδοιμῷ
ὄμματι μειδιόωντι πατὴρ κεχάρητο Κρονίων,
δῆριν ἀδελφειοῖο καὶ υἱέος ὕψι δοκεύων.

the bird high in gentle talons. When Dionysos beheld this, he cast away hope of victory; nevertheless he entered the fray. Father Cronion was pleased with the contest of these two, as he watched from on high the match between his brother and his son with smiling eye.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΤΡΙΤΟΝ

Δίζεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔτι τρίτον, ὀππόθι μέλπω
Ἄρεα κυματόεντα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν Ἐνυώ.

Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἐγρεκύδοιμος Ἄρης, ὀχετηγὸς Ἐρώτων,
νυμφιδίης ἀλάλαζε μίχης θαλαμηπόλον ἠχώ,
καὶ γαμίου πολέμοιο θεμείλια πῆξεν Ἐνυώ·
καὶ κλόνον αἰθύσσων ἐνοσίχθονι καὶ Διονύσῳ
θοῦρος ἦην Ὑμέναιος, ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ χορεύων
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἄειρεν Ἀμυκλαίης Ἀφροδίτης,
Ἄρεος ἁρμονίην Φρυγίῳ μυκώμενος αὐλῷ.
καὶ Σατύρων βασιλῆι καὶ ἡνιοχῆι θαλάσσης
παρθένος ἦεν ἄεθλον· ἀναινομένη δὲ σιωπῇ
εἰναλίου μνηστῆρος ἔχειν μετανάστιον αὐτὴν
ὑγρὸν ὑποβρυχίων ἐπεδείδιε παστὸν Ἐρώτων,
καὶ πλέον ἤθελε Βάκχον· ἕικτο δὲ Δηιανείρῃ,
ἣ ποτε νυμφιδίοιο περιβρομέοντος ἀγῶνος
ἤθελεν Ἡρακλῆα, καὶ ἀσταθέος ποταμοῖο
ἵστατο δειμαίνουσα βοοκραίρους ὑμεναίους.

Καὶ δρόμον αὐτοκέλευστον ἔχων ἑλικώδεϊ ῥόμβῳ
ἀνέφελος σάλπιζε μέλος πολεμήιον αἰθήρ·
καὶ βλοσυρὸν μύκημα χέων λυσσώδεϊ λαιμῷ
Ἀσσυρίῳ τριόδοντι κορύσσετο κυανοχαίτης,
σείων πόντιον ἔγχος. ἀπειλήσας δὲ θαλάσσῃ

BOOK XLIII

Look again at the forty-third, in which I sing a war of the waters and a battle of the vine.

So battlestirring Ares, who leads the channel for Love, shouted the warcry to prepare for the bridal combat. Enyo laid the foundations of the war for a wedding : and lusty Hymenaios was he that kindled the quarrel for Earthshaker and Dionysos—he danced into the battle, holding the bronze pike of Amyclaian Aphrodite,[a] while he drooned a tune of war on a Phrygian hoboy. For King of Satyrs and Ruler of the Sea, a maiden was the prize. She stood silent, but reluctant to have a foreign wedding with a wooer from the sea ; she feared the watery bower of love in the deep waves, and preferred Bacchos : she was like Deïaneira, who once in that noisy strife for a bride preferred Heracles, and stood there fearing the wedding with a fickle bullhorn River.[b]

16 Heaven unclouded by its own spinning whirl trumpeted a call to war ; and Seabluehair armed himself with his Assyrian trident, shaking his maritime pike and pouring a hideous din from a mad throat. Dionysos threatening the sea danced into

[a] The Armed Aphrodite ; " Amyclaian " loosely for Spartan.

[b] An allusion to Sophocles, *Trach.* 9-27, *cf. ibid.* 503-530.

εἰς ἑνοπὴν Διόνυσος ἐκώμασεν οἴνοπι θύρσῳ,
μητρὸς ὀρεσσινόμοιο καθήμενος ἅρματι Ῥείης·
καί τις ἀεξομένη παρὰ Μυγδόνος ἄντυγα δίφρου
ἄμπελος αὐτοτέλεστος ὅλον δέμας ἔσκεπε Βάκχου,
βόστρυχα μιτρώσασα κατάσκια σύζυγι κισσῷ·
καί τις ὑπὸ ζυγόδεσμα περίπλοκον αὐχένα σείων
θηγαλέῳ χθονὸς ἄκρα λέων ἐχαράξατο ταρσῷ,
τρηχαλέον μύκημα σεσηρότι χείλεϊ πέμπων·
καὶ βραδὺς ἑρπύζων ἐλέφας παρὰ γείτονι πηγῇ,
ὄρθιον ἀγνάμπτοιο ποδὸς στήριγμα κολάψας,
ὄμβριον ἀζαλέοισιν ἀνήφυσε χείλεσιν ὕδωρ,
καὶ προχοὰς ξήραινε· κονιομένων δὲ ῥοάων
πηγαίην ἀχίτωνα μετήγαγε διψάδα Νύμφην.
Καὶ θεὸς ὑγρομέδων ἐκορύσσετο· Νηρεΐδων δὲ
ἦν κλόνος· ἰκμαλέοι δὲ θαλασσαίων ἀπὸ νώτων
δαίμονες ἐστρατόωντο· ταναπτόρθοις δὲ κορύμβοις
δῶμα Ποσειδάωνος ἰμάσσετο, πόντιον ὕδωρ·
καὶ χθονίου λοφόεντος ἀρασσομένου κενεῶνος
ἠμερίδες Λιβάνοιο μετοχλίζοιντο τριαίνῃ.
καί τινα βοσκομένην μελανόχροον ἐγγύθι πόντου
εἰς βοέην ἀγέλην Ποσιδήιον ἅλματι λάβρῳ
θυιάδες ἐρρώοντο· ταινυλήιοιο δὲ ταύρου
ἡ μὲν ἐφαπτομένη ῥάχιν ἔσχισεν, ἡ δὲ μετώπου
διχθαδίης ἀτίνακτα διέθλασεν ἄκρα κεραίης·
καί τις ἀλοιητῆρι διέτμαγε γαστέρα θύρσῳ·
ἄλλη πλευρὸν ἔτεμνεν ὅλον βοός· ἡμιθανὴς δὲ
ὕπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ὑπώκλασε ταῦρος ἀρούρῃ·
καὶ βοὸς ἀρτιτόμοιο κυλινδομένοιο κονίῃ
ἡ μὲν ὀπισθιδίους πόδας ἔσπασεν, ἡ δὲ λαβοῦσα
προσθιδίους ἐρύεσκε, πολυστροφάλιγγι δὲ ῥιπῇ
ὄρθιον ἐσφαίρωσεν ἐς ἠέρα δίζυγα χηλήν.
Καὶ στρατιῆς Διόνυσος ἐκόσμεεν ἡγεμονῆας,

the fray with vineleaves and thyrsus, seated in the chariot of his mother mountainranging Rheia ; and round the rim of the Mygdonian car was a vine self-grown, which covered the whole body of Bacchos, and girdled its overshadowing clusters under entwined ivy. A lion shaking his neck entwined under the yokestrap scratched the earth's surface with sharp claw, as he let out a harsh roar from snarling lips. An elephant slowly advanced to a spring hard by, striking straight into the ground his firm unbending leg, lapped the rainwater with parched lips and dried up the stream ; and as the waters became bare earth, he drove elsewhere the Nymph of the spring thirsty and uncovered.

34 Meanwhile, the lord of the waters prepared for conflict. There was confusion among the Nereïds ; the deities of the waters came from the stretches of the sea to form array. Poseidon's house, the water of the sea, was flogged with long bunches of leaves ; the caverns of the mountains were shaken by the trident, and the vines of Lebanon were rooted up. With wild leaps the Thyiades threw themselves upon a herd of black cattle of Poseidon's, feeding near the sea. One with a touch cut through the back of a glaring bull, another sheared off from its forehead the two stiff projecting horns, one pierced the belly with destroying thyrsus, another slit the whole side of the creature : halfdead the bull sank down and rolled helpless on his back on the ground—as he rolled in the dust with these fresh wounds, one pulled off his hind legs, one tugged at the forefeet, and threw up the two hooves tumbling over and over straight up in the air.

52 Then Dionysos mustered his captains, and made

στήσας πέντε φάλαγγας ἐς ὑδατόεσσαν Ἐννώ.
τῆς πρώτης στιχὸς ἦρχε Κίλιξ εὐάμπελος Οἰνεύς
υἱὸς Ἐρευθαλίωνος, ὃν ἤρσεν ἐγγύθι Ταύρου
Φυλλίδος ἀγραύλοισιν ὁμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις·
τῆς δ' ἑτέρης ἡγεῖτο μελαγχαίτης Ἐλικάων
ξανθοφυὴς ῥοδέῃσι παρηίσιν, ἀμφὶ δὲ δειρῇ
πλοχμὸς ἑυστροφάλιγγος ἕλιξ ὑπεσύρετο χαίτης·
Οἰνοπίων τριτάτης, Στάφυλος προμάχιζε τετάρτης,
Οἰνομάου δύο τέκνα, φιλακρήτοιο τοκῆος·
πέμπτης δ' ἡγεμόευε Μελάνθιος, ὄρχαμος Ἰνδῶν,
ὃν τέκεν Οἰνώνη Κισσηιάς, ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρῳ
φυταλιῆς πλέξασα θυώδεος ἄκρα πετήλων
σπάργανα βοτρυόεντα πέριξ εἱλίξατο μήτηρ,
νιέα χυτλώσασα μέθης ἐγκύμονι ληνῷ.
τοίη κισσοφόροισιν ὀιστεύουσα βελέμνοις
σύνδρομος ἀμπελόεντι φάλαγξ ἐκορύσσετο Βάκχῳ.
καὶ στρατιὴν θώρηξε χέων λιασσόον ἠχώ·
" Βασσαρίδες, μάρνασθε· κορυσσομένου δὲ Λυαίου
αὐλὸς ἐμὸς κεράεις πολεμήιον ἦχον ἀράσσων
ἀντίτυπον φθέγξαιτο μέλος μυκήτορι κόχλῳ,
καὶ διδύμοις πατάγοισι μόθου χαλκόθροον ἠχὼ
τύμπανα δουπήσειεν· Ἐναλίῳ δὲ χορεύων
Γλαῦκον ὀιστεύσειε Μάρων ῥηξήνορι θύρσῳ·
καὶ πλοκάμους Πρωτῆος ἀήθεϊ δήσατε κισσῷ,
καὶ Φαρίου πόντοιο λιπὼν Λιγύπτιον ὕδωρ,
νεβρίδα ποικιλόνωτον ἔχων μετὰ δέρματα φώκης,
αὐχένα κυρτώσειεν ἐμοὶ θρασύν· εἰ δύναται δέ,
Σειληνῷ μεθύοντι κορυσσέσθω Μελικέρτης·
καὶ ναέτην Τμώλοιο μετὰ βρυόεντας ἐναύλους
γηραλέον Φόρκυνα διδάξατε θύρσον ἀείρειν,
ἀμπελόεις δὲ γένοιτο γέρων χερσαῖος ἁλιεύς·
καὶ Σάτυρος μενέχαρμος ἐὸν νάρθηκα τινάσσων

five divisions for the watery conflict. The first line was led by him of the vine, Cilician Oineus, son of Ereuthalion, whom he begat near the Tauros of Phyllis, in the open air. The second was led by blackhair Helicaon, a blond man with rosy cheeks, and long curls of hair hanging down over his neck. Oinopion led the third, Staphylos stood before the fourth, two sons of a tippling sire, Oinomaos; Melantheus was captain of the fifth, an Indian chief and the son of Oinone the Ivy-nymph: his mother had wrapt her boy in leafy tips of the sweet-smelling vine for swaddlings, and bathed her son in the wine-press teeming with strong drink. Such was the host armed with missiles of ivy which followed Bacchos the vinegod; and when he had armed them, Bacchos called to the host in stirring tones:

70 "Fight, Bassarids! When Lyaios is under arms, let my pipes of horn strike up a warlike tune, answering the booming sound of the conch, let the cymbals of bronze beat a loud noise with double clashings. Let Maron dancing in battle shoot Glaucos with manbreaking thyrsus. Go, tie up the hair of Proteus with ivy, something new for him! Let him leave the Egyptian water of the Pharian Sea, and change his sealskins for a speckled fawnskin, and bow his bold neck to me. Let Melicertes fight against drunken Seilenos, if he can. Teach old Phorcys to leave the seaweedy deeps and dwell in Tmolos holding a thyrsus, and let the old man become a vinegrower on land. Let the Satyr stand fast and brandish his fennel, and with

διψαλέον Νηρῆα μεταστήσειε θαλάσσης
ἀγραύλοις παλάμῃσι· καὶ ἀρτιφύτων ἀπὸ κήπων
βόστρυχα μιτρώσασθε Παλαίμονος οἴνοπι δεσμῷ,
καί μιν ὑποδρήσσοιντα μετ' Ἰσθμιάδος βυθὸν ἅλμης
πόντιον ἡνιοχῆα κομίσσατε μητέρι Ῥείῃ,
εἰναλίῃ μάστιγι κυβερνητῆρα λεόντων·
οὐ γὰρ ἐμὸν κατὰ πόντον ἀνεψιὸν εἰσέτ' ἐάσσω.[3]
ἀθρήσω δὲ φάλαγγα δορικτήτοιο θαλάσσης
νεβρίδι κοσμηθεῖσαν· ἀπειρήτῃσι δὲ Νύμφαις
κύμβαλα Νηρεΐδεσσιν ὀπάσσατε· μίξατε Βάκχαις
Ὑδριάδας· Θέτιδος δέ, καὶ εἰ γένος ἐστὶ θαλάσσης,
μούνης ξεινοδόκοιο φυλάξατε δῶμα θεαίνης·
Λευκοθέης δ' ἀπέδιλα συνάψατε ταρσὰ κοθόρνοις·
χερσαίῃ δὲ φανεῖσα συνέμπορος Εὐάδι Βάκχῃ
Δωρὶς ἀερτάζειεν ἐμὴν θιασώδεα πεύκην·
καὶ βυθίη Πανόπεια τινaξαμένη βρύον ἅλμης
βόστρυχα μιτρώσειεν ἐχιδνήεντι κορύμβῳ·
Εἰδοθέη δ' ἀέκουσα περίκροτα ῥόπτρα δεχέσθω·
καὶ πόθον ἶσον ἔχουσαν ἐρωμανέοντι καὶ αὐτῷ
τίς νέμεσις Γαλάτειαν ὑποδρήσσειν Διονύσῳ,
ἔδνον Ἀμυμώνης θαλαμηπόλον ὄφρα τελέσσῃ
ἱστοπόνῳ παλάμῃ Λιβαινηΐδι πέπλον ἀνάσσῃ;
ἀλλὰ γένος Νηρῆος ἐάσατε· ποντοπόρους γὰρ
δμωΐδας οὐκ ἐθέλω, Βερόῃ μὴ ζῆλον ἐγείρω.
καὶ κομόων γλωχῖνι τανυπτόρθοιο μετώπου
Πὰν ἐμὸς οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀτευχέι χειρὶ πιέζων
θηγαλέῃ πλήξειε Ποσειδάωνα κεραίῃ,
στέρνου μεσσατίοιο τυχὼν εὐκαμπέσιν αἰχμαῖς
ἢ σκοπέλῳ λοφόεντι, διαρρήξειε δὲ χηλαῖς
δισσοφυῆ Τρίτωνος ὁμόζυγα κύκλον ἀκάνθης.
Γλαῦκος ἁλιβρέκτοιο διάκτορος ἐννοσιγαίου
Βάκχῳ ὑποδρήσσειε, περίκροτα χερσὶν ἀείρων

his countryman's hands transport thirsty Nereus out of the sea; enwreath Palaimon's hair with bonds of vine from newly planted gardens, and bring that charioteer of the sea from the depths of the Isthmian brine to be a servant for Mother Rheia and to guide her lions with his whip, for I will no longer leave my cousin in the deep: I will behold the host of the spearconquered sea decked out in the fawnskin. Give cymbals to the inexperienced Nereïd Nymphs, mingle Hydriads with Bacchants—spare only the hospitable house of goddess Thetis, although she is one of the seabrood. Fit the unshod feet of Leucothea in buskins; let Doris appear on dry land and lift my mystic torch along with the revelling Bacchants; let Panopeia shake off the seaweed of the deep and wreathe her locks in clustering vipers; let Eidothea unwilling receive the rattling tambourine. What harm is there that Galateia should be servant to Dionysos, when she has a passion like his own mad love, that her hands may make a woven robe as a gift for the wedding pomp of Amymone the queen of Lebanon?—No, leave alone the family of Nereus; for I want no handmaids from the sea, or Beroë might be jealous.

109 "Let Pan my old mountainranger, proud with the longbranching points on his forehead, press Poseidon with unarmed hand and butt him with sharp horn, strike him full in the chest with those curving prongs, or with a rocky stone, let him break with his hooves the ring of Triton's backbone where his two natures join. Let Glaucos the attendant of brinesoaken Earthshaker be servant to Bacchos, and lift in his hands the rattling cymbals of Rheia

[1] So MSS.: Ludwich εἰσέτι νάσσω.

αὐχενίῳ τελαμῶνι παρήορα τύμπανα Ῥείης.
οὐ μούνης Βερόης περιμάρναμαι, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῆς
νύμφης ἡμετέρης περὶ πατρίδος· οὔ μιν ἀράξας
ἱσταμένην ἀτίνακτον ἀλὸς μεδέων ἐνοσίχθων,
εἰναλίην περ ἐοῦσαν, ἀμαλδύνειε τριαίνῃ,
ὅττι κορυσσομένῳ θωρήξομαι· ἀμφότερον γάρ,
εἰ λάχε γείτονα πόντον, ἔχει φυτὰ μυρία Βάκχου,
νίκης ἡμετέρης σημήιον· ἀγχιάλου γὰρ . . .
ἀλλὰ παλαιοτέρην μετὰ Παλλάδα μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ
Κέκροψ ἄλλος ἵκοιτο δικασπόλος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴ
ἄμπελος ἀείδοιτο φερέπτολις, ὥς περ ἐλαίη.
καὶ πόλιος τελέσας ἕτερον τύπον οὔ μιν ἐάσω
ἐγγὺς ἁλός, κραναὰς δὲ ταμὼν νάρθηκι κολώνας
γείτονα Βηρυτοῖο γεφυρώσω βυθὸν ἅλμης,
χερσώσας σκοπέλοισιν ἁλὸς πετρούμενον ὕδωρ·
τρηχαλέη δὲ κέλευθος ἰσάζεται ὀξέι θύρσῳ.
ἀλλὰ πάλιν μάρνασθε, Μιμαλλόνες, ἠθάδι νίκῃ
θαρσαλέαι· κταμένων δὲ νεόρρυτον αἷμα Γιγάντων
νεβρὶς ἐμὴ μεθέπουσα μελαίνεται· εἰσέτι δ' αὐτὴ
ἀντολίη τρομέει με, καὶ εἰς πέδον αὐχένα κάμπτει
Ἰνδὸς Ἄρης, Βρομίῳ δὲ λιτήσια δάκρυα λείβων
δάκρυα κυματόεντα γέρων ἔφριξεν Ὑδάσπης.
καὶ διερὴν μετὰ δῆριν ἔχων Λιβαντίδα νύμφην
ἓν γέρας ἱμείροντι χαρίζομαι ἐννοσιγαίῳ·
ἢν ἐθέλῃ, μέλψειεν ἐμῶν ὑμέναιον Ἐρώτων,
μοῦνον ἐμῇ Βερόῃ μὴ δόχμιον ὄμμα τανύσσῃ."

Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξεν· ἀπειλητῆρι δὲ μύθῳ
κερτομέων Διόνυσον ἀμείβετο κυανοχαίτης·

" Λιδόμενος, Διόνυσε, κορύσσομαι, ὅττι τριαίνης

---

* *i.e.* as King Cecrops decided in favour of Athena when

which hang by a strap beside his neck. Not for Beroë alone I fight, but for the native city of my bride. Earthshaker must not strike it, but it must stand unshaken, although it lies in the sea and he is lord of the sea—he must not destroy it with his trident because I will face him in arms : it is as much one as the other—if the sea is its neighbour, it has ten thousand plants of mine, a sign of my victory ; for close to the shore [are my vineyards]. But as for Pallas of old, so for the appeal of Bacchos, may a new Cecrops come as umpire, that the vine may be celebrated as citysustainer, like the olive.[a] Then I will make the city of another shape : I will not leave it near the sea, but I will cut off rugged hills with my fennel and dam up the deep brine beside Berytos, making the water dry land and stony with rocks, and the rough road is smoothed by the sharp thyrsus.

133 " Come, fight again, Mimallones, confident in your constant victory—my fawnskin is red with the newly-shed blood of slain Giants,[b] the very east still trembles before me, Indian Ares bows his neck to the ground, old Hydaspes shivers, and sheds tears of supplication, tears like his own flood ! When I have won my bride of Lebanon after the battle in the sea, I grant one boon to Earthshaker the lover. If he will, he may sing a song at my wedding, only let him not look askance at my Beroë."

143 So spoke Dionysos ; and Seabluehair replied in threatening tones and mocked at him :

145 " I am ashamed to confront you, Dionysos,

she and Poseidon strove for Attica, so let someone in authority decide that Berytos belongs to Dionysos and not Poseidon.

[b] Some confusion on Nonnos's part; the victory over the Giants is not till book xlviii.

ἤρισας αἰχμητῆρι φυγὼν βουπλῆγα Λυκούργου·
δεῦρο, Θέτις, σκοπίαζε· τεὸς Διόνυσος ἀλύξας
καλὰ φιλοξείνῳ ζωάγρια δῶκε θαλάσσῃ·
οὐκ ἄγαμαί ποτε τοῦτο, σελασφόρε·
μητροφόνου γὰρ
ἐκ πυρὸς ἐβλάστησας, ὅθεν πυρὸς ἄξια ῥίζεις.
ἀλλά, φίλοι Τρίτωνες, ἀρήξατε, δήσατε Βάκχας
ποντοπόρους τελέσαντες· ὀρεσσαύλου δὲ φορῆος
τύμπανα Σεληναῖο κατακλύζοιτο θαλάσσῃ,
κύματι συρομένοιο, καὶ οἰδαίνοντι ῥεέθρῳ
νηχομένου Σατύροιο φιλεύιος αὐλὸς ἀλάσθω
εἰς πλόον αὐτοέλικτον· ἐν εὐύδρῳ δὲ μελάθρῳ
Βασσαρίδες στορέσειαν ἐμὸν λέχος ἀντὶ Λυαίου.
οὐ χατέω Σατύρων, οὐ Μαινάδας εἰς βυθὸν ἕλκω·
Νηρεῖδες γεγάασιν ἀριστονες· ἀλλὰ θαλάσσῃ
διψαλέαι κρύπτοιντο Μιμαλλόνες, οἰνοχύτου δὲ
ἀντὶ μέθης πιέτωσαν ἐμῆς ἁλὸς ἁλμυρὸν ὕδωρ·
καί τις ἐλαυνομένη διερῇ Πρωτῆος ἀκωκῇ
Βασσαρὶς αὐτοκύλιστος ὀλισθήσειε θαλάσσῃ,
ὀρχηθμὸν θανάτοιο κυβιστήσασα Λυαίῳ.
Αἰθιόπων δὲ φάλαγγας ἐρύσσατε καὶ στίχας Ἰνδῶν,
ληίδα Νηρεΐδεσσι, κακογλώσσοιο δὲ νύμφης
Δωρίδι δούλια τέκνα κομίσσατε Κασσιεπείης,
ποινὴν ὀψιτέλεστον· ἁμαιμακέτῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
Ὠκεανὸς πυρόεντα λελουμένον ἀστέρα Μαίρης,
ληναίης προκέλευθον ἀκοιμήτοιο χορείης,
Σείριον ἀμπελόεντα μεταστήσειεν Ὀλύμπου.
ἀλλὰ σύ, Λύδιε Βάκχε, χερείονα θύρσον ἐάσας
δίζεό σοι βέλος ἄλλο, καὶ αἰόλα δέρματα νεβρῶν
κάτθεο, σῶν μελέων ὀλίγον σκέπας· οὐρανίου δὲ
εἴ σε Διὸς γαμίη μαιώσατο νυμφιδίη φλόξ,
ἄρτι πυρὶ πτολέμιζε, πυριτρεφές, ἄρτι κεραυνῷ

because you want to fight the swinger of the trident, when you fled from Lycurgos's poleaxe ! Look here, Thetis ! Here is a fine return for life and safety that your fugitive Dionysos gives to the hospitable sea ! I am not surprised, Torchbearer : fire killed your mother when you were born, so you act like the fire.

149 " Up, my dear Tritons, help—tie up the Bacchants and make them seafarers ! May the cymbals that mountainharboured Seilenos holds be swallowed up in the sea, may the wave drag him along, may the Satyr float on the swelling flood and his Euian pipe toss on the rolling water ; may Bassarids lay the bed for me instead of Lyaios in my watery hall.—Nay, I want no Satyrs, I drag no Mainads to the deep : Nereïds are better. But let the Mimallones quench their thirst in the sea and drown there ; instead of flowing draughts of wine let them drink my salt water. Let many a Bassarid driven by the wet pike of Proteus drift and toss aimlessly on the sea, tripping the dance of death for Lyaios. Drag down companies of Ethiopians and ranks of Indians as spoil for the Nereïds ; bring the daughters of nymph Cassiepeia,[a] that tongue of evil, as slaves for Doris in tardy expiation. Let Oceanos banish viny Seirios from Olympos, the leader of that unresting dance in the winepress, and bathe in his resistless flood the fiery star of Maira.

172 " And you, Lydian Bacchos, leave your miserable thyrsus and seek you another weapon ; put off your speckled fawnskins, the scanty covering of your limbs. If in that marriage the wooing flame of Zeus was your midwife, now fight with fire, O fireborn ! now

[a] See xxv. 135.

πατρῴῳ προμάχιζε κυβερνητῆρι τριαίνης,
καὶ στεροπὴν κούφιζε καὶ αἰγίδα πάλλε τοκῆος·
οὐ γὰρ Δηριάδης σε μένει πρόμος, οὐ Λυκοόργου
οὗτος ἀγών, Ἀράβων ὀλίγος μόθος, ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης
τοσσατίης. τρομέων δὲ καὶ εἰσέτι πόντιον αἰχμὴν
οὐρανὸς ἡμετέρην βυθίην δεδάηκεν Ἐνυώ·
καὶ πρόμος ὑψικέλευθος ἐμῆς τριόδοντος ἀκωκῆς
πειρήθη Φαέθων, ὅτε δύσμαχος ἀμφὶ Κορίνθου
εἰς μόθον ἀστερόεντα κορύσσετο πόντιος Ἄρης·
ὑψώθη δὲ θάλασσα κατ' αἰθέρος, Ὠκεανῷ δὲ
λούετο διψὰς Ἄμαξα, καὶ ὕδασι γείτονος ἅλμης
βάψας θερμὰ γένεια Κύων ἐψύχετο Μαίρης,
καὶ βυθίων κενεῶνες ἀνυψώθησαν ἐναύλων
κύματα πυργώσαντες, ἱμασσομένοιο δὲ πόντου
οὐρανίῳ Δελφῖνι θαλάσσιος ἥντετο δελφίς."
Ὣς εἰπὼν τριόδοντι μυχοὺς ἐτίναξε θαλάσσης,
καὶ ῥοθίῳ κελάδοντι καὶ οἰδαίνοντι ῥεέθρῳ
ἠέρα μαστίζοντες ἐβόμβεον ὕδατος ὁλκοί.
καὶ διεροῖς σακέεσσιν ἐθωρήχθη στρατὸς ἅλμης·
καὶ βυθίου Κρονίωνος ἁλιβρέκτῳ παρὰ φάτνῃ
ἐγχείην ἐλέλιζεν ὑποβρυχίην Μελικέρτης,
ζεύξας Ἴσθμιον ἅρμα, καὶ ὑγροπόρου βασιλῆος
ἔγχος ἁλικνήμιδι παρῃώρησεν ἀπήνῃ,
τριχθαδίῃ γλωχῖνι θαλάσσια νῶτα χαράσσων,
ζεύξας Ἴσθμιον ἅρμα· καὶ ἱππείῳ χρεμετισμῷ
Ἰνδῴων κελάδημα συνεπλατάγησε λεόντων.
καὶ δρόμον ὑγρὸν ἔλαυνε· τιταινομένοιο δὲ δίφρου
ἄκρον ὕδωρ ἀδίαντος ἐπέγραφεν ἅβροχος ὁπλή.
Τρίτων δ' εὐρυγένειος ἐπέκτυπε θυιάδι χάρμῃ,

---

[a] The constellation Canis, which contains Seirios (the Dogstar). For its story, see xlvii. 246 ff.

battle with the thunderbolt of your father against the helmsman of the trident, hurl the lightning and wield your father's aegis. No champion Deriades faces you now : this is no contest with Lycurgos, no little Arabian fight, but your adversary is the sea so mighty. Heaven still trembles at my spear of the deep, Heaven knows what a battle with the sea is like. Champion Phaëthon too in his celestial course felt the point of my trident, when the deep waged formidable war in that starry battle for Corinth. The sea rose to the sky, the thirsty wain bathed in the Ocean, Maira's dog[a] found salt water at hand to bathe in and cooled his hot chin ; the deep bottom of the waters was uplifted in towering waves, the dolphin of the sea met the dolphin of the sky[b] amid the lashing surges ! "

192 As he spoke, he shook with his trident the secret places of the sea, roaring surf and swelling flood flogged the sky with booming torrents of water. The army of the brine took up their wet shields. Under the water beside the brinesoaked manger of Cronion, Melicertes shook the spear of the deep, and yoked the Isthmian team ; he slung to the side of the seaborne car the spear of the seafaring king, and scored the back of the water with its triple prong—he yoked the Isthmian team, and the roar of Indian lions resounded along with the neighing of the horses.

203 He drove his watery course ; as the car sped, the hoof unwetted, unmoistened, scored only the surface. The broadbearded Triton sounded his note for

[b] The constellation of that name. Poseidon, besides his contest with Athena for Athens, had a more successful one against Helios for the Isthmus of Corinth.

ὃς διδύμοις μελέεσσιν ἔχει βροτοειδέα μορφὴν
ἀλλοφυῆ, χλοάουσαν, ἀπ' ἰξίος ἄχρι καρήνου
ἡμιτελής· διερῆς δὲ παρήορος ἰξύος ὁλκῷ
δίπτυχος ἰχθυόεντι τύπῳ περικάμπτεται οὐρή.
καὶ διερῇ μάστιγι, θαλασσαίῃ παρὰ φάτνῃ
ζεύξας ὠκυπόρῳ πεφορημένον ἅρμα θυέλλῃ,
Γλαῦκος ἀνιπτοπόδων λοφιὴν ἐπεμάστιεν ἵππων
καὶ Σατύρους ἐδίωκεν. ἁλιρροίζῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Πὰν κεράεις, ἀβάτοισιν ἐν ὕδασι κοῦφος ὁδίτης,
ἄβροχος αἰγείῃσιν ἀνακρούων ἄλα χηλαῖς,
ἄστατος ἐσκίρτησε, καλαύροπι πόντον ἀράσσων,
πηκτίδι συρίζων πολέμου μέλος· ἐν ῥοθίοις δὲ
μιμηλὴν αἴων ἀνεμώλιον εἰκόνα φωνῆς
ποσσὶν ὀρεσσινόμοισι διέτρεχε πόντιον ὕδωρ,
μαστεύων κτύπον ἄλλον· ὑπηνέμιος δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
τικτομένη σύριγγι διώκετο ποντιὰς ἠχώ.
ἄλλος ἐυκρήπιδα λόφον νησαῖον ἑλίξας
ῥῖψεν ἐφ' Ὑδριάδεσσιν, ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα δὲ πέτρη
Νηρεΐδων ἐτίναξε Παλαίμονος ἔμβρυον αὐλήν.
Πρωτεὺς δ' Ἴσθμιον οἶδμα λιπὼν
Παλληνίδος ἅλμης
εἰναλίῳ θώρηκι κορύσσετο, δέρματι φώκης·
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν στεφανηδὸν ἐπέρρεον αἴθοπες Ἰνδοὶ
Βάκχου κεκλομένοιο, καὶ οὐλοκόμων στίχες ἀνδρῶν
φωκάων πολύμορφον ἐπηχύναντο νομῆα.
σφιγγομένου δὲ γέροντος ἔην ἑτερόχροος εἰκών·
Πρωτεὺς γὰρ μελέεσσι τύπον μιμηλὸν ὑφαίνων
πόρδαλις αἰολόνωτος ἐὴν ἐστίξατο μορφήν·
καὶ φυτὸν αὐτοτέλεστον ἐπὶ χθονὸς ὄρθιον ἔστη
δενδρώσας ἑὰ γυῖα, τινασσομένων δὲ πετήλων
ψευδαλέον ψιθύρισμα Βορειάδι σύρισεν αὔρῃ·
καὶ γραπταῖς φολίδεσσι κεκασμένα νῶτα χαράξας

the mad battle—he has limbs of two kinds, a human shape and a different body, green, from loins to head, half of him, but hanging from his trailing wet loins a curving fishtail, forked. So Glaucos yoked beside their manger in the sea the team that travels in the swift gale, and as they galloped along dryfoot he touched up the necks of the horses with dripping whip, and chased the Satyrs. In the loud sea-tumult horned Pan, lightly treading upon the untrodden waters and splashing up the brine with his goats-hooves himself unwetted, skipt about quickly beating the sea with his crook and whistling the tune of war on his pipes; then hearing on the waves the shadow of a counterfeit sound carried by the wind, he ran all over the sea with his hillranging feet seeking the other sounds—and so the sea-echo produced by his pipes in the wind was hunted itself. Some one else tore up a firmbased island cliff and threw it at the Hydriads—the rock missed the Nereïds and shook the hall of Palaimon among the seaweed.

225 Proteus left the flood of the Isthmian sea of Pallene, and armed him in a cuirass of the brine, the sealskin. Round him in a ring rushed the swarthy Indians at the summons of Bacchos, and crowds of the woollyheaded men embraced the shepherd of the seals in his various forms. For in their grasp the Old Man Proteus took on changing shapes, weaving his limbs into many mimic images. He spotted his body into a dappleback panther. He made his limbs a tree, and stood straight up on the earth a selfgrown spire, shaking his leaves and whistling a counterfeit whisper to the North Wind. He scored his back well with painted scales and crawled as a serpent;

εἶρπε δράκων, μεσάτου δὲ πιεζομένου κενεῶνος
σπεῖραν ἀνηώρησεν, ὑπ' ὀρχηστῆρι δὲ παλμῷ
ἄκρα τιταινομένης ἐλελίζετο κυκλάδος οὐρῆς,
καὶ κεφαλὴν ὤρθωσεν, ἀποπτύων δὲ γενείων
ἰὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα κεχηνότι σύρισε λαιμῷ·
καὶ δέμας ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἔχων σκιοειδέι μορφῇ
φρῖξε λέων, σύτο κάπρος, ὕδωρ ῥέε·
καὶ χορὸς Ἰνδῶν
ὑγρὸν ἀπειλητῆρι ῥόον σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ
χερσὶν ὀλισθηρῇσιν ἔχων ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ·
κερδαλέος δὲ γέρων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀμείβων
εἶχε Περικλυμένοιο πολύτροπα δαίδαλα μορφῆς,
ὃν κτάμεν Ἡρακλέης, ὅτε δάκτυλα δισσὰ συνάφας
ψευδαλέον μίμημα νόθης ἔθρασε μελίσσης.
χερσαίην δὲ γέροντος ἐκυκλώσαντο πορείην
πώεα κητώεντα, φιλοφαμάθοιο δὲ φώκης
οἰγομένῳ βαρύδουπον ὕδωρ ἐπεπάφλασε λαιμῷ.
Θυγατέρων δὲ φάλαγγα φιλεύιον εἰς μόθον ἕλκων
ἔγχεϊ κυματόεντι γέρων ὡπλίζετο Νηρεύς,
ποντοπόρῳ τριόδοντι καταθρῴσκων ἐλεφάντων,
δεινὸς ἰδεῖν· πολλαὶ δὲ παρ' ἠόνα γείτονες ὄχθαι
εἰναλίῃ Νηρῆος ἐδοχμώθησαν ἀκωκῇ.
Νηρεΐδων δὲ γένεθλα συνεκρούσαντο τοκῆι
ὑσμίνης ἀλάλαγμα· καὶ εἰς μόθον ὑψόθι πόντου
ἡμιφανὴς ἀπέδιλος ἐβακχεύθη χορὸς ἅλμης.
καὶ Σατύρων ἀσίδηρος ἐπαΐσσουσα κυδοιμῷ
ἀρχαίην ἐπὶ λύσσαν ἀνέδραμεν ἅστατος Ἰνώ,
λευκὸν ἐρευγομένη μανιώδεος ἀφρὸν ὑπήνης.
καὶ βλοσυρὴ Πανόπεια διαΐσσουσα γαλήνης
γλαυκὰ θαλασσαίης ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα λεαίνης·
καὶ ῥόπαλον δυσέρωτος ἀειρομένη Πολυφήμου
εἰναλίη Γαλάτεια κορύσσετο λυσσάδι Βάκχῃ·

he rose in coils squeezing his belly, and with a dancing throb of his curling tail's tip he twirled about, lifted his head and spat hissing from gaping throat and grinning jaws a shooting shower of poison. So from one shadowy shape to another in changeling form he bristled as a lion, charged as a boar, flowed as water —the Indian company clutched the wet flood in threatening grasp, but found the pretended water slipping through their hands. So the crafty Old Man changed into many and varied shapes, as many as the varied shapes of Periclymenos,[a] whom Heracles slew when between two fingers he crushed the counterfeit shape of a bastard bee. Flocks of sea-monsters ringed round the Old Man on his expedition to dry land, water splashed with a heavy roar from the open mouths of the sand-loving seals.

253 Ancient Nereus armed himself with a watery spear, and led his regiment of daughters into the Euian struggle. With sea-traversing trident he leapt at the elephants, terrible to behold: many a neighbouring cliff along the shore toppled sideways under the seapike of Nereus. The tribes of Nereïds sounded for their sire the cry of battle-triumph: unshod, half hidden in the brine, the company rushed raging to combat over the sea. Restless Ino speeding unarmed into strife with the Satyrs, fell again into her old madness spitting white foam from her maddened lips. Terrible Panopeia also shot through the quiet water flogging the greeny back of a sealioness. Galateia too the sea-nymph lifting the club of her lovesick Polyphemos[b] attacked a wild

[a] A son of Neleus and brother of Nestor, to whom Poseidon gave power to take all manner of shapes. For Heracles' war with Neleus's sons, see *Il.* xi. 690.

[b] *Cf.* xl. 555.

κουφίζων δ' ἀτίνακτον ἁλιτρεφέων ἐπὶ νώτων
πομπίλος ἠέρταζε δι' ὕδατος ἄβροχον Ἱδῶ.
ὡς δέ τις ἱππεύων ἐλατὴρ ὑπὸ κυκλάδι τέχνῃ,
δοχμώσας ὅλον ἵππον ἀριστερὸν ἐγγύθι νύσσης,
δεξιτερὸν κάμψειε, παριεμένοιο χαλινοῦ
κέντρῳ ἐπισπέρχων, προχέων πλήξιππον ἀπειλήν,
ὀκλάζων ἐπίκυρτος, ἐπ' ἄντυγι γούνατα πήξας
ἰξύι καμπτομένῃ, καὶ ἑκούσιον ἵππον ἐλαύνων
φειδομένῃ παλάμῃ τεχνήμονι βαιὸν ἱμάσσει,
ὄμμα βαλὼν κατόπισθε, περιλεκομένου δὲ προσώπου
δίφρον ὀπισθοπόροιο φυλάσσεται ἡνιοχῆος·
ὡς τότε Νηρεΐδες διερὴν περὶ νίσσαν ἀγῶνος
ἰχθύας ὠκυπόροισιν ἑοικότας ἤλασαν ἵπποις.
ἄλλη δ' ἀντικέλευθον ἀλίδρομον εἶχε πορείην
ἡνίοχος δελφῖνος ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης,
νώτῳ δ' ἰχθυόεντι καθιππεύουσα γαλήνης
ὑγρομανῆ δρόμον εἶχε· μανὶς δέ τις ὑγρὸς ὁδίτης
μεσσοφαὴς δελφῖνις ὁμόζυγας ἔσχισε δελφίς.

Καὶ ποταμοὶ κελάδησαν ἐς ὑσμίνην Διονύσου
θαρσύνοντες ἄνακτα, καὶ ἀενάων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ὑδατόεν μύκημα κεχηνότος Ὠκεανοῖο
ἄγγελος ὑσμίνης Ποσειδήιος ἔβρεμε σάλπιγξ·
καὶ πελάγη κυρτοῦτο συναιχμάζοντα τριαίνῃ·
Ἰκαρίῳ Μυρτῷος ἐπέτρεχεν, ἀγχιφανὴς δὲ
Ἑσπερίῳ Σαρδῷος, Ἴβηρ ἐπεσύρετο Κελτῷ
οἰδαίνων πελάγεσσι, καὶ ἠθάδι δίζυγι πόντῳ
Βόσπορος ἀστήρικτος ἐμίγνυε καμπύλον ὕδωρ,
Αἰγαίου δὲ ῥέεθρα συναθύσσοντες ἀέλλῃ
Ἰονίης κενεῶνες ἐμαστίζοντο θαλάσσης
συζυγέες, Σικελὴς δὲ παρὰ σφυρὰ θυιάδος ἅλμης
κύμασι πυργωθεῖσα συνέκτυπεν Ἀδριὰς ἅλμη
ἀγχινεφής· καὶ κόχλον ἐλὼν ὑπὸ Σύρτιος ὕδωρ

Bacchant. Eido rode unshaken, unwetted, over the water mounted on the back of a seabred pilot fish.

270 As a driver in the circus rounding the post with skill, turns about the near horse to hug the post and lets the off horse follow along on a slackened rein, goading him on and yelling horse-lashing threats—he stoops and crouches, resting his knees on the rail, and leans to the side: as he drives a willing horse with the sparing hand of a master, and a little touch of the whip, as he turns his face casting an eye behind while he watches the car of the driver behind—so then the Nereïds drove their fishes like swift-moving horses about the watery goal of their contest. Another opposite handling her reins on a dolphin's back peeped out over the water, and moved on her seaborne course as she rode down the quiet sea on the fish in a wild race over the waters; then the mad dolphin travelling in the sea half-visible cut through his fellow-dolphins.

286 The Rivers came roaring into the battle with Dionysos, encouraging their lord, and Oceanos gaped a watery bellow from his everflowing throat while Poseidon's trumpet sounded to tell of the coming strife; the deeps rounded into a swell rallying to the Trident. Myrtoan hurried up to Icarian, Sardinian came near Hesperian, Iberian with swelling waves rolled along to Celtic; Bosporos never still mingled his curving stream with both his familiar seas; the deeps of the Ionian Sea rolling with the stormwind beat together upon the streams of Aegean, and the wild Adriatic brine rose high as the clouds and in towering waves beat on the feet of the raging Sicilian. Libyan Nereus caught up his conch under the water by Syrtis,

εἰναλίῃ σάλπιγγι Λίβυς μυκήσατο Νηρεύς·
καί τις ἀναΐξας ῥοθίων χερσαῖος ὁδίτης
εἰς σκοπιὴν πόδα λαιὸν ἐρείσατο, δεξιτερῷ δὲ
οὔρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα ταμὼν ἐνοσίχθονι ταρσῷ
Μαινάδος ἀψαύστοιο κατηκόιτιζε καρήνου·
καὶ βυθίῳ τριόδοιτι καταιχμάζων Διονύσου
ἅλμασι μητρῴοισιν ἐβακχεύθη Μελικέρτης.
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγες
ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῷ,
ὧν ἡ μὲν δονέουσα μετήλιδα βότρυν ἐθείρης
εἰς μόθον ὑδατόεντα κορύσσετο φοιτάδι λύσσῃ,
ἄστατος οἰστρηθεῖσα ποδῶν βητάρμονι παλμῷ·
ἡ δὲ Σάμου Θρήισσαν ὑπὸ σπήλυγγα Καβείρων
νασσαμένη Λιβάνοιο παρεσκίρτησεν ἐρίπνῃ,
βάρβαρον αἰθύσσουσα μέλος Κορυβαντίδος ἠχοῦς·
ἄλλη ἀπὸ Τμώλοιο λεχωΐδος ὕψι λεαίνης
ἄρσενα μιτρώσασα κόμην ὀφιώδεϊ δεσμῷ,
Μαιονὶς ἀκρήδεμνος ὑπερβυχᾶτο Μιμαλλών,
καὶ ποδὸς ἴχνος ἔπηξε μετήορον ὑψόθεν ὄχθης,
μιμηλαῖς γενύεσσιν ὑπαφριόωσα θαλάσσῃ.
Σειληνοὶ δὲ Κίλισσαν ἀναβλύζοιντες ἐέρσῃ
Μυγδονίων ἐλατῆρες ἐθωρήσσοντο λεόντων,
καὶ βυθίῳ καναχηδὸν ἐπισκιρτῶντες ὁμίλῳ
ἀμπελόεν παλάμῃσιν ἀνέσχεθον ἔριος Ἐνυοῦς,
καὶ παλάμας τανύσαντο λεοντείην ἐπὶ δειρὴν
δραξάμενοι πλοκαμῖδος, ἀμαιμακέτους δὲ φορῆας
θαρσαλέοι λασίοισιν ἀνεκρούσαντο χαλινοῖς.
ἁρπάξας δὲ τένοντα χαραδρήεντος ἀναύλου
Σειληνὸς πολέμιζε Παλαίμονι, φοιταλέην δὲ
ἔγχεϊ κισσήεντι δι' ὕδατος ἤλασεν Ἰνώ.
ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος ἔριζε· καὶ οὐκ ἠδέσσατο Βάκχη
θύρσῳ ἀκοντιστῆρι καταΐσσουσα τριαίνης,

and boomed on his sea-trumpet. Then one rising from the surge and stepping on land rested his left foot on a rock, and with right broke off the top of the cliff with earthshaking tread and hurled it at a Mainad's inviolate head ; and Melicertes lunging at Dionysos with his trident of the sea went madly along in leaps like his mother's.

307 Companies of Bassarids marched to battle. One shaking the untidy clusters of her tresses to and fro, armed herself with raging madness for battle with the waters, driven wildly along with restless dancing feet. One whose home was in the Samothracian cavern of the Cabeiroi, skipt about the peaks of Lebanon crooning the barbarous notes of Corybantian tune. Another from Tmolos on a lioness newly whelped, having wreathed snakes in her own manly hair, a Maionian Mimallon unveiled, bellowed and set her foot on the lofty slope, with foam on her lips like the seafoam. Seilenoi spluttering drops of Cilician wine-dew equipt themselves as riders of Mygdonian lions, and danced with a din against the crowd from the sea, brandishing in their hands their viny warpole, as they stretched their hands over the lions' necks and plucked at the mane and boldly checked their furious mounts by this bristly bridle. A Seilenos tore off a roof from a rocky hole and attacked Palaimon, and drove Ino wandering through the water with his ivy spear. One fought with another: a Bacchant did not shrink but cast a thyrsus hurtling against the trident,

Βάκχη θῆλυς ἐοῦσα· προασπίζων δὲ θαλάσσης
Πανὶ φιλοσκοπέλῳ μετανάστιος ἥρισε Νηρεὺς
πήχεϊ παφλάζοντι· δαφοινήεντι δὲ κισσῷ
δαίμονα Παλληναῖον ὀρεστιὰς ἤλασε Βάκχη,
οὐ δέ μιν ἐστυφέλιξεν· ἐπερχόμενον δὲ Λυαίῳ
Γλαῦκον ἀκοιτιστῆρι Μάρων ἀπεσείσατο θύρσῳ.
ὑψινεφὴς δ' ἐλέφας μελέων ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ
δινεύων στατὸν ἴχνος ἀκαμπέι γούνατος ὀγκῷ
χείλεσι μηκεδανοῖσι χαμευνάδι μάρνατο φώκῃ·
καὶ Σάτυροι ῥώοντο κυβιστητῆρι κυδοιμῷ
ταυροφυεῖς κεράεσσι πεποιθότες, ἐσσυμένων δὲ
ἀλλοφαιὴς κεχάλαστο δι' ἰξύος ὅρθιος οὐρή.
Σειληνῶν δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ποσσὶ διχαζομένοις ἐποχημένος ἰξύι ταύρου
συμπλεκέων ἔθλιψε μέλος διδυμόθροον αὐλῶν.
καὶ πλοκάμους βαλίῃσι συναιθύσσουσα θυέλλαις
Μυγδονὶς ἐκροτάλιζεν ὁμόζυγα κύμβαλα Βάκχῃ,
καὶ λοφιὴν ἐπίκυρτον ἐμάστιε λυσσάδος ἄρκτου
θηρὸς ὑποβρυχίης ἀντώπιον· ἀγροτέρη δὲ
πόρδαλις οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐλαύνετο κέντορι θύρσῳ.
καί τις ἀμερσινόοιο κατάσχετος ἅλματι λύσσης
ἴχνεσιν ἀβρέκτοισιν ἐπεσκίρτησε θαλάσσῃ,
οἷα Ποσειδάωνος ἐπισκαίρουσα καρήνῳ·
λὰξ ποδὶ κύματα τύψεν, ἐπηπείλησε δὲ πόντῳ
σιγαλέῳ, καὶ κωφὸν ὕδωρ ἐπεμάστιε θύρσῳ
Βασσαρὶς ὑγροφόρητος· ἀπὸ πλοκάμοιο δὲ νύμφης
ἀφλεγέος σελάγιζε κατ' αὐχένος αὐτόματον πῦρ,
θάμβος ἰδεῖν. κινυρὴ δὲ παρ' ἠόνι γείτονι πόντῳ
φύλοπιν εἰσορόωσα θαλασσομόθου Διονύσου
αἰνοπαθὴς Ψαμάθη πολυταρβέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
"Εἰ Θέτιδος χάριν οἶσθα
καὶ εὐπαλάμου Βριαρῆος,

she, a Bacchant and a woman; Nereus defending the sea came on land to fight with foaming arms against a rock-loving Pan; a mountain Bacchant chased the god of Pallene [a] with blood-dripping ivy, but did not shake him! Glaucos assailed Dionysos, but Maron shot his thyrsus at him and shook him off. A cloudhigh elephant with earthshaking motions of his limbs stamped about his stiff legs with massive unbending knee, and attacked an earth-bedding seal with his long snout. Satyrs also bustled about in dancing tumult, trusting to the horns on their bull-heads, while the straight tail draggled from their loins for a change as they hurried. Hosts of Seilenoi rushed along, and one of them with his two legs straddling across the back of a bull, squeezed out a tune on his two pipes tied together. A Mygdonian Bacchant rattled her pair of cymbals, with hair fluttering in the brisk winds; she flogged the bowed neck of a wild bear against a monster of the deep, and the wild panther of the mountains was driven by a thyrsus-goad. One Bassarid possessed with mindrobbing throes of madness skipt over the sea with unwetted feet, as if she were dancing upon Poseidon's head—she stamped on the waves, threatened the silent sea, flogged the deaf water with her thyrsus, that Bassarid who never sank; from her hair blazed fire selfkindled over her neck and burnt it not, a wonder to behold. Psamathe sorrowful on the beach beside the sea, watching the turmoil of seabattling Dionysos, uttered the dire trouble of her heart in terrified words:

361 "O Lord Zeus! if thou hast gratitude for Thetis and the ready hands of Briareus, if thou hast

[a] Poseidon, *cf.* Thuc. iv. 129. 3.

εἰ μάθες Αἰγαίωνα τεῶν χραισμήτορα θεσμῶν,
Ζεῦ ἄνα, Βάκχον ἔρυκε μεμηνότα· μηδὲ νοήσω
δουλοσύνην Νηρῆος ἐπὶ Γλαύκοιο τελευτῇ·
μὴ Θέτις αἰολόδακρυς ὑποδρήσσειε Λυαίῳ, 365
δμωΐδα μή μιν ἴδοιμι παρὰ Βρομίῳ, χθόνα Λυδῶν
ὀψομένην μετὰ πόντον, Ἀχιλλέα, Πηλέα, Πύρρον,
υἱωνόν, πόσιν, υἷα μιῇ στενάχουσαν ἀνίῃ·
Λευκοθέην δ' ἐλέαιρε γοήμονα, τῆς παρακοίτης
υἷα λαβὼν ἐδάιξε, τὸν ἀστόργοιο τοκῆος 370
παιδοφόνοι γλωχῖνες ἐδαιτρεύσαντο μαχαίρης."
Ὣς φαμένης ἤκουσε δι' αἰθέρος ὑψιμέδων Ζεύς,
καὶ Βερόης ὑμέναιον ἐπέτρεπεν ἐννοσιγαίῳ,
καὶ μόθον ἐπρήνιε γαμοστόλον· οὐρανόθεν γὰρ
νυμφιδίην ἀτέλεστον ἀναστέλλοντες Ἐνυὼ 375
Βάκχον ἀπειλητῆρες ἐκυκλώσαντο κεραυνοί.
καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις γαμίῳ δεδοιγμένος ἰῷ
κούρην μὲν μενέαινε· πατὴρ δέ μιν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
βρονταίης ἀνέκοπτε μέλος σάλπιγγος ἀράσσων,
καὶ πόθον ὑσμίνης ἀνασείρασε πάτριος ἠχώ. 380
ὀκναλέοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐχάζετο νωθρὸς ὀδίτης,
στυγνὸς ὀπισθοβόλῳ δεδοκημένος ὄμματι κούρην·
οὔασι δ' αἰδομένοισιν ἀειδομένων ἐνὶ πόντῳ
ζῆλον ἔχων ἤκουεν Ἀμυμώνης ὑμεναίων.
καὶ γάμον ἡμιτέλεστον ἀλίβρομος ἤπυε σύριγξ, 385
καὶ δονέων ἄσβεστον ἐν ὕδασι νυμφίδιον πῦρ
παστὸν Ἀμυμώνης θαλαμηπόλος ἤπυε Νηρεύς,
καὶ μέλος ἔπλεκε Φόρκυς· ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ πορείῃ
Γλαῦκος ἀνεσκίρτησεν, ἐβακχεύθη Μελικέρτης·
καὶ ζυγίην Γαλάτεια διακροίουσα χορείην 390
ἄστατος ὀρχηστῆρι ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο παλμῷ,
καὶ γάμιον μέλος εἶπεν, ἐπεὶ μάθε καλὰ λιγαίνειν
ποιμενίῃ σύριγγι διδασκομένη Πολυφήμου.

not forgot Aigaion the protector of thy laws,[a] save us from Bacchos in his madness! Let me never see Glaucos dead and Nereus a slave! Let not Thetis in floods of tears be servant to Lyaios, let me not see her a slave to Bromios, leaving the deep, to look on the Lydian land, lamenting in one agony Achilles, Peleus, Pyrrhos, grandson, husband, and son! Pity the groans of Leucothea, whose husband took their son and slew him—the heartless father butchered his son with the blade of his murderous knife!"

372 She spoke her prayer, and Zeus on high heard her in heaven. He granted the hand of Beroë to Earthshaker, and pacified the rivals' quarrel. For from heaven to check the bridebattle yet undecided came threatening thunderbolts round about Dionysos. The vinegod wounded by the arrow of love still craved the maiden; but Zeus the Father on high stayed him by playing a tune on his trumpet of thunder, and the sound from his father held back the desire for strife. With lingering feet he departed, with heavy pace, turning back for a last gloomy look at the girl; jealous, with shamed ears, he heard the bridal songs of Amymone in the sea. The syrinx sounding from the brine proclaimed that the rites were already half done. Nereus as Amymone's chamberlain showed the bridal bed, shaking the wedding torches, the fire which no water can quench. Phorcys sang a song; with equal spirit Glaucos danced and Melicertes romped about. And Galateia twangled a marriage dance and restlessly twirled in capering step, and she sang the marriage verses, for she had learnt well how to sing, being taught by Polyphemos with a shepherd's syrinx.

[a] *Cf. Il.* i. 396 ff.

Καὶ Βερόης διεροῖσιν ὁμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις
νυμφίος ἐννοσίγαιος ἐφίλατο πατρίδα νύμφης·
καὶ Βερόης ναέτῃσιν ἑῆς κειμήλιον αὐνῆς
Ἄρεος εἰναλίοιο θαλασσαίην πόρε νίκην.
καὶ γάμος ὄλβιος ἦεν, ἐπεὶ βυθίῳ παρὰ παστῷ
ἄξιον ἔδνον Ἔρωτος Ἀραψ ἐκομίσσατο Νηρεύς,
Ἡφαίστου σοφὸν ἔργον, Ὀλύμπια δαίδαλα, νύμφῃ,
ὁρμὸν ἄγων κάλυκάς τε φέρων ἕλικάς τε τιταίνων,
ὁππόσα Νηρείδεσσιν ἀμιμήτῳ κάμε τέχνῃ
Λήμνιος ἐργοπόνος παρὰ κύμασι· καὶ μέσον ἅλμης
ἔμπυρον ἄκμονα πάλλεν ὑποβρυχίην τε πυράγρην,
φυσαλέου χοάνοιο περίδρομον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
ποιητοῖς ἀνέμοισιν, ἀναπτομένης δὲ καμίνου
ἐν ῥοθίοις ἄσβεστον ἐβόμβεεν ἐνδόμυχον πῦρ.
Νηρεὺς μὲν τάδε δῶρα πολύτροπα, δῶκε δὲ κούρῃ
Περσικὸς Εὐφρήτης πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀράχνης·
χρυσὸν Ἴβηρ πόρε Ῥῆνος· ἐχεκτεάνων δὲ μετάλλων
ἦλυθεν εἴκελα δῶρα γέρων Πακτωλὸς ἀείρων
χερσὶ φυλασσομέῃσιν, ὅτι πρόμον ἔτρεμε Λυδῶν
Βάκχον ἐὸν βασιλῆα, καὶ ἔτρεμε γείτονα Ῥείην
Μυγδονίης πολιοῦχον ἑῆς χθονός· Ἠριδανὸς δὲ
Ἡλιάδων ἤλεκτρα ῥυηφενέων ἀπὸ δένδρων
δῶρα πόρε στίλβοντα· καὶ ἀργυρέης ἀπὸ πέτρης
Στρυμὼν ὅσσα μέταλλα καὶ ὁππόσα Γεῦδις ἀείρει,
ἔδνον Ἀμυμώνῃ δωρήσατο κυανοχαίτης.
Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἀρτιχόρευτος ὑποβρυχίῳ παρὰ παστῷ
γήθεεν ἐννοσίγαιος· ἀμειδήτῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
γνωτὸς Ἔρως φθονέοντι παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν·

[1] A gap in M and other MSS.: F[1] reads κύμασι, Graefe, followed by Ludwich, restores Κύπριδι.

394 After celebrating Beroë's wedding in the sea, her bridegroom Earthshaker was a friend to her native place. He gave her countrymen victory in war on the sea as a precious treasure in return for his bride. It was a wealthy wedding. Arabian Nereus brought to the bridechamber in the deep a worthy gift of love, a clever work of Hephaistos, Olympian ornaments, for the bride; necklace and earrings and armlets he brought and offered, all that the Lemnian craftsman had made for the Nereïds with inimitable workmanship in the waves [a]—there in the midst of the brine he shook his fiery anvil and tongs under water, blowing the enclosed breath of the bellows [b] with mimic winds, and when the furnace was kindled the fire roared in the deep unquenched. Nereus then brought these gifts in great variety. But Persian Euphrates gave the girl the webspinner's embroidered wares; Iberian Rhine brought gold; old Pactolos came bringing the like offerings from his opulent mines, with cautious hands, for he feared the Lydian master, Bacchos his king, and he feared Rheia his neighbour, the cityholder of his country Mygdonia. Eridanos brought shining gifts, amber from the Heliad trees that trickle riches; and from the silver rock, all the metals of Strymon and all that Geudis has were brought as a marriage-gift to Amymone by Seabluehair.

419 And so the dances were over, and Earthshaker was happy in the bridechamber beneath the waters; but Lyaios never smiled, and his brother Eros came to console him in his jealous mood:

[a] This was when he was thrown out of heaven, and rescued by Thetis and Eurynome. Hom. *Il.* xviii. 398-405.

[b] Literally, windy pipe: but Nonnos seems to have confused bellows with melting pot.

" Νυμφοκόμῳ, Διόνυσε, τί μέμφεαι εἰσέτι κεστῷ;
οὐ Βρομίῳ Βερόης γάμος ἔπρεπεν, ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης
ἄρμενος ἦν γάμος οὗτος, ὅτι βρυχίης Ἀφροδίτης
παῖδα λαβὼν ἔζευξα θαλασσοπόρῳ παρακοίτῃ·
ἀβροτέρην δ' ἐφύλαξα τεοῖς θαλάμοις Ἀριάδνην,
ἐκ γενεῆς Μίνωος ὁμόγνιον· οὐτιδανὴν δὲ
πόντιον αἷμα φέρουσαν Ἀμυμώνην λίπε πόντῳ.
ἀλλὰ λιπὼν Λιβάνοιο λόφον καὶ Ἀδώνιδος ὕδωρ
ἵξεαι εἰς Φρυγίην εὐπάρθενον, ἦχί σε μίμνει
ἄβροχον Ἠελίοιο λέχος Τιτηνίδος Λύρης·
καὶ στέφος ἀσκήσασα μάχης καὶ παστάδα κούρης
Θρῄκη νυμφοκόμος σε δεδέξεται, ἦχι καὶ αὐτὴ
Παλλήνη καλέει σε δορυσσόος, ἧς παρὰ παστῷ
ἀθλοφόρον γαμίοισι περιστέψω σε κορύμβοις
ἱμερτὴν τελέσαντα παλαισμοσύνην Ἀφροδίτης."

Τοῖα γυναιμανέοντι κασιγνήτῳ φάτο Βάκχῳ
θοῦρος Ἔρως· πτερύγων δὲ πυρώδεα βόμβον ἰάλλων
ἠερίῃ νόθος ὄρνις ἀϊηώρητο πορείῃ,
καὶ Διὸς εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν. ἀπ' Ἀσσυρίοιο δὲ κάλπου
ἄβροχίτων Διόνυσος ἀϊήμεν εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν
Πακτωλοῦ παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ χρυσαυγέι πηλῷ
ἀφνειῆς τιτάνοιο μέλαν φοινίσσεται ὕδωρ·
Μαιονίης δ' ἐπέβαινε, καὶ ἵστατο μητέρι Ῥείῃ
Ἰνδῴης ὀρέγων βασιλήια δῶρα θαλάσσης.
καλλείψας δὲ ῥέεθρα βαθυπλούτου ποταμοῖο
καὶ Φρύγιον κενεῶνα καὶ ἀβροβίων γένος ἀνδρῶν
Ἀρκτῴην παρὰ πέζαν ἐὴν ἐφύτευσεν ὀπώρην,
Εὐρώπης πτολίεθρα μετ' Ἀσίδος ἄστεα βαίνων.

422 "Dionysos, why do you still bear a grudge against the cestus that makes marriages? Beroë was no proper bride for Bacchos, but this marriage of the sea was quite fitting, because I joined the daughter of Aphrodite of the sea to a husband whose path is in the sea. I have kept a daintier one for your bridechamber, Ariadne, of the family of Minos and your kin. Leave Amymone to the sea, a nobody, one of the family of the sea herself. You must leave the mountains of Lebanon and the waters of Adonis and go to Phrygia, the land of lovely girls; there awaits you a bride without salt water, Aura of Titan stock.[a] Thrace the friend of brides will receive you, with a wreath of victory ready and a bride's bower; thither Pallene also the shakespear summons you, beside whose chamber I will crown you with a wedding wreath for your prowess, when you have won Aphrodite's delectable wrestling-match."

437 So wild Eros spoke to his lovemad brother Bacchos: then he flapt his whizzing fiery wings, and up the sham bird flew in the skies travelling until he came to the house of Zeus. And from the Assyrian gulf Dionysos went daintily clad into the Lydian land along the plain of Pactolos, where the dark water is reddened by the goldgleaming mud of wealthy lime; he entered Maionia, and stood before Rheia his mother, offering royal gifts from the Indian sea. Then leaving the stream of this river of deep riches, and the Phrygian plain, and the nation of softliving men, he planted his vine on the northerly plain, and passed from the towns of Asia to the cities of Europe.

[a] Hyperion, father of Helios, was a Titan, so the reading may pass.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΤΕΤΑΡΤΟΝ

Τεσσαρακοστὸν ὕφηνα τὸ τέτρατον, ἦχι γυναῖκας
δέρκεο μαινομένας καὶ Πενθέος ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς.

Ἤδη δ' Ἰλλυρίης Ταυλάντιον ἔθνος ἀρούρης
καὶ πέδον Λίμονίης καὶ Ἠλιον ἄκρον ἐάσας
Ἑλλάδος ἐγγὺς ἵκανε, καὶ Ἀονίῃ παρὰ πέζῃ
στῆσε χορούς. ἀίων δὲ μέλος μυκήτορος αὐλοῦ
Πανὶ Ταναγραίῳ θιάσους ἐστήσατο ποιμήν·
καὶ κρήνη κελάδησεν, ὅπῃ χθονὸς ἄκρον ἀράξας
ὑγρὸς ὄνυξ ἵππειος ἐπώνυμον ἔγλυφεν ὕδωρ·
Ἀσωπὸς δ' ἐχόρευε πυρίπνοα χεύματα σύρων
καὶ προχοὰς ἐλέλιξε· σὺν Ἰσμηνῷ δὲ τοκῆι
κυκλάδας αἰθύσσουσα ῥοὰς ὠρχήσατο Δίρκη.
καί ποτέ τις δρυόεντος ἀναΐξασα κορύμβου
ἡμιφανὴς ἐλίγαινεν Ἀμαδρυὰς ὑψόθι δένδρου,
οὔνομα κυδαίνουσα κορυμβοφόρου Διονύσου·
πηγαίη δ' ὁμόφωνος ἀσάμβαλος ἴαχε Νύμφη.
Καὶ κτύπος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀδεψήτοιο βοείης
Πενθέος ἀσπόνδοισιν ἐπεσμαράγησεν ἀκουαῖς·
οἰνοφόρῳ δ' ἀθέμιστος ἄναξ ἐπεχώσατο Βάκχῳ,
καὶ στρατιὴν ἐκόρυσσε μαχήμονα, κέκλετο δ' ἀστοῖς

* There are Taulantians in Strabo and Livy, and Lucan vi. 16.

BOOK XLIV

The forty-fourth web I have woven, where you may see maddened women and the heavy threat of Pentheus.

Already he had passed the Daulantian [a] tribe of Illyrian soil, and the plain of Haimonia and the Pelion peak, and was nearing Hellas; there he established dances on the Aonian plain. The shepherd hearing the tune of the drooning pipes formed congregations for Pan at Tanagra. A fountain bubbled on the spot where the horse's wet hoof scratched the surface of the ground and made a hollow for the water which took its name from him.[b] Asopos danced breathing fiery streams, as he swept his floods along and twirled his waters. Dirce danced, spouting her whirling waters along with her father Ismenos. At times a Hamadryad shot out of her clustering foliage and half showed herself high in a tree, and praised the name of Dionysos cluster-laden; and the unshod nymph of the spring sang in tune with her.

15 The noise of the raw cowhide resounded over the mountains, and reached the ears of irreconcilable Pentheus. The impious king was angry with winegod Bacchos, and he armed a hostile host, calling to the

[b] Hippocrene.

ἄστεος ἑπταπόροιο περιφράξαι πυλεῶνας·
οἱ μὲν ἐπεκλήισσαν ἀμοιβαδίς, ἐξαπίνης δὲ
αὐτόματοι κληῖδες ἀνωίγνυντο πυλάων,
καὶ δολιχοὺς πυλεῶνι μάτην ἐπέβαλλον ὀχῆας
ἠερίοις θεράποντες ἐριδμαίνοντες ἀήταις.
οὐ τότε τις πυλαωρὸς ἰδὼν ἀνεσείρασε Βάκχην·
Σειληνοὺς δὲ γέροντας ἀτευχέας ἀσπιδιῶται
ἔτρεμον αἰχμητῆρες· ὁμογλώσσῳ δ' ἀλαλητῷ
κεκλομένου βασιλῆος ἀφειδήσαντες ἀπειλῆς
πολλάκις ὠρχήσαντο, σὺν εὐτύκτοις δὲ βοείαις
κυκλάδος ἐστήσαντο σακεσπάλον ἅλμα χορείης,
ἀντίτυπον μίμημα φιλοσμαράγων Κορυβάντων.
φρικαλέαι δ' ἰάχησαν ἐν οὔρεσι λυσσάδες ἄρκτοι·
καὶ γέννυ αἰθύσσουσα καὶ ὑψιπότητον ἐρωὴν
πόρδαλις ἠώρητο· λέων δέ τις ἄβρὸν ἀθύρων
μειλίχιον βρύχημα συνήλικι πέμπε λεαίνῃ.
Ἤδη δ' αὐτοέλικτος ἐσείετο Πενθέος αὐλὴ
ἀκλινέων σφαιρηδὸν ἀναΐσσουσα θεμέθλων·
καὶ πυλεὼν δεδόνητο θοῶν ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ,
πήματος ἐσσομένοιο προάγγελος· αὐτόματος δὲ
λάινος Ὀγκαίης ἐλελίζετο βωμὸς Ἀθήνης,
ὃν ποτε Κάδμος ἔδειμεν, ὅτε βραδυπειθέι ῥιπῇ
μόσχου πυργοδόμοιο φερέπτολις ὤκλασε χηλή·
ἀμφὶ δὲ θεῖον ἄγαλμα πολισσούχοιο θεαίνης
αὐτομάτῃ ῥαθάμιγγι θεόσσυτος ἔβλυεν ὕδρὼς
δεῖμα φέρων ναέτῃσι· καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς ἄχρι καρήνου
ἄγγελος ἐσσομένων βρέτας Ἄρεος ἔρρεε λύθρῳ.
Καὶ ναέται δεδόνητο· φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο μήτηρ
Πενθέος αὐχήεντος, ἐβακχεύθη δὲ μενοινῇ,
μνησαμένη προτέροιο δαφοινήεντος ὀνείρου
πικρὰ προθεσπίζοντος, ἐπεὶ πάρος ὑψόθι λέκτρων
ἐξ ὅτε κοιρανίην πατρώιον ἥρπασε Πενθεύς,

people to bar the portals of the sevenway city. One by one they were shut, but the locks of the gates suddenly opened of themselves : in vain the servants resisted the winds of heaven and set the long bars at each gate. Then no gatewarden could check a Bacchant if he saw her ; but shielded spearmen trembled before old Seilenoi unarmed—disregarding often the threats of their clamouring king, they danced with singlethroated acclaim ; with their well-made oxhides they danced the round in shieldshaking leaps, the very picture of the noisy Corybants. Terrible bears growled madly in the hills, the panther gnashed her teeth and leapt high in the air, the lion in playful sport gave a gentle roar to his comrade lioness.

35 Already the palace of Pentheus began of itself to tremble and quake, and started from its immovable foundations all about ; the gatehouse quivered and sprang up with earthshaking throbs, foretelling the trouble to come. The stone altar of Oncaian Athena tottered of itself, that which Cadmos had built, when with slow-convincing movement the heifer's hoof sank, to bid him build a wall and found a city ; over the divine image of the cityholding goddess, godsent sweat beaded in drops of itself, bringing fear to the people—from head to foot the statue of Ares ran with gore, telling of things to come.

46 The inhabitants also were shaken. The mother of boastful Pentheus quivered with fear, mad with anxiety, remembering that bloody dream of old with its prophecy of bitterness ; how once, after Pentheus had seized his father's sovereignty, Agauë slumber-

πάννυχον ὑπναλέοις ὀάροις εὗδουσαν Ἀγαύην
φάσματα μιμηλοῖο διεπτοίησεν ὀνείρου,
ἁπλανέος θρώσκοντα δι' εὐκεράου πυλεῶνος·
ἔλπετο γὰρ Πενθῆα χοροίτυπον ἁβρὸν ὀδίτην
ἄρσενα κοσμήσαντα γυναικείῳ χρόα πέπλῳ
ῥῖψαι πορφυρόωντον ἐπὶ χθόνα φᾶρος ἀνάκτων,
θύρσον ἐλαφρίζοντα καὶ οὐ σκήπτροιο φορῆα·
καί μιν ἰδεῖν ἐδόκησε πάλιν Καδμηὶς Ἀγαύη
ἑζόμενον σκιεροῖο μετάρσιον ὑψόθι δένδρου·
καὶ φυτὸν ὑψικάρηνον, ὅπῃ θρασὺς ἵζετο Πενθεύς,
θῆρες ἐκυκλώσαντο, καὶ ἄγριον εἶχον ἐρωὴν
δένδρον ἀπειλητῆρι μετοχλίζοντες ὀδόντι,
τρηχαλέαις γενύεσσι· τινασσομένοιο δὲ δένδρου
κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἕλιξ διετύπτετο Πενθεύς,
καί μιν ἐδηλήσαντο δεδουπότα λυσσάδες ἄρκτοι·
ἀγροτέρη δὲ λέαινα καταΐσσουσα προσώπου
πρυμνόθεν ἔσπασε χεῖρα,
καὶ ἄσχετα μαινομένη θὴρ
ἡμιτόμου Πενθῆος ἐρεισαμένη πόδα λαιμῷ
θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι διέθρισεν ἀνθερεῶνα,
αἱμαλέον δὲ κάρηνον ἐκούφισεν ἅρπαγι ταρσῷ
οἰκτρὰ δαϊζομένου, καὶ ἐδείκνυε μάρτυρι Κάδμῳ
παλλομένη, βροτέην δ' ἀλιτήμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
" Εἰμὶ τεὴ θυγάτηρ θηροκτόνος· εἰμὶ δὲ μήτηρ
Πενθέος ὀλβίστοιο, τεὴ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαύη.
τηλίκον ὤλεσα θῆρα· λεοντοφόνοιο δὲ νίκης
δέχνυσο τοῦτο κάρηνον ἐμῆς πρωτάγριον ἀλκῆς·
τηλίκον οὔ ποτε θῆρα κατέκτανε σύγγονος Ἰνώ,
οὐ κτάνεν Αὐτονόη· σὺ δὲ σύμβολα παιδὸς Ἀγαύης
πῆξον ἀριστοπόνοιο θεοῦ προπάροιθε μελάθρου."
Τοῖον ὄναρ βλοσυρωπὸν ὑπόχλοος εἶδεν Ἀγαύη.
ἔνθεν ἐριπτοίητος ἀπωσαμένη πτερὸν Ὕπνου,

ing on her bed had been terrified all night in her sleep, when the unreal phantom of a dream had leapt through the Gate of Horn which never deceives,[a] and whispered in her sleepy ear. For she thought she saw Pentheus a dainty dancer on the road, his manly form dressed up in a woman's robe, throwing to the ground the purple robe of kings, bearing the sceptre no longer but holding a thyrsus. Again, Cadmeian Agauë thought she saw him perched high up in a shady tree ; round the lofty trunk where sat bold Pentheus was a circle of wild beasts, furiously pushing to root up the tree with the dangerous teeth of their hard jaws. The tree shook, and Pentheus came tumbling over and over of himself, and when he dumped down, mad she-bears tore him ; a wild lioness leapt in his face and tore out an arm from the joint—then the mad raging monster set one paw on the throat of Pentheus cut in two, and tore through his gullet with her sharp claws, and lifted the bloody head in her ferocious paw piteously lacerated, and showed it to Cadmos, who saw it all, swinging it about as she spoke in human voice these wicked words :

73 "I am your daughter, the slayer of wild beasts ! I am the mother of Pentheus, happiest of men, your Agauë, the loving mother ! See what a beast I have killed ! Accept this head, the firstfruits of my valour, after victorious slaughter of the lion. Such a beast Ino my sister never slew, Autonoë never slew. Hang up before your hall this keepsake from Agauë your doughty daughter."

80 Such was the horrible vision that pale Agauë saw. Then after she had shaken off sleep's wing,

[a] *Cf.* Hom. *Od.* xix. 562 ff.

ὀρθρινὴ καλέσασα θεηγόρον υἷα Χαρικλοῦς,
μάντιας ἐσσομένων φονίους ἐδίδαξεν ὀνείρους·
Τειρεσίας δ' ἐκέλευσε θεοπρόπος ἄρσενα ῥέξαι
ταῦρον, ἀοσσητῆρα δαφοινηέντος ὀνείρου,
Ζηνὸς ἀλεξικάκοιο θεοκλήτῳ παρὰ βωμῷ,
μηκεδανῆς ἐλάτης παρὰ δένδρεον, ἧχι Κιθαιρὼν
πέπταται ὑψικάρηνος· Ἀμαδρυάδεσσι δὲ Νύμφαις
θῆλυν ὄιν σήμαινε θυηπολέειν παρὰ λόχμῃ.
ἔγνω δ' ἔμφρονα θῆρα καὶ ἀγρώσσουσαν Ἀγαύην
γαστρὸς ἑῆς ὠδῖνα καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνον ἀγῶνα
καὶ κεφαλὴν Πενθῆος· ἐν ἀφθόγγῳ δὲ σιωπῇ
κρύψεν ὀνειρείης ἀπατήλιον εἰκόνα νίκης,
Πενθέα μὴ βαρύμηνιν ἑὸν βασιλῆα χαλέψῃ.
πειθομένη δὲ γέροντι σοφῷ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαύη
εἰς ὄρος ὑψικάρηνον ὁμόστολος ἦιε Κάδμῳ
Πενθέος ἑσπομένοιο· καὶ εὐκεράῳ παρὰ βωμῷ
θῆλυν ὄιν κερόεντι συνέμπορον ἄρσενι ταύρῳ,
ἧχι Διὸς πέλεν ἄλσος ὀρειάδος ἔμπλεον ὕλης,
Ζηνὶ καὶ Ἀδρυάδεσσι μίαν ξύνωσε θυηλὴν
Κάδμος Ἀγηνορίδης, θεοτερπέα βωμὸν ἀνάψας,
ῥέξων ἀμφοτέροισιν· ἀναπτομένοιο δὲ πυρσοῦ
κνίση μὲν περίφοιτος ἕλιξ συνεπήχετο καπνῷ
εὐόδμῳ στροφάλιγγι, δαϊζομένου δ' ἄρα ταύρου
ὄρθιος αἱμαλέης αὐτόσσυτος αὐλὸς ἐέρσης
χεῖρας ἐρευθιόωντι φόνῳ πόρφυρεν Ἀγαύης . . .
αὐχένιον δὲ τένοντα πέριξ στεφανηδὸν ἑλίξας
οἰδαλέην ἐπίκυρτον ἐὴν δοχμώσατο δειρὴν
μείλιχος εἰλικόεντι δράκων μιτρούμενος ὁλκῷ,
στέμματι δ' ὁλκαίῳ κεφαλὴν κυκλώσατο Κάδμου
πρηὺς ὄφις, καὶ γλῶσσα πέριξ λίχμαζεν ὑπήνην
μειλιχίων φίλοι ἰὸν ἀποπτύουσα γενείων
οἰγομένων· καὶ θῆλυς ὄφις μιτρώσατο κόρσην

trembling with terror, in the morning she called in the seer, Chariclo's son, and revealed to him her dream, the bloody prophecy of things to come. Teireisias the diviner bade her sacrifice a male bull to help against the bloody dream, at the altar where men call upon Zeus the Protector, beside the trunk of a tall pinetree where Cithairon spreads his lofty head; he told her to offer a female sheep to the Hamadryad Nymphs in the thicket. He knew the beast as human, he knew Agauë hunting the fruit of her own womb, the struggle that killed her son, the head of Pentheus; but he concealed in wordless silence the deceptive vision of victory in the dream, that he might not provoke the heavy wrath of Pentheus his king. Agauë the tender mother obeyed the wise old man, and went to the lofty hill together with Cadmos while Pentheus followed. At the horns of the altar Cadmos Agenorides made one common sacrifice to Zeus and the Hadryads, female and male together, sheep and horned bull, where stood the grove of Zeus full of mountain trees; he lit the fire on the altar to do pleasure to the gods, and did sacrifice to both. When the flame was kindled, the rich savour was spread abroad with the smoke in fragrant rings. When the bull was slaughtered, a jet of bloody dew spouted straight up of itself and stained the hands of Agauë with red blood. . . . A serpent crept with its coils, surrounding the throat of Cadmos like a garland, twining and trailing a crooked swollen collar about it in a lacing circle but doing no harm—the gentle creature crept round his head like a trailing chaplet, and his tongue licked his chin all over dribbling the friendly poison from open mouth, quite harmless; a female snake girdled the temples of Harmonia like a wreath of

Ἁρμονίης ξανθοῖσι περιπλεχθεῖσα κορύμβοις.
καὶ διδύμων ὀφίων πετρώσατο γυῖα Κρονίων,
ὅττι παρ' Ἰλλυρικοῖο δρακοντοβότου στόμα πόντου
Ἁρμονίη καὶ Κάδμος ἀμειβομένοιο προσώπου
λαϊνέην ἤμελλον ἔχειν ὀφιώδεα μορφήν.
καὶ φόβον ἄλλον ἔχουσα μετὰ προτέρου φόβον ὕπνου
νόστιμος εἰς δόμον ἦλθε σὺν υἱέι καὶ γαμετῇρι.
Τοῖον ἴδεν ποτὲ φάσμα, καὶ ἀμφήεντος ὀνείρου
μιησαμένη δεδόητο φόβῳ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαύη.
Ἤδη δ' ἑπταπόροιο δι' ἄστεος ἵπτατο Φήμη
ὄργια κηρύσσουσα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου·
οὐδέ τις ἦν ἀχόρευτος ἀνὰ πτόλιν· ἀγρονόμων δὲ
εἰαρινοῖς πετάλοισιν ἐμιτρώθησαν ἀγυιαί·
καὶ θάλαμον Σεμέλης χλοερῷ σκιόωσα κορύμβῳ
νυμφιδίου σπινθῆρος ἔτι πνείοντα κεραυνοῦ
αὐτοφυὴς ἐμέθυσσεν ἕλιξ εὐώδεϊ καρπῷ.
φρικτὰ δὲ παπταίνων πολυειδέα θαύματα Βάκχου,
ζῆλον ἔχων ὑπέροπλον, ἄναξ κυμαίνετο Πενθεύς·
καὶ κενεῆς προχέων ὑπερήνορα κόμπον ἀπειλῆς
τοῖον ἔπος δμώεσσιν ἀτάσθαλος ἴαχε Πενθεύς·
"Λυδὸν ἐμὸν θεράποντα κομίσσατε, θῆλυν ἀλήτην,
δαινυμένου Πενθῆος ὑποδρηστῆρα τραπέζης,
οἰνοδόκῳ ποτὸν ἄλλο διαστάζοντα κυπέλλῳ,
ἢ γλάγος ἢ γλυκὺ χεῦμα[1]· κασιγνήτην δὲ τεκούσης
Αὐτονόην πληγῇσιν ἀμοιβαίῃσιν ἰμάσσω,
καὶ πλοκάμους τμήξωμεν ἀκερσικόμου Διονύσου·
κύμβαλα δ' ἠχήεντα διαρρίψαντες ἀήταις
καὶ πάταγον Βερέκυντα καὶ Εὔια τύμπανα Ῥείης
ἕλκετε Βασσαρίδας μανιώδεας, ἕλκετε Βάκχας,
ἀμφιπόλους Βρομίοιο συνήλυδας, ἃς ἐνὶ Θήβῃ

[1] Ludwich marks a lacuna here.

clusters in her yellow hair. Then Cronion turned the bodies of both snakes into stone,[a] because Harmonia and Cadmos were destined to change their appearance and to assume the form of stone snakes, at the mouth of the snakebreeding Illyrian gulf. Then Agauë returned home with her son and her father, having a new fear besides the fear of the dream.

119 Such was the vision which Agauë had seen, and remembering this ominous dream the fond mother was shaken with fear.

123 Already Rumour was flying about the sevengated city proclaiming the rites of danceweaving Dionysos. No one there was throughout the city who would not dance. The streets were garlanded with spring leafage by the country people. The chamber of Semele, still breathing sparks of the marriage thunders, was shaded by selfgrowing bunches of green leaves which intoxicated the place with sweet odours. King Pentheus swelled with arrogance and jealousy to see the terrible wonders of Bacchos in so many shapes. Then Pentheus uttered proud boasts and empty threats to his servants in these insulting words :

134 " Bring here my Lydian slave, that womanish vagabond, to serve the table of Pentheus at his dinner ; let him fill his winebeaker with some other drink, milk or some sweet liquor ; I will flog my mother's sister Autonoë with retributive strokes of my hands, and we will crop the uncropt locks of Dionysos. Throw to the winds his tinkling cymbals, and the Berecyntian din and Euian tambourines of Rheia. Drag hither the mad Bassarids, drag the Bacchants hither, the handmaids who attend on

[a] Imitated from *Il.* ii. 319, but given a new meaning.

Ἰσμηνοῦ διεροῖσιν ἀκοντίζοντες ἐναύλοις
Νηΐδας Ἀονίαις ποταμηίσι μίξατε Νύμφαις
ἥλικας, Ἀδρυάδας δὲ γέρων δέξαιτο Κιθαιρὼν
ἄλλαις Ἀδρυάδεσσιν ὁμόζυγας ἀντὶ Δυαίου.
ἄξατε πῦρ, θεράποντες, ἐπεὶ ποινήτορι θεσμῷ,
ἐκ πυρὸς εἰ πέλε Βάκχος, ἐγὼ πυρὶ Βάκχον ὀπάσσω·
Ζεὺς Σεμέλην ἐδάμασσεν, ἐγὼ Διόνυσον ὀλέσσω.
εἰ δέ κε πειρήσαιτο καὶ ἡμετέροιο κεραυνοῦ,
γνώσεται, οἷον ἔχω χθόνιον σέλας· οὐρανίου γὰρ
θερμοτέρους σπινθῆρας ἐμὸν λάχεν ἀντίτυπον πῦρ·
σήμερον αἰθαλόεντα τὸν ἀμπελόεντα τελέσσω.
εἰ δὲ μόθον στήσειε μαχήμονα θύρσον ἀείρων,
γνώσεται, οἷον ἔχω χθόνιον δόρυ· καί μιν ὀλέσσω,
οὐ ποδός, οὐ λαγόνων, οὐ στήθεος, οὐ κενεώνων
ὠτειλὴν μεθέποντα· καὶ οὐ βουπλῆγι δαΐξω
κυρτὰ βοοκραίροιο κεράατα δισσὰ μετώπου,
οὐδὲ διατμήξω μέσον αὐχένος· ἀλλά ἑ τύψω
ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ τετορημένον εἰς πτύχα μηροῦ,
ὅττι Διὸς μεγάλοιο γοὴν ἐψεύσατο μηροῦ
καὶ πόλον ὡς ἑὸν οἶκον· ἐγὼ δέ μιν ἀντὶ μελάθρου
ἀντὶ Διὸς πυλεῶνος ἐνέρτερον Ἄιδι πέμψω,
ἠέ μιν αὐτοκύλιστον ἀλυσκάζοντα καλίψω
κύμασιν Ἰσμηνοῖο, καὶ οὐ χρέος ἐστὶ θαλάσσης.
οὐ δέχομαι βροτὸν ἄνδρα νόθον θεόν· εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
ψεύσομαι, ὡς Διόνυσος, ἐμὸν γένος· οὐκ ἀπὸ Κάδμου
αἷμα φέρω χθονίοιο, πατὴρ δ' ἐμός, ὅρκαμος ἄστρων,
Ἠέλιός με φύτευσε, καὶ οὐκ ἔσπειρεν Ἐχίων·
τίκτε Σεληναίη με, καὶ οὐκ ἐλόχευσεν Ἀγαύη·
εἰμὶ γένος Κρονίδαο, καὶ αἰθέρος εἰμὶ πολίτης·
οὐρανὸς ἀστερόφοιτος ἐμὴ πόλις· ἴλατε, Θῆβαι·
Παλλὰς ἐμὴ παράκοιτις, ἐμὴ δάμαρ ἄμβροτος Ἥβη·
Πενθέι μαζὸν ὄρεξε μετ' Ἄρεα δεσπότις Ἥρη,

Bromios—hurl them into the watery beds of Ismenos here in Thebes, mingle the Naiads with the Aonian rivernymphs their mates, let old Cithairon receive Hadryads to join his own Hadryads instead of Lyaios. Bring fire, men, for by the law of vengeance I will throw Bacchos into the fire, if he came out of the fire : Zeus tamed Semele, I will destroy Dionysos ! If he would like to try my thunder also, he shall learn what fire I have from earth ![a] For my fire has hotter sparks to match the heavenly fire. To-day I will make the viny one a scorchy one ! If he lift his thyrsus and give battle, he shall learn what kind of a spear I have from earth. I will destroy him without a wound in foot or flank, breast or belly ! I will not cut off the two crooked horns from his bullhorned head with a poleaxe, I will not cut through his neck : I will pierce the fork of his thigh with a blow from a spear of bronze, because of his lies about the thigh of great Zeus, and heaven as his home. Instead of the palace of Zeus, instead of his gatehouse, I will send him down to Hades, or make him roll himself helpless into the waves of Ismenos to hide—we can do without the sea !

167 " I will not receive a mortal man as a bastard god. If I dare say it, I will deny my own breeding, like Dionysos. I have not in me the blood of mortal Cadmos, but my father is the chief of stars—Helios begat me, not Echion ; Selene brought me forth, not Agauë ; I am the offspring of Cronides and a citizen of heaven, the sky with its wandering stars is my home—so forgive me, Thebes ! Pallas is my concubine, immortal Hebe my consort. Queen Hera gave me the

[a] He is " from earth " as being descended from the earth, born Spartoi.

καὶ ζαθέη μετὰ Φοῖβον ἐγείνατο Πενθέα Λητώ·
Ἄρτεμιν ἱεμένην νυμφεύσομαι· οὐδέ με φεύγει,
ὡς ποτε Φοῖβον ἔφευγεν ἐὴς μητρὸς κορείης,
μῶμον ἀλυσκάζουσα κασιγνήτων ὑμεναίων.
εἰ δὲ τεὴν Σεμέλην οὐκ ἔφλεγεν οὐρανίη φλόξ,
παιδὸς ἐῆς διὰ μῶμον ἐὸν δόμον ἔφλεγε Κάδμος,
ἀστεροπὴν δ' ἐκάλεσσε χαμαιγενὲς ἀπτόμενον πῦρ,
καὶ δαΐδων ὀνόμηνε σέλας σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ."

Ὡς φαμένου βασιλῆος ἐπεστρατόωντο μαχηταὶ
ὁπλοφόροι κενεοῖσιν ἐριδμαίνοντες ἀήταις·
καὶ στρατὸς ἄσπετος ἦεν ἔσω πιτνώδεος ὕλης,
ἴχνια μαστεύοντες ἀθηήτοιο Λυαίου.

Ὄφρα μὲν ἐναέτῃσιν ἄναξ ἐπετέλλετο Πενθεύς,
τόφρα δὲ καὶ Διόνυσος ἀφεγγέα νύκτα δοκεύων
τοῖον ἔπος πρὸς Ὄλυμπον ἀνίαχε κυκλάδι Μήνῃ·

"Ὦ τέκος Ἠελίοιο, πολίστροφε, παντρόφε Μήνη,
ἅρματος ἀργυρέοιο κυβερνήτειρα Σελήνη,
εἰ σὺ πέλεις Ἑκάτη πολυώνυμος, ἐννυχίη δὲ
πυρσοφόρῳ παλάμῃ δονέεις θιασώδεα πεύκην,
ἔρχεο, νυκτιπόλος, σκυλακοτρόφος, ὅττί σε τέρπει
κνυζηθμῷ γοόωντι κυνοσσόος ἔννυχος ἠχώ·
Ἄρτεμις εἰ σὺ πέλεις ἐλαφηβόλος, ἐν δὲ καλώναις
νεβροφόνῳ σπεύδουσα συναγρώσσεις Διονύσῳ,
ἔσσο κασιγνήτοιο βοηθόος· ἀρχεγόνου γὰρ
αἷμα λαχὼν Κάδμοιο διώκομαι ἔκτοθι Θήβης,
μητρὸς ἐμῆς Σεμέλης ἀπὸ πατρίδος· ὠκύμορος γὰρ
θνητὸς ἀνὴρ κλονέει με θεημάχος· ὡς νυχίη δὲ

---

* Evidently a folktale explaining why Sun (Apollo-Helios) and Moon (Artemis-Selene) are never together; for more such stories, see A. H. Krappe, *La Genèse des mythes* (Paris, Payot, 1938), pp. 129 ff.

breast after Ares, divine Leto brought me forth after Phoibos. I will woo Artemis, who wants me—she does not run from me as she did from Phoibos, the wooer of her maidenhood, because she feared blame for wedding with a brother.[a] And if the heavenly flame did not burn your Semele, Cadmos did burn his house for his daughter's shame, and gave the name of lightning to the earthly fire he kindled, called the flame of torches the spark of the thunderbolt."

184 When the king had spoken, his men of war mustered in arms to fight the empty winds; there was an infinite host in the pinewood, seeking the tracks of Lyaios ever unseen.

188 But while Pentheus was giving his commands to the people, Dionysos waited for darksome night, and appealed in these words to the circling Moon in heaven:

191 "O daughter of Helios,[b] Moon of many turnings, nurse of all! O Selene, driver of the silver car! If thou art Hecate of many names, if in the night thou dost shake thy mystic torch in brandcarrying hand, come nightwanderer, nurse of puppies because the nightly sound of the hurrying dogs is thy delight with their mournful whimpering. If thou art staghunter Artemis, if on the hills thou dost eagerly hunt with fawnkilling Dionysos, be thy brother's helper now! For I have in me the blood of ancient Cadmos, and I am being chased out of Thebes, out of my mother Semele's home. A mortal man, a creature quickly perishing, an enemy of god, persecutes me. As a

[b] So first in Eurip. *Phoen.* 175, of surviving works, but the scholiast there says it comes in "Aeschylus and others of the more scientific (*φυσικώτεροι*) writers." It is indeed more astronomical than mythological, since the moon's light is from the sun. Usually she is the sun's sister.

νυκτελίῳ χραίσμησον ἐλαυνομένῳ Διονύσῳ·
εἰ δὲ σὺ Περσεφόνεια νεκυσσόος, ὑμέτεραι δὲ
ψυχαὶ Ταρταρίοισιν ὑποδρήσσουσι θοώκοις,
νεκρὸν ἴδω Πενθῆα, καὶ ἀχνυμένου Διονύσου
δάκρυον εὐνήσειε τεὸς ψυχοστόλος Ἑρμῆς·
σεῖο δὲ Τισιφόνης μανιώδεος ἠὲ Μεγαίρης
Ταρταρίῃ μάστιγι λαθίφρονα παῦσον ἀπειλὴν
Γηγενέος Πενθῆος, ἐπεὶ δυσμήχανος Ἥρη
ὀψίγονον Τιτῆνα νέῳ θώρηξε Λυαίῳ.
ἀλλὰ σὺ φῶτα δάμασσον ἀθέσμιον, ὄφρα γεραίρῃς
ἀρχεγόνου Ζαγρῆος ἐπωνυμίην Διονύσου.
Ζεῦ ἄνα, καὶ σὺ δόκευε μεμηνότος ἀνδρὸς ἀπειλήν·
κλῦθι, πάτερ καὶ μῆτερ· ἐλεγχομένου δὲ Λυαίου
σὴ στεροπὴ γαμίη Σεμέλης τιμήορος ἔστω."
Ὣς φαμένου ταυρῶπις ἀνίαχεν ὑψόθι Μήνη·
"Νυκτιφαὲς Διόνυσε,
φυτηκόμε, σύνδρομε Μήνης,
σῆς σταφυλῆς ἀλέγιζε· μέλει δέ μοι ὄργια Βάκχου,
ὑμετέρων ὅτι γαῖα φυτῶν ὠδῖνα πεπαίνει
μαρμαρυγὴν δροσόεσσαν ἀκοιμήτοιο Σελήνης
δεχνυμένη· σὺ δέ, Βάκχε χοροίτυπε, θύρσα τιταίνων
σῆς γενετῆς ἀλέγιζε, καὶ οὐ τρομέεις γένος ἀνδρῶν
ἀδρανέων, οἷς κοῦφος ἀεὶ νόος, ὧν καὶ ἀνάγκῃ
Εὐμενίδων μάστιγες ἀναστέλλουσιν ἀπειλάς.
σὺν σοὶ δυσμενέεσσι κορύσσομαι· ἶσα δὲ Βάκχῳ
κοιρανέῳ μανίης ἑτερόφρονος· εἰμὶ δὲ Μήνη
Βακχιάς, οὐχ ὅτι μοῦνον ἐν αἰθέρι μῆνας ἑλίσσω,
ἀλλ' ὅτι καὶ μανίης μεδέω καὶ λύσσαν ἐγείρω.

---

* *Cf.* on 152.

being of the night, help Dionysos of the night, when they pursue me! If thou art Persephoneia, whipperin of the dead, and yours are the ghosts which are subservient to the throne of Tartaros, let me see Pentheus a dead man, and let Hermes thy musterer of ghosts lull to sleep the tears of Dionysos in his grief. With the Tartarean whip of thy Tisiphone, or furious Megaira, stop the foolish threats of Pentheus, this son of earth,[a] since implacable Hera has armed a lateborn Titan against Lyaios. I pray thee, master this impious creature, to honour the Dionysos who revived the name of primeval Zagreus.[b] Lord Zeus, do thou also look upon the threat of this madman. Hear me, father and mother! Lyaios is contemned: let thy marriage lightning be the avenger of Semele!"

217 To this appeal bullface[c] Mene answered on high:

218 "Night-illuminating Dionysos, friend of plants, comrade of Mene, look to your grapes; my concern is the mystic rites of Bacchos, for the earth ripens the offspring of your plants when it receives the dewy sparkles of unresting Selene. Then do you, dancing Bacchos, stretch out your thyrsus and look to your offspring; and you need not fear a race of puny men, whose mind is light, whose threats the whips of the furies repress perforce. With you I will attack your enemies. Equally with Bacchos I rule distracted madness. I am the Bacchic Mene, not alone because in heaven I turn the months, but because I command madness and excite lunacy. I will not leave un-

[b] With this string of the moon's identifications with various goddesses, *cf.* the similar list of the sun's names, xl. 369 ff.

[c] So called because her exaltation (ὕψωμα) is in Taurus; this is astrology, not myth.

οὐ χθονίην σέθεν ὕβριν ἐγὼ νήποινον ἐάσω·
ἤδη γὰρ Λυκόοργος ἀπειλήσας Διονύσῳ,
ὁ πρὶν ἐὼν ταχύγουνος, ὁ Μαινάδας ὀξὺ διώξας,
τυφλὸς ἀληθεύει καὶ δεύεται ἡγεμονῆος.
ἤδη δ' ἀμφὶ τένοντας Ἐρυθραίων δονακήων
κέκλιται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, τεῆς αὐτάγγελος ἀλκῆς,
Ἰνδῶν νεκρὸς ὅμιλος, ἀναινομένῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
ἄφρονα Δηριαδῆα πατὴρ ἔκρυψεν Ὑδάσπης
ἔγχεϊ κισσήεντι τετυμμένον· αὐτὰρ ὁ φεύγων
πατρῴῳ βαρύθοντι κατηφέι πῖπτε ῥεέθρῳ·
Τυρσηνοὶ δεδάασι τεὸν σθένος, ὁππότε νηῶν
ὄρθιος ἱστὸς ἄμειπτο καὶ ἀμπελόεις πλέεν ὄρπηξ
αὐτοτελής, τὸ δὲ λαῖφος ὑπὸ σκιεροῖσι πετήλοις
ἡμερίδων εὔβοτρυς ἀνηέξητο καλύπτρη,
καὶ πρότονοι σύριζον ἐχιδνήεντι κορύμβῳ
ἰοβόλοι, βροτέην δὲ φυὴν καὶ ἐχέφρονα βουλὴν
δυσμενέες ῥίψαντες ἀμειβομένοιο προσώπου
ἀφραδέες δελφῖνες ἐνιπλώουσι θαλάσσῃ·
εἰσέτι κωμάζουσι καὶ ἐν ῥοθίοις Διονύσῳ,
οἷα κυβιστητῆρες ἐπισκαίρουσι γαλήνῃ.
καὶ νέκυς ὑμετέρῳ βεβολημένος ὀξέϊ θύρσῳ
χεύμασιν Ἀσσυρίοισι καλύπτεται Ἰνδὸς Ὀρόντης,
εἰσέτι δειμαίνων καὶ ἐν ὕδασιν οὔνομα Βάκχου.

Τοῖον ἔπος Βρομίῳ χρυσήνιος ἴαχε δαίμων.
ὄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βάκχος ὁμίλεε κυκλάδι Μήνῃ,
τόφρα δὲ καὶ Ζαγρῆι χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ
Περσεφόνη θώρηξεν Ἐρινύας, ἀχνυμένη δὲ
ὀψιγόνῳ χραίσμησε κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.

Αἱ δὲ Διὸς χθονίοιο δυσαίνετι νεύματι κόρσης[1]
Εὐμενίδες Πενθῆος ἐπεστρατόωντο μελάθρῳ,
ὧν ἡ μὲν ζοφεροῖο διαθρῴσκουσα βερέθρου
Ταρταρίην ἐλέλιζεν ἐχιδνήεσσαν ἰμάσθλην,

punished earthly violence against you. For already Lycurgos who threatened Dionysos, so quick of knee once, who sharply harried the Mainads, is a blind vagabond who needs a guide. Already over the stretches of Erythraian reedbeds a crowd of Indians lie dead here and there, dumb witnesses to your valour, and foolish Deriades has been swallowed up in the unwilling stream of his father Hydaspes, pierced with an ivy spear—yes, he fled and fell into the sad stream of his despondent father. The Tyrsenians learnt your strength, when the standing mast of their ship was changed, and turned into a vinestock of itself, the sail spread into a shady canopy of leaves of garden-vine and rich bunches of grapes, the forestays whistled with clumps of serpents hissing poison, your enemies threw off their human shape and intelligent mind and changed their looks to senseless dolphins wallowing in the sea—still they make revel for Dionysos even in the surge, skipping like tumblers in the calm water. Indian Orontes also is dead, struck by your sharp thyrsus, and drowned in the Assyrian floods, still fearing the name of Bacchos even under the waters."

253 Such was the answer of the goldenrein deity to Bromios. But while Bacchos yet conversed with circling Mene, even then Persephone was arming her Furies for the pleasure of Dionysos Zagreus, and in wrath helping Dionysos his later born brother.

258 Then at the grim nod of Underworld Zeus, the Furies assailed the palace of Pentheus. One leapt out of the gloomy pit swinging her Tartarean whip of vipers; she drew a stream from Cocytos and

---

[1] Ῥείης MS.: *κούρης* Koch, *κόρσης* Graefe, Ludwich.

Κωκυτοῦ δὲ ῥέεθρον ἀρύετο καὶ Στυγὸς ὕδωρ,
καὶ χθονίῃ ῥαθάμιγγι δόμους ἔρραινεν Ἀγαύης . . .
οἷα προθεσπίζοντα γόον καὶ δάκρυα Θήβης·
Ἀκταίην δὲ μάχαιραν ἀπ' Ἀτθίδος ἤγαγε δαίμων,
ἀρχαίην Ἰτύλοιο μιαιφόνον, ᾗ ποτε μήτηρ
Πρόκνη θυμολέαινα σὺν ἀνδροφόνῳ Φιλομήλῃ
τηλυγέτην ὠδῖνα διατμήξασα σιδήρῳ
παιδοβόρῳ Τηρῆι φίλην δαιτρεύσατο φορβήν·
κείνην χειρὶ φέρουσα φόνων ὀχετηγὸν Ἐρινὺς
ἀρχεκάκοις ὀνύχεσσι διαγλύψασα κονίην
Ἀττικὸν ἔκρυφεν ἄορ ὀρεσσιφύτῳ παρὰ ῥίζῃ
μηκεδανῆς ἐλάτης, ᾗ Μαινάδες, ὁππόθι Πενθεὺς
μέλλε θανεῖν ἀκάρηνος· ἐπαμήσασα δὲ κόχλῳ
Γοργόνος ἀρτιφόνοιο νεόρρυτον αἷμα Μεδούσης
πορφυρέαις ἔχρισε Λιβυστίσι δένδρον ἐέρσαις.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν σκοπέλοις τεχνήσατο μαινὰς Ἐρινύς.
Ὀρφναίοις δὲ πόδεσσι δόμων ἐπεβήσατο Κάδμου
νυκτιφαὴς Διόνυσος ἔχων ταυρώπιδα μορφήν,
αἰθύσσων Κρονίην μανιώδεα Παιὼν ἱμάσθλην·
βακχεύσας δ' ἀχάλινον Ἀρισταίοιο γυναῖκα
Αὐτονόην ἐκάλεσσε, καὶ ἴαχε θυιάδι φωνῇ·
"'Ὀλβίη, Αὐτονόη, Σεμέλης πλέον· ἀρτιγάμου γὰρ
υἱέος εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐριδμαίνεις καὶ Ὀλύμπῳ·
αἰθέρος ἥρπασας εὖχος, ἐπεὶ λάχεν ἄβρὸν ἀκοίτην
Ἄρτεμις Ἀκταίωνα καὶ Ἐνδυμίωνα Σελήνη.
οὐ θάνεν Ἀκταίων, οὐκ ἔλλαχε θηρὸς ὀπωπήν,
οὐ στικτῆς ἐλάφοιο τανυγλώχινα κεραίην,
οὐ νόθον εἶδος ἔδεκτο, καὶ οὐκ ἐψεύσατο μορφήν,
οὐ κύνας ἀγρευτῆρας ἑοὺς ἐνόησε φονῆας·

---

[a] Since all this was in Thrace, it is hard to see how the knife got to Attica, even though the two sisters were Athenians.

water from Styx, and drenched Agauë's rooms with the infernal drops as if with a prophecy of tears and groanings for Thebes; and the deity brought that Attic knife from Attica, which long before murdered Itylos, when his mother Procne with heart like a lioness, helped by murderous Philomele, cut with steel the throat of the beloved child of her womb, and served up his own son for cannibal Tereus to eat.[a] This knife, the channel of bloodshed, the Fury held, and scratching up the dust with her pernicious fingernails she buried the Attic blade among the hillgrown roots of a tall fir, among the Mainads, where Pentheus was to die headless. She brought the blood of Gorgon Medusa, scraped off into a shell fresh when she was newly slain, and smeared the tree with the crimson Libyan drops. This is what the mad Fury did in the mountains.

278 Now with darkling steps night-illuminating Dionysos entered the palace of Cadmos, wearing the head of a bull, cracking Pan's Cronian[b] whip of madness, and put madness into the unbridled wife of Aristaios. He called Autonoë and cried in wild tones—

283 "Autonoë, happier far than Semele—for by your son's late marriage you can rival Olympos itself! You have seized the honours of the skies, now Artemis has got Actaion for her dainty leman, and Selene Endymion! Actaion never died, he never took the shape of a wild creature, he had no antlered horn of a dappled deer, no bastard shape, no false body, he saw no hounds hunting and killing

[b] Because Pan is descended by one way or another from Cronos.

ἀλλὰ κακογλώσσων στομάτων κενεόφρονι μύθῳ
υἱέος ὑμετέροιο μόρον ψεύσαντο βοτῆρες,
νυμφίον ἐχθαίροντες ἀνυμφεύτοιο θεαίνης.
οἶδα, πόθεν δόλος οὗτος· ἐπ' ἀλλοτρίοις ὑμεναίοις
εἰς γάμον, εἰς Παφίην ζηλήμονές εἰσι γυναῖκες.
ἀλλὰ θυελλήεντι διαθρῴσκουσα πεδίλῳ
σπεῦδε μολεῖν ἀκίχητος ἐς οὔρεα· κεῖθι μολοῦσα
ὄψεαι Ἀκταίωνα συναγρώσσοντα Λυαίῳ,
Ἄρτεμιν ἐγγὺς ἔχοντα, καὶ αἰόλα δίκτυα θήρης
ἐνδρομίδας φορέοντα, καὶ ἀμφαφόωντα φαρέτρην.
ἀλβίη, Λύτονόη, Σεμέλης πλέον, ὅττι θεαίνης
εἰς γάμον ἐρχομένης ἑκυρὴ πέλες ἰοχεαίρης·
Ἰνοῦς καλλιτόκοιο μακαρτέρη, ὅττι θεαίνης
σὸς πάις ἔλλαχε λέκτρα, τὰ μὴ λάχεν Ὠτος ἀγήνωρ.
οὐ θρασὺς Ὡρίων πέλε νυμφίος ἰοχεαίρης.
χάρματι δ' ἠβήσας σέθεν υἱέος εἵνεκα νύμφης
κωμάζει σέο Κάδμος ὀρεσσαύλῳ παρὰ παστῷ,
σείων ἠερίοις ἀνέμοις χιονώδεα χαίτην.
ἔγρεο, καὶ σὺ γένοιο γαμοστόλος, εὔλοχε μήτηρ·
ἅρμενος οὗτος Ἔρως, ὅτι νυμφίον Ἄρτεμις ἀγνὴ
ὕλα κασιγνήτοιο, καὶ οὐ ξένον εἶχεν ἀκοίτην.
ἀλλὰ θεὰ φυγόδεμνος ἐπὴν ποτε παῖδα λοχεύσῃ,
υἱέα κουφίζουσα σαόφρονος ἰοχεαίρης
πήχεϊ παιδοκόμῳ ζηλήμονι δεῖξον Ἀγαύῃ.
τίς νέμεσίς ποτε τοῦτο, κυνοσσόος εἰ παρὰ παστῷ
ἤθελε θηρητῆρα λαγωβόλον ὕλα λοχεῦσαι,
εἴκελον Ἀκταίωνι φιλοσκοπέλῳ τε Κυρήνῃ,
μητρῴων ἐλάφων ἐποχημένον ὠκέι δίφρῳ;"

him. No, these were all herdsmen's lies, empty-minded fables of malicious tongues about your son's fate, because they hated the bridegroom of an unwedded goddess. I know where this invention came from: women are jealous about marriage and love in others. Come, leap up with stormy shoe! Make haste, speed into the mountains! There you shall see Actaion beside Lyaios on the hunt, with Artemis not far off, woven nets in his hands and hunting-boots on his feet, fingering his quiver. Happier far than Semele, Autonoë! for a goddess came to you for marriage, a goddess became your gooddaughter, the Archeress herself! More blessed than that mother Ino proud of her son, for your son got the bed of a goddess, which proud Otos never got. Bold Orion was never bridegroom of the Archeress. Your Cadmos is young again with joy for your son's bride, and holds revel beside their bridal bed in the mountains, with his snowy hair fluttering in the airy breeze. Wake up, and make one in the marriage company, happy mother! This is a proper love, for holy Artemis has a brother's son for bridegroom, not a stranger husband. And when the goddess who hated marriage brings forth a child, you shall dandle the son of the chaste Archeress in your cherishing arms and make Agauë jealous at the sight! Why should not the huntress be pleased to bear a son in her bridal chamber, a hunter himself and a marksman, like Actaion, or Cyrene who loved the mountains, and let him ride behind his mother's team of swift deer?"

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΠΕΜΠΤΟΝ

Πέμπτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐπόψεαι,
ὁππόθι Πενθεὺς
ταῦρον ἐπισφίγγει κεραελκέος ἀντὶ Λυαίου.

Ὡς φαμένου Βρομίοιο δόμων ἐξέδραμε νύμφη
χάρματι λυσσήεντι κατάσχετος, ὄφρα νοήσῃ
νυμφίον Ἀκταίωνα παρήμενον ἰοχεαίρῃ·
καὶ οἱ ἐπειγομένῃ σφαλερῷ ποδὶ σύνδρομος αὖραις
εἰς ὄρος ἀκρήδεμνος ὁμάρτεε μαινὰς Ἀγαύη,
καὶ Κρονίης μάστιγος ἰμασσομένη φρένα κέντρῳ
ἄσκοπον ἐρροίβδησε μεμηνότι χείλεϊ φωνήν·
" Οὐτιδανῷ Πενθῆι κορύσσομαι, ὄφρα δαείῃ,
θαρσαλέην ὅτι Κάδμος Ἀμαζόνα τίκτεν Ἀγαύην.
ἔμπλεος ἠνορέης καὶ ἐγὼ πέλον· ἦν ἐθελήσω,
καὶ γυμναῖς παλάμῃσιν ὅλον Πενθῆα δαμάσσω,
καὶ στρατιὴν εὔοπλον ἀτευχέι χειρὶ δαΐξω.
θύρσον ἔχω· μελίης οὐ δείομαι, οὐ δόρυ πάλλω·
ἔγχεϊ δ' ἀμπελόεντι δορυσσόον ἀνέρα βάλλω·
οὐ φορέω θώρηκα, καὶ εὐθώρηκα δαμάσσω.
κύμβαλα δ' αἰθύσσουσα καὶ ἀμφιπλῆγα βοείην
κυδαίνω Διὸς υἷα, καὶ οὐ Πενθῆα γεραίρω.
Λύδιά μοι δότε ῥόπτρα· τί μέλλετε, θυιάδες ὧραι;
ἴξομαι εἰς σκοπέλους, ὅθι Μαινάδες, ἦχι γυναῖκες

BOOK XLV

See also the forty-fifth, where Pentheus binds the bull instead of stronghorn Lyaios.

When Bromios had spoken, the nymph rushed from the house possessed by joyous madness, that she might see Actaion as bridegroom seated beside the Archeress; along with her as she hastened swift as the wind sped Agauë to the mountain, with staggering steps, unveiled, frenzied, the sting of the Cronian[a] whip flogging her wits, while she poured out these heedless words from her maddened lips:

8 "I rebel against that ridiculous Pentheus, to teach him what a bold Amazon is Agauë the daughter of Cadmos! I too am chockfull of valour. If I like, I will tame all Pentheus even with my bare hands, and I will destroy his well-armed host with no weapon in my hand! I have a thyrsus; ashplant I want not, no spear I shake—with viny lance I strike the spear-shaking man! I wear no corselet, but I will tame the man who wears the best. Shaking my cymbals and my tambour which I beat on both sides I magnify the son of Zeus, I honour not Pentheus. Give me the Lydian drums—why do ye delay, ye hours of festival? I will come to the hills, where Mainads, where women

[a] Hardly more definite than "divine," all the Olympians being related in one way or another to Cronos.

ἥλικες ἀγρώσσοιτι συναγρώσσουσι Λυαίῳ.
ζῆλον ἔχω, Διόνυσε, λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης·
φείδεό μοι Βρομίοιο, θεημάχε, φείδεο, Πενθεῦ·
εἰς σκοπέλους ἀκίχητος ἐλεύσομαι, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴ
Εὔιον ἀείδουσα χοροίτυπον ἴχνος ἑλίξω·
οὐκέτι βοτρυόεντος ἀναίνομαι ὄργια Βάκχου,
οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδων στυγέω χορόν· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
δειμαίνω Διόνυσον, ὃν ἤροσεν ἄφθιτος εὐνή,
ὃν Διὸς ὑψιμέδοντος ἐχυτλώσαντο κραυνοί.
ἔσσομαι ὠκυπέδιλος, ὁμήλυδος ἰοχαίρης
δίκτυα κουφίζουσα, καὶ οὐ κλωστῆρας Ἀθήνης."
Ὡς φαμένη πεπότητο νέη σκαίρουσα Μιμαλλών,
ληναίης μεθέπουσα φιλεύιον ἅλμα χορείης,
Βάκχον ἀνενάζουσα καὶ ἀείδουσα Θυώνην·
καὶ Σεμέλην ὑπάτοιο Διὸς κίκλησκε γυναῖκα,
καὶ σέλας εὐφαέων γαμίων ἐλίγαινε κραυνῶν.
Καὶ χορὸς ἐν σκοπέλοισιν ἔην πολύς·
ἀμφὶ δὲ πέτραι
ἴαχον· ἐπταπύλου δὲ πέδον περιδέδρομε Θήβης
ἠχὴ ποικιλόμορφος· ὁμογλώσσῳ δ' ἀλαλητῷ
μελπομένων βαρύδουπος ἐπεσμαράγησε Κιθαιρών·
καὶ δροσόεις κελάδησεν ἁλὸς κτύπος· ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
δένδρεα κωμάζοιτα καὶ αὐδήεσσαν ἐριπνην.
καί τις ἑοῦ θαλάμοιο χοροίτυπος ἔκθορε κούρη,
αὐλὸς ὅτε τρητοῖσι πόροις ἰάχησε κεράστης·
καὶ κτύπος ἀμφιβόητος ἀδεψήτοιο βοείης
παρθενικὰς βάκχευσεν, ἀπ' εὐτύκτων δὲ μελάθρων
εἰς ὄρος ὑψικάρηνον ἐρημάδας ἤλασε Βάκχας.
καί τις ἀνοιστρηθεῖσα θυελλήεντι πεδίλῳ
κούρη λυσιέθειρα διέσσυτο παρθενεώνος,
κερκίδα καλλείψασα καὶ ἱστοτέλειαν Ἀθήνην·
καὶ πλοκάμων ἀκόμιστον ἀπορρίψασα καλύπτρην

of like years, join the hunt of hunting Lyaios. O Dionysos, I am jealous of Cyrene lionslayer! Spare me Bromios, O thou rebel against heaven—spare him, O Pentheus! I will come at speed into the hills, that I too may sing Euios and twirl a dancing foot. No longer I refuse the rites of grapegod Bacchos, no longer I hate the Bassarids' dance; but I too stand in awe of Dionysos, offspring of the bed incorruptible, bathed by thunderbolts from Zeus on high. Swift will my shoes go, as I carry nets beside the Archeress, no longer the skeins of Athena."

31 So crying she flew away, a new skipping Mimallon, practising the Euian leap of the winepress, calling Euoi to Bacchos and lauding Thyone—aye, and she called to Semele, wife of Zeus the highest, and loudly sang the brightness of those bridal lightnings.

36 Then there was great dancing on the hills. The rocks resounded all about, a thousand new noises rolled round the land of sevengate Thebes; the one concordant chorus of the singers filled Cithairon with heavy-echoing din; the dewy salt sea roared; one could see trees making merry, and hear voices from the rocks. Many a maiden ran out of her room to foot it in the dance, when the pipe of horn tootled through its drilled holes, and the double blows on the raw hide made the girls go mad, and drove them from their well-built halls to be Bacchants in the wilderness of the lofty mountains. Many a maiden driven crazy shook her hair loose and rushed with stormy shoe from her chamber, leaving loomcomb and Athena with her craft, cast away the veil unheeded from her hair,

μίσγετο Βασσαρίδεσσι καὶ Ἀονὶς ἔπλετο Βάκχη.
Τειρεσίας δ' ἱέρευσεν ἀλεξικάκῳ Διονύσῳ
βωμὸν ἀναστήσας, ἵνα Πενθέος ὕβριν ἐρύξῃ
καὶ χόλον ἀπρήνυντον ἀποσκεδάσειε Λυαίου·
ἀλλὰ μάτην ἱκέτευσεν, ἐπεὶ λίνον ἦλυθε Μοίρης.
καὶ Σεμέλης γενέτην ἐκαλέσσατο μάντις ἐχέφρων,
ὄφρα μετασχήσωσι χοροστασίην Διονύσου.
βριθομένοις δὲ πόδεσσι γέρων ὠρχήσατο Κάδμος
στέψας Ἀονίῳ χιονώδεα βόστρυχα κισσῷ·
Τειρεσίας δ' ὁμόφοιτος ἑὸν πόδα νωθρὸν ἑλίσσων,
Μυγδονίῳ Φρύγα κῶμον ἀνακρούων Διονύσῳ,
εἰς χορὸν αἴσσοντι συνέμπορος ἦε Κάδμῳ
γηραλέον νάρθηκι θεουδέι πῆχυν ἐρείσας.
ἀθρήσας δὲ γέροντας ὁμήλυδας ὄμματι λοξῷ
Τειρεσίαν καὶ Κάδμον ἀτάσθαλος ἴαχε Πενθεύς·
" Κάδμε, τί μαργαίνεις;
τίνι δαίμονι κῶμον ἀγείρεις;
Κάδμε, μιαινομένης ἀποκάτθεο κισσὸν ἐθείρης,
κάτθεο καὶ νάρθηκα νοοπλανέος Διονύσου·
Ὀγκαίης δ' ἀνάειρε σαόφρονα χαλκὸν Ἀθήνης.
νήπιε Τειρεσία, στεφανηφόρε, ῥῖψον ἀήταις
σῶν πλοκάμων τάδε φύλλα, νόθον στέφος·
ἀντὶ δὲ θύρσου
Φοίβου μᾶλλον ἄειρε τεὴν Ἰσμηνίδα δάφνην.
αἰδέομαι σέο γῆρας, ἀμετροβίων δὲ καὶ αὐτῶν
μάρτυρα σῶν ἐτέων πολιὴν πλοκαμῖδα γεραίρω·
εἰ μὴ γὰρ τόδε γῆρας ἐρήτυνε καὶ σέο χαίτη,
καί κεν ἀλυκτοπέδῃσιν ἐγὼ σέο χεῖρας ἑλίξας
δέσμιον ἀχλυόεντι κατεσφρήγισσα μελάθρῳ.

---

[a] Theban.

mingled with Bassarids—and lo! Aionian[a] turned Bacchant!

52 Teiresias built an altar to Protecting Dionysos and sacrificed there, that he might prevent the defiance of Pentheus and avert the wrath of Lyaios yet unappeased; but his prayers were in vain, since the thread of Fate was there. The wise seer called Semele's father also, that they might share the dance of Dionysos. With heavy feet ancient Cadmos danced, crowning his snowy hair with Aonian ivy, and Teiresias his old comrade wheeled a sluggish foot, beating a Phrygian revelstep for Mygdonian Dionysos; so he joined the eager efforts of Cadmos hastening to the dance, and supported his old arm on a pious fennel stalk. Pentheus the hothead saw old Teiresias and Cadmos there together, and looking askance at them cried out—

66 "Why this madness, Cadmos? What god do you honour with this revel? Tear the ivy from your hair, Cadmos, it defiles it! And drop that fennel of Dionysos, the deluder of men's wits! Take up the bronze[b] of Athena Oncaia, which makes men sane. Foolish Teiresias to wear that garland! Throw these leaves to the winds, that false chaplet on your hair. Take up rather the Ismenian laurel of your own Phoibos, instead of a thyrsus. I respect your old age, I honour the hoary locks that witness to the years of your life, as old as theirs. But if this old age and this your hair did not save you, I had twisted galling bonds about your hands and sealed you up in a gloomy cell.

[b] Possibly a spear, but it may be an instrument of some sort used in her cult; we know little or nothing of the ritual of Onca.

σὸς νόος οὔ με λέληθε· σὺ γὰρ Πενθῆι μεγαίρων
μαντοσύναις δολίῃσι νόθον θεὸν ἀνέρα τεύχεις,
δῶρα λαβὼν Λυδοῖο παρ' ἀνέρος ἠπεροπῆος,
δῶρα πολυχρύσοιο φατιζομένου ποταμοῖο.
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις, ὅτι Βάκχος ἐποίνιον εὗρεν ὀπώρην·
οἶνος ἀεὶ μεθύοντας ἐφέλκεται εἰς Ἀφροδίτην,
εἰς φόνον ἀσταθέος νόον ἀνέρος οἶνος ἐγείρει.
ἀλλὰ Διὸς γενετῆρος ἔχει δέμας ἠὲ χιτῶνας·
χρύσεα πέπλα φέρων, οὐ νεβρίδας, ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
ἀστράπτει μακάρεσσι· καὶ ἀνδράσι μάρναται Ἄρης
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχων, οὐκ οἰνοπα θύρσον ἀείρων·
οὐ βοέοις κεράεσσι κερασφόρος ἐστὶν Ἀπόλλων.
μὴ ποταμὸς Σεμέλην νυμφεύσατο, καὶ τέκε νύμφη
υἷα νόθον κεροέντα βοοκραίρῳ παρακοίτῃ;
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· ' γλαυκῶπις ἐς ἄρσενα δῆριν ἰκάνει
σύγγονον ἔγχος ἔχουσα καὶ ἀσπίδα
Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη ' . . .
αἰγίδα καὶ σὺ τίταινε θεοῦ Κρονίδαο τοκῆος."
Ὣς φαμένου Πενθῆος ἀμείβετο μάντις ἐχέφρων·
" Τί κλονέεις Διόνυσον, ὃν ἤρσεν ὑψιμέδων Ζεύς,
ὃν Κρονίδης ὤδινε πατὴρ ἐγκύμονι μηρῷ,
παιδοκόμῳ δὲ γάλακτι θεητόκος ἔτρεφε Ῥείη,
ὃν πάρος ἡμιτέλεστον ἔτι πνείοντα τεκούσης
ἀφλεγέες σπινθῆρες ἐχυτλώσαντο κεραυνοῦ;
οὗτος ἀμαλλοτόκῳ Δημήτερι μοῦνος ἐρίζει
ἀντίτυπον σταχύεσσιν ἔχων εὔβοτρυν ὀπώρην.
ἀλλὰ χόλον Βρομίοιο φυλάσσεο· δυσσεβίης δὲ
σοί, τέκος, ἦν ἐθέλῃς, Σικελόν τινα μῦθον ἐνίψω.
Τυρσηνῶν ποτε παῖδες ἐναντίλλοντο θαλάσσῃ,

---

* i.e. the *κέρας* he carries is his bow (made partly of horn)

78 " I understand what is in your mind. You have a grudge against Pentheus, and you make a man into a bastard god by lying oracles—that Lydian impostor has bribed you by promising plenty of gold from the famous golden river. But you will say, Bacchos has invented the wine-fruit.—Yes, and what wine always does is to drag drunken men into lust ; what wine does is to excite an unstable man's mind to murder. But he wears the shape and garments of Zeus his father!—Golden robes are what Lord Zeus wears, not fawnskins, when he thunders in the heights among the Blessed ; when Ares fights with men, he carries a spear of bronze, not a thyrsus of vineleaves in his hand ; Apollo is not horned with bull's horns.[a] Was it a River that wedded Semele ? did the bride bear a horned bastard to her bullhorned husband ? But you will say, Brighteyes Pallas Athena marches to battle with men, holding the spear and shield that were born with her. . . . Then you should hold the aegis of your father Cronides."

95 When Pentheus ended, the wise seer replied :

96 " Why do you persecute Dionysos, begotten by Zeus the Lord on high, whom Cronides brought forth from a pregnant thigh, whom Rheia mother of the gods nursed with her cherishing milk, who half-complete, with a whiff of his mother still about him, was bathed by lightnings which burnt him not ? This is the only rival to Demeter mother of harvest, with his fruit of grapes against the corn ! Nay, beware of the wrath of Bromios. About impiety, I will tell you, if you wish, my son, a Sicilian story.

105 " Sons of the Tyrsenians once were sailing on

or possibly his hair (one way of dressing the hair was called " the horn ").

ξεινοφόνοι, πλωτῆρες ἀλήμονες, ἅρπαγες ὅλβου,
πάντοθεν ἁρπάζοντες ἐπάκτια πώεα μήλων·
καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα δορικτήτων ἀπὸ νηῶν
εἰς μόρον ὑδατόεντα γέρων ἐκυλίνδετο ναύτης
ἡμιθανής, ἕτερος δὲ προασπίζων ἑο ποίμνης
ἀμφιλαφὴς πολιῇσι φόνῳ φοινίσσετο ποιμήν.
ἔμπορος εἰ τότε πόντον ἐπέπλεεν, εἴ ποτε Φοῖνιξ
ὤνια Σιδονίης ἁλιπόρφυρα πέπλα θαλάσσης
εἶχεν, ὑπὲρ πόντοιο λαβὼν Τυρσηνὸς ἀλήτης
ἁρποῖδὴς πεφόρητο ῥυηφενέων ἐπὶ νηῶν·
καί τις ἀνὴρ νήποινον ἀπείρονα φόρτον ἀλέσσας
εἰς Σικελὴν Ἀρέθουσαν ἀνὴρ πορθμεύετο Φοῖνιξ
δέσμιος, ἁρπαμένοιο λιπόπτολις ἄμμορος ὅλβου.
ἀλλὰ δόλῳ Διόνυσος ἐπίκλοπον εἶδος ἀμείψας
Τυρσηνοὺς ἀπάφησε· νόθην δ' ὑπεδύσατο μορφήν,
ἱμερόεις ἅτε κοῦρος ἔχων ἀχάρακτον ὑπήνην,
αὐχένι κόσμον ἔχων χρυσήλατον· ἀμφὶ δὲ κόρσην
στέμματος ἀστράπτοντος ἓην αὐτόσσυτος αἴγλη
λυχνίδος ἀσβέστοιο, καὶ ἔγχλοα νῶτα μαράγδου,
καὶ λίθος Ἰνδῴη χαροπῆς ἀμάρυγμα θαλάσσης·
καὶ χροῒ δύσατο πέπλα φαάντερα κυκλάδος Ἠοῦς
ἄρτι χαρασσομένης, Τυρίῃ πεπαλαγμένα κόχλῳ.
ἵστατο δ' αἰγιαλοῖο παρ' ὀφρύσιν, οἷα καὶ αὐτὸς
ὁλκάδος ἱμείρων ἐπιβήμεναι. οἱ δὲ θορόντες
φαιδρὸν ἐληίσσαντο δολοπλόκον υἷα Θυώνης
καὶ κτεάνων γύμνωσαν· ὑποτροχόωσα δὲ σειρὴ
χερσὶν ὀπισθοτόνοισιν ἐμιτρώθη Διονύσου.
καὶ νέος ἐξαπίνης μέγας ἔπλετο θέσπιδι μορφῇ
ἀνδροφυὴς κεροέις ὑψούμενος ἄχρις Ὀλύμπου,
νύσσων ἠερίων νεφέων σκέπας· εὐκελάδῳ δὲ

the sea—wandering mariners, murderers of the stranger, pirates of the rich, stealing from every side the flocks of sheep near the coast. Many an old sailor man from the ships which they captured here and there was rolled half dead to his fate in the waters; many a stout shepherd fighting for his herd dyed his grey hairs in his red blood. If any merchant then sailed the seas, if any Phoinician with sea-purple stuffs from Sidonian parts for sale, the Tyrsenian pirate caught him suddenly out at sea, and set upon his vessels laden with riches; and so many a man lost infinite cargo without a penny paid, and the Phoinician was carried to Sicilian Arethusa in chains, far from home, his fortune stolen and gone. But Dionysos disguised himself in a deceptive shape, and outwitted the Tyrsenians.

120 "He put on a false appearance, like a lovely boy with smooth chin, wearing a gold necklace upon his neck; about his temples was a chaplet shining with selfsped gleams of a light unquenchable, broad green emeralds and the Indian stone,[a] a scintillation of the bright sea. His body was clad in robes streaked with dye from the Tyrian shell more brilliant than the circling Dawn, when she has just been marked with lines.[b] He stood on the brow of the shore, as if he wished to embark in their ship. They leapt ashore and captured the radiant son of Thyone in his guile; they stript him of his possessions, and tied Dionysos's hands fast with ropes running behind his back. Suddenly the lad grew tall with wonderful beauty, as a man with horned head rising up to Olympos, touching the canopy of aerial clouds, and

[a] Pearl.

[b] The meaning of this curious phrase is doubtful.

ὡς στρατὸς ἐννεάχιλος ἑῷ μυκήσατο λαιμῷ.
μηκεδανοὶ δὲ κάλωες ἐχιδναῖοι πέλον ὀλκοί,
ἔμπνοα μορφωθέντες ἐς ἀγκύλα νῶτα δρακόντων·
καὶ πρότονοι σύριζον· ὑπηνέμιος δὲ κεράστης
ὁλκαίαις ἐλίκεσσιν ἀνέδραμεν εἰς κέρας ἱστοῦ·
καὶ χλοεροῖς πετάλοισι κατάσκιος ἠέρι γείτων
ἱστὸς ἔην κυπάρισσος ὑπέρτατος· ἐν δὲ μεσόδμῃ
κισσὸς ἀερσιπότητος ἀνήιεν αἰθέρι γείτων,
σειρὴν αὐτοέλικτον ἐπιπλέξας κυπαρίσσῳ·
ἀμφὶ δὲ πηδαλίοισιν ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης
Βακχιὰς ἀμπελόεντι κάμαξ ἐβαρύνετο καρπῷ·
πρύμνης δ' ἠδυπότοιο βαρυνομένης Διονύσου
οἶνον ἀναβλύζουσα μέθης βακχεύετο πηγή.
ἀμφὶ δὲ σέλματα πάντα διὰ πρώρης ἀνιόντες
θῆρες ἀεξήθησαν· ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ ταῦροι,
καὶ βλοσυρὸν κελάδημα λέων βρυχήσατο λαιμῷ.
Τυρσηνοὶ δ' ἰάχησαν, ἐβακχεύοντο δὲ λύσσῃ
εἰς φόβον οἰστρηθέντες. ἀεξιφύτοιο δὲ πόντου
ἄνθεα κυματόεντες ἀπέπτυον ὕδατος ὀλκοί·
καὶ ῥόδον ἐβλάστησε, καὶ ὑψόθεν, ὡς ἐνὶ κήπῳ,
ἀφροτόκοι κενεῶνες ἐφοινίσσοντο θαλάσσης,
καὶ κρίνον ἐν ῥοθίοις ἀμαρύσσετο.

δερκομένων δὲ
ψευδομένους λειμῶνας ἐβακχεύθησαν ὀπωπαί,
καί σφιν ὄρος βαθύδενδρον ἐφαίνετο καὶ νομὸς ὕλης
καὶ χορὸς ἀγρονόμων καὶ πώεα μηλοβοτήρων,
καὶ κτύπον ὠίσαιντο λιγυφθόγγοιο νομῆος
ποιμενίῃ σύριγγι μελιζομένοιο νοῆσαι,
καὶ λιγυρῶν ἀίοντες ἐυτρήτων μέλος αὐλῶν
μεσσατίου πλώοντες ἀτέρμονος ὑψόθι πόντου
γαῖαν ἰδεῖν ἐδόκησαν· ἀμερσινόῳ δ' ὑπὸ λύσσῃ
εἰς βυθὸν ἀίσσοντες ἐπωρχήσαντο γαλήνῃ,
330

with booming throat roared as loud as an army of nine thousand men.[a] The long hawsers became trailing snakes, changed into live serpents twisting their bodies about, the stayropes hissed, up into the air a horned viper ran along the mast to the yard in trailing coils: near the sky, the mast was a tall cypress with a shade of green leaves ; ivy sprang up from the mastbox and ran into the sky wrapping its tendrils about the cypress of itself, the Bacchic stem popped out of the sea round the steering-oars all heavy with bunches of grapes ; over the laden poop poured a fountain of wine bubbling the sweet drink of Dionysos. All along the decks wild beasts were springing up over the prow: bulls were bellowing, a lion's throat let out a fearsome roar.

152 " The Tyrsenians shrieked and rushed wildly about goaded with fear. Plants were sprouting in the sea: the rolling waves of the waters put out flowers ; the rose grew there, and reddened the rounded foaming swell upon it as if it were a garden, lilies gleamed in the surge. As they beheld these counterfeit meadows their eyes were bewitched. The place seemed to be a hill thick with trees, and a woodland pasturage, companies of countrymen and shepherds with their sheep ; they thought they saw a tuneful herdsman playing a tune on his shepherd's pipes ; they thought they heard the melody from the loud pipes' holes, and saw land while still sailing upon the boundless sea ; then deluded by their madness they leapt into the deep and danced in the quiet

[a] Compare Hom. *Il.* v. 859-861.

ποντοπόροι δελφῖνες· ἀμειβομένου δὲ προσώπου
εἰς φύσιν ἰχθυόεσσαν ἐμορφώθη γένος ἀνδρῶν.
καὶ σύ, τέκος, δολόεντα χόλον πεφύλαξο Λυαίου.
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· ' μεθέπω δέμας ἄλκιμον, ἀμφιέπω δὲ
φρικτὸν ὀδοντοφύτων αὐτόσπορον αἷμα Γιγάντων.'
δαιμονίην φύγε χεῖρα Γιγαντοφόνου Διονύσου,
ὅς ποτε Τυρσηνοῖο παρὰ κρηπῖδα Πελώρου
Ἄλπον ἀπηλοίησε, θεημάχον υἱὸν Ἀρούρης,
μαρνάμενον σκοπέλοισι καὶ αἰχμάζοντα κολώναις·
μαινομένου δὲ Γίγαντος ὑποπτήσσων στίχα λαιμῶν
οὐ τότε κεῖνο κάρηνον ὁδοιπόρος ἔστιχε πέτρης·
εἰ δέ τις ἀγνώσσων ἀβάτῳ πεφόρητο κελεύθῳ
μαστίζων θρασὺν ἵππον, ὑπὲρ σκοπέλοιο νοήσας
χερσὶ πολυσπερέεσσι περίπλοκον υἱὸς Ἀρούρης
ἠνίοχον καὶ πῶλον ἑῷ τυμβεύσατο λαιμῷ.
πολλάκι δ' εὐδίνδροιο δι' οὔρεος εἰς νομὸν ἕλκων
μῆλα μεσημβρίζοντα γέρων δαιτρεύετο ποιμήν.
οὐ τότε δ' αἰπολίοισι παρήμενος ἢ παρὰ μάνδραις
συμφερτοῖς δονάκεσσι μελίζετο μουσοπόλος Πάν,
οὐ κτύπον ὑστερόφωνος ἀμείβετο πηκτίδος Ἠχώ·
ἀλλά, λάλον περ ἐοῦσαν, ἐθήμονι σύνθροον αὐλῷ
Πανὸς ἀσιγήτοιο κατεσφρηγίσσατο σιγή,
ὅττι Γίγας τότε πᾶσιν ἐπέχραεν· οὐ τότε βούτης,
οὐ χορὸς ὑλοτόμων τις ὁμηλικας ἤκαχε Νύμφας
τέμνων νήια δοῦρα, καὶ οὐ σοφὸς ὁλκάδα τέκτων
δουροπαγὲς γόμφωσεν ὁδοιπόρον ἅρμα θαλάσσης,
εἰσόκε κεῖνα κάρηνα παρίστιχε Βάκχος ὀδεύων,
σείων Εὔια θύρσα· παρερχομένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
ὑψινεφὴς περίμετρος ἐπέχραεν υἱὸς Ἀρούρης,
ἀσπῖδα πετρήεσσαν ἑοῖς ὤμοισιν ἀείρων·

---

* No one else mentions Alpos, whose name, despite the fact that he is placed in Sicily, would seem to be connected with

water, now dolphins of the sea—for the shape of the men was changed into the shape of fish.

169 "So you also, my son, should beware of the resourceful anger of Lyaios. But you will say—I have mighty strength, I have in my nature the blood of the terrible giants that sprang of themselves from the sown Teeth. Then avoid the divine hand of Dionysos Giantslayer, who once beside the base of Tyrsenian Peloros smashed Alpos,[a] the son of Earth who fought against gods, battering with rocks and throwing hills. No wayfarer then climbed the height of that rock, for fear of the raging Giant and his row of mouths; and if one in ignorance travelled on that forbidden road whipping a bold horse, the son of Earth spied him, pulled him over the rock with a tangle of many hands, entombed man and colt in his gullet! Often some old shepherd leading his sheep to pasture along the wooded hillside at midday was gobbled up. In those days melodious Pan never sat beside herds of goats or sheepcotes playing his tune on the assembled reeds, no imitating Echo returned the sounds of his pipes; but prattler as she was, silence sealed those lips which were wont to sound with the pipe of Pan never silent, because the Giant then oppressed all. No cowherd then came, no band of woodmen cutting timbers for a ship troubled the Nymphs of the trees, their agemates, no clever shipwright clamped together a barge, the woodriveted car that travels the roads of the sea, until Bacchos on his travels passed by that peak, shaking his Euian thyrsus. As Lyaios passed, the huge son of Earth high as the clouds attacked him. A rock was the shield

[a] the Alps in some way; the syllable *alp-* is found in other place-names.

καὶ σκόπελον βέλος εἶχεν, ἐπεσκίρτησε δὲ Βάκχῳ
γείτονα δενδρήεσσαν ἔχων ὑψίδρομον αἰχμήν,
ἢ πίτυν ἢ πλατάνιστον ἀκοντίζων Διονύσῳ.
ὡς ῥόπαλον πίτυν εἶχε, καὶ ὡς θοὸν ἄορ ἐλίσσων
πρυμνόθεν αὐτόρριζον ἐκούφισε θάμνον ἐλαίης.
ἀλλ' ὅτε τηλεβόλους ὀρέων ἐκίνωσε κολώνας,
καὶ σκιερῆς βαθύδενδρος ἐγυμνώθη ῥάχις ὕλης,
θυρσομανὴς τότε Βάκχος ἐὸν βέλος ἠθάδι ῥοίζῳ
εἰς σκοπὸν ἠκόντιζε, καὶ ἠλιβάτου τύχεν Ἄλπου
εἰς πλατὺν ἀνθερεῶνα, κατ' ἀσφαράγοιο δὲ μέσσου
ὀξυτενὴς χλοάουσα διέσσυτο Βακχιὰς αἰχμή·
ἔνθα Γίγας ὀλίγῳ τετορημένος ὀξέι θύρσῳ
ἡμιθανὴς κεκύλιστο καὶ ἔμπεσε γείτονι πόντῳ,
πλησάμενος βαθύκολπον ὅλον κενεῶνα θαλάσσης·
ὑψώσας δὲ ῥέεθρα Τυφαονίης διὰ πέτρης
θερμὰ κασιγνήτοιο κατέκλυσε νῶτα χαμευνῆς,
ἔμπυρον ὑδατόεντι καταψύχων δέμας ὁλκῷ.
ἀλλά, τέκος, πεφύλαξο, μὴ εἴκελα καὶ σὺ νοήσῃς,
Τυρσηνῶν ἅτε παῖδες,
ἅτε θρασὺς υἱὸς Ἀρούρης."

Εἶπε καὶ οὐ παρέπεισεν· ἀταρβήτῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
εἰς ὄρος ὑψικάρηνον ὁμόσσυτος ἦε Κάδμῳ,
ὄφρα χοροῦ ψαύσειε. σιδηροφόροις δὲ μαχηταῖς
ἀσπίδα κουφίζων κορυθαιόλος ἴαχε Πενθεύς·
"Δμῶες ἐμοί,
στείχοντες ἐν ἄστεῖ καὶ μέσον ὕλης
ἄξατέ μοι βαρύδεσμον ἀνάλκιδα τοῦτον ἀλήτην,
ὄφρα τυπεὶς Πενθῆος ἀμοιβαίῃσιν ἰμάσθλαις
μηκέτι φαρμακόεντι ποτῷ θέλξειε γυναῖκας,
ἀλλὰ γόνυ κλίνειεν· ἀπὸ σκοπέλων δὲ καὶ αὐτὴν
μητέρα βακχευθεῖσαν ἐμὴν φιλότεκνον Ἀγαύην
φοιτάδος ἀγρύπνοιο μεταστήσασθε χορείης,

upon his shoulders, a hilltop was his missile ; he leapt on Bacchos, with a tall tree which he found near for a pike, some pine or planetree to cast at Dionysos. A pine was his club, and he pulled up an olive spire from the roots to whirl for a quick sword. But when he had stript the whole mountain for his long shots, and the ridge was bare of all the thick shady trees, then Bacchos thyrsus-wild sped his own shot whizzing as usual to the mark, and hit this towering Alpos full in the wide throat—right through the gullet went the sharp point of the greeny spear. Then the Giant pierced with the sharp little thyrsus rolled over half dead and fell in the neighbouring sea, filling the whole deephollowed abyss of the bay. He lifted the waters and deluged Typhaon's rock,[a] flooding the hot surface of his brother's bed and cooling his scorched body with a torrent of water. Nay, my son, be careful, that you too may not see what the sons of Tyrsenia saw, what the bold son of Earth saw."

216 He spoke, but could not convince ; and so with undaunted shoe he hurried to the high mountains with Cadmos, that he might share the dance. But Pentheus in flashing helm, shield on arm, cried to his armed warriors—

220 " My servants, make haste through the city and the depth of the woods—bring me here in heavy chains that weakling vagabond, that flogged by the repeated lashes of Pentheus he may cease to bewitch women with his drugged potion, and bend the knee instead. Bring back also out of the hills my fond mother Agauë now gone mad, separate her from the sleepless

[a] The island under which he lies buried, Inarime in Virgil, *Aen.* ix. 716.

λυσσαλέης ἐρύσαντες ἀνάμπυκα βότρυν ἐθείρης."
"Ως φαμένου Πενθῆος ὑπάονες ὠκέι ταρσῷ
ἕδραμον ὑψικόμοιο δυσέμβατον εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης
ἴχνια μαστεύοντες ὀριπλανέος Διονύσου.
καὶ μόγις ἀθρήσαντες ἐρημάδος ἀγχόθι πέτρης
θυρσομανῆ Διόνυσον ἐπερρώσαντο μαχηταί·
καὶ παλάμαις Βρομίοιο πέριξ ἔσφιγξαν ἱμάντας,
δεσμὰ βαλεῖν ἐθέλοντες ἀνικήτῳ Διονύσῳ·
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἦεν ἄφαντος, ἑῷ πτερόεντι πεδίλῳ
αἴξας ἀκίχητος, ἐν ἀφθόγγῳ δὲ σιωπῇ
δαιμονίῃ θεράποντες ἐδουλώθησαν ἀνάγκῃ,
μῆνιν ἀλυσκάζοντες ἀθηήτοιο Λυαίου
ταρβαλέοι. καὶ Βάκχος ὁμοίως ἀσπιδιώτῃ
ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἔχων ἐδράξατο χειρὶ κεραίης,
ὡς θεράπων Πενθῆος ἀπειλείων Διονύσῳ
ψευδομένῳ κερόεντι, καὶ ὡς κοτέοντι προσώπῳ
Πενθέος ἐγγὺς ἵκανε μεμηνότος, ἑζομένου δὲ
λυσσαλέου βασιλῆος ἀγήνορα κόμπον ἀθύρων
φρικαλέην ἀγέλαστος ἐπίκλοπον ἴαχε φωνήν·
" Οὗτος ἀνήρ, σκηπτοῦχε,
τὸν οἴστρησεν Ἀγαύην·
οὗτος ἀνὴρ ἐθέλει βασιληΐδα Πενθέος ἕδρην·
ἀλλὰ λαβὼν κερόεντα δολόφρονα Βάκχον ἀλήτην
δῆσον ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι τεῶν μητρῆρα θοώκων,
καὶ κεφαλὴν πεφύλαξο βοοκραίρου Διονύσου,
μή σε λαβὼν πλήξειε ταυγλώχιν κεραίῃ."
"Ως φαμένου Βρομίοιο κατάσχετος ἔμφρονι λύσσῃ
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα θεημάχος ἴαχε Πενθεύς·
" Δήσατε, δήσατε τοῦτον, ἐμῶν συλήτορα θώκων·
οὗτος ἐμοῖς σκήπτροισι κορύσσεται, οὗτος ἱκάνει
Καδμείην ἐθέλων Σεμέλης πατρώιον ἕδρην.
καλὸν ἐμοὶ Διόνυσον, ὃν ἤρπασε λάθριος εὐνή,

wandering dance—drag her by the hair now snoodless in her frenzy!"

228 At this command, Pentheus's men with swift foot ran to the rugged ridge of leafy woodland seeking the tracks of hillranging Dionysos. With difficulty the soldiers found the thyrsus-maddened god near a lonely rock; they rushed upon him and wound straps about Bromios's hands, binding him fast—that is how they meant to imprison invincible Dionysos! But he disappeared—gone in a flash, untraceable, on his winged shoes. The men stood silent—speechless, cowed by divine compulsion, shrinking before the wrath of Lyaios unseen, terrified. And Bacchos in the likeness of a soldier with shield in hand, seized a wild bull by the horn, making as if he were one of the servants of Pentheus, crying out upon this false horned Dionysos. He put on a look of rage and came near to mad Pentheus where he sat, and mocked at the proud boasts of the frenzied king as he spoke unsmiling these deceitful threatening words:

246 "This is the man, your Majesty, who has sent your Agauë mad! This is the man who covets the royal throne of Pentheus! Take this horned vagabond Bacchos full of tricks—bind in galling fetters the pretender to your throne—and beware of the bull's horns of Dionysos's head, or he may catch you and pierce you with the long point of his horn!"

252 When Bromios had finished, god-defiant Pentheus uttered reckless words, his mind being possessed by the delirium of Bromios:

254 "Bind him, bind him, the robber of my throne! This is the enemy of my sceptre, this is he that comes coveting the royal seat of Semele and her father! A fine thing for me to share my honour with Dionysos,

ἀνδροφυῆ τινα ταῦρον ἔχειν ξυνήϊνα τιμῆς,
βουκεράῳ νόθον εἶδος ἐπαυγάζοντα μετώπῳ,
ὃν μετὰ Πασιφάην Σεμέλη τάχα γείνατο ταύρῳ,
βοσκομένῳ κερόεντι συναπτομένη παρακοίτῃ."

Εἶπε καὶ ἀγραύλοιο πόδας ταύροιο πιέζων
σφίγξεν ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι· λαβὼν δέ μιν ἀντὶ Λυαίου
ἤγαγεν ἱππείης πεπεδημένον ἐγγύθι φάτνης,
ὡς Σεμέλης θρασὺν υἱὸν καὶ οὗ τινα ταῦρον ἐέργων
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα περίπλοκον ἄμματι χειρῶν
δέσμιον εὐρώεντι κατεσφρήγισσε μελάθρῳ,
εἰς γλαφυρόν τινα κοῖλον ἀτερπέος οἶκον ἀνάγκης,
Κιμμερίων μίμημα δυσέκβατον, ἄμμορον Ἠοῦς,
ἀμφιπόλους Βρομίου θιασώδεας, ὧν ὑπὸ δεσμῷ
θλιβομέναις παλάμῃσιν ἐμιτρώθησαν ἱμάντες,
χαλκείη δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐπεσφρηγίζετο σειρή.

Ἀλλὰ ταχυστροφάλιγγος
ὅτε δρόμος ἦλθε χορείης,
Μαινάδες ὠρχήσαντο· θυελλήεσσα δὲ Βάκχη
ἄστατα δινηθεῖσα ποδῶν βητάρμονι παλμῷ
ἁρπαγέων ἀνέκοπτε παλίλλυτον ὀλκὸν ἱμάντων,
καὶ παλάμαις κροτάλιζεν ἐλεύθερον Εὔιον ἠχὼ
εὐρύθμοις πατάγοισιν· ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγι δὲ ταρσῶν
χαλκοβαρὴς σφριγόωσα ποδῶν ἐσχίζετο σειρή.
καὶ δόμον ἀχλυόεντα θεόσσυτος ἔστεφεν αἴγλη
Βασσαρίδων ζοφεροῖο καταστάζουσα μελάθρου·
καὶ σκοτίου πυλεῶνες ἀνεπτύσσοντο βερέθρου
αὐτόματοι· τρομερῷ δὲ τεθηπότες ἄλματι ταρσῶν
Βασσαρίδων βρύχημα καὶ ἄγριον ἀφρὸν ὀδόντων
εἰς φόβον ἠπείγοντο φυλάκτορες. αἱ δὲ φυγοῦσαι
νόστιμον ἴχνος ἔκαμψαν ἐρημάδος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
ὧν ἡ μὲν βοέην ἀγέλην δαιτρεύσατο θύρσῳ
ῥινοτόρῳ, καὶ χεῖρας ἑὰς ἐμιήνατο λύθρῳ

the son of an illicit bed, a bull in human form, with a shape of borrowed glory upon his oxhorned face, whom Semele perhaps mothered for a bull, like another Pasiphaë, mated with a grazing horned bedfellow!"

262 He spoke, and bound fast the legs of the wild bull in galling shackles. Taking him for Lyaios he led him shackled near the horses' manger, thinking his captive Semele's bold son and no bull. He tied together with ropes the hands of all the ranks of Bassarids, sealed them up in a mouldy dungeon, a vaulted cavern, a house of joyless constraint, whence none could escape, dark as the Cimmerians, far from the light of day, these followers of Bromios in the revels; their arms were bound in a clasp of galling straps, chains of bronze were sealed on their legs.

273 But when the time came for the quickturning dance, then danced the Mainads. The Bacchants like a storm shook loose the wrappings of their straps unbroken and circled quickly in tripping step, rattling a free Euian noise with rhythmic claps, while the turning of their feet broke the thick heavy fetters of bronze round their legs. A heavensent radiance filled the dark dungeon of the Bassarids, diffused over the gloomy roof; the doors of the darksome den opened of themselves; the jailers were stupefied at the cries and the ferocious foaming teeth of the Bassarids, and their leaping feet, and fled in terror.

285 So they escaped and turned their way back to the forest in the lonely hills. One slew a herd of bulls with skinpiercing thyrsus, and soiled her hands in the

[1] *θύρσῳ* Cunaeus, Warmington independently, for *ταύρων* written perhaps echoing *βοέην ἀγέλην*, *cf.* *ταυρείην* in l. 289.

ταυρείην ὀνύχεσσι διασχίζουσα καλύπτρην
τρηχαλέην, ἑτέρη δὲ δαφοινήεντι κορύμβῳ
εἰροπόκων ἄρρηκτα διέτμαγε πώεα μήλων,
ἄλλη δ' αἰγας ἔπεφνεν· ἐφοινίσσοντο δὲ λίθρου
αἱμαλέαις λιβάδεσσι δαΐζομένης ἀπὸ ποίμνης.
ἄλλη δὲ τριέτηρον ἀφαρπάξασα τοκῆος
ἄτρομον ἀστυφέλικτον ἀδέσμιον ὑψόθεν ὤμων
ἵστατο κουφίζουσα μεμηλότα παῖδα θυέλλαις,
ἑζόμενον γελόωντα καὶ οὐ πίπτοντα κονίῃ·
καὶ γλάγος ἦτεε κοῦρος, ἐὴν ἄτε μητέρα, Βάκχην,
στήθεα δ' ἀμφαφάασκεν· ἀνυμφεύτοιο δὲ κούρης
αὐτομάτην γλαγόεσσαν ἀνέβλυον ἰκμάδα μαζοί·
παιδὶ δὲ πειναλέῳ λασίους πετάσασα χιτῶνας
χείλεσι νηπιάχοισι νεόρρυτον ὦρεγε θηλήν,
παρθενικὴ δ' ἐκόρεσσεν ἀήθεῖ κοῦρον ἐέρσῃ·
πολλαὶ δ' ἀρτιτόκοιο μετοχλισθέντα τεκούσης
τέκνα δασυστέρνιοι τιθηνήσαντο λεαίνης.
ἄλλη δίψιον οὖδας ἐπέκτυπεν ὀξέι θύρσῳ
ἄκρον ὄρος πλήξασα νεοσχιδές· αὐτοτελὴς δὲ
οἶνον ἐρευγομένη κραναὴ πορφύρετο πέτρη,
λειβομένου δὲ γάλακτος ἀρασσομένης ἀπὸ πέτρης
πίδακες αὐτοχύτοισιν ἐλευκαίνοντο ῥείθροις.
ἄλλη ῥῖψε δράκοντα κατὰ δρυός· ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρῳ
σπεῖραν ὄφις κύκλωσε, καὶ ἔπλετο κισσὸς ἀλήτης
πρέμνον ἑλισσομένῳ σκολιῷ μιτρούμενος ὁλκῷ,
ἀμφελελιζομένων μιμούμενος ἅμμα δρακόντων.
καὶ Σάτυρος πεφόρητο σεσηρότα θῆρα κομίζων
τίγριν ἀπειλητῆρα καθήμενον ὑψόθι νώτου,
ἄγριον ἦθος ἔχοντα καὶ οὐ ψαύοντα φορῆος·
καὶ συὸς ἄκρα γένεια γέρων Σειληνὸς ἐρύσσας
κάρχαρον ἠκόντιζεν ἐς ἠέρα κάπρον ἀθύρων·
ἄλλος ἀελλήεντι ποδῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ

340

gore, tearing the rough bull's hide with her fingernails. Another cut to pieces a flock of sheep with bloody twigs, not tearing their soft wool; another killed goats, and all were dyed with bloody streams of gore from the slaughtered herd. Another snatched from the father a threeyear child, and set it upon her shoulder untrembling, unshaken, unbound, balancing the boy in the winds' charge—there he sat laughing, never falling in the dust. The boy asked the Bacchant for milk, thinking it was his mother, and pawed her breast—and milky drops ran of themselves to the breasts of the unwedded maiden, she opened her hairy wrap for the hungry boy, and offered a newly flowing teat to his childish lips; so a virgin stilled the boy with an unfamiliar drink. Many forced away newborn cubs from a shaggychested lioness and nursed them. Another struck the thirsty soil with the point of a thyrsus; the top of the hill split at once, and the hard rock poured out purple wine of itself, or with a tap on the rock fountains of milk ran out of themselves in white streams. Another threw a snake at an oak; the snake coiled round the tree, and turned into moving ivy running round girdling the trunk, just as snakes run their coils round and round. A Satyr rushed along carrying a snarling beast, a dangerous tiger which sat on his back, which for all its wild nature did not touch the bearer. One old Seilenos dragged a boar by the snout and threw the tusked swine up in the air for fun. Another with stormy leaps of his feet in a moment

εἰς λοφιὴν ἀκίχητος ἐπηώρητο καμήλου·
καί τις ὑπὲρ νώτοιο θορὼν ἐποχήσατο ταύρῳ.
Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν σκοπέλοισι· λυροδμήτῳ δ' ἐνὶ Θήβῃ
θαύματα ποικίλα Βάκχος ἐδείκνυε πᾶσι πολίταις·
καὶ σφαλεροῖσι πόδεσσιν ἐβακχεύοντο γυναῖκες . . .
χείλεσιν ἀφροκόμοισιν· ὅλη δ' ἐλελίζετο Θήβη,
καὶ φλογεροὺς σπινθῆρας ἀπηκόντιζον ἀγυιαί·
σείετο πάντα θέμεθλα, καὶ ὡς βοίων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ἀκλινέες πυλεῶνες ἐμυκήσαντο μελάθρων·
καὶ δόμος ἀστυφέλικτος ἀναβρομέεσκε κυδοιμῷ
λαϊνέῃ σάλπιγγι χέων αὐτόσσυτον ἠχώ.
Οὐδὲ χόλου Διόνυσος ἐπαύσατο· δαιμονίην δὲ
φθογγὴν ἠερόφοιτον ἐς ἑπταπόρων ἴτυν ἄστρων,
λυσσήεις ἅτε ταῦρος, ἑῷ μυκήσατο λαιμῷ·
καὶ κλονέων Πενθῆα μεμηνότα μάρτυρι πυρσῷ
μαρμαρυγῆς ἔπλησεν ὅλον δόμον· ἀμφὶ δὲ τοίχους
ἀντιπόρους σελάγιζε πολυσχιδὲς ἀλλόμενον πῦρ
δαιομένῳ σπινθῆρι κατάσσυτον, ἀμφὶ δὲ πέπλοις
πορφυρέοις καὶ στέρνον ἀλιχλαίνου βασιλῆος
πυρσὸς ἕλιξ πεφόρητο, καὶ οὐκ ἔφλεξε χιτῶνας·
κεκριμέναις δ' ἀκτῖσιν ἀποσπάδες ἅλματι θερμῷ
ἐκ ποδὸς εἰς μέσα νῶτα, δι' ἰξύος εἰς ῥάχιν ἄκρην
Πενθέος ἀμφὶ τένοντα μετήλυδες ἔτρεχον αὐγαί·
πολλάκι δ' αὐτοπόροιο πυρὸς βητάρμονι παλμῷ
Γηγενέος βασιλῆος ἐυστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
ἀφλεγέας σπινθῆρας ἀπέπτυε θέσκελος αἴγλη.
καὶ σέλας αὐτοέλικτον ἰδὼν βρυχήσατο Πενθεύς,
κέκλετο δὲ δμώεσσιν ἄγειν ἀλκτήριον ὕδωρ,
ὄφρα κατασβέσσωσιν ἀναπτομένην φλόγα πυρσοῦ
δῶμα περιρραίνοντες ἀλεξικάκοισι ῥεέθροις·
καὶ γλαφυρῶν γυάλων ἐφάνη γυμνούμενον ὕδωρ,
καί, μεγάλη περ ἐοῦσα, ῥόον τερσαίνετο πηγὴ

mounted upon a camel's neck; and one jumped on a bull and rode on his back.

323 So much for the mountains; but in music-builded [a] Thebes, Bacchos manifested many wonders to all the people. The women danced wildly with staggering feet . . . with foaming lips. All Thebes was shaken, and sparks of fire shot up from the streets; all the foundations quaked, the immovable gates of the mansions bellowed as if they had throats like a bull; even the unshaken building rumbled in confusion, as if giving voice with a stone trumpet of its own.

332 Yet Dionysos did not abate his wrath. He sent his divine voice into the sky as far as the seven orbits of the stars, bellowing with his own throat like a mad bull. He pursued frenzied Pentheus with his witnesses, the fires, and filled the whole house with the blaze. Tongues of fire danced gleaming over the walls right and left with showers of burning sparks; over the king's brilliant robes and the seapurple stuff about his chest ran spirals of fire which did not burn his garments. Separate streaks of fire went in hot leaps from foot to middleback, across his loins to the top of his backbone and round his neck ran the travelling flashes: often the divine light spat sparks that did not burn on the splendid bed of the earthborn king, the fire dancing about at random. Pentheus seeing this fire moving about of itself roared aloud and called his slaves to help, to bring saving water to drench the place with protective torrents and quench the burning flames. And the rounded cisterns were emptied, bared of water, the fountain of the river

[a] Because the stones of its walls came of themselves at the sound of Amphion's lyre.

ἄγγεσι νηρίθμοισιν ἀφυσσομένου ποταμοῖο.
καὶ πόνος ἀχρήιστος ἔην καὶ ἐτώσιον ὕδωρ,
καὶ διεραῖς λιβάδεσσιν ἀέξετο βαλλόμενον πῦρ
θερμοτέραις ἀκτῖσι· καὶ ὡς πολέων ἀπὸ ταύρων
μυκηθμοῦ κελάδοντος ὑπωροφίη πέλεν ἠχώ,
βρονταῖς δ' ἐνδομύχοισιν ἐπέκτυπε Πενθέος αὐλή.

great as it was, dried up when those thousands of vessels were dipt in the water. Their trouble was useless, the water did no good,wet floods poured on the fire only made its flames grow hotter still; there was a sound as of the echoing bellow of many bulls under that roof, and the palace of Pentheus resounded with internal thunders.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΚΤΟΝ

Ἕκτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἴδε πλέον, ἦχι νοήσεις
Πενθέος ἄκρα κάρηνα καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνον Ἀγαύην.

Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ γίνωσκεν ἄναξ θρασύς, ὅττι λυθέντος
αὐτομάτου δεσμοῖο σιδηροφόρων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
Μαινάδες ἐσσεύοντο μετήλυδες εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
καὶ δόλον ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἀθηήτου Διονύσου,
ἄστατος ὑβριστῆρι χόλῳ κυμαίνετο Πενθεύς·
καί μιν ἰδὼν παρεόντα παλίνδρομον ἠθάδι κισσῷ
βόστρυχα μιτρωθέντα, καὶ ἅπλοκον ὑφόθεν ὤμων
μηκεδανῆς ὀρόων κεχαλασμένον ὀλκὸν ἐθείρης,
τοῖον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἔπος λυσσώδεϊ λαιμῷ·
" Ἠδὺς ὁ Τειρεσίαν ἀπατήλιον εἰς ἐμὲ πέμπων·
οὐ δύναται σέο μάντις ἐμὸν νόον ἠπεροπεύειν·
ἄλλοις ἔννεπε ταῦτα. θεὰ πόθεν υἱέι Ῥείη
οὐ Διὶ μαζὸν ὄρεξε, καὶ ἔτρεφεν υἷα Θυώνης;
εἴρεο Δικταίης κορυθαιόλον ἄντρον ἐρίπνης,
εἴρεο καὶ Κορύβαντας, ὅπῃ ποτὲ κοῦρος ἀθύρων
μαζὸν Ἀμαλθείης κουροτρόφον αἰγὸς ἀμέλγων
Ζεὺς μένος ἠέξησε, καὶ οὐ γλάγος ἔσπασε Ῥείης.
ἤθεα σῆς δολίης ἀπεμάξαο καὶ σὺ τεκούσης·
ψευδομένην Σεμέλην Κρονίδης ἔφλεξε κεραυνῷ·
ἄζεο, μὴ Κρονίδης μετὰ μητέρα καὶ σὲ δαμάσσῃ.

BOOK XLVI

See also the forty-sixth, where you will find the head of Pentheus and Agauë murdering her son.

As soon as Pentheus, that audacious king, understood that the fetters of iron had dropt of themselves from the prisoners' hands, and the Mainads were rushing abroad to the mountain forest, as soon as he knew the crafty plan of unseen Dionysos, restless at once he swelled with violent wrath. Then he saw him returned there, with wreaths of the usual ivy about his head, and the long locks of hair flowing in unkempt trails over his shoulders, and blustered out these wild words from his frenzied throat—

10 " I like you for sending that swindler Teiresias to me ! Your seer cannot deceive my mind. Tell all that to someone else. How could goddess Rheia refuse her breast to Zeus her own son, and yet nurse the son of Thyone ? Ask the cave in the rock of Dicte with its flashing helmets, ask the Corybants too, where little Zeus used to play, when he sucked the nourishing pap of goat Amaltheia and grew strong in spirit, but never drank Rheia's milk. You also have a touch of your deceitful mother. Semele was a liar, and Cronides burnt her with his thunders : take care that Cronides does not crush you like your mother. I

βάρβαρον οὐ μεθέπω καὶ ἐγὼ γένος· ἀρχέγονος δὲ
Ἰσμηνός με φύτευσε, καὶ οὐ τέκεν ὑγρὸς Ἰδάσπης·
Δηριάδην οὐκ οἶδα καὶ οὐ Λυκόοργος ἀκούω.
ἀλλὰ σὺν ὑμετέροις Σατύροις καὶ θυιάσι Βάκχαις
Δίρκης λεῖπε ῥέεθρα, καί, ἢν ἐθέλῃς, σέο θύρσῳ
κτεῖνε παρ' Ἀσσυρίοισι νεώτερον ἄλλον Ὀρόντην.
οὐ σὺ γένος Κρονίωνος Ὀλύμπιον· ἀλλυμένης γὰρ
ἀστεροπαὶ βοόωσιν ὀνείδεα σεῖο τεκούσης,
καὶ κρυφίων λεχέων ἐπιμάρτυρές εἰσι κεραυνοί.
οὐ Δανάην μετὰ λέκτρα κατέφλεγεν ὑέτιος Ζεύς,
καὶ γνωτὴν ἀδόητον ἐμοῦ Κάδμοιο κομίζων
Εὐρώπην ἐφύλαξε, καὶ οὐκ ἔκρυψε θαλάσσῃ.
οἶδα μέν, ὡς ἀλόχευτον ἔτι βρέφος αἰθερίη φλὸξ
ὤλεσεν αἰθομένης μετὰ μητέρος, ἡμιτελῆ δὲ
λῦσε νόθην ὠδῖνα μαραινομένου τοκετοῖο·
εἰ δέ μιν οὐκ ἐδάμασσεν, ὅτι χθονίων ὑμεναίων
κρυπταδίης φιλότητος ἀναίτιός ἐσσι τεκούσης,
πείθομαι, ὡς ἐνέπεις, ἀέκων δέ σε παῖδα καλέσσω
Ζηνὸς ἐπουρανίοιο, καὶ οὐ φλεχθέντα κεραυνῷ.
καὶ σύ με τοῦτο δίδαξον ἀληθέι μάρτυρι μύθῳ·
Ζεὺς γενέτης πότε Φοῖβον ἢ Ἄρεα γείνατο μητρῷ;
εἰ Διὸς ἔλλαχες αἷμα, μετέρχεο κύκλον Ὀλύμπου
αἰθέρα ναιετάων, λίπε Πειθέι πατρίδα Θήβην.
ὄφελες ἄρμενον ἄλλον ἀμεμφέα μῦθον ὑφῆναι
ψεύδεϊ κερδαλέῳ κεράσας θελξίφρονα Πειθώ,
ὅττί σε παιδοτόκῳ Κρονίδης τέκεν ἠθάδι κόρσῃ·
οὐ τάχα τόσσον ἄπιστον ἔην ἔπος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸν
Βάκχον ἀνυμφεύτῳ μετὰ Παλλάδα τίκτε καρήνῳ.
ἤθελον, εἰ γένος ἔσχες Ὀλύμπιον, αἴθε Κρονίων
ὑψιμέδων σε φύτευσεν, ὅπως Διὸς αἷμα διώκων

too have no share of barbaric race in me. I am sprung from primeval Ismenos, not from watery Hydaspes; I know nothing of Deriades, my name is not Lycurgos. Now leave the streams of Dirce and take your Satyrs and mad Bacchants with you ; use your thyrsus, if you like, to kill another and a younger Orontes among the Assyrians. You are no Olympian offspring of Cronion : for the lightnings cry aloud the shame of your perishing mother, the thunders are witnesses of her illicit bed. Zeus of the Rains burnt not Danaë after the bed ; he carried Europa, the sister of my Cadmos, and kept her unshaken—he did not drown her in the sea. I know that fire from heaven consumed the babe unborn along with the burning mother, and released the bastard fruit of this scorching delivery half-formed : if it did not destroy the babe, because you are innocent of your mother's furtive love of an earthly bedfellow, I believe it as you declare, and unwillingly I will call you son of heavenly Zeus and one not burnt up by the thunder. Now tell me in your turn, and bear true witness : when did their father Zeus ever produce Ares or Apollo from his thigh ? If you have in you the blood of Zeus, migrate to the vault of Olympos and live in heaven, leave to Pentheus his native Thebes. You should find another tale to fit the case, something plausible, and mix with your cunning imposture persuasion to enchant the mind—that Cronides brought you forth from his prolific brow as usual. Perhaps it would not be quite so incredible a story that he produced Bacchos too like Pallas from that unwedded brow. I would wish if you had been of the Olympian breed, yes if only Cronion Lord on High had got you, that I might hunt the offspring

νικήσω Διόνυσον, Ἐχίονος υἱὸς ἀκούων."
Ὣς φαμένου νεμέσιζε θεὸς καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ,
κρύπτων δαιμονίης ὑποκάρδιον ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς·
" Βάρβαρα θεσμὰ φέρουσαν
ἐπολβίζω χθόνα Κελτῶν,
ἦχι νέων βρεφέων καθαρὴν ὠδῖνα δικάζων
Ῥῆνος ἀσημάντοιο θεμιστοπόλος τοκετοῖο
αἵματος ἀγνώστοιο νόθον γένος οἶδεν ἐλέγξαι.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ Ῥήνοιο φατιζομένου ποταμοῖο
χεύμασιν οὐτιδανοῖσι δικάζομαι, ἀλλὰ ῥεέθρων
πιστότεροι κήρυκες ἐμοὶ γεγάασι κεραυνοί·
κρείσσονα μαρτυρίην στεροπῆς μὴ δίζεο, Πενθεῦ·
ὕδατι μὲν Γαλάτης, σὺ δὲ πείθεο μάρτυρι πυρσῷ.
οὐ χατέω Πενθῆος ἐπιχθονίοιο μελάθρου·
δῶμα Διωνύσοιο πέλει πατρώιος αἰθήρ·
καὶ χθονὸς εἰ κρίσις ἦεν ἢ ἀστερόεντος Ὀλύμπου,
εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένῳ, τίνα φέρτερον αὐτὸς ἀνίψῃς,
οὐρανὸν ἑπτάζωνον ἢ ἑπταπύλου χθόνα Θήβης;
οὐ χατέω Πενθῆος ἐπιχθονίοιο μελάθρου.
μοῦνον ἐμῆς κύδαινε μελισταγὲς ἄνθος ὀπώρης·
μὴ ποτὸν ἀμπελόεντος ἀτιμήσῃς Διονύσου.
Ἰνδοφόνῳ Βρομίῳ μὴ μάρναο, θηλυτέρῃ δέ,
εἰ δύνασαι, πολέμιζε μιῇ ῥηξήνορι Βάκχῃ.
σοὶ τάχα καλὸν ἔθεντο προμάντιες οὔνομα Μοῖραι
ὑμετέρου θανάτοιο προάγγελον· αἰνοπαθὴ δὲ
οὐ νέμεσις Πενθῆα πεδοτρεφέος γενετῆρος
Γηγενὲς αἷμα φέροντα φέρειν μίμημα Γιγάντων,
οὐ νέμεσις καὶ Βάκχον Ὀλύμπιον αἷμα γενέθλης
Ζηνὸς ἔχειν μίμημα Γιγαντοφόνοιο τοκῆος.
350

of Zeus and conquer Dionysos, I, called the son of Echion ! "

52 At these words the god was indignant, and replied, concealing the weight of a fatal threat deep in his heart :

54 " I admire the Celtic land with its barbarous law, where the Rhine tests the pure birth of a young baby : he is judge of a doubtful birth, and knows how to detect the bastard offspring of unknown blood.[a] But my appeal is not to the insignificant stream of that river called Rhine, but I have heralds more trustworthy than rivers, in the thunderbolts. Seek no better testimony than the lightning, Pentheus. The Gaul believes the water, do you believe the testifying fire. I need not the earthly palace of Pentheus ; the home of Dionysos is his father's heaven. If there were a choice between earth and starry Olympos, tell me I ask, which could you call better yourself, sevenzone heaven or the land of sevengate Thebes ? I need not the earthly palace of Pentheus !

69 " Only respect the honeydripping bloom of my fruit, do not despise the drink of Dionysos and his vine. War not against Bromios the slayer of Indians, but only one woman, fight if you can only with one manbreaking Bacchant ! Perhaps the prophetic Fates named you well,[b] to foreshow your death. No wonder that Pentheus having the earthborn breed of his ancestor sprung from the soil, should suffer the direful fate of the Giants. No wonder that Bacchos too, having the Olympian breed of his race, should play the part of Zeus his giantslaying father. Ask

[a] See A. H. Krappe, *La Genèse des mythes* (Paris, Payot, 1938), p. 201, for modern discussions of this custom.

[b] Πενθεύς—πένθος (mourning).

εἶρεο Τειρεσίαν, τίνι χώεαι· εἶρεο Πυθώ,
τίς Σεμέλῃ παρίαυε, τίς ἤροσε παῖδα Θυώνης.
εἰ δὲ μαθεῖν ἐθέλεις χοροτερπέος ὄργια Βάκχου,
φάρεα καλλείψας βασιλήια τέτλαθι, Πενθεῦ,
θήλεα πέπλα φέρειν, καὶ γίνεο θῆλυς Ἀγαύη·
μὴ δέ σε θηρεύοντα παραΐξωσι γυναῖκες.
ἦν δὲ τεῇ παλάμῃ θηροκτόνα τόξα τανύσσῃς,
Κάδμος ἐπαινήσει σε συναγρώσσοντα τεκούσῃ.
Βάκχῳ μοῦνος ἔριζε, καί, εἰ θέμις, ἰοχεαίρῃ,
ὄφρα λεοντοφόνον σε μετ' Ἀκταίωνα καλέσσω.
κάτθεο τεύχεα ταῦτα· σιδηροφόρους δὲ μαχητὰς
χερσὶν ἀθωρήκτοισιν ἐμαὶ κτείνουσι γυναῖκες·
εἰ δέ σε νικήσωσιν ἀτευχέι θήλεϊ χάρμῃ
ἔντεσι κοσμηθέντα, τίς αἰνήσειε πολίτης
ἄνδρα γυναικείῃ κεκαφηότα δηιοτῆτι;
Βασσαρὶς οὐ τρομέει πτερόεν βέλος, οὐ δόρυ φεύγει·
ἀλλὰ δόλῳ κρυφίῳ πυκάσας ἄγνωστον ὀπωπὴν
ὄψεαι ὄργια πάντα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου."

Ὡς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν, ἐπεὶ νόον ἀνδρὸς ἱμάσσων
φοιταλέης ἐδόινησε κατάσχετον ἅλματι λύσσης . . .
καὶ Βρομίῳ συνάεθλος ἐπέχραε Πενθέι Μήνη
δαιμονίῃ μάστιγι· συνερχομένης δὲ Λυαίῳ
λυσσήεις θρασὺς οἶστρος ἀμερσινόοιο Σελήνης
φάσματα ποικιλόμορφα μεμηνότι Πενθέι δείξας
φρικτὸν Ἐχιονίδην προτέρης μετέθηκε μενοινῆς,
καὶ σφαλερῇ Πενθῆος ἐπισμαράγησεν ἀκουῇ,
δαιμονίης σάλπιγγος ἀλάστορα δοῦπον ἀράσσων·
ἀνέρα δ' ἐπτοίησε. καὶ εἰς δόμον ἦλυθε Πενθεὺς
οἰστρομανής, ποθέων θιασώδεος ὄργια Βάκχου·
φωριαμοὺς δ' ὤιξε θυώδεας, ἦχι γυναικῶν

---

[a] *i.e.* he became literally *lunatic*, moon-struck.

Teiresias who it is you are defying; ask Pytho who it is that slept with Semele, who it is begat Thyone's child.

81 "And if you are willing to learn the mysteries of dancedelighting Bacchos, put off your royal robes, Pentheus, condescend to wear the garments of a woman and become the woman Agauë, and let not the women escape you when you hunt them. Or if your hand draws the bow to slay wild beasts, Cadmos will praise you when you join your mother in the hunt. Alone, rival Bacchos, and if it be lawful, the Archeress, that I may call you a new Actaion lionslayer. Put off these arms. My women slay steel-armed warriors with their bare hands; if they conquer with unarmed female onset you clad in armour, which of your people would praise a man outworn in a battle with women? The Bassarid fears no feathered shaft, she flees no spear. No—be crafty and secret, disguise your aspect that none may know, and you shall see all the mysteries of danceweaving Dionysos."

97 Thus he persuaded Pentheus, since he lashed the man's mind, and shook him, in the clutches of throbbing madness and distraction. . . . Mene also helped Bromios, attacking Pentheus with her divine scourge; the frenzied reckless fury of distracting Selene joining in displayed many a phantom shape to maddened Pentheus,[a] and made the dread son of Echion forget his earlier intent, while she deafened his confused ears with the bray of her divine avenging trumpet, and she terrified the man.

106 Pentheus entered the house goaded to madness with a desire to see the secrets of Bacchos's congregation. He opened the scented coffers, where lay

κέκλιτο Σιδονίης ἁλιπόρφυρα πέπλα θαλάσσης·
καὶ χροῒ ποικιλόνωτον ἐδύσατο πέπλον Ἀγαύης·
Αὐτονόης δ' ἔσφιγξεν ἐπὶ πλοκάμοισι καλύπτρην,
στήθεα μιτρώσας βασιλήια κυκλάδι τέχνῃ·
καὶ πόδας ἐσφήκωσε γυναικείοισι πεδίλοις·
χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἄειρε· μετερχομένοιο δὲ Βάκχας
ποικίλος ἰχνευτῆρι χιτὼν ἐπεσύρετο ταρσῷ.
Μιμηλοῖς δὲ πόδεσσιν ἕλιξ ὠρχήσατο Πενθεὺς
ἡδυμανής· λοξῷ δὲ πέδον κροτάλιζε πεδίλῳ
ἐκ ποδὸς αἰθύσσων ἕτερον πόδα· χεῖρα δὲ δισσὴν
θηλύνων ἐλέλιζεν ἀμοιβάδα δίζυγι παλμῷ,
οἷα γυνὴ παίζουσα χοροίτυπος· οἷα δὲ ῥόπτρῳ
δίκτυπον ἁρμονίην κροτέων ἑτερόζυγι χαλκῷ
ἠερίαις μεθέηκεν ἀλήμονα βόστρυχον αὔραις,
Λυδὸν ἀνακρούων μέλος Εὔιον. ἦ τάχα φαίης
ἄγρια κωμάζουσαν ἰδεῖν λυσσώδεα βάκχην.
καὶ διδύμους Φαέθοντας ἐδέρκετο καὶ δύο Θήβας·
ἔλπετο δ' ἀκαμάτων ἐπικείμενον ὑψόθεν ὤμων
Θήβης ἑπταπόροιο μετοχλίζειν πυλεῶνα.
Ἀμφὶ δέ μιν στεφανηδὸν ἐκυκλώσαντο πολῖται,
ὃς μὲν ἔχων τροχόεντα λόφον χθονός,
ὃς δ' ἐπὶ πέτρῳ
ὑψιφανής, ὁ δὲ πῆχυν ἐπ' ἀνέρος ὦμον ἐρείσας
ἴχνος ἀνῃώρησεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ δάκτυλα πήξας·
καί τις ἐυγλώχινα μετήιεν ὄγκον ἀρούρης,
ἄλλος ἐπὶ προβλῆτος ἐπάλξιος, ὃς δὲ δοκεύων
δόχμιον ὄμμα τίταινεν ἀερσιλόφων ἀπὸ πύργων·
ὃς δὲ μέσας στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἄντυγι χεῖρας ἑλίξας
ἴχνεσιν ἀκροπόροισιν ἀνήιε κίονα βαίνων,
Πενθέα παπταίνων δεδονημένον ἅλματι λύσσης,
θύρσον ἀερτάζοντα καὶ αἰθύσσοντα καλύπτρην.
Ἤδη δ' ἑπταπόροιο παρέδραμε τείχεα Θήβης,

the women's garments dyed in purple of the Sidonian sea. He donned the embroidered robe of Agauë, bound Autonoë's veil over his locks, laced his royal breast in a rounded handwork, passed his feet into women's shoes ; he took a thyrsus in hand, and as he walked after the Bacchants a broidered smock trailed behind his hunting heel.

116 With mimicking feet Pentheus twirled in the dance, full of sweet madness ; he rattled the ground with sidelong boot, darting one foot away from another. Unmanning his two hands he shook them in alternate beats, like a dancing woman at play ; as drumming a double tune on the two plates of the cymbals, he loosed his long hair to float on the breezes of heaven and struck up a Euian melody of Lydia. You might fairly say you saw a wild Bacchant woman madly rollicking. Yes, and he saw two suns and two cities of Thebes ; he thought he could hold a gate-house of sevengate Thebes, hoisting it upon his untiring shoulders.[a]

128 Round him the people assembled in a ring, climbing one on a round tump of earth, one conspicuous high on a rock, while a third rested an arm over the shoulder of a neighbour and raised his foot on tip-toe above the ground: here one made for some lump[b] sticking out of the earth, another was on a projecting bastion, another watched with slanting eye from the towering ramparts ; another hugging a round pillar swarmed up with the flat of his feet, and watched Pentheus waving his thyrsus and fluttering his veil and leaping in the throes of madness.

139 Already he had gone round the walls of Thebes

[a] Eur. *Bacch.* 912 ff. ; these books are full of reminiscences of the play. [b] L.'s conjecture, he now prefers *ὄγμον*.

αὐτομάτοις ἐλίκεσσιν ἀνοιγομένων πυλεώνων·
ἤδη δὲ πρὸ πόληος ἐς ἠέρα βόστρυχα σείων
ἁβρὰ δρακοντοβότοιο παρέστιχε νάματα Δίρκης·
καὶ ποδὶ λυσσήεντι χοροίτυπον ἴχνος ἐλίσσων
δαίμονος ἀμπελόεντος ὀπίστερον εἶχε πορείην.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε χῶρον ἵκανεν, ὅθι δρύες, ἦχι χορεῖαι,
καὶ τελεταὶ Βρομίου θιασώδεες, ἦχι καὶ αὐτὴ
Βασσαρίδων ἀπέδιλος ἔην κεμαδοσσόος ἄγρη,
ἀμπελόεις τότε Βάκχος ὀρειάδος ἔνδοθι λόχμης
ἀρχαίην ἐλάτην ἰσομήκεα γείτονι πέτρῃ
δένδρον ἰδὼν περίμετρον ἐγήθεεν, ἧς ὑπὸ θάμνῳ
ἀγχινεφεῖς πετάλοισιν ἐπεσκιόωντο κολῶναι·
ἀκρότατον δὲ κόρυμβον ἀφειδέι χειρὶ πιέζων
εἰς πέδον, εἰς πέδον εἶλκε
κατὰ χθονὸς ἐκταδὰ Πενθεύς . . .
θαλλὸν ἀερσιπότητον, ἐπισφίγγων δὲ φορῆα
ὕψι τιταινομένων ἑδράξατο χειρὶ κορύμβων,
καὶ πόδας ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλινδίνητος ἐλίσσων
ἄστατος ὀρχηστῆρι τύπῳ κουφίζετο Πενθεύς.
Καὶ τότε Βασσαρίδεσσι χορίτιδες ἦλυθον Ὧραι·
ἀλλήλαις δ' ἐκέλευον, ἀνεζώννυντο δὲ πέπλοις,
νεβρίδα δ' ἀμφεβάλοιτο· καὶ οὐρεσίφοιτος Ἀγαύη
ἀφροκόμοις στομάτεσσιν ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωήν·
" Αὐτονόη, σπεύσωμεν, ὅπῃ χορός ἐστι Λυαίου
καὶ κτύπος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀκούεται ἠθάδος αὐλοῦ,
ὄφρα μέλος πλέξαιμι φιλεύιον, ὄφρα δαείω,
τίς φθαμένη στήσειε χοροστασίην Διονύσῳ,
τίς τίνα νικήσειε θυηπολέουσα Λυαίῳ.
δηθύνεις, ἀχόρευτε, καὶ ἡμέας ἔφθασεν Ἰνώ·
οὐκέτι πόντον ἔχει μετανάστιος, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ

---

[a] The dragon which Cadmos killed, *cf.* iv. 356 ff.

while the portals of the seven gates opened on self-moving pivots, already he had passed the soft waters of dragonfeeding [a] Dirce before the city, with his hair blowing on the wind ; and beating mad feet in the circling dance he followed his course behind the vinegod.

145 But when he came to the place where the trees were, and the dances and rites of the congregation of Bromios, where also was the hunting of their prickets by the unshod Bassarids, then vinegod Bacchos was glad, and espied in the mountain forest an ancient fir-tree tall as the neighbouring rock, which cast a shade with its bushy leaves over the cloudhigh hills. With unflinching hand he seized the top of the tree and dragged it down, down to the ground. Pentheus lay along the ground [and Bacchos let go] the soaring spire, Pentheus clung to the tree that carried him on high, grasped the branches with his hands as they were borne aloft, and whirling his legs about this way and that way restlessly, moved lightly like a dancer.[b]

158 Then came the dancing-hours for the Bassarids. They called to one another and tucked up their robes and threw on the fawnskins. Hillranging Agauë shouted aloud with foam on her lips—

162 " Autonoë, let us make haste to the dance of Lyaios, where the hillranging voice of the familiar pipe is heard, that I may recite the song that Euios loves, that I may learn who first will lead the dance for Dionysos, who will beat whom in doing worship to Lyaios ! You're late, you slack dancer, Ino has got there before us ! She is no longer an exile in the sea,

[b] This passage, for the sense of which *cf.* Eur. *Bacch.* 1064 ff., is extremely disordered and corrupt.

ἐξ ἁλὸς ἦλθε θέουσα σὺν ὑγροπόρῳ Μελικέρτῃ,
ἦλθε προασπίζουσα διωκομένου Διονύσου,
μὴ Πενθεὺς ἀθέμιστος ἐπιβρίσειε Λυαίῳ.
Μύστιδες, εἰς σκοπέλους, Ἰσμηνίδες ἔλθετε Βάκχαι,
καὶ τελετὰς στήσωμεν, ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ χορείῃ
Λυδαῖς Βασσαρίδεσσιν ἐρίζομεν, ὄφρά τις εἴπῃ·
‘ Μυγδονίην νίκησε Μιμαλλόνα Μαινὰς Ἀγαύη.’ ”
Ὡς φαμένη σκοπίαζε καθήμενον ὑψόθι δένδρου,
ἄγριον οἷα λέοντα, θεημάχον νίέα μήτηρ·
καί μιν ἀγειρομένοις ἐπεδείκνυε θυιάσι Βάκχαις·
νίέα δ’ ἔμφρονα θῆρα καλέσσατο λυσσάδι φωνῇ.
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν στεφανηδὸν ἐκυκλώσαντο γυναῖκες
ἑζόμενον πετάλοισι· καὶ εὐπαλάμῳ τινὶ δεσμῷ
δένδρον ἐπηχύναιντο, καὶ ἤθελον εἰς χθόνα ῥίπτειν
ἔρνος ὁμοῦ Πενθῆι· περισφίγξασα δὲ θάμνῳ
ὁλκὸν ὁμοζυγέος παλάμης ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ
πρυμνόθεν αὐτόρριζον ἀνέσπασε δένδρον Ἀγαύη.
καὶ φυτὸν εἰς χθόνα πῖπτεν· ἐγυμνώθη δὲ Κιθαιρών·
καὶ θρασὺς αὐτοέλικτος ἄναξ βητάρμονι παλμῷ
κύμβαχος ἠερόθεν κεκυλισμένος ἤριπε Πενθεύς.
καί τότε μιν λίπε λύσσα νοοσφαλέος Διονύσου,
καὶ προτέρας φρένας ἔσχε τὸ δεύτερον· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
γείτονα πότμον ἔχων κινυρὴν ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν·
“ Νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυάδες με καλύψατε,
μή με δαμάσσῃ
παιδοφόνοις παλάμῃσιν ἐμὴ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαύη.
μῆτερ ἐμή, δύσμητερ, ἀπηνέος ἴσχεο λύσσης·
θῆρα πόθεν καλέεις με τὸν νίέα; ποῖα κομίζω
στήθεα λαχνήεντα; τίνα βρυχηθμὸν ἰάλλω;
οὐκέτι γινώσκεις με, τὸν ἔτρεφες, οὐκέτι λεύσσεις·
σὴν φρένα καὶ τεὸν ὄμμα τίς ἤρπασε;
χαῖρε, Κιθαιρών·

but here she too comes running from the brine with Melicertes the seafarer, she has come to defend hunted Dionysos, lest impious Pentheus overwhelm Lyaios. Mystics, to the mountains! Ismenian Bacchants, here! Let us celebrate our rites, and match the Lydian Bassarids with rival dances, that some one may say —Mainad Agauë has beaten Mygdonian Mimallon!"

176 As the words were spoken, she saw sitting high in a tree, like a savage lion—the mother saw her impious son. She pointed him out to the frenzied Bacchants gathering there, and in the voice of a maniac called her own human son a wild beast. The women thronged round him girdlewise as he sat amid the leaves; they embraced the trunk with a ring of skilful hands and tried to throw down the tree with Pentheus in it—but Agauë threw her two arms about the trunk, and with earthshaking heave pulled the tree up from its base, roots and all. The tree fell to the ground, and Cithairon was bare. Pentheus the audacious king shot through the air of himself with a dancing leap, rolling and tumbling like a diver. At that moment the madness left him which Dionysos had sent to confuse his mind, and he recovered his senses again. He saw fate near him on the earth, and cried in lamentable tones:

192 "Cover me, Hamadryad Nymphs! Let not Agauë my loving mother destroy her son with her own hands! O my mother, cruel mother, cease from this heartless frenzy! How can you call me your son a wild beast? Where is my shaggy chest? Where is my roaring voice? Do you not know me any longer whom you nursed, do not you see any longer? Who has robbed you of sense and sight? Farewell,

χαίρετε, δένδρεα ταῦτα καὶ οὔρεα· σώζεο, Θήβη
σώζεο καὶ σύ, φίλη παιδοκτόνε μῆτερ Ἀγαύη.
δέρκεο ταῦτα γένεια νεότριχα, δέρκεο μορφὴν
ἀνδρομέην· οὐκ εἰμὶ λέων· οὐ θῆρα δοκεύεις.
φείδεο σῆς ὠδῖνος, ἀμείλιχε, φείδεο μαζῶν·
Πενθέα παπταίνεις με, τὸν ἔτρεφες. ἴσχεο, φωνή,
μύθους σεῖο φύλαξον· ἀνήκοός ἐστιν Ἀγαύη.
εἰ δὲ κατακτείνεις με χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ,
μούνη παῖδα δάμασσον, ἀγάστονε, μηδὲ δαμῆναι
Βασσαρίδων τεὸν υἷα νόθαις παλάμῃσιν ἐάσῃς."
Ὣς φάμενος λιτάνευε, καὶ οὐκ ἤκουσεν Ἀγαύη.
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν δασπλῆτες ἐπερρώοντο γυναῖκες
χερσὶν ὁμοζήλοισι· κυλινδομένου δὲ κονίῃ
ἡ μὲν ὀπισθιδίους πόδας εἵρυσεν, ἡ δὲ λαβοῦσα
δεξιτερὴν προθέλυμνον ἀνέσπασεν, Αὐτονόη δὲ
λαιὴν ἀντερύεσκε· παραπλαγχθεῖσα δὲ μήτηρ
στήθεϊ παιδὸς ἔπηξεν ἑὸν πόδα, κεκλιμένου δὲ
αὐχένα τολμήεντα διέθρισεν ὀξέι θύρσῳ·
καὶ φονίῳ ταχύγουνος ἀνέδραμε χάρματι λύσσης,
αἱματόεν δὲ κάρηνον ἀτερπέι δείκνυε Κάδμῳ·
ψευδομένου δὲ λέοντος ἀγαλλομένη χάριν ἄγρης
τοῖον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἔπος λυσσώδεϊ λαιμῷ·
" Κάδμε μάκαρ, καλέω σε μακάρτερον·
ἐν σκοπέλοις γὰρ
χερσὶν ἀθωρήκτοισιν ἀριστεύουσαν Ἀγαύην
Ἄρτεμις ἐσκοπίαζε, καὶ εἰ πέλε δεσπότις ἄγρης,
ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτουσα λεοντοφόνου σέο κούρης·
καὶ Δρυάδες θάμβησαν ἐμὸν πόνον· ἡμετέρης δὲ
Ἁρμονίης γενέτης κεκορυθμένος ἠθάδι λόγχῃ
παῖδα τεὴν ἀσίδηρον ἐθάμβεε χάλκεος Ἄρης
θύρσον ἀκοντίζουσαν ἀλοιητῆρα λεόντων,
κυδιόων· σὺ δέ, Κάδμε, τεῶν ἐπιβήτορα θώκων

Cithairon, farewell these mountains and trees! Be happy, Thebes, be happy you too, Agauë my dear mother and my murderer! See this chin with its young beard, see the shape of a man—I am no lion; no wild beast is what you see. Spare the fruit of your womb, pitiless one, spare your breasts. Pentheus is before you, your nursling. Silence, my voice, keep your tale to yourself, Agauë will not hear! But if you kill me to please Dionysos, let no other destroy your son, unhappy one, let not your son be destroyed by the alien hands of Bassarids."

209 Such was his prayer, and Agauë heard him not; but the terrible women attacked him with one accord; as he rolled in the dust, one pulled on his legs, one seized his right arm and wrenched it out at the joint, Autonoë dragged opposite at the left; his deluded mother set her foot on his chest, and cut through that daring neck as he lay with sharp thyrsus—then ran nimbleknee with frenzied joy in his murder, and displayed the bloody head to unwelcoming Cadmos. Triumphant in the capture of a lion, as she thought, she cried out these words of madness:

221 "Blessed Cadmos, more blessed now I call you! For in the mountains Artemis has seen Agauë triumphant with no weapon in her hands; and even if she is queen of the hunt, she must hide her jealousy of your lionslaying daughter. The Dryads also wondered at my work. And the father of our Harmonia, armed with his familiar lance, brazen Ares, wondered full of pride at your child without a spear, casting a thyrsus and destroying lions. Pray call the king on your

Πενθέα δεῦρο κάλεσσον, ὅπως φθονερῇσιν ὀπωπαῖς
θηροφόνους ἱδρῶτας ὀπιπεύσειε γυναίου.[1]
δμῶες ἐμοί, στείχεσθε, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ Κάδμου
πήξατε τοῦτο κάρηνον ἐμῆς ἀναθήματα νίκης.
τηλίκον οὔ ποτε θῆρα κατέκταινε σύγγονος Ἰνώ·
Λύτονόη, σκοπίαζε καὶ αὐχένα κάμψον Ἀγαύῃ·
οὐ γὰρ ἐμοὶ λάχες εὖχος ὁμοῖον, ὑμετέρου δὲ
μητρὸς Ἀριστα[2]ίοιο φατιζομένην ἔτι νίκην
σῆς ἐκυρῆς ἴσχυνα λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης."
Ἔννεπε κουφίζουσα φίλον βάρος· εἰσαΐων δὲ
Κάδμος ἀγαλλομένης ἑτερόφρονα παιδὸς ἀπειλήν,
μίξας δάκρυσι μῦθον ἀμείβετο πενθάδι φωνῇ·
"Οἷον θῆρα δάμασσας ἐχέφρονα, τέκνον Ἀγαύη;
οἷον θῆρα δάμασσας, ὃν ὑμετέρη τέκε γαστήρ;
οἷον θῆρα δάμασσας, ὃν ἐσπέρμηνεν Ἐχίων;
δέρκεο σεῖο λέοντα, τὸν εἰσέτι τυτθὸν ἀείρων
παιδοκόμῳ κούφιζε γεγηθότι Κάδμος ἀγωστῷ·
δέρκεο σεῖο λέοντα, τὸν Ἁρμονίη σέο μήτηρ
πολλάκις ἠέρταζε καὶ ὦρεγε μαζὸν ἀμέλγειν.
μαστεύεις σέο παῖδα τεῶν θηήτορα μόχθων·
πῶς καλέσω Πενθῆα, τὸν ἐν παλάμῃσιν ἀείρεις;
ὃν κτάνες ἀγνώσσουσα, πόθεν σέο παῖδα καλέσσω;
θῆρα τεὸν σκοπίαζε, καὶ υἱέα σεῖο νοήσεις.
καλὰ φέρεις, Διόνυσε, τεῷ θρεπτήρια Κάδμῳ·
καλά μοι Ἁρμονίης νυμφεύματα δῶκε Κρονίων·
Ἄρεος ἄξια ταῦτα καὶ Οὐρανίης Ἀφροδίτης·
Ἰνὼ πόντον ἔχει, Σεμέλην ἔφλεξε Κρονίων,
μύρεται Αὐτονόη κερόεν τέκος, ἃ μέγα δειλὴ

[1] Λναίου MSS.: γυναίου scripsi. Ludwich -σειεν ὑαίης.

[2] *Cf.* v. 292; Pindar, *Pyth.* ix. 26 ff.

throne, Cadmos, call Pentheus here, that with envious eyes he may see the beastslaying sweat of a weak woman!

232 "This way, my men, hang up this head as a votive offering of my victory on the gatehouse of Cadmos. Sister Ino never killed a beast like this! Look here Autonoë, and bow your neck to Agauë! For you have never won glory like mine—the still famous victory of lionslaying Cyrene,[a] mother of your Aristaios and your own goodmother, has been put to shame by mine!"

239 While she spoke, she lifted her dear burden; but Cadmos hearing the distracted boasts of his exulting daughter, answered in mourning voice and mingled his tears with his words:

242 "Ah, what a beast you have brought down, Agauë my child, one with human reason! What a beast you have brought down, one which your own womb brought forth! What a beast you have brought down, one that Echion begat! Look upon your lion, one that Cadmos lifted upon his nursing arm when he was still a little tot, held in his joyful arms. Look upon your lion, one that your mother Harmonia often caught up and held to your suckling breast. You search for your son to see your work: how can I call Pentheus, when you hold him in your hands? How can I call your son, whom you have killed in ignorance? Look at your beast, and you will recognize your son.

253 "O Dionysos! A fine return you bring to Cadmos who reared you! Fine bridal gifts Cronion gave me with Harmonia! They are worthy of Ares and heavenly Aphrodite. Ino is in the sea, Semele was burnt by Cronion, Autonoë mourns her horned

ἔκτανεν, ὃν τέκε μοῦνον, ἀώριον υἱὸν Ἀγαύη,
καὶ μογέει Πολύδωρος ἐμὸς λιπόπατρις ἀλήτης.
μοῦνος ἐγὼ λιπόμην νέκυς ἔμπνοος· εἰς τίνα φεύγω,
Πενθέος ὀλλυμένοιο καὶ οἰχομένου Πολυδώρου;
τίς πόλις ὀθνείῃ με δεδέξεται; ἔρρε, Κιθαιρών·
γηροκόμους Κάδμοιο κατέκτανες, ἀμφοτέρους δὲ
νεκρὸν ἔχεις Πενθῆα, καὶ Ἀκταίωνα καλύπτεις."

Ὡς φαμένου Κάδμοιο γόον κρουνηδὸν ἰάλλων
δάκρυσι πηγαίοισι γέρων ἔκλαυσε Κιθαιρών·
καὶ δρύες ὠδύροιντο, καὶ ἔκλαγον αἶλινα Νύμφαι
Νηιάδες. πολιὴν δὲ κόμην ᾐδέσσατο Κάδμου
καὶ στοναχὴν Διόνυσος· ἀπειθήτου δὲ προσώπου
μίξας δάκρυ γέλωτι νόον μετέθηκεν Ἀγαύης,
καὶ πάλιν ἔμφρονα θῆκεν, ὅπως Πενθῆα γοήσῃ.

Ἡ δὲ μεταστρέψασα νόον καὶ ἄπιστον ὀπωπὴν
αὐτοπαγὴς ἄφθογγος ἐπὶ χρόνον ἵστατο μήτηρ·
καὶ κεφαλὴν Πενθῆος ὀπιπεύουσα θανόντος
ἤριπεν αὐτοκύλιστος, ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο δὲ δειλὴ
βόστρυχον αἰσχύνουσα χυτῇ κεκύλιστο κονίῃ·
καὶ λασίους ἔρριψεν ἀπὸ στέρνοιο χιτῶνας
καὶ Βρομίου φιάλας θιασώδεας, αἵματος ὁλκῷ
στήθεα φοινίξασα καὶ ἀσκεπέων πτύχα μαζῶν·
καὶ κύσεν υἱέος ὄμμα καὶ ἔγχλοα κύκλα προσώπου
καὶ πλοκάμους χαρίεντας ἐρευθομένοιο καρήνου·
ὀξὺ δὲ κωκύουσα τόσην ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν·

" Νηλειὴς Διόνυσε, τεῆς ἀκόρητε γενέθλης,
δὸς προτέρην ἔτι λύσαι ἐμοὶ πάλιν· ἄρτι γὰρ ἄλλην
χείρονα λύσαι ἔχω πιυτόφρονα· δός μοι ἐκείνην
ἀφροσύνην, ἵνα θῆρα τὸ δεύτερον υἷα καλέσσω.
θῆρα βαλεῖν ἐδόκησα· νεοτμήτοιο δὲ κόρσης

---

[a] Actaion in his stag-shape.

son,[a] and Agauë—what misery for Agauë! She has killed her only son, her own son untimely; and my Polydoros [b] wanders in sorrow, a banished man. Alone I am left, in a living death. Who will be my refuge, now Pentheus is dead and Polydoros gone? What foreign city will receive me? Curse you, Cithairon! You have slain those two who should cherish Cadmos in old age: Pentheus is with you, dead, Actaion is buried in your soil."

265 When Cadmos had ended, ancient Cithairon groaned from his springs and poured forth tears in fountains; the trees lamented, the Naiad Nymphs chanted dirges. Dionysos was abashed before the hoary head of Cadmos and his lamentations; mingling a tear with a smile on that untroubled countenance, he gave reason back to Agauë and made her sane once more, that she might mourn for Pentheus.

271 The mother, herself again with eyes that she could trust, stood awhile rigid and voiceless. Then seeing the head of Pentheus dead she threw herself down, and rolled in helpless misery on the ground smearing the dust on her hair. She tore the shaggy skins from her breast and threw down the goblets of Bromios's company, scoring her chest and the cleft between her bare breasts with red scratches. She kissed her son's eyes and his pallid cheeks, and the charming locks of his bloodstained hair; then with bitter lamentation she spoke:

283 "Cruel Dionysos, insatiable persecutor of your family! Give me back my former madness—for a worse madness possesses me now in my sanity. Give me back that delirium, that I may call my son a wild beast once more. I thought I had struck a beast—

[b] *Cf.* v. 206 ff.

ἀντὶ λεοντείης κεφαλὴν Πενθῆος ἀείρω.
ὀλβίη Αὐτονόη βαρυδάκρυος, ὅττι θανόντα
ἔστενεν Ἀκταίωνα, καὶ οὐ κτάνεν υἷέα μήτηρ·
μούνη ἐγὼ γενόμην παιδοκτόνος· οὐ Μελικέρτην
ἔκτανεν ἠὲ Λέαρχον ἐμὴ μετανάστιος Ἰνώ,
ἀλλὰ πατὴρ ἐδάμασσε, τὸν ἤροσεν. ἆ μέγα δειλή,
Ζεὺς Σεμέλῃ παρίαυεν, ὅπως Πενθῆα γοήσω·
Ζεὺς γενέτης Διόνυσον ἑῷ τεκνώσατο μηρῷ,
Καδμείην ἵνα πᾶσαν ἀιστώσειε γενέθλην.
ἰλήκοι Διόνυσος· ὅλον γένος ὤλεσε Κάδμου.
ἀλλὰ θεοκλήτου γαμίην μετὰ δαῖτα τραπέζης,
Ἁρμονίης μετὰ λέκτρον,
ἐμοῦ μετὰ παστάδα Κάδμου
ἀρχαίην κιθάρην δονέων πάλιν αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων
θρῆνον ἕνα πλήξειε καὶ Αὐτονόῃ καὶ Ἀγαύῃ,
ὠκύμορον Πενθῆα καὶ Ἀκταίωνα λιγαίνων.
ἡμετέρης, φίλε κοῦρε, τί φάρμακόν ἐστιν ἀνίης;
οὔ πω σοῖς θαλάμοισιν ἐκούφισα νυμφοκόμον πῦρ·
οὐ ζυγίων ἤκουσα τεῶν ὑμέναιον Ἐρώτων·
ποῖον ἴδω σέο παῖδα παρήγορον; αἴθέ σε Βάκχη
ἄλλη ἀπηλοίησε, καὶ οὐ πολύμοχθος Ἀγαύη.
μητέρι μαινομένῃ μὴ μέμφεο, δύσμορε Πενθεῦ·
Βάκχῳ μέμφεο μᾶλλον· ἀναίτιός ἐστιν Ἀγαύη.
χεῖρες ἐμαί, φίλε κοῦρε, τεὴν στάζουσιν ἐέρσην
αὐχένος ἀμηθέντος· ἀπ' αὐτοχύτου δὲ καρήνου
αἷμα τεὸν μητρῷον ὅλον φοίνιξε χιτῶνα.
ναί, λίτομαι, Βρομίου δότε μοι δέπας·
ἀντὶ γὰρ οἴνου
λύθρον ἐμοῦ Πενθῆος ἐπισπένδω Διονύσῳ.
σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ φιλόδακρυς, ἀώριε, τύμβον ἐγείρω
χερσὶν ἐμαῖς ἀκάρηνον ἐνικρύψασα κονίῃ
σὸν δέμας· ὑμετέρῳ δ' ἐπὶ σήματι τοῦτο χαράξω·

I hold a head newly cut from the neck, but no lion's head, it is Pentheus! Autonoë is happy for all her heavy tears, for she mourned Actaion dead, and the mother slew not her son. I alone have become a childmurderer. Ino slew not Melicertes or Learchos, Ino my banished sister, but the father destroyed the son he had begotten. How unhappy I am! Zeus slept with Semele only that I might mourn Pentheus; Zeus the father childed Dionysos from his own thigh, only to destroy the whole family of Cadmos. May Dionysos forgive me, he has destroyed the whole race of Cadmos. Now may even Apollo strike his harp again as before, as at the marriage feast where the gods were guests, as by Harmonia's bed, as in the bridechamber of my father Cadmos, let him twangle one dirge for Autonoë and Agauë both, and chant loudly of Actaion and Pentheus so quickly to perish. What medicine is there for my sorrow, O my dearest boy? I have never lifted the marriage torch at your wedding; I have never heard the bridal hymn for your wedded love. What son of yours can I see to comfort me? Would that some other, some Bacchant, had destroyed you, not all-wretched Agauë! Blame not your frenzied mother, illfated Pentheus, blame Bacchos rather—Agauë is innocent! My hands, dear lad, are dripping with the dew from your shorn neck, the blood from your head has incarnadined all the robe of the mother who shed it. Yes, I beseech you, give me the cup of Bromios; for instead of wine I will pour the blood of my Pentheus as a libation to Dionysos. For you, untimely dead, I will build amid my tears a tomb with my own hands. I will lay in the earth your headless body; and on your monument I will carve

'εἰμὶ νέκυς Πενθῆος, ὁδοιπόρε· νηδὺς Ἀγαύης
παιδοκόμος με λόχευσε
καὶ ἔκτανε παιδοφόνος χείρ.'"
Ἔννεπε λυσσώουσα σοφῇ φρενί· μυρομένης δὲ
Λύτονόη γοόωσα παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν·
"Ζῆλον ἔχω καὶ ἔρωτα τεῆς κακότητος, Ἀγαύη,
ὅττι περιπτύσσεις γλυκερὴν Πενθῆος ὀπωπὴν
καὶ στόμα καὶ φίλον ὄμμα καὶ υἱέος ἄκρα κομάων.
γνωτή, ἐπολβίζω σε, καὶ εἰ κτάνες υἱέα μήτηρ·
ἀντὶ γὰρ Ἀκταίωνος ἀμειβομένης ἀπὸ μορφῆς
νεβρὸν ἐγὼ δάκρυσα, καὶ υἱέος ἀντὶ καρήνου
μηκεδανὴν ἐλάφοιο νόθην κτερέιξα κεραίην.
σῆς δ' ὀδύνης ἐλάχεια παραίφασις, ὅττι θανόντος
οὐκ ἴδες ἀλλοῖον τύπον υἱέος, οὐ τρίχα νεβροῦ,
οὐ χηλὴν ἀνόνητον ἐκούφισας ἠὲ κεραίην·
μούνη δ' ἔδρακον υἷα νόθον νέκυν, ἀλλοφυῆ δὲ
καὶ στικτὴν καὶ ἄναυδον ἐκώκυον εἰκόνα μορφῆς,
καὶ μήτηρ ἐλάφοιο καὶ οὐκέτι παιδὸς ἀκούω.
ἀλλὰ σὺ κυδαίνουσα, Διὸς φιλοπάρθενε κούρη,
ἀνδρὸς ἐμοῦ σέο Φοῖβον Ἀρισταίοιο τοκῆα
εἰς ἔλαφον μετάμειψον ἐμὴν βροτοειδέα μορφήν·
δὸς χάριν Ἀπόλλωνι· μετ' Ἀκταίωνα δὲ δειλὴν
τοῖς αὐτοῖς σκυλάκεσσι καὶ Λύτονόην πόρε φορβὴν
ἢ κυσὶν ὑμετέροισιν· ἐσαθρήσῃ δὲ Κιθαιρὼν
μητέρα καὶ μετὰ παῖδα κυνοσπάδα· μηδέ με δειλὴν
σῶν ἐλάφων μεθέπουσαν ἴσην κεραελκέα μορφὴν
ἄγρια μαστίζουσα τεῇ ζεύξειας ἀπήνῃ.
χαῖρε φυτὸν Πενθῆος, ἀμείλιχε χαῖρε Κιθαιρών·
χαίρετε καὶ νάρθηκες ἀμερσινόου Διονύσου·
σώζεό μοι, Φαέθων τερψίμβροτε· λάμπε κολώναις·
λάμπε καὶ ἀμφοτέροις, Λητωΐδι καὶ Διονύσῳ·
εἰ δὲ τεαῖς ἀκτῖσι καὶ ἀνέρας οἶσθα δαμάσσαι,

these words : ' Wayfarer, I am the body of Pentheus ; the cherishing womb of Agauë brought me forth, and the murdering hand of Agauë slew her son.' "

320 So spoke the maddened creature in words of sanity—and while she lamented, Autonoë spoke with a sorrowful voice of consolation :

322 " I envy and desire your unhappiness, Agauë ; for you kiss the sweet face of Pentheus, his lips and his dear eyes and the hair of your son. Sister, I think you happy, even if you the mother slew your own son. But I had no Actaion to mourn ; his body was changed, and I wept over a fawn—instead of my son's head I buried the long antlers of a changeling stag. It is a small consolation to you in your pain, that you have seen your dead son in no alien shape, no fawn's fell, no unprofitable hoof, no horn you took up. I alone saw my son as a changeling corpse, I lamented an image of alien shape dappled and voiceless ; I am called mother of a stag and not a son. But I pray to thee, prudish daughter of Zeus, glorify thy Phoibos the begetter of Aristaios my husband, and change my mortal shape to a deer—do grace to Apollo ! Give unhappy Autonoë also as a prey to the same dogs as Actaion, or to your own hounds ; let Cithairon see the mother torn by dogs even after the son, but when I am changed to the same horned shape as thy deer, yoke me not, unhappy, to thy car nor flog me fiercely with thy whip.

344 " Farewell, tree of Pentheus, farewell pitiless Cithairon ; farewell also ye fennels of mind-deluding Dionysos ! Happy be thou, Phaëthon men's delight ! Shine on the hills ; show thy light both for Leto's daughter and Dionysos ! And if thou knowest how

σῷ καθαρῷ πυρὶ βάλλε καὶ Αὐτονόην καὶ Ἀγαύην·
ἔσσο δὲ Πασιφάης τιμήορος, ὄφρα γελάσσῃς
Ἁρμονίης γενέτειραν ἀνιάζων Ἀφροδίτην."
Εἶπε, καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνος ὀδύρετο μᾶλλον Ἀγαύη.
καὶ νέκυν, ὃν κατέπεφνε, φίλῃ τυμβεύσατο μήτηρ
πίδακα δακρυόεσσαν ἀναβλύζουσα προσώπου·
καὶ τάφον εὐποίητον ἐτεκτήναντο πολῖται.

Ὡς αἱ μὲν στενάχοντο κατηφέες· εἰσορόων δὲ
Βάκχος ἄναξ ἐλέαιρε, φιλοθρήνους δὲ γυναῖκας
μυρομένας ἀνέκοψεν, ἐπεὶ στοιχηδὸν ἑκάστῃ
λυσίπονον κεράσας μελιηδέι φάρμακον οἴνῳ
δῶκε ποτὸν ληθαῖον· ὀδυρομένοιο δὲ Κάδμου
πένθιμον ἐπρήυνε γόον παιήονι μύθῳ·
ἀμφοτέρας δ' εὔτησε καὶ Αὐτονόην καὶ Ἀγαύην,
ἐλπίδος ἐσσομένης πρωτάγγελα θέσφατα φαίνων.
Ἰλλυρίην δ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐς Ἑσπερίου χθόνα πόντου
Ἁρμονίην λιπόπατριν ὁμόστολον ἥλικι Κάδμῳ
ἀμφοτέρους πόμπευεν ἀλήμονας, οἷς χρόνος ἕρπων
ὤπασε πετρήεσσαν ἔχειν ὀφιώδεα μορφήν.
Καὶ Σατύρους καὶ Πᾶνας ἔχων
καὶ λύγκας ἱμάσσων
ἄβρὸς ἀσιγήτοισιν ἐκώμασε Βάκχος Ἀθήναις.

---

[a] He identifies Apollo with the Sun, and his arrows with its rays.

[b] Since Pasiphaë's trouble arose from hideously mis-

to destroy men also with thy rays,[a] strike with thy pure fire Autonoë and Agauë. Be Pasiphaë's avenger,[b] to plague with a laugh Harmonia's mother Aphrodite."

352 She spoke ; and Agauë childmurderer sorrowed yet more. The loving mother entombed the dead son whom she had slain, pouring a fountain of tears over her face, and the people built a goodly sepulchre.

356 So they mourned in dejection ; Lord Bacchos saw and pitied, and checked the dirge of the lamenting women, when he had mingled a medicine with honeysweet wine and passed it to each in turn as a drink to lull their troubles. He gave them the drink of forgetfulness, and when Cadmos lamented he soothed his sorrowful moans with healing words. He sent Autonoë and Agauë to their beds, and showed them oracles of god to tell of coming hope. Over the Illyrian country to the land of the Western sea he sped, and banished Harmonia with Cadmos her agemate, both wanderers, for whom creeping Time had in store a change into the shape of snaky stone.[c]

368 Then Bacchos with his Pans and Satyrs whipt up his lynxes, and went in gorgeous pomp to farfamed Athens.

directed love, let her father the Sun take vengance on the love goddess's children.

[c] At the end of their lives, Zeus transformed Cadmos and Harmonia into stone serpents, and placed them in Elysium.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΒΔΟΜΟΝ

Ἔρχεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐς ἕβδομον, ὀππόθι Περσεὺς
καὶ μόρος Ἰκαρίοιο καὶ ἀβροχίτων Ἀριάδνη.

Ἤδη δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα δι' ἄστεος ἵπτατο Φήμη
ἄγγελος αὐτοβόητος ἐρισταφύλου Διονύσου
Ἀτθίδι φοιτήσαιτος· ἀκοιμήτου δὲ Λυαίου
εἰς χορὸν εὐώδινες ἐβακχεύθησαν Ἀθῆναι.
καὶ πολὺς ἔβρεμε κῶμος· ὁμηγερέες δὲ πολῖται
εἵμασι δαιδαλέοισιν ἀνεχλαίνωσαν ἀγυιὰς
χερσὶ πολυσπερέεσσιν· ἀειξιφύτοιο δὲ Βάκχου
ἡμερίδων πετάλοισιν ἐμιτρώθησαν Ἀθῆναι
αὐτόματοι· φιάλας δὲ σιδηροφόρων διὰ μαζῶν
στήθεσι μυστιπόλοισιν ἀνεζώννυντο γυναῖκες,
παρθενικαὶ δ' ἐχόρευον, ἐπεστέψαντο δὲ κόρσης

---

[a] Perhaps the most corrupt passage in Nonnos. Any attempt to translate it continuously results in nonsense, for what could it mean to say that the women girt anything around their "mail-clad breasts" or that drinking-cups were hung like a girdle around anything? Attic women did not go about in corselets, and Nonnos knew they did not: the words must refer to Athena in person or to her statue. Drinking-cups are of course part of the Dionysiac apparatus,

BOOK XLVII

Come to the forty-seventh, in which is Perseus, and the death of Icarios, and Ariadne in her rich robes.

Already Rumour was flitting up and down the city, announcing of herself that Dionysos of the grapes had come to visit Attica; and prolific Athens broke out into wild dancing for unresting Lyaios. Loud was the sound of revelling; crowds of citizens with forests of fluttering hands decked out the streets in hangings of many colours, and vineleaves which Bacchos made to grow wreathed themselves all over Athens. [The women hung mystic plates of iron over their breasts and bound them round their bodies[a]:] the maidens danced and crowned their brows with flowers

but no one and nothing had a string of them slung about him or it. The only possible explanation seems to be that something, probably two or three lines, has dropped out and the remainder been patched together by a copyist into the present verse 9. Perhaps the archetype of our mss. was damaged and illegible here. The general sense may have been: "*Drinking-cups* the men now held instead of weapons (or tools); even *through the mail-clad breasts* of Athena there shot a shaft of Bacchic extasy; *and the women girt their bosoms, used to* (*Demeter's ?*) *mysteries* with (some Dionysiac emblem, such as vine-leaves)." Marcellus conjectures *φάλλους* here and ix. 125, xlvi. 278, where it makes sense although there is no evidence in support.

ἄνθεϊ κισσήεντι περίπλοκον Ἀτθίδα χαίτην.
Ἰλισσὸς δ' ἐλέλιζε περὶ πτόλιν ἔμπνοον ὕδωρ
κυδαίνων Διόνυσον· ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ χορείῃ
Εὔιον ἐκρούοντο μέλος Κηφισίδες ὄχθαι.
φυταλιὴ δ' ἀνέτελλεν, ἀπὸ χθονίοιο δὲ κόλπου
αὐτοφυὴς γλυκεροῖο πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο
βότρυς ἐλαιήεντος ἐφοινίχθη Μαραθῶνος,
καὶ δρύες ἐψιθύριζον, ἀνοιγομένων δὲ πετήλων
δίχροον ἠρεύγοντο ῥόδον λειμωνίδες Ὧραι,
καὶ κρίνον αὐτοτέλεστον ἐμαιώσαντο κολῶναι.
καὶ Φρυγίοις αὐλοῖσιν ἐπέκτυπεν αὐλὸς Ἀθήνης,
καὶ δίδυμον κελάδημα δόναξ ἐλίγαινεν Ἀχαρνεὺς
θλιβόμενος παλάμῃσιν· ὁμογλώσσων δ' ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
Μυγδονίῃ βαρύδουπος ὁμόθροος ἄζυγι κούρῃ
δίθροον ἁρμονίην ἐπιδήμιος ἴαχε Βάκχη
πῆχυν ἐπικλίνουσα νέῃ Πακτωλίδι νύμφῃ,
καὶ φλόγα νυκτιχόρευτον ἀνέσχεθε δίζυγι πεύκῃ
ἀρχεγόνῳ Ζαγρῆι καὶ ὀφιγόνῳ Διονύσῳ·
μνησαμένη δ' Ἰτύλοιο καὶ ἱστοπόνου Φιλομήλης
σύνθροος αἰολόδειρος ἀνέκλαγεν Ἀτθὶς ἀηδών,
καὶ Ζεφύρου λάλος ὄρνις ὑπωροφίην χέε μολπήν,
μνῆστιν ὅλην Τηρῆος ἀπορρίψασα θυέλλαις.

Οὐδέ τις ἦν ἀχόρευτος ἀνὰ πτόλιν. αὐτὰρ ὁ χαίρων
Βάκχος ἐς Ἰκαρίου δόμον ἦλυθεν, ὃς πέλεν ἄλλων
φέρτερος ἀγρονόμων ἑτερότροπα δένδρα φυτεύειν.
ἀγραύλοις δὲ πόδεσσι γέρων ἐχόρευεν ἀλωεὺς
ἀθρήσας Διόνυσον ἐπήλυδα, καλλιφύτων δὲ
κοίρανον ἡμερίδων ὀλίγῃ ξείνισσε τραπέζῃ·
Ἠριγόνη δ' ἐκέρασσεν ἀφυσσαμένη γλάγος αἰγῶν

[a] This line has attached to it an amusing bit of literary history. Bentley quoted it in his *Dissertation on Phalaris*. p. 25 of the edition of 1699, to show that the correct form of

of ivy braided in Attic hair. Ilissos rolled round the city living water to glorify Dionysos ; the banks of Cephisos echoed the Euian tune to the universal dance. The plant shot up from the bosom of the earth, grapes selfgrown with sweet fruit ripening reddened the olive-groves of Marathon. Trees whispered, meadows put forth in season roses of two colours with opening petals, the hills gave birth to the lily selfgrown. Athena's pipes answered the Phrygian pipes, the Acharnian reed pressed by the fingers played its double ditty. The native Bacchant leaned her arm on the young Pactolian bride, and sounded a double harmony with deep note answering the Mygdonian girl, or held up the dancing nightly flame of double torches, for Zagreus [a] born long ago and Dionysos lately born. The melodious-throated nightingale of Attica sang her varied notes in the chorus, remembering Itylos and Philomela busy at the loom ; and the chattering bird of Zephyros [b] twittered under the eaves, casting to the winds all memory of Tereus.

34 No one in the city did not dance. Then Bacchos glad went to the house of Icarios, who excelled the other countrymen in planting new sorts of trees. The old gardener danced on his clownish feet when he saw Dionysos as his visitor, and entertained the lord of noble gardenvines at his frugal board. Erigone [c] went to draw and mingle milk of the goats, but

the god's name was Zagreus and not Zagraios. Two modern editors gravely inform the public that there is no such verse and that Bentley quoted from memory (which he probably did, and knew his Greek authors better than either his contemporary or his later critics). See the Bohn edition of the *Dissertation* (London, 1883), p. 91.

[b] Imitated from Leonidas in the *Greek Anthology* x. 1.

[c] Icarios's daughter.

ἀλλά ἑ Βάκχος ἔρυκε, φιλοστόργῳ δὲ γεραιῷ
ὤπασε λυσιπόνοιο μέθης ἐγκύμονας ἀσκούς,
δεξιτερῇ δ' εὔοδμον ἔχων δέπας ἡδέος οἴνου
ὤρεγεν Ἰκαρίῳ· φιλίῳ δ' ἠσπάζετο μύθῳ·
" Δέξο, γέρον, τόδε δῶρον,
ὃ μὴ δεδάασιν Ἀθῆναι.
ὦ γέρον, ὀλβίζω σε· σὲ γὰρ μέλψουσι πολῖται
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωντες, ὅτι κλέος εὗρεν ἑλέγξαι
Ἰκάριος Κελεοῖο καὶ Ἠριγόνη Μετανείρης.
ζῆλον ἔχω προτέρης Δημήτερος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἄλλῳ γειοπόνῳ στάχυν ὄμπνιον ὤπασε Δηώ.
Τριπτόλεμος στάχυν εὗρε,
σὺ δ' οἰνοπα βότρυν ὀπώρης·
ἴλαος οὐρανίῳ Γανυμήδεϊ μοῦνος ἐρίζεις,
Τριπτολέμου προτέροιο μακάρτερε· θυμοβόρους γὰρ
οὐ στάχυες λύουσι μεληδόνας, οἰνοτόκοι δὲ
βότρυες ἀνδρομέης παιήονές εἰσιν ἀνίης."
Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε, φιλοξείνῳ δὲ γεραιῷ
ἄβρὸν ἐγερσινόοιο δέπας πόρεν ἔμπλεον οἴνου·
καὶ πίεν ἄλλο μετ' ἄλλο γέρων φυτοεργὸς ἀλωεύς,
οἶστρον ἔχων ἀκόρητον ἐυρραθάμιγγος ἐέρσης·
κούρη δ' ἀντὶ γάλακτος ἀφυσσαμένη χύσιν οἴνου
ὤρεγε χειρὶ κύπελλον, ἕως ἐμέθυσσε τοκῆα.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κόρον εὗρε κυπελλοδόκοιο τραπέζης,
δόχμιος ἀμφιέλικτος ἐρισφαλὲς ἴχνος ἐλίσσων
ποσσὶν ἀμοιβαίοισιν ἀνεσκίρτησεν ἀλωεύς,
Ζαγρέος Εὔιον ὕμνον ἀνακρούων Διονύσῳ.
ἀγρονόμῳ δὲ γέροντι φυτηκόμος ὤπασε δαίμων
κλήματα βοτρυόεντα, φιλεύια δῶρα τραπέζης·

---

* The king of Eleusis whom Demeter visited; Metaneira was his queen, Triptolemos either his son or one of his nobles.

Bacchos checked her, and handed to the kindly old man skins full of curetrouble liquor. He took in his right hand and offered Icarios a cup of sweet fragrant wine, as he greeted him in friendly words:

45 "Accept this gift, Sir, which Athens knows not. Sir, I deem you happy, for your fellow-citizens will celebrate you, proclaiming aloud that Icarios has found fame to obscure Celeos,[a] and Erigone to outdo Metaneira. I rival Demeter of the olden days, because Deo too brought a gift, the harvest-corn, to another husbandman. Triptolemos discovered corn, you the winecheeked grape of my vintage. You alone [b] rival Ganymedes in heaven, you more blessed than Triptolemos was before; for corn does not dissolve the sorrows that eat the heart, but the wine-bearing grape is the healer of human pain."

56 Such were the words he spoke, as he offered a handsome cup full of mindawakening wine to the hospitable old man. The old hardworking gardener drank, and drank again, with desire insatiable for the dewy trickling drops. His girl poured no more milk, but reached him cup after cup of wine until her father was drunken; and when at last he had taken enough of that table spread with cups, the gardener skipt about with changing step, staggering and rolling sideways, and struck up the Euian chant of Zagreus for Dionysos. Then the plantloving god presented to the old countryman Euian shoots of vine in return for his hospitable table, and the Lord taught

[b] The word ἵλαος is very doubtful. It means "gracious," "benign," and is correctly used of the feeling of a kindly deity or other superior being towards his inferiors, but seems very much out of place of good old Icarios. It seems likely that some such epithet as γάϊος should be read, "you on earth rival Ganymede in heaven."

καί μιν ἄναξ ἐδίδαξεν ἀεξιφύτῳ τινὶ τέχνῃ
κλάσσαι βοθριάσαι τε βαλεῖν τ' ἐνὶ κλήματα γύροις.
Ἄλλοις δ' ἀγρονόμοισι γέρων φυτοεργὸς ἀλωεὺς
δῶρα φέρων Βρομίοιο καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην
οἰνοφύτους ἐδίδαξε φυτηκομίας Διονύσου·
καὶ νομίῳ κρητῆρι βαλὼν ῥόον ἄσπετον οἴνου
δαινυμένους ηὔφραινεν ἐπασσυτέροισι κυπέλλοις,
οἰνοδόκων θυόεσσαν ἀναπτύξας χύσιν ἀσκῶν.
καί τις ἐγερσινόοιο πιὼν ῥόον ἠδίος οἴνου
Ἠριγόνης γενετῆρα φίλῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·
" Εἰπέ, γέρον, πόθεν εὗρες
ἐπὶ χθονὶ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου;
οὐκ ἀπὸ Κηφισοῖο φέρεις ξανθόχροον ὕδωρ,
οὐκ ἀπὸ Νηιάδων μελιηδέα δῶρα κομίζεις·
οὐ γὰρ ἀναβλύζουσι μελίρρυτα κεύματα πηγαί,
οὐ ῥόος Ἰλισσοῖο χυτῷ φοινίσσεται ἀλκῷ·
οὐ ποτὸν ἔπλετο τοῦτο φιλοπτόρθοιο μελίσσης,
ὀξύτατον μερόπεσσι φέρον κόρον· ἀλλοφυὲς δὲ
καὶ μέλιτος γλυκεροῖο φέρεις γλυκερώτερον ὕδωρ·
πάτριον οὐ πόμα τοῦτο λοχεύεται Ἀτθὶς ἐλαίη·
λαρότερον δὲ γάλακτος ἔχεις ποτὸν ἐμμενὲς αἰεὶ
συμφερταῖς λιβάδεσσι μελικρήτου κυκεῶνος.
εἰ δὲ ποτὸν μερόπεσσιν ἀεξιφύτων ἀπὸ κήπων
ἐκ καλύκων δεδάασιν ἄγειν ῥοδοπήχεες Ὧραι,
καί κεν ἐγὼ καλέεσκον Ἀδώνιδος ἢ Κυθερείης
εἰαρινὸν πόμα τοῦτο, ῥόδων εὔοδμον ἐέρσην.
λυσίπονον καὶ ξεῖνον ἄγεις ποτόν· ἠερίοις γὰρ
πλαζομένας ἀνέμοισιν ἐμὰς ἐκέδασσε μερίμνας.
μή σοι δῶρον ἔδωκεν ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἄμβροτος Ἥβη;
μή σοι τοῦτο κόμισσε τεὴ πολιοῦχος Ἀθήνη;
οὐρανόθεν κρητῆρα τίς ἤρπασεν, ἔνθεν ἀφύσσει

him the art of making them grow, by breaking and ditching and curving the shoots round into the soil.[a]

70 So the industrious old gardener passed on to other countrymen the gifts of Bromios with their vintage of grapes, and taught them how to plant and care for the viny growth of Dionysos ; he poured into his rustic mixer streams of wine inexhaustible, and cheered the hearts of banqueters with cup after cup, releasing the fragrant liquid from his wineskins. Many a one would compliment Erigone's father with grateful words as he drank the sweet liquor of mind-awakening wine :

78 " Tell us, gaffer, how you found on earth the nectar of Olympos ? This golden water never came from Cephisos, this honeysweet treasure was not brought from the Naiads ! For our fountains do not bubble up honey-streams like this, the river Ilissos does not run in such a purple flood. This is no drink from the plantloving bee, which quickest of all brings satiety to mortal man. This is another kind of water, sweeter than sweet honey ; this is no national draught born from the Athenian olive. You have a drink richer than milk which ever keeps its taste, mingled with drops of honey-posset. If the rosyarm Seasons have learnt to distil a drink for mortals from all the flowercups that grow in our gardens, I would call this a spring-time beverage of Adonis or Cythereia, the sweetsmelling dew of roses ! A strange drink yours, which dissolves trouble ! for it has scattered my cares wandering in the winds of heaven.

95 " Can it be that immortal Hebe has given you this gift from heaven ? Can it be that Athena your cityholder has provided this ? Who has stolen the

[a] Compare note on xvii. 83.

Ζηνὶ καὶ ἀθανάτοισι δέπας κεράσας Γανυμήδης;
ξεινοδόκου Κελεοῖο μακάρτερε, μὴ σὺ καὶ αὐτὸς
ἴλαον οὐρανόθεν ναέτην ξείνισσας Ὀλύμπου;
πείθομαι, ὡς θεὸς ἄλλος ἐκώμασε σεῖο μελάθρῳ,
καὶ φιλίης πόμα τοῦτο τεῆς διὰ δεῖπνα τραπέζης
Ἀτθίδι δῶρον ἔδωκεν, ἅτε στάχυν ὤπασε Δηώ."
Ἔννεπε θαμβήσας γλυκερὸν ποτόν·
ἐκ στομάτων δὲ
ἡδυμανὴς ἀλάλαζε χέων ἄγραυλον ἀοιδήν.
Ἀγρονόμοι δ' ἀρύοντες ἐπασσυτέροισι κυπέλλοις
πάντες ἐβακχεύθησαν ἀμερσινόῳ φρίνας οἴνῳ·
ὄμματα δ' ἐπλάζοντο, φιλακρήτοις δὲ κυπέλλοις
ἄργυφα πορφύροντο παρήια, γειοπόνων δὲ
στήθεα θερμαίνοντο, ποτῷ δ' ἐβαρύνετο κόρση,
καὶ φλέβες οἰδαίνοντος ἐκυμαίνοντο καρήνου·
τοῖσι δὲ δερκομένοισιν ἐσείετο κόλπος ἀρούρης
καὶ δρύες ὠρχήσαντο καὶ ἐσκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι·
καὶ σφαλεραῖς λιβάδεσσιν ἀήθεος ἔμπλεος οἴνου
ὕπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπὶ χθόνα κάππεσεν ἀνήρ.
Καὶ χορὸς ἀγρονόμων φονίῳ δεδονημένος οἴστρῳ
τλήμονος Ἰκαρίοιο κατέτρεχε θυιάδι λύσσῃ,
οἷά τε φαρμακόεντα κερασσαμένου δόλον οἴνου,
ὃς μὲν ἔχων βουπλῆγα σιδήρεον, ὃς δὲ μακέλλῃ
θωρήξας ἓο χεῖρας, ὁ δὲ σταχυητόμον ἅρπην
κουφίζων, ἕτερος δὲ λίθον περίμετρον ἀείρων,
ἄλλος ἀνεπτοίητο καλαύροπα χειρὶ τιταίνων,
γηραλέον πλήσσοντες· ἑλὼν δέ τις ἐγγὺς ἰμάσθλην
Ἰκαρίου τέτρηνε δέμας ταμεσίχροϊ κέντρῳ.
Καὶ μογέων χθονὶ πῖπτε γέρων φυτοεργὸς ἀλωεὺς
τυπτόμενος ῥοπάλοισιν, ἐπισκαίρων δὲ τραπέζῃ

mixing-bowl from the sky,[a] from which Ganymedes mixes the liquor and ladles out a cup for Zeus and the immortals? O more blessed than hospitable Celeos, can it be you also have yourself entertained some gracious Olympian who dwells in the heavens? I believe some other god came in mirth to visit your roof, and gave this drink to our country in friendship for your hospitable table, as Deo gave us corn!"

104 Thus he spoke, admiring the delicious drink; and from his lips rang out a stream of rustic song in sweet madness.

106 So the countrymen quaffed cup after cup, and made a wild revel over the wine which dazed their wits. Their eyes rolled, their pale cheeks grew red—for they drank their liquor neat, their peasant-breasts grew hot, their heads grew heavy with the drink, the veins were swollen upon their foreheads. The bosom of the earth shook before their eyes, the trees danced and the mountains skipt. Men fell on their backs rolling helplessly over the ground, full of the unfamiliar wine with its slippery drops.

116 Then the company of countrymen driven by murderous infatuation charged upon poor Icarios in maniac fury, as if the wine were mixt with a deceiving drug—one holding an iron poleaxe, one with a shovel for a weapon in his hands, one holding the cornreaping sickle, another raising an immense block of stone, while another, beside himself, brandished a cudgel in his hand—all striking the old man: one came near with a goad and pierced his body with its fleshcutting spike.

125 The unhappy old industrious gardener thus beaten with blows fell to the ground, then leaping

[a] The constellation Crater.

τύψε μέθης κρητῆρα, καὶ αἴθοπος εἰς χύσιν οἴνου
ἡμιθανὴς κεκύλιστο· βαρυνομένου δὲ καρήνου
ἀγρονόμων πληγῇσιν ἀμοιβαίῃσι τυπέντος
αἱμαλέῃ φοίνιξεν ὁμόχροον οἶνον ἐέρσῃ.
καὶ μόγις ἐκ στομάτων ἔπος ἴαχεν Ἄιδι γείτων·
"Οἶνος ἐμοῦ Βρομίου, βροτέης ἄμπαυμα μερίμνης,
ὁ γλυκὺς εἰς ἐμὲ μοῦνον ἀμείλιχος· εὐφροσύνην γὰρ
ἀνδράσι πᾶσιν ὄπασσε, καὶ Ἰκαρίῳ πόρε πότμον·
ὁ γλυκὺς Ἠριγόνῃ πολεμήιος· ἠμετέρην γὰρ
νηπενθὴς Διόνυσος ἐθήκατο πενθάδα κούρην."
Οὔ πω μῦθος ἔληγε· μόρος δέ οἱ ἔφθασε φωνήν.
καὶ νέκυς αὐτόθι κεῖτο, σαόφρονος ἔκτοθι κούρης,
ὄμμασι πεπταμένοισιν. ἐν ἀστρώτῳ δὲ χαμευνῇ
νήδυμον ὕπνον ἴαυον ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο φονῆες
οἰνοβαρεῖς, νεκύεσσιν ἐοικότες· ἐγρόμενοι δέ,
ὃν κτάνον ἀγνώσσοντες, ἀνέστενον· ὑφόθι δ' ὦμων
νεκρὸν ἐλαφρίζοντες ἀνήγαγον εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης
ἔμφρονα θυμὸν ἔχοντες, ἐν εὐύδρῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
ὠτειλὰς ἐκάθηραν ὀρεσσιχύτῳ παρὰ πηγῇ·
καὶ νέκυν ἀρτιδάικτον, ὃν ἔκτανον ἄφρονι λύσσῃ,
ἀνδροφόνοις παλάμῃσιν ἐτυμβεύσαντο φονῆες.
Ψυχὴ δ' Ἰκαρίοιο πανείκελος ἔσσυτο καπνῷ
εἰς δόμον Ἠριγόνης· βροτέῃ δ' ἰσάζετο μορφῇ
κοῦφον ὀνειρείης σκιερῆς εἴδωλον ὀπωπῆς,
ἀνδρὶ νεουτήτῳ πανομοίιος, εἶχε δὲ δειλὴ
στικτὸν ἀσημάντοιο φόνου κήρυκα χιτῶνα,
αἵματι φοινίσσοντα καὶ αὐχμώοντα κονίῃ,
ῥωγαλέον πληγῇσιν ἀμοιβαίοιο σιδήρου.
καὶ παλάμας ὤρεξε· νεοσφαγέων δὲ δοκεύειν
ὠτειλὰς μελέων ἐπεδείκνυε γείτονι κούρῃ.

upon the table upset the mixing-bowl and rolled half-dead in the flood of ruddy wine : his head sank under the shower of blows from the countrymen, and drops of his red blood mingled with the red wine. Now next-door to death he stammered out these words :

132 " The wine of my Bromios, the comfort of human care, that sweet one is pitiless against me alone ! It has given a merry heart to all men, and it has brought fate to Icarios. The sweet one is no friend to Erigone, for Dionysos who mourns not has made my girl to mourn."

137 Before he could finish his words, fate came first and stayed his voice : there he lay dead with eyes wide open, far from his modest daughter. His murderers heavy with wine slumbered careless on the bare ground like dead men. When they awoke, they mourned aloud for him they had unwittingly slain, and in their right mind now they carried his body on their shoulders up to a woody ridge, and washed his wounds in the abundant waters of a mountain brook. So they who had slain buried him they had slain in their senseless fury, the same murderous hands buried the body which they had lately torn.

148 The soul of Icarios floated like smoke to the room of Erigone. It was a light phantom in mortal shape, the shadowy vision of a dream, like a man newly slain ; the wretched ghost wore a tunic with marks that betrayed the unexplained murder, red with blood and dirty with dust, torn to rags by blows on blows of beating steel. The phantom stretched out its hands and came close to the girl, and pointed out the wounds on the newly mangled

παρθενικὴ δ' ὀλόλυξε φιλοθρήνοις ἐν ὀνείροις,
ὡς ἴδεν ἕλκεα τόσσα καρήατος, ὡς ἴδε δειλὴ
λύθρον ἐρευθομένοιο νεόρρυτον ἀνθερεῶνος·
καὶ σκιόεις γενέτης ἔπος ἔννεπε πενθάδι κούρῃ·
" Ἔγρεο, δειλαίη, καὶ δίζεο σεῖο τοκῆα·
ἔγρεο, καὶ μεθύοντας ἐμοὺς μάστευε φονῆας·
εἰμὶ τεὸς γενέτης βαρυώδυνος, ὃν χάριν οἴνου
ἀγρονόμοι δασπλῆτες ἐδηλήσαντο σιδήρῳ.
ὦ τέκος, ὀλβίζω σε· σὺ γὰρ κταμένοιο τοκῆος
οὐ καναχὴν ἤκουσας ἀρασσομένοιο καρήνου,
οὐ πολιὴν ἐνόησας ἐρευθομένην ὑπὸ λύθρῳ,
οὐ νέκυν ἀρτιδάικτον ἐπισπαίροντα κονίῃ,
πατροφόνους κορύνας οὐκ ἔδρακες· ἀλλά σε δαίμων
ἔκτοθι πατρὸς ἔρυκε, τεὴν δ' ἐφύλαξεν ὀπωπήν,
μὴ μόρον ἀθρήσειε δαϊζομένου γενετῆρος.
αἵματι πορφύροντας ἐμοὺς σκοπίαζε χιτῶνας·
χθιζὰ γὰρ οἰνωθέντες ἀμοιβαίοισι κυπέλλοις
ἀγρονόμοι βλύζοντες ἀήθεος ἰκμάδα Βάκχου
ἀμφ' ἐμὲ κυκλώσαντο· δαϊζόμενος δὲ σιδήρῳ
μηλονόμους ἐκάλεσσα, καὶ οὐκ ἤκουσαν ἰωῆς·
μούνη δ' ὑστερόφωνος ἐμὸν κτύπον ἔκλυεν Ἠχὼ
θρήνοις ἀντιτύποισι τεὸν στενάχουσα τοκῆα.
οὐκέτι κουφίζουσα καλαύροπα μεσσόθεν ὕλης
εἰς νομὸν ἀνθεμόεντα καὶ εἰς λειμῶνας ἱκάνεις,
σὴν ἀγέλην βόσκουσα σὺν ἀγραύλῳ[1] παρακοίτῃ·
οὐκέτι δενδροκόμοιο τεῆς ψαύουσα μακέλλης
κῆπον ἐς εὐώδινα φέρεις ἀμαρήιον ὕδωρ·
ἀλλὰ μελιρραθάμιγγος ἐμῆς ἀκόρητος ὀπώρης
κλαῖε τεὸν γενέτην με δεδουπότα· καί σε νοήσω
ὀρφανικὴν ζώουσαν ἀπειρήτην ὑμεναίων."

[1] So MSS.: Ludwich ἀγραύλου.

limbs for her to see. The maiden shrieked in this melancholy dream, when she saw so many wounds on that head, when the poor thing saw the blood which had lately poured from that red throat. And the shade of her father spoke these words to his sorrowing child :

161 " Wake, poor creature, go and seek your father ! Wake, and search for my drunken murderers ! I am your much-afflicted father, whom the savage country folk have destroyed because of wine with cold steel. I call you happy, my child ; your father was killed, but you heard not the smashing of my beaten head, you saw not the hoary hair stained with gore, the body new-mangled panting on the ground, you saw not the clubs that killed your father. No: Providence kept you far away from your father, and guarded your eyes that they might not see the death of a murdered sire. Look at my clothes, red with blood ! For yesterday country people drunken with cup after cup of wine and dribbling the unfamiliar juice of Bacchos, thronged about me. As the steel tore me, I called on the shepherds, and they heard not my voice : only Echo heard the noise of me and followed with answering tones, and mourned your father with a copy of my lamentable words. Never now will you lift your crook in the midst of the woodlands and go to the meadows and flowery pasture along with a rustic husband, feeding your flock; never will you handle your hoe to work about the trees and bring water along the channels to make the garden grow. Yet be not too greedy with my honeydripping fruit, but weep for me your father low fallen in death. I shall see you living as an orphan and knowing nothing of marriage."

Ὡς φαμένη πτερόεσσα παρέδραμεν ὄψις ὀνείρου.
κούρη δ' ἐγρομένη ῥοδέας ἤμυξε παρειάς,
πενθαλέοις δ' ὀνύχεσσιν ἀκαμπέας ἔξεσε μαζούς,
καὶ δολιχῆς προθέλυμνον ἀνέσπασε βότρυν ἐθείρης·
καὶ βόας ἀθρήσασα παρισταμένους ἔτι πέτρῃ
παρθένος ἀχνυμένη κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ·
" Πῇ νέκυς Ἰκαρίοιο, φίλαι φθέγξασθε κολῶναι·
πότμον ἐμοῦ γενετῆρος ἐθήμονες εἴπατε ταῦροι·
πατρὸς ἐμοῦ κταμένοιο τίνες γεγάασι φονῆες;
πῇ μοι ἐμὸς γενέτης γλυκὺς οἴχεται;
ἦ ῥα διδάσκων
γείτονα καλλιφύτοιο νέους ὄρπηκας ὀπώρης
πλάζεται ἀγρονόμοισι παρήμενος, ἤ τινι βούτῃ
δενδροκόμῳ παρέμιμνε συνέστιος εἰλαπινάζων;
εἴπατε μυρομένῃ, καὶ τλήσομαι, εἰσόκεν ἔλθῃ.
εἰ μὲν ἔτι ζώει γενέτης ἐμός, ἔρνεα κήπου
ἀρδεύσω παλίνορσος ἅμα ζώουσα τοκῆι·
εἰ δὲ πατὴρ τέθνηκε καὶ οὐκέτι δένδρα φυτεύει,
ἀθρήσω μόρον ἶσον ἐπὶ φθιμένῳ γενετῆρι."
Ὡς φαμένη
ταχύγουνος ἀνέδραμεν εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
ἴχνια μαστεύουσα νεοσφαγέος γενετῆρος.
οὐ δέ οἱ εἰρομένῃ θρασὺς αἰπόλος, οὐ παρὰ λόχμαις
παρθένον οἰκτείρων ἀγεληκόμος ἔννεπε βούτης
ἴχνιον ἀστήρικτον ἀκηρύκτοιο τοκῆος,
οὐ νέκυν Ἰκαρίοιο γέρων ἐπεδείκνυε ποιμήν·
ἀλλὰ μάτην ἀλάλητο· μόγις δέ μιν εὗρεν ἀλωεὺς
καὶ κινυροῖς στομάτεσσι δυσάγγελον ἴαχε φωνήν,
καὶ τάφον ἐγγὺς ἔδειξε νεοδμήτοιο τοκῆος.
Παρθενικὴ δ' ἀίουσα σαόφρονι μαίνετο λύσσῃ·
καὶ πλοκάμους τίλλουσα φίλῳ παρακάθετο τύμβῳ
παρθένος ἀκρήδεμνος ἀσάμβαλος, αὐτοχύτοις δὲ

187 So spoke the vision of the dream, and then flew away. But the girl awaking tore her rose-red cheeks, and mourning scored her firm breasts with her finger-nails, and tore long locks of hair from the roots ; then seeing the cattle still standing by her on the rock, the sorrowful maiden cried in a voice of lamentation :

193 " Where is the body of Icarios ? Tell me, beloved hills ! Tell me my father's fate, ye bulls that knew him well ! Who were the murderers of my father slain ? Where has my darling father gone ? Is he wandering over the countryside, staying with the countrymen and teaching a neighbour to plant the young shoots of his fair vintage, or is he the guest of some pastoral gardener and sharing his feast ? Tell his mourning daughter, and I will endure till he come. If my father is still alive, I will live with my parent again and water the plants of his garden : but if my father is dead and plants trees no more, I will face death like his over his dead body."

205 So she spoke, and ran with swift knee up into the mountain forest, seeking the tracks of her father newly slain. But to her questions no goatherd was bold to reply, no herdsman of cattle in the woodlands pitied the maiden or pointed to a faint trace of her father still unheard-of, no ancient shepherd showed her the body of Icarios, but she wandered in vain. At last a gardener found her and told the sad news in a sorrowful voice, and showed the tomb to her father lately slain.

214 When the maiden heard it, she was distracted but with sober madness : she plucked the hair from her head and laid it upon the beloved tomb, a maiden unveiled, unshod, drenching her clothes with selfshed

δάκρυσιν ἀενάοισι λελουμένον εἶχε χιτῶνα.
χείλεσι δ' ἀφθόγγοισιν ἐπεσφρηγίσσατο σιγὴν
εἰς χρόνον· Ἠριγόνη δὲ κύων ὁμόφοιτος ἐχέφρων
κνυζηθμῷ γοόωντι συνέστιχε πενθάδι κούρῃ,
καί οἱ ὀδυρομένῃ συνοδύρετο. μαινομένη δὲ
εἰς φυτὸν ὑψικάρηνον ἀνέδραμεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρῳ
ἀγχονίῳ σφίγξασα περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ
αὐτοφόνῳ στροφάλιγγι μετάρσιος ὤλετο κούρη,
ἀμφοτέρους δονέουσα πόδας βητάρμονι παλμῷ·
καὶ θάνε, καὶ μόρον εἶχεν ἑκούσιον·
ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρην
πυκνὰ κύων δεδόνητο, καὶ ἴαχε πένθιμον ἠχὼ
ὄμμασι θηρείοισι νοήμονα δάκρυα λείβων.
Οὐδὲ κύων ἀφύλακτον ἐρημάδα κάλλιπε κούρην,
ἀλλὰ φυτῷ παρέμιμνεν ἐπήλυδα θῆρα διώκων,
πόρδαλιν ἠὲ λέοντα· παρερχομένοισι δ' ὁδίταις
νεύμασιν ἀφθόγγοις ἐπεδείκνυεν ἄζυγα κούρην
δεσμοῖς ἀγχονίοισι περίπλοκον ὑψόθι δένδρου.
οἱ δέ μιν οἰκτείροντες ἀνήιον εἰς φυτὸν ὕλης
ἴχνεσιν ἀκροτάτοισιν, ἀπ' εὐπετάλων δὲ κορύμβων
παρθενικὴν ἀδμῆτα κατήγαγον· ἀγχιφανῆ δὲ
γαῖαν ἑκοιλαίνοντο πεδοσκαφέεσσι μακέλλαις.
τοῖς ἅμα καὶ πεπόνητο κύων πινυτόφρονι θυμῷ,
πενθαλέῳ δ' ἐβάθυνε πέδον τεχνήμονι ταρσῷ,
θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι χυτῆς χθονὸς ἄκρα χαράσσων.
καὶ νέκυν ἀρτιδάικτον ἐπεκτερέιξαν ὁδῖται·
καὶ ξυνῆς μεθέπων ὑποκάρδιον ὄγκον ἀνίης
εἰς ἑὸν ἔργον ἕκαστος ἀνέδραμεν ὀξέι ταρσῷ·
αὐτὰρ ὁ μοῦνος ἔμιμνε κύων παρὰ γείτονι τύμβῳ
Ἠριγόνης ὑπ' ἔρωτι, θελήμονι δ' ὤλολε πότμῳ.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ ἐλέαιρεν· ἐν ἀστερόεντι δὲ κύκλῳ
Ἠριγόνην στήριξε Λεοντείῳ παρὰ νώτῳ·

showers of ever-flowing tears. Speechless for a time, Erigone kept her lips sealed with silence ; the dog the companion of Erigone shared her feelings, he whimpered and howled by the side of his mourning mistress, sorrowing with her sorrow. Wildly she ran up to a tall tree : she tied upon it a rope with a noose fast about her neck and hung herself high in the air, twisting in self-sought agonies with her two twitching feet. So she died, and had a willing fate ; her dog ran round and round the girl with sorrowful howls, a dumb animal dropping tears of sympathy from his eyes.

229 The dog would not leave his mistress alone, unguarded, but there he stayed by the tree, and chased off the preying beasts, panther or lion. Then wayfarers passed, and he showed with mute gestures the unwedded maid hanging in the tree with a noose about her neck. Full of pity they came up to the tree on tiptoe, and took down the chaste maiden from the leafy branches ; then hollowed a grave close by with earthdigging shovels. The sorrowing dog knew what they did, and helped them, scratching and scattering the surface of the soil with sharp claws and grubbing with clever feet. So the wayfarers buried the body but lately dead, and they went away on their business quickfoot with a weight of sorrow under their hearts one and all. But the dog remained near the tomb alone, for love of Erigone, and there he died of his own free will.

246 Father Zeus had pity, and he placed Erigone in the company of the stars near the Lion's back.

παρθενικὴ δ' ἄγραυλος ἔχει στάχυν· οὐ γὰρ ἀείρειν
ἤθελεν οἴνοπα βότρυν ἑοῦ γενέταο φονῆα.
Ἰκάριον δὲ γέροντα συνήλυδα γείτονι κούρῃ
εἰς πόλον ἀστερόφοιτον ἄγων ὀνόμηνε Βοώτην
φαιδρόν, Ἀμαξαίης ἐπαφώμενον Ἄρκάδος Ἄρκτου·
καὶ Κύνα μαρμαίροντα καταΐσσοντα Λαγωοῦ
ἔμπυρον ἄστρον ἔθηκεν, ὅπῃ περὶ κύκλον Ὀλύμπου
ποντιὰς ἀστερόεντι τύπῳ ναυτίλλεται Ἀργώ.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἔπλασε μῦθος Ἀχαικὸς ἠθάδα πειθὼ
ψεύδεῖ συγκεράσας· τὸ δ' ἐτήτυμον, ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
ψυχὴν Ἠριγόνης σταχυώδεος ἀστέρι Κούρης
οὐρανίης ἐπένειμεν ὁμόζυγον, αἰθερίου δὲ
ἄγχι Κυνὸς κύνα θῆκεν ὁμοίων εἶδεῖ μορφῆς,
Σείριον, ὃν καλέουσιν ὀπωρινόν, Ἰκαρίου δὲ
ψυχὴν ἠερόφοιτον ἐπεξύνωσε Βοώτῃ.
καὶ τὰ μὲν οἰνοφύτῳ Κρονίδης πόρεν Ἀθῖδι γαίῃ,
ἓν γέρας ἐντύνων καὶ Παλλάδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
Ἰλισσοῦ δὲ ῥέεθρα μελίρρυτα Βάκχος ἐάσας
ἄβρὸς ἐς ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐκώμασεν ἄντυγα Νάξου·
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν πτερὰ πάλλεν Ἔρως θρασύς,
ἐρχομένου δὲ
μελλογάμου Κυθέρεια προηγεμόνευε Λυαίου.
ἄρτι γὰρ ὑπνώουσαν ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖσιν ἐάσας
παρθενικὴν λιπόπατριν ἀμείλιχος ἔπλεε Θησεύς,
συνθεσίας δ' ἀνέμοισιν ἐπέτρεπεν. ὑπναλέην δὲ
ἀθρήσας Διόνυσος ἐρημαίην Ἀριάδνην

---

[a] He turned into Canis Minor, not Sirius.

[b] That the souls of the dead can turn into stars is a doctrine as old at least as Aristophanes (*Peace* 832), and Nonnos uses it to reconcile two divergent sets of star-myths.

[c] Theseus, son of Aigeus king of Athens, had gone to

The rustic maid holds an ear of corn ; for she did not wish to carry the red grapes which had been her father's death. And Zeus brought old Icarios into the starspangled sky to move beside his daughter, and called him Boötes, the Plowman, shining bright, and touching the Wain of the Arcadian Bear. The Dog he made also a fiery constellation[a] chasing the Hare, in that part where the starry image of seafaring Argo voyages round the circle of Olympos.

256 Such is the fiction of the Achaian story, mingling as usual persuasion with falsehood : but the truth is : Zeus our Lord on high joined the soul of Erigone with the star of the heavenly Virgin holding an ear of corn, and near the heavenly Dog he placed a dog like him in shape, Seirios of the autumn as they call him, and the soul of Icarios he combined with Boötes in the heavens.[b] These are the gifts of Cronides to the vinelands of Attica, offering one honour to Pallas and Dionysos together.

265 Now Bacchos left the honeyflowing streams of Ilissos, and went in dainty revel to the vineclad district of Naxos. About him bold Eros beat his wings, and Cythereia led, before the coming of Lyaios the bridegroom. For Theseus had just sailed away, and left without pity the banished maiden asleep on the shore, scattering his promises to the winds.[c] When Dionysos beheld deserted Ariadne sleeping, he mingled love

Crete as one of the human victims for the Minotaur. With the help of Ariadne, daughter of Minos king of Cnossos, he overcame it and then sailed away, taking Ariadne with him. Here the story in all surviving accounts is defective, but parallel stories from elsewhere in Europe make it clear that he did something magically wrong and so fell into a supernatural forgetfulness of her (*cf.* Theocritos ii. 37-41). Therefore he left her asleep on Naxos.

θαύματι μῖξεν ἔρωτα· χοροπλεκέεσσι δὲ Βάκχαις
γλώσσῃ θαμβαλέῃ πεφυλαγμένον ἔννεπε μῦθον·
" Βασσαρίδες, μὴ ῥόπτρα τινάξατε,
μὴ κτύπος ἔστω
ἢ ποδὸς ἢ σύριγγος· ἐάσατε Κύπριν ἰαύειν·
ἀλλ' οὐ κεστὸν ἔχει σημάντορα Κυπρογενείης.
πείθομαι, ὡς δολόεντι Χάρις νυμφεύεται Ὕπνῳ·
ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ὄρθρος ἔλαμψε καὶ ἐγγύθι φαίνεται Ἠώς,
Πασιθέην εὕδουσαν ἐγείρατε· τίς παρὰ Νάξῳ,
τίς Χάριν ἐχλαίνωσεν ἀνείμονα; μὴ πέλεν Ἥβη;
ἀλλὰ δέπας μακάρων τίνι κάλλιπε; μὴ παρὰ πόντῳ
κέκλιται αἰγλήεσσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη;
καὶ πόθεν Ἐνδυμίωνος ἐθήμονος ἐκτὸς ἰαύει;
μὴ Θέτιν ἀργυρόπεζαν ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖσι δοκεύω;
ἀλλ' οὐ γυμνὸν ἔχει ῥοδόεν δέμας. εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
Ναξιὰς ἰοχέαιρα πόνων ἀμπαύεται ἄγρης,
θηροφόνους ἱδρῶτας ἀποσμήξασα θαλάσσῃ·
τίκτει γὰρ γλυκὺν ὕπνον ἀεὶ πόνος· ἀλλ' ἐνὶ λόχμῃ
Ἄρτεμιν ἑλκεχίτωνα τίς ἔδρακε; μίμνετε, Βάκχαι·
στῆθι, Μάρων· μὴ δοῦρο χορεύσατε· λῆγε λιγαίνων,
Πὰν φίλε, μὴ σκεδάσειας ἑώιον ὕπνον Ἀθήνης·
καὶ τίνι Παλλὰς ἔλειπεν ἐὸν δόρυ; καὶ τίς ἀείρει
χαλκείην τρυφάλειαν ἢ αἰγίδα Τριτογενείης; "
Τοῖα μὲν ἔννεπε Βάκχος· ἀπὸ ψαμάθοιο δὲ δειλὴ
ὕπνον ἀποσκεδάσασα δυσίμερος ἔγρετο κούρη,
καὶ στόλον οὐκ ἐνόησε καὶ οὐ πόσιν ἠπεροπῆα·
ἀλλὰ σὺν ἀλκυόνεσσι Κυδωνιὰς ἔστενε νύμφη
ἠιόνας μεθέπουσα, βαρύβρομον ἔδνον Ἐρώτων·
ἠίθεον δ' ὀνόμηνεν· ἐμαίνετο δ' ἐγγύθι πόντου
ὁλκάδα διζομένη· φθονερῷ δ' ἐπεμήνιεν ὕπνῳ,

with wonder, and spoke out his admiration cautiously to the danceweaving Bacchants :

275 " Bassarids, shake not your tambours, let there be no sound of pipes or feet. Let Cypris rest !—But she has not the cestus which marks the Cyprian. I believe it is the Grace that wedded Hypnos, cunning creature ![a] But since dawn is bright and morning seems near, awaken sleeping Pasithea. But who has given a dress to the naked Grace in Naxos, who ? Is it Hebe ? But to whom has she left the goblet of the Blessed ? Can this be Selene, that bright driver of cattle, lying on the seashore ? Then how can she be sleeping apart from her inseparable Endymion ? Is it silverfoot Thetis I see on the strand ? No, it is not naked, that rosy form. If I may dare to say so, it is the Archeress resting here in Naxos from her labours of the hunt, now she has wiped off in the sea the sweat of hunting and slaying. For hard work always brings sweet sleep. But who has seen Artemis in the woods in long robes ? Stay, Bacchants —stand still, Maron—dance not this way, stop singing, dear Pan, that you may not disturb the morning sleep of Athena. No—with whom did Pallas leave her spear ? and who bears the bronze helmet or aegis of Tritogeneia ? "

295 So cried Bacchos—Sleep flew away, the poor lovelorn girl scattered sleep, awoke and rose from the sand, and she saw no fleet, no husband—the deceiver ! But the Cydonian[b] maiden lamented with the kingfishers, and paced the heavy murmuring shore which was all that the Loves had given her. She called on the young man's name, madly she sought his vessel along the seaside, scolded the

[a] See Hom. *Il.* xiv. 270-276. [b] Cretan.

καὶ Παφίης πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐμέμφετο μητρὶ θαλάσσῃ·
καὶ Βορέην ἱκέτευε, καὶ ὅρκιον εἶπεν ἀήτην,
ὅρκιον Ὠρείθυιαν, ὅπως πάλιν εἰς χθόνα Νάξου
κοῦρον ἄγοι,
γλυκερὴν δὲ τὸ δεύτερον ὀλκάδα λεύσσῃ·
Αἰόλον ᾔτεε μᾶλλον ἀθελγέα· λισσομένῃ δὲ
πείθετο καὶ κατένευσε, καὶ ἀντικέλευθον ἀήτην
πέμψεν, ἵνα πνεύσειε· ποθοβλήτοιο δὲ κούρης
οὐ Βορέης ἀλέγιζε δυσίμερος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐταὶ
παρθενικῇ κοτέοντο τάχα ζηλήμονες αὖραι,
αἳ τότε νῆα κόμισσαν ἐς Ἀθθίδα. παρθενικὴν δὲ
αὐτὸς Ἔρως θάμβησεν, ἀπενθήτῳ δ' ἐνὶ Νάξῳ
εἰσιδέειν ἐδόκησεν ὀδυρομένην Ἀφροδίτην·
ἦν δὲ φαεινοτέρη καὶ ἐν ἄλγεσι, καί μιν ἀνίη
ἀχνυμένην κόσμησε· κινυρομένῃ δ' Ἀριάδνῃ
εἴκαθεν εἰς κρίσιν ἦκα φιλομμειδὴς Ἀφροδίτη
ἱμερόεν γελόωσα, καὶ εἴκαθεν ὄμματα Πειθοῦς
καὶ Χαρίτων καὶ Ἔρωτος ἐπήρατα δάκρυσι κούρης.
ὀψὲ δὲ δακρυόεσσα τόσην ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν·
"Ὕπνος ἐμοὶ γλυκὺς ἦλθεν,
ἕως γλυκὺς ᾤχετο Θησεύς·
αἴθε με τερπομένην[1] ἔτι κάλλιπεν· ὑπναλέῃ δὲ
Κεκροπίην ἐνόησα, καὶ ἔνδοθι Θησέος αὐλῆς
ἄβρὸς ἔην ὑμέναιος ἀειδομένης Ἀριάδνης
καὶ χορός, ἡμετέρη δ' ἐπεκόσμεε τερπομένη χεὶρ
εἰαρινοῖς πετάλοισι τεθηλότα βωμὸν Ἐρώτων·
καὶ γάμιον στέφος εἶχον· ἔην δέ μοι ἐγγύθι Θησεὺς
εἵμασι νυμφιδίοισι θυηπολέων Ἀφροδίτῃ.
ὤμοι, ποῖον ὄνειρον ἴδον γλυκύν· ἀλλά με φεύγων
ᾤχετο καλλείψας ἔτι παρθένον· ἴλαθι, Πειθώ·
ταῦτά μοι ἀχλυόεσσα γαμοστόλος ὤπασεν ὀρφνή,

[1] So mss.: Ludwich μετερχομένην.

envious sleep, reproached even more the Paphian's mother, the sea ; she prayed to Boreas and adjured the wind, adjured Oreithyia to bring back the boy to the land of Naxos and to let her see that sweet ship again. She besought hardhearted Aiolos yet more ; he heard her prayer and obeyed, sending a contrary wind to blow, but Boreas lovelorn himself cared nothing for the maid stricken with desire—yes, even the breezes themselves must have had a spite against the maiden when they carried the ship to the Athenian land. Eros himself admired the maiden, and thought he saw Aphrodite lamenting in Naxos where all is joy. She was even more resplendent in her grief, and pain was a grace to the sorrower. Compare the two, and Aphrodite gently smiling and laughing with love must give place to Ariadne in sorrow, the delectable eyes of Peitho or the Graces or Love himself must yield to the maiden's tears. At last in her tears she found voice to speak thus :

320 " Sweet sleep came to me, when sweet Theseus left me. Would that I had been still happy when he left me ! But in my sleep I saw the land of Cecrops ; in the palace of Theseus was a splendid wedding and dance with songs for Ariadne, and my happy hand was adorning the Loves' blooming altar with luxuriant spring flowers. And I wore a bridal wreath ; Theseus was beside me in wedding garments, sacrificing to Aphrodite. Alas, what a sweet dream I saw ! But now it is gone, and I am left here yet virgin.[a] Forgive me, Peitho ! All this bridal pomp the misty

[a] A bit of orthodoxy on Nonnos's part ; a god's bride must be virgin. The local legend was that Ariadne died in childbed, Plutarch, *Thes.* 20.

καὶ φθονερὴ τάδε πάντα φαεσφόρος ἤρπασεν Ἠώς·
ἐγρομένη δ' οὐχ εὗρον ἐμὸν πόθον· ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐταὶ
εἰκόνες ἀντιτύπων ζηλήμονές εἰσιν Ἐρώτων,
ὅττι τελεσσιγάμων ἀπατήλιον ὄφιν ὀνείρων
ἱμερτὴν ἐνόησα, καὶ ἱμερόεις φύγε Θησεύς;
εἰς ἐμὲ καὶ φίλος Ὕπνος ἀνάρσιος· εἶπατε, πέτραι,
εἴπατέ μοι δυσέρωτι· τίς ἤρπασεν ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης;
εἰ Βορέης πνεύσειεν, ἐς Ὠρείθυιαν ἱκάνω·
ἀλλά μοι Ὠρείθυια χολώεται, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
αἷμα φέρει Μαραθῶνος, ὅθεν φίλος ἔπλετο Θησεύς.
εἰ Ζέφυρος κλονέει, Ζεφυρηΐδι δείξατε νύμφῃ
Ἰριδι μητρὶ Πόθοιο βιαζομένην Ἀριάδνην·
εἰ Νότος, εἰ θρασὺς Εὖρος, ἐς ἠριγένειαν ἱκάνω
μεμφομένη ῥοθίων ἀνέμων δυσέρωτι τεκούσῃ.
δὸς κενὴν πάλιν, Ὕπνε, φίλην χάριν, ἶσον ἐκείνῳ
πέμπων ἄλλον ὄνειρον ἐπήρατον, ὄφρα νοήσω
Κύπριδος ὑπναλέης γλυκερὴν ἀπατήλιον εὐνήν·
μοῦνον ἐμοῖς δήθυνον ἐπ' ὄμμασιν, ὄφρα νοήσω
ἄπνοον οἶστρον Ἔρωτος ὀνειρείων ὑμεναίων.
εἰ μὲν ἐς Ἀθῖδα γαῖαν, ἐπίκλοπε νυμφίε Θησεῦ,
σὸν πλόον ἐκ Νάξοιο μετήγαγον ἅρπαγες αὔραι,
εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένῃ, καὶ ἐς Αἰόλον αὐτίκα βαίνω
μεμφομένη φθονεροῖσι καὶ οὐχ ὁσίοισιν ἀήταις·
εἰ δέ με τὴν λιπόπατριν ἐρημάδι πάρθετο Νάξῳ,
καὶ σέθεν ἀγνώσσοντος ἀμείλιχος ἔπλεε ναύτης,
ἤλιτεν εἰς Θησῆα καὶ εἰς Θέμιν, εἰς Ἀριάδνην·
μηκέτι ναυτίλος οὗτος ἴδοι ποτὲ πομπὸν ἀήτην,
μηδέ μιν ἀσταθέεσσι συνιππεύοντα θυέλλαις
ἴλαος ἀθρήσειε γαληναῖος Μελικέρτης·

---

* The allusion is to the altars of Eros and Anteros, for

darkness marshalled for me, all this the envious dawn of day has torn from me—and awaking I found not my heart's desire! Are the very images of Love and Love Returned jealous of me?[a] for I saw a delightful vision of marriage accomplished in a deceitful dream, and lovely Theseus was gone.

336 "To me, even kind Sleep is cruel. Tell me, ye rocks, tell the unhappy lover—who stole the man of Athens? If it should be Boreas blowing, I appeal to Oreithyia: but Oreithyia hates me, because she also has the blood of Marathon, whence beloved Theseus came. If Zephyros torments me, tell Iris the bride of Zephyros and mother of Desire, to behold Ariadne maltreated. If it is Notos, if bold Euros, I appeal to Eos and reproach the mother of the blustering winds,[b] lovelorn herself.

345 "Give me again, Sleep, your empty boon, so pleasant; send me another delectable dream like that, so that I may know the sweet bed of love in a deceptive dream! Only linger upon my eyes, that I may know the unreal passion of married love in a dream! O Theseus my treacherous bridegroom, if the marauding winds have carried your course from Naxos to the Athenian land, tell me now I ask, and I will resort to Aiolos at once reproaching the jealous and wicked winds. But if some cruel seaman without your knowledge left me outlawed in desert Naxos, and sailed away, he sinned against Theseus and against Themis, against Ariadne. May that sailor never see a favourable wind; if he rides the raging storm, may Melicertes never look on him graciously

which see Rose, *Handbook of Mythology*, p. 123. That these altars are both of comparatively late origin does not trouble Nonnos.

[b] *Cf.* Hesiod, *Theog.* 378.

ἀλλὰ Νότος πνεύσειεν, ὅτε χρέος ἐστὶ Βορῆος·
Εὖρον ἴδοι Ζεφύρου κεχρημένος· εἰαρινοὶ δὲ
ποιτοπόροις ὅτε πᾶσιν ἐπιπνείουσιν ἀῆται,
χειμερίῃ τότε μοῦνος ὁμιλήσειε θαλάσσῃ.
ἤλιτε ναυτίλος οὗτος ἀθέσμιος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
ἀασάμην ποθέουσα σαόφρονος ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης.
αἴθέ μιν οὐκ ἐπόθησα δυσίμερος· εἰς Παφίην γὰρ
ὁππόσον ἱμερόεις, τόσον ἄγριος ἔπλετο Θησεύς·
οὐ τάδε μοι κατέλεξεν ἐμὸν μίτον εἰσέτι πάλλων·
οὐ τάδε μοι κατέλεξε παρ' ἡμετέρῳ λαβυρίνθῳ.
αἴθέ μιν ἔκτανε ταῦρος ἀμείλιχος· ἴσχεο, φωνή,
ἀφροσύνης, μὴ κτεῖνε νέον γλυκύν· ὤμοι Ἐρώτων·
Θησεὺς ἔπλεε μοῦνος ἐς εὐώδινας Ἀθήνας.
οἶδα, πόθεν με λέλοιπε· μιῆς τάχα παρθενικάων
σύμπλοον ἔσχεν ἔρωτα, καὶ ἐν Μαραθῶνι χορεύει
εἰς ἑτέρης γάμον ἄλλον, ἐγὼ δ' ἔτι Νάξον ὀδεύω.
παστὸς ἐμὸς πέλε Νάξος, ἐπίκλοπε νυμφίε Θησεῦ·
ὤλεσα καὶ γενέτην καὶ νυμφίον· ὤμοι Ἐρώτων·
οὐχ ὁρόω Μίνωα, καὶ οὐ Θησῆα δοκεύω·
Κνωσσὸν ἐμὴν προλέλοιπα,
τεὰς δ' οὐκ εἶδον Ἀθήνας·
πατρὸς ἐνοσφίσθην καὶ πατρίδος· ἆ μέγα δειλή,
ἔδνον ἐμῆς φιλότητος ὕδωρ ἁλός· εἰς τίνα φεύγω;
τίς θεὸς ἁρπάξει με καὶ εἰς Μαραθῶνα κομίσσει
Κύπριδι καὶ Θησῆι δικαζομένην Ἀριάδνην;
τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειε δι' οἴδματος; αἴθε καὶ αὐτὴ
ἡμετέρης μίτον ἄλλον ἴδω πομπῆα κελεύθου·
τοῖον ἔχειν ἐθέλω καὶ ἐγὼ μίτον, ὥς κεν ἀλύξω
Αἰγαίης ἁλὸς οἶδμα καὶ εἰς Μαραθῶνα περήσω,
ὄφρα περιπτύξω σε, καὶ εἰ στυγέεις Ἀριάδνην,
ὄφρα περιπτύξω σε τὸν ὁρκαπάτην παρακοίτην.

or bring him a calm sea ; but may Notos blow when he wants Boreas, may he see Euros when he needs Zephyros ; when the winds of springtime blow upon all mariners, may he alone meet with a wintry sea.

364 " That lawless sailor sinned : but I myself was blinded when I desired the countryman of chaste Athena. Would that I had not desired him, love-lorn ! For Theseus is as savage as he is charming in love. This is not what he said to me while yet he handled my thread, this is not what he said at our labyrinth ! [a] O that the cruel bull had killed him ! Hush, my voice, no more folly, do not kill the delightful boy. Alas, my love ! Theseus has sailed alone to Athens his happy mother. I know why he left me—in love no doubt with one of the maidens who sailed with him, and now he holds wedding dance for the other at Marathon while I still walk in Naxos. My bridal bower was Naxos, O Theseus my treacherous bridegroom ! I have lost both father and bridegroom : alas my love ! I see not Minos, I behold not Theseus ; I have left my own Cnossos, but I have not seen your Athens ; both father and fatherland are lost. O unhappy me ! Your gift for my love is the water of the brine. Who can be my refuge ? What god will catch me up and convey to Marathon Ariadne, that she may claim her rights before Cypris and Theseus ? Who will take me and carry me over the flood ? If only I could myself see another thread, to guide my way too ! Such a thread I want for myself, to escape from the Aigaian flood and cross to Marathon, that I may embrace you even if you hate Ariadne, that I may embrace you my perjured husband. Take me for

[a] The clue of thread she gave him to find his way out of the maze where the Minotaur lived.

δέξό με σῶν λεχέων θαλαμηπόλον, ἣν ἐθελήσῃς·
καὶ στορέσω σέο λέκτρα . . .
μετὰ Κρήτην Ἀριάδνη,
οἷά τε λησθεῖσα· καὶ ἀλβίστῃ σέο νύμφῃ
τλήσομαι, ὡς θεράπαινα, πολύκροτον ἱστὸν ὑφαίνειν
καὶ φθονεροῖς ὤμοισιν ἀήθεα κάλπιν ἀείρειν,
καὶ γλυκερῷ Θησῆι φέρειν ἐπιδόρπιον ὕδωρ·
μοῦνον ἴδω Θησῆα· καὶ ἡμετέρη ποτὲ μήτηρ
ἀγρονόμοις θήτευε, καὶ αὐχένα κάμψε νομῆι,
βοσκομένῳ δ' ὀάριζεν ἀφωνήτῳ τινὶ ταύρῳ,
καὶ βοῒ ταῦρον ἔτικτε· μελιζομένου δὲ βοτῆρος
πηκτίδος οὐ πόθον ἔσχεν, ὅσον μυκηθμὸν ἀκούειν.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ ψαύσαιμι καλαύροπος, οὐ παρὰ φάτνῃ
στήσομαι· ἡμετέρης δὲ παρέσσομαι ἐγγὺς ἀνάσσης
φθεγγομένῳ Θησῆι, καὶ οὐ μυκηθμὸν ἀκούσω·
καὶ τεὸν ἱμερόεντα γάμων ὑμέναιον ἀείσω
ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτουσα νεοζυγέος σέο νύμφης.
στῆσον Ναξιάδεσσι παρ' ἠόσι ποντοπορεύων,
στῆσον ἐμοὶ σέο νῆα· τί, ναυτίλε, καὶ σὺ χαλέπτεις;
ὣς ἄρα καὶ σὺ πέλεις Μαραθώνιος· εἰ μὲν ἱκάνεις
εἰς ἐρατὴν σέο γαῖαν, ὅπῃ δόμος ἐστὶν Ἐρώτων,
δέξό με δειλαίην, ἵνα Κέκροπος ἄστυ νοήσω·
εἰ δέ με καλλείψεις καί, ἀμείλιχε, ποντοπορεύσεις,
εἰπὲ τεῷ Θησῆι κινυρομένην Ἀριάδνην,
μεμφομένην ἀτέλεστον ἐπίκλοπον ὅρκον Ἐρώτων.
οἶδα, πόθεν Θησῆος ὑπόσχεσιν ἠπεροπῆος
θῆκεν Ἔρως βαρύμηνις ἀνήνυτον· ἀντὶ γὰρ Ἥρης,
ἣν Ζυγίην καλέουσιν, ἀπειρογάμοιο θεαίνης
ὤμοσεν ἀχράντοιο γαμήλιον ὅρκον Ἀθήνης·
Παλλάδος ὅρκον ὄμοσσε·
τί Παλλάδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ;"
Τοῖα κινυρομένης ἐπετέρπετο Βάκχος ἀκούων·

your chambermaid, if you like, and I will lay your bed, and be your Ariadne (in Marathon) instead of Crete, like some captive girl. I will endure to serve your most happy bride ; I will ply the rattling loom, and lift a pitcher on envious shoulders, an unfamiliar task, and bring handwash after supper for sweet Theseus—only let me see Theseus ! My mother too once was the menial of a farmer,[a] and bowed her neck for a herdsman, and prattled of love to a dumb bull in the pasture, and brought the bull a calf. She cared not to hear the herdsman make music on his pipe so much as to hear the bellowing bull. I will not touch the crook, I will not stand in the stall ; but I will be ready beside my queen to hear the voice of Theseus, not the bellowing of a bull. I will sing a lovely song for your wedding, and hide my jealousy of your newly wedded bride.

406 " Stay your voyage by the sands of Naxos, sailor, stay your ship for me ! What—are you angry too ? So you too come from Marathon ? If you are bound for your lovely land, where is the home of love, take this unhappy girl on board that I may behold the city of Cecrops. If you must leave me, pitiless, and go on your voyage, tell your Theseus of mourning Ariadne, how she reproaches the treacherous oath of love unfulfilled. I know why angry Eros has left unfulfilled Theseus the deceiver's promise. He swore his marriage-oath not by Hera, whom they call the Nuptial goddess, but by the immaculate Athena, the goddess who knows nothing of marriage. He swore by Pallas—and what has Pallas to do with Cythereia ? "

419 Bacchos was enraptured to hear this lament.

[a] When she was disguised as a cow.

Κεκροπίην δ' ἐνόησε καὶ οὔνομα Θησέος ἔγνω
καὶ στόλον ἐκ Κρήτης ἀπατήλιον· ἄγχι δὲ κούρης
ἔνθεον εἶδος ἔχων ἀμαρύσσετο· παρθενικὴν δὲ
φέρτερον εἰς πόθον ἄλλον ἐμάστιε κέντορι κεστῷ
θοῦρος Ἔρως περίφοιτος, ὅπως Μινωΐδα κούρην
πειθομένην ζεύξειε κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
καὶ κιυρὴν δυσέρωτα παρηγορέων Ἀριάδνην
τοῖον ἔπος φάτο Βάκχος ἑῇ φρενοθελγέι φωνῇ·
" Παρθένε, τί στενάχεις
ἀπατήλιον ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης;
μνῆστιν ἔα Θησῆος· ἔχεις Διόνυσον ἀκοίτην,
ἀντὶ μινυνθαδίου πόσιν ἄφθιτον· εἰ δέ σε τέρπει
ἠλικος ἠιθέου βρότεον δέμας, οὔ ποτε Θησεὺς
εἰς ἀρετὴν καὶ κάλλος ἐριδμαίνει Διονύσῳ.
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· ' ναετῆρα πεδοσκαφέος λαβυρίνθου
δισσοφυῆ φοίνιξεν ὁμόζυγον ἀνέρα ταύρῳ'·
οἶδας ἀοσσητῆρα τεὸν μίτον· οὐ γὰρ ἀγῶνα
εὗρεν ἀεθλεύειν κορυνηφόρος ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης,
εἰ μὴ θῆλυς ἄμυνε ῥοδόχροος· οὔ σε διδάξω
καὶ Παφίην καὶ Ἔρωτα καὶ ἠλακάτην Ἀριάδνης.
αἰθέρος οὐκ ἐρέεις ὅτι μείζονές εἰσιν Ἀθῆναι·
οὐ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι πανείκελος ἔπλετο Μίνως,
σὸς γενέτης· οὐ Κινωσσὸς ὁμοίιος ἐστιν Ὀλύμπῳ.
οὐδὲ μάτην στόλος οὗτος ἐμῆς ἀπεβήσατο Νάξου,
ἀλλὰ Πόθος σε φύλαξεν ἀρειοτέροις ὑμεναίοις·
ὀλβίη, ὅττι λιποῦσα χερείονα Θησέος εὐνὴν
δέμνιον ἱμερόεντος ἐσαθρήσεις Διονύσου.
τί πλέον ἤθελες εὖχος ὑπέρτερον; ἀμφότερον γὰρ
οὐρανὸν οἶκον ἔχεις, ἑκυρὸς δέ σοί ἐστι Κρονίων.
οὔ σοι Κασσιέπεια δυνήσεται ἰσοφαρίζειν
παιδὸς ἑῆς διὰ κόσμον Ὀλύμπιον· αἰθερίους γὰρ

He noticed Cecropia, and knew the name of Theseus and the deceitful voyage from Crete. Before the girl he appeared in his radiant godhead; Eros moved swiftly about, and with stinging cestus he whipt the maiden into a nobler love, that he might lead Minos's daughter to join willingly with his brother Dionysos. Then Bacchos comforted Ariadne, lovelorn and lamenting, with these words in his mindcharming voice:

428 "Maiden, why do you sorrow for the deceitful man of Athens? Let pass the memory of Theseus; you have Dionysos for your lover, a husband incorruptible for the husband of a day! If you are pleased with the mortal body of a youthful yearsmate, Theseus can never challenge Dionysos in manhood or comeliness. But you will say, 'He shed the blood of the halfbull man whose den was the earthdug labyrinth!' But you know your thread was his saviour: for the man of Athens with his club[a] would never have found victory in that contest without a rosyred girl to help him. I need not tell you of Eros and the Paphian and Ariadne's distaff. You will not say that Athens is greater than heaven. Minos your father was not the equal of Zeus Almighty, Cnossos is not like Olympos. Not for nothing did that fleet sail from my Naxos, but Desire preserved you for a nobler bridal. Happy girl, that you leave the poor bed of Theseus to look on the couch of Dionysos the desirable! What could you pray for higher than that? You have both heaven for your home and Cronion for your goodfather. Cassiepeia will not be equal to you because of her daughter's Olympian glory; for

[a] In this as in many other details Theseus is an echo of Heracles.

δεσμοὺς Ἀνδρομέδῃ καὶ ἐν ἄστρασιν
ὤπασε Περσεύς·
ἀλλά σοι ἀστερόεν τελέσω στέφος, ὥς κεν ἀκούσῃς
εὐνέτις αἰγλήεσσα φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου."

Εἶπε παρηγορέων· καὶ ἐπάλλετο χάρματι κούρη
μνῆστιν ὅλην Θησῆος ἀπορρίψασα θαλάσσῃ,
οὐρανίου μνηστῆρος ὑποσχεσίην ὑμεναίων
δεξαμένη. καὶ παστὸν Ἔρως ἐπεκόσμεε Βάκχῳ·
καὶ χορὸς ἐσμαράγησε γαμήλιος· ἀμφὶ δὲ παστῷ
ἄνθεα πάντα τέθηλε· καὶ εἰαρινοῖσι πετήλοις
Νάξον ἐκυκλώσαντο χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο·
καὶ θαλάμους ἐλίγαινεν Ἀμαδρυάς, ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγαῖς
Νηιὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀσάμβαλος ᾖνεσε Νύμφη
δαίμονι βοτρυόεντι συναπτομένην Ἀριάδνῃ·
Ὀρτυγίη δ' ὀλόλυζε, πολισσούχοιο δὲ Φοίβου
γνωτῷ νυμφίον ὕμνον ἀνακρούουσα Λυαίῳ
εἰς χορὸν ἐσκίρτησε καὶ ἀστυφέλικτος ἐοῦσα.
πορφυρέοις δὲ ῥόδοισι περίτροχον ἄνθος ἐρέπτων
μάντις Ἔρως πυρόεις στέφος ἔπλεκε,
σύγχροον ἄστρων,
οὐρανίου Στεφάνοιο προάγγελον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νύμφης
Ναξιάδος σκίρτησε γαμοστόλος ἑσμὸς Ἐρώτων.

Καὶ ζυγίοις θαλάμοισιν ὁμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις
Χρυσοπάτωρ πολύπαιδα γονὴν ἔσπειρεν ἀκοίτης.
καὶ δολιχὴν πολιοῖο χρόνου στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδων
μητέρος εὐώδινος ἑῆς ἐμνήσατο Ῥείης·
καὶ Χαρίτων πλήθουσαν ἀμεμφέα Νάξον ἐάσας
Ἑλλάδος ἄστεα πάντα μετήιεν· ἱπποβότου δὲ
Ἄργεος ἐγγὺς ἵκανε, καὶ εἰ λάχεν Ἶναχον Ἥρη.
οἱ δέ μιν οὐκ ἐδέχοντο, χοροπλεκέας δὲ γυναῖκας
καὶ Σατύρους ἐδίωκον, ἀπηρνήσαντο δὲ θύρσους,
μή ποτε δηλήσαιτο Πελασγικὸν ἕδρανον Ἥρη

Perseus has left her heavenly chains to Andromeda even in the stars, but for you I will make a starry crown,[a] that you may be called the shining bedfellow of crownloving Dionysos."

453 So he comforted her; the girl throbbed with joy, and cast into the sea all her memories of Theseus when she received the promise of wedlock from her heavenly wooer. Then Eros decked out a bridal chamber for Bacchos, the wedding dance resounded, about the bridal bed all flowers grew; the dancers of Orchomenos[b] surrounded Naxos with foliage of spring, the Hamadryad sang of the wedding, the Naiad nymph by the fountains unveiled unshod praised the union of Ariadne with the vine-god: Ortygia[c] cried aloud in triumph, and chanting a bridal hymn for Lyaios the brother of Phoibos cityholder she skipt in the dance, that unshakable rock. Fiery Eros made a round flowergarland with red roses and plaited a wreath coloured like the stars, as prophet and herald of the heavenly Crown; and round about the Naxian bride danced a swarm of the Loves which attend on marriage.

470 The Golden Father entering the chamber of wedded love sowed the seed of many children. Then rolling the long circle of hoary time, he remembered Rheia his prolific mother; and leaving faultless Naxos still full of Graces he visited all the towns of Hellas. He came near horsebreeding Argos, even though Hera ruled the Inachos. But the people would not receive him; they chased away the danceweaving women and Satyrs; they repudiated the thyrsus, lest Hera should be jealous and destroy her Pelasgian seat, if

[a] The constellation Corona.
[b] The Graces. [c] Delos, or its nymph.

ζηλήμιων, βαρύμηνις ἐπιβρίθουσα Λυαίῳ·
Σειληνοὺς δὲ γέροντας ἐρήτυον. ἀχνύμενος δὲ
Ἰναχίδας Διόνυσος ὅλας οἴστρησε γυναῖκας·
μυκηθμῷ δ' ἀλάλαζον Ἀχαιίδες· ἀντομένοις δὲ
ἔχραον ἐν τριόδοισιν· ἐπὶ σφετέροισι δὲ δειλαὶ
ἀρτιτόκοις βρεφέεσσιν ἐπωξύνοντο μαχαίρας,
ὧν ἡ μὲν ξίφος εἶλκε καὶ ἔκτανεν υἱέα μήτηρ,
ἄλλη δὲ τριέτηρον ἀπηλοίησε γενέθλην,
καί τις ἀνηκόντιζεν ἐς ἠέρα κοῦρον ἀλήτην
εἰσέτι μαστεύοντα φίλον γλάγος· ὀλλυμένων δὲ
Ἴναχος ἀρτιτόκων βρεφέων ἐπεμαίνετο πότμῳ·
μήτηρ δ' ἔκτανεν υἷα, καὶ οὐ πόθος ἔπλετο μαζῶν
παιδοκόμων, οὐ μνῆστις ἀναγκαίου τοκετοῖο·
Ἀστερίων δ', ὅθι πολλὰ θαλύσια μείζονος ἤβης
ἠιθέων κείροντο λιπότριχος ἄνθεα κόρσης,
αὐτοὺς παῖδας ἔδεκτο καὶ οὐκέτι βόστρυχα χαίτης.

Καί τις ἰδὼν τινα λάτριν ἐπερχομένοιο Λυαίου
τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε Πελασγίδας ἀστὸς ἀρούρης·
" Οὗτος ὁ βότρυν ἔχων, διφυὲς γένος· ἄξιον Ἥρης
Αργος ἔχει Περσῆα καὶ οὐ χατέει Διονύσου·
ἄλλον ἔχω Διὸς υἷα καὶ οὐ Βάκχοιο χατίζω.
ποσσὶ πολυσκάρθμοισι πατεῖ Διόνυσος ὀπώρην·
ἴχνεσιν ὑψιπόροισιν ἐμὸς γόνος ἠέρα τέμνει.
μὴ κισσῷ δρεπάνην ἰσάζετε· καὶ γὰρ ἀρείων
Βάκχου θυρσοφόρου δρεπανηφόρος ἔπλετο Περσεύς·
εἰ στρατὸν Ἰνδὸν ἔπεφνεν, ἀέθλιον ἶσον ἐνίψω
Γοργοφόνῳ Περσῆι καὶ Ἰνδοφόνῳ Διονύσῳ·
εἰ δὲ πολυκλύστοιο παρ' Ἐσπέριον κλίμα πόντου
ὁλκάδα λαϊνέην Τυρσηνίδα πῆξε θαλάσσῃ,

---

* A river of the Argolid. Young people, on reaching

her heavy wrath should press hard on Lyaios ; they checked the old Seilenoi. Then Dionysos, angry, sent madness upon all the Inachian women. The women of Achaia loudly bellowed ; they attacked those they met at the threeways ; the poor creatures sharpened knives for their own newborn babies—one mother drew sword and slew her son, another destroyed her threeyearold child, one again hurled into the air her baby boy still searching for the welcome milk. Inachos was stained with the death of perishing newborn babes ; a mother killed a son, never missed him at her nursing breast, never thought of the pangs of travail. Asterion,[a] where the young men so often cut the flower of their bared brows as firstfruits of growing age, now received the children themselves and no longer locks of hair.

496 As Lyaios came up, a man of the Pelasgian country thus called out to one of the servants of the god :

498 " You there with the grapes, you hybrid! Argos has her Perseus, one worthy of Hera, and needs not Dionysos. I have another son of Zeus and I want no Bacchos. Dionysos treads the vintage with dancing feet ; my countryman cuts the air with high-travelling steps.[b] Do not think ivy as good as the sickle, for Perseus with his sickle is better than Bacchos with his ivy ; if Bacchos destroyed the Indian host, I will announce an equal prize for Perseus Gorgonslayer and Dionysos Indianslayer. If Bacchos once in the western region of the rolling sea turned into stone a Tyrrhenian ship and fixt it

puberty, commonly cut their hair and offered it to a local deity, often a river.

[b] For the story of Perseus, see Rose, *Handbook of Greek Mythology*, pp. 272 ff.

κῆτος ὅλον περίμετρον ἐμὸς πετρώσατο Περσεύς.
εἰ δὲ τεὸς Διόνυσος ἐρημονόμῳ παρὰ πόντῳ
ὑπναλέην ἐσάωσεν ἐπ' ἠιόνων Ἀριάδνην,
δεσμοὺς Ἀνδρομέδης πτερόεις ἀνελύσατο Περσεύς,
ἄξιον ἔδνον ἔχων πετρώδεα θῆρα θαλάσσης·
οὔ πως Ἀνδρομέδην Παφίης χάριν,
οὔ ποτε Περσεὺς
Θησέος ἱμείρουσαν ἐὴν ἐρρύσατο νύμφην·
ἀλλὰ σαοφρονέοντα γάμον λάχεν. ὡς Σεμέλην δέ,
οὐ Δανάην πυρόεντες ἐτεφρώσαντο κεραυνοί·
ἀλλὰ πατὴρ Περσῆος Ὀλύμπιος ὄμβρος Ἐρώτων
χρύσεος εἰς γάμον ἦλθε,
καὶ οὐ φλογόεις παρακοίτης.
οὐκ ἄγαμαί ποτε τοῦτον ἐγὼ πρόμον· ἐν παλάμῃ γὰρ
ποῖον ἔχει δόρυ θοῦρον Ἀρήιον; ἴσχεο, Περσεῦ·
Γοργοφόνῳ δρεπάνῃ μὴ μάρναο θήλεϊ κισσῷ·
μὴ σέο χεῖρα μίαινε γυναικείοισι κοθόρνοις·
μὴ κυνέην Ἀΐδαο τεοῖς κροτάφοισι τινάξῃς
στέμματος ἀμπελόεντος ἐναντίον· ἢν δ' ἐθελήσῃς,
Ἀνδρομέδην θώρηξον ἀθωρήκτῳ Διονύσῳ·
χάζεό μοι, Διόνυσε, καὶ ἵππιον Ἄργος ἐάσας
Θήβης ἐπταπύλοιο πάλιν βάκχευε γυναῖκας·
κτεῖνε νέον Πενθῆα· τί Περσέι καὶ Διονύσῳ;
Ἴναχον ὠκυρέεθρον ἀναίνεο· καί σε δεχέσθω
Θήβης Ἀονίης ποταμὸς βραδύς· οὔ σε διδάξω
Ἀσωπὸν βαρύγουνον ἔτι ζείοντα κεραυνῷ."
Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξεν ἐπεγγελόων Διονύσῳ.
Ἀργείην δὲ φάλαγγα Πελασγιὰς ὤπλισεν Ἥρη·
μαντιπόλῳ δ' ἤικτο Μελάμποδι· χωομένη δὲ
Γοργοφόνῳ Περσῆι μαχήμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
" Οὐρανίης βλάστημα γονῆς, κορυθαιόλε Περσεῦ,
σὴν δρεπάνην ἀνάειρε, μὴ ἀπτολέμῳ τινὶ θύρσῳ

in the sea, my Perseus turned into stone a whole huge monster of the deep. If your Dionysos saved Ariadne, sleeping on the sands beside an empty sea, Perseus on the wing loosed the chains of Andromeda and offered the stone seamonster as a worthy bridal gift. Not for the Paphian's sake, not while she longed for Theseus did Perseus save Andromeda to be his bride ; a chaste wedding was his. No fiery lightnings burnt Danaë to ashes, like Semele ; but the father of Perseus came to his wedding as a golden shower of love from heaven, not as a flaming bedfellow.

520 " I do not admire this hero at all. For what lusty spear of war does he hold ? Stay, Perseus, do not fight the woman's ivy with your Gorgonslayer sickle, do not defile your hand with a woman's buskins, do not shake the cap of Hades [a] upon your brow against a wreath of vineleaves—but if you wish, arm Andromeda against unarmed Dionysos. Begone, Dionysos, I tell you ; leave Argos and its horses and madden once more the women of sevengate Thebes. Find another Pentheus to kill—what has Perseus to do with Dionysos ? Let be the swift stream of Inachos, and let the slow river of Aonian Thebes receive you. I need not remind you of heavyknee Asopos boiling still with the thunderbolt." [b]

533 So the man spoke, deriding Dionysos. Meanwhile Pelasgian Hera equipped her Argive army ; she took the shape of the seer Melampus, and angrily called to Perseus Gorgonslayer in martial words :

537 " Perseus Flashhelm, offspring of heavenly race ! Lift your sickle, and let not weak women

[a] The Cap of Darkness (*Tarnkappe*) by which he was made invisible in his adventures. [b] *Cf.* xxiii. 232.

ἀδρανέες τεὸν Ἄργος ἀιστώσωσι γυναῖκες
μὴ τρομέοις ἕνα μοῦνον ὄφιν ζωστῆρα κομάων,
ὅττι δαφοινήεσσα τεὴ θηροκτόνος ἅρπη
λήια τοσσατίων ὀφίων ἤμησε Μεδούσης·
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγι κορύσσεο· χαλκορόφου δὲ
μνώεο παρθενεῶνος, ὅπῃ Δανάης διὰ κόλπου
χρύσεον ὄμβρον ἔχευε γαμοκλόπον ὑέτιος Ζεύς,
μὴ Δανάῃ μετὰ λέκτρα, μετὰ χρυσέους ὑμεναίους
οὐτιδανῷ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑπογνάμψειε Λυαίῳ·
δεῖξον, ὅτι Κρονίωνος ἐτήτυμον αἷμα κομίζεις,
δεῖξον, ὅτι χρύσειον ἔχεις γένος, οὐρανίου δὲ
λέκτρα τεοῦ κήρυξον ἐχεκτεάνου νιφετοῖο·
καὶ Σατύροις πολέμιζε· κορυσσομένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
φοίνιον ὄμμα τίταινε δρακοντοκόμοιο Μεδούσης,
καὶ μετὰ πικρὸν ἄνακτα πολυκλύστοιο Σερίφου
λαΐνεον νέον ἄλλον ἐσαθρήσω Πολυδέκτην.
σὺν σοὶ παιδαμάτειρα κορύσσεται Ἀργολὶς Ἥρη
μητρυιὴ Βρομίοιο· προασπίζων δὲ Μυκήνης
σὴν δρεπάνην κούφιζε σαόπτολιν, ὄφρα νοήσω
ἐσπομένην Περσῆι δορικτήτην Ἀριάδνην·
κτεῖνε βοοκραίρων Σατύρων στίχα· Βασσαρίδων δὲ
ὄμματι Γοργείῳ βροτέην μετάμειψον ὀπωπήν
εἰς βρέτας αὐτοτέλεστον ὁμοίιον· ἀντιτύπῳ δὲ
κάλλεϊ πετρήεντι τεὰς κόσμησον ἀγυιάς,
Ἰναχίαις ἀγορῇσιν ἀγάλματα ποικίλα τεύχων.
τί τρομέεις Διόνυσον, ὃν οὐ Διὸς ἤροσαν εὐναί;
εἰπέ, τί σοι ῥέξειε; μετάρσιον ἠεροφοίτην
πεζὸς ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο πότε πτεροέντα κιχήσει;"
Ἔννεπε θαρσύνουσα· καὶ
εἰς μόθον ἕπτατο Περσεύς.
καὶ ναέτας καλέουσα Πελασγιὰς ἔβρεμε σάλπιγξ,
ὧν ὁ μὲν αἰχμητῆρος ἐκούφισε Λυγκέος αἰχμήν,

lay waste your Argos with an unwarlike thyrsus. Tremble not before only one snake wreathed in the hair, when your monsterslaying sickle reaped such a harvest as the vipers of Medusa! Attack the army of Bassarids; remember the brazen vault which was Danaë's chamber, where Rainy Zeus poured in her bosom a shower of bridestealing gold—let not Danaë after that bed, after the wedding of gold, bend a slavish knee to that nobody Dionysos. Show that you have in you the true blood of Cronion, show that you have the golden breed, proclaim the bed that received that snowstorm of heavenly riches. Make war on the Satyrs too: turn towards battling Lyaios the deadly eye of snakehair Medusa, and let me see a new Polydectes made stone after the hateful king of wavewashed Seriphos. By your side is Argive Hera in arms, allvanquishing, the stepmother of Bromios. Defend Mycene lift your sickle to save our city, that I may behold Ariadne captive of your spear following Perseus. Kill the array of bull-horned Satyrs, change with the Gorgon's eye the human countenances of the Bassarids into like images selfmade; with the beauty of the stone copies adorn your streets, and make statues like an artist for the Inachian market-places. Why do you tremble before Dionysos, no offspring of the bed of Zeus? Tell me, what could he do to you? When shall a foot-farer on the ground catch a winged traveller of the air?"

567 So she encouraged him, and Perseus flew into the fray. The Pelasgian trumpet blared calling the people. They came, one lifting the spear of spearman

ὃς δὲ παλαιοτέροιο Φορωνέος, ὃς δὲ Πελασγοῦ,
ἄλλος ἀνηέρταζεν Ἀβαντίδα χειρὶ βοείην
καὶ μελίην Προίτοιο, καὶ Ἀκρισίοιο φαρέτρην
ἄλλος ἀνὴρ κούφιζεν, ὁ δὲ θρασὺς εἰς μόθον ἔστη
ἄορ ἔχων Δαναοῖο, τὸ πέρ ποτε γυμνὸν ἀείρων
θυγατέρας θώρηξεν ἐς ἀνδροφόνους ὑμεναίους,
ἄλλος ἔην κρατέων πέλεκυν μέγαν, ὃν παρὰ βωμῷ
Ἴναχος ἀστυόχοιο θυηπόλος ἔνθεος Ἥρης
ἵστατο κουφίζων βοέων τμητῆρα μετώπων.
καὶ στρατὸς ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἀερσιπόδων ὑπὲρ ἵππων
ἕδραμε μαριαμένου μετὰ Περσέος· ὃς δὲ παρέστη
τρηχαλέοις στομάτεσσι μάχης ἀλαλαγμὸν ἰάλλων,
πεζὸς ἀνήρ, καὶ τόξα συνήρμοσε κυκλάδι νευρῇ,
καὶ γλαφυρὴν ἤειρεν ὑπὲρ νώτοιο φαρέτρην·
καὶ πρόμος Ἀργείων
δρεπανηφόρος ἔπλετο Περσεύς,
καὶ πόδας ἠερίοισιν ἐπεσφήκωσε πεδίλοις,
καὶ κεφαλὴν κούφιζεν ἀθηήτοιο Μεδούσης.
Λυσικόμους δ' Ἰόβακχος ἐὰς ἐκόρυσσε γυναῖκας
καὶ Σατύρους κερόεντας· ἐβακχεύθη δὲ κυδοιμῷ
ἠερίην πτερόεντος ἰδὼν προμάχοιο πορείην·
χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἄειρεν, ἑοῦ προβλῆτα προσώπου
κουφίζων ἀδάμαντα, Διὸς πετρούμενον ὄμβρῳ
λᾶαν, ἀλεξητῆρα λιθογλήνοιο Μεδούσης,
ὄφρα φύγῃ σέλας ἐχθρὸν ἀθηήτοιο προσώπου.
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγας ἰδὼν
καὶ θύσθλα Λυαίου,
φρικαλέον γελόων κορυθαιόλος ἔννεπε Περσεύς·

[a] The only reason why they are armed with these old weapons is to let Nonnos show his knowledge of the legendary kings of Argos. Danaos apparently signalled with his sword to his daughters to set upon their husbands. For the story,

Lynceus, one the spear of Phoroneus more ancient still, one that of Pelasgos, one carried on his arm the oxhide of Abas, and the ashplant of Proitos, another bore the quiver of Acrisios; this bold man stood up to fight holding the sword of Danaos, which once he raised naked when he armed his daughters for those husband-murdering bridals; another again grasped the great axe which Inachos held to strike the bulls' foreheads, when he stood as the inspired priest of Hera Cityholder.[a] The battlestirring host behind their prancing teams ran with Perseus to the field; and he stood before them shouting the warcry with harsh voice, on foot himself, and shook back the rounded quiver over his shoulder, and fitted arrows to curving bow. Perseus of the sickle was champion of the Argives; he fitted his feet into the flying shoes, and he lifted up the head of Medusa which no eyes may see.

587 But Iobacchos marshalled his women with flowing locks, and Satyrs with horns. Wild for battle he was when he saw the winged champion coursing through the air. The thyrsus was held up in his hand, and to defend his face he carried a diamond, the gem made stone in the showers of Zeus which protects against the stony glare of Medusa, that the baleful light of that destroying face may do him no harm.[b]

594 And Flashhelm Perseus when he saw the ranks of the Bassarids and the gear of Lyaios, laughed terribly and cried—

see Rose, *Handbook of Greek Mythology*, p. 272. For a like list, see Statius, *Theb.* iv. 589 ff.

[b] Probably Dionysos protects himself with a diamond because this stone *venena vincit atque inrita facit et lymphationes abigit metusque vanos expellit a mente*, Pliny *N.H.* xxxvii. 61.

" Ἠδὺς ὁ θύρσον ἔχων, χλοερὸν βέλος,
εἰς ἐμὲ βαίνων
οὐτιδανοῖς πετάλοισι κορύσσεαι, Ἄρεα παίζων·
εἰ Διὸς ἔλλαχες αἷμα, τεὴν ἀνάφαινε γενέθλην·
εἰ ποταμοῦ χρύσειον ἔχεις Πακτώλιον ὕδωρ,
χρυσὸν ἔχω γενετῆρα, πατὴρ δ' ἐμὸς ὑέτιος Ζεύς·
ἠνίδε φοινίσσοντα θεμείλια παρθενεῶνος,
λείψανα κεῖνα φέροντα ῥυηφενέος νιφετοῖο.
ἀλλὰ φύγε κλυτὸν Ἄργος, ἐπεὶ μενεδήιος Ἥρη
ἔλλαχεν ἕδρανα ταῦτα τεῆς ὀλέτειρα τεκούσης,
μή σε τὸν οἰστρήσαντα καὶ οἰστρηθέντα τελέσσῃ,
μή σε πάλιν μανίῃ τεθοωμένον ὀψὲ νοήσω."
Ὡς εἰπὼν προμάχιζεν· ἀνεπτοίησε δὲ Βάκχας
Ἄρεα θωρήξασα καὶ ἀμητῆρα Μεδούσης
Ἥρη παιδαμάτειρα· καταιθύσσουσα δὲ Βάκχου
ἀστεροπῆς μίμημα, θεόσσυτον ἀλλόμενον πῦρ,
ῥῖψε κατὰ Βρομίοιο σελασφόρον αἴθοπα λόγχην.
καὶ γελόων Διόνυσος ἀμείβετο θυιάδι φωνῇ·
" Οὐ τόσον ἀστράπτουσαν ἔχεις ἀσίδηρον ἀκωκήν·
οὐ δύνασαι κλονέειν με, καὶ εἰ λάχες ἔμπυρον αἰχμήν·
οὐδέ με πημαίνει στεροπὴ Διός· ἡμιτελῆ γὰρ
νήπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἐχυτλώσαντο κεραυνοὶ
ἀφλεγὲς ἄσθμα χέοντες ἀδηλήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
καὶ σὺ μέγα φρονέων δρεπαιηφόρε παύεο Περσεῦ·
Γοργόνος οὐ μόθος οὗτος ὀλίζονος, οὐ μία νύμφη
Ἀνδρομέδη βαρύδεσμος ἀέθλιον· ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ
δῆριν ἄγεις, ὃς Ζηνὸς ἔχει γένος, ᾧ ποτε μούνῳ
Ῥείη μαζὸν ὄρεξε φερέσβιον, ὃν ποτε πυρσῷ
ἀστεροπῆς γαμίης μαιώσατο μειλιχίη φλόξ,
ὃν δύσις, ὃν θάμβησεν Ἑωσφόρος, ᾧ στίχες Ἰνδῶν
εἴκαθον, ὃν τρομέων καὶ Δηριάδης καὶ Ὀρόντης

596 "It's nice to see you there with that thyrsus, that greenleaf shaft, marching against me armed with your wretched foliage, playing at war! If you have in you the blood of Zeus, show your breeding! If you have the water of golden Pactolos River, I have a golden Father—my father is Zeus of the Rains. See the crimson foundations of my mother's chamber, still keeping relics of that snowstorm of wealth! Go, flee now from famous Argos, since these buildings belong to steadfast Hera, your mother's destroyer, lest she make you the maddener mad, lest I see you once more driven with frenzy at last."

607 He spoke, and advanced to the fight. All-vanquishing Hera marshalled the battle, and scattered the Bacchants with Medusa's reaper; she dashed upon Bacchos like the lightning, a godsent leaping fire, and cast at Bromios her gleaming flashing lance. But Dionysos laughing replied in a wild voice—

613 "Not so much of a flash you make in that blade of yours, with no iron; you cannot scare me, though your point is on fire! Even the lightning of Zeus does not hurt me; for when I was half-made and still a baby the thunders bathed me, pouring breath which burnt not upon inviolate Dionysos. You too, Perseus of the sickle, proud as you are, make an end! This is no battle for a feeble Gorgon, the prize is not a lone girl in heavy chains, Andromeda. Lyaios is your enemy, the offspring of Zeus, to whom alone long ago Rheia offered the life-giving breast; for whom long ago the flame of marriage-lightning was a gentle midwife; the admiration of East and of West, before whom the armies of India gave way; at whom Deriades trembled, and

ἠλιβάτων ἀπέλεθρον ἔχων ἴνδαλμα Γιγάντων
ἤριπεν, ᾧ θρασὺς Ἄλπος ὑπώκλασεν, υἱὸς Ἀρούρης,
ἀγχινεφὲς περίμετρον ἔχων δέμας, ᾧ γόνυ κάμπτει
λαὸς Ἄραψ, Σικελὸς δὲ μελίζεται εἰσέτι ναύτης
Τυρσηνῶν νόθον εἶδος ἁλίδρομον, ὧν ποτε μορφὴν
ἀνδρομέην ἤμειψα μετάτροπον, ἀντὶ δὲ φωτῶν
ἰχθύες ὀρχηστῆρες ἐπισκαίρουσι θαλάσσῃ.
Θήβης δ' ἐπταπύλου γόον ἔκλυες· οὔ σε διδάξω
αἰνομανῆ Πενθῆα καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνον Ἀγαύην·
φήμης δ' οὐ χατέεις ἢ μάρτυρος, ὅττι Λυαίου
πειρήθη τεὸν Ἄργος, Ἀχαιιάδες δὲ καὶ αὐταὶ
σφωιτέρας ὠδῖνας ἔτι στενάχουσι γυναῖκες.
ἀλλά, φίλος, πολέμιζε, καὶ αἰχμάζοντα κορύμβοις
αἰνήσεις τάχα Βάκχον, ὅτι πτερὰ σεῖο πεδίλων
ὄψεαι ἀρραγέεσσιν ἐμοῖς εἴκοντα κοθόρνοις·
οὔ ποτε Βασσαρίδων σκεδάσεις μόθον, οὔ ποτε λήξω
πέμπων οἰνοπα θύρσον, ἕως τεὸν Ἄργεϊ δείξω
ἔγχεϊ κισσήεντι πεπαρμένον ἀνθερεῶνα
καὶ δρέπανον πετάλοις νικώμενον· οὔ σε σαώσει
Ζεὺς ἐμός, οὐ γλαυκῶπις ὁμόγνιος, οὐ σέθεν Ἥρη,
καὶ μάλα περ κοτέουσα μενεπτολέμῳ Διονύσῳ·
ἀλλὰ κατακτείνω σε, καὶ αὐχήεσσα Μυκήνη
ὄψεται ἀμηθέντα τὸν ἀμητῆρα Μεδούσης·
ἤ σε περισφίγξας ἐνὶ λάρνακι μείζονι δεσμῷ
πλωτὸν ἀκοντίζω σε τὸ δεύτερον ἠθάδι πόντῳ·
ἢν δ' ἐθέλῃς, ἐπίβηθι τεῆς πάλιν ὀφὲ Σερίφου.
ἢν δὲ τεῇ χρυσέῃ μεγαλίζεαι ἀμφὶ γενέθλῃ,
οὐτιδανὴν συνάεθλον ἔχε χρυσῆν Ἀφροδίτην."

Ὡς εἰπὼν προμάχιζεν· ἐπεστρατόωντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
καὶ Σάτυροι πολέμιζον. ὑπὲρ Βρομίου δὲ καρήνου
αἰθύσσων πτερὰ κοῦφα μετάρσιος ἵπτατο Περσεύς·
ὑψώσας δ' Ἰόβακχος ἑὸν δέμας, αἰθέρι γείτων

Orontes with his towering giant-stature fell; to whom bold Alpos bent his knee, that son of Earth with huge body rising near the clouds; to whom the Arabian nation kneels down, and the Sicilian mariner still sings the changeling shape of sea-scouring Tyrrhenian pirates, when once I transformed their human bodies and now instead of men they are fishes dancing and leaping in the sea.

633 "You have heard the groaning of sevengate Thebes; I need not remind you of Pentheus in dire madness and Agauë who slew her child; you need no tale or witness how your Argos has felt Lyaios, and the wives of Achaia themselves are still mourning for their children. Very well, fight, my friend, and soon you shall praise Bacchos with his weapons of leafage, when you see the wings of your shoes yielding to my unconquerable buskins. Never shall you scatter my battling Bassarids, never will I cease casting my vine-wand, until I show Argos your throat pierced by my spear of ivy and your sickle beaten by my leaves. Zeus my father will not save you, nor Brighteyes my sister, nor your own Hera, however she hates the steadfast Dionysos: but I will kill you, and boastful Mycene shall see beheaded the man who beheaded Medusa. Or I will bind you in a chest with greater bonds, and throw you to float again on the sea you know so well; you may land again at Seriphos by and by, if you like. If you are so proud of your golden birth, you may take the golden Aphrodite, that good-for-nothing, to help you."

654 When he had ended, he went on fighting: the Bacchants fell to, the Satyrs joined the battle. Over the head of Bromios Perseus flew in the air, flapping his light wings; but Iobacchos lifted his body and

ἄπτερος ὑψικέλευθος ἀείρετο μείζονι ταρσῷ
ἱπταμένου Περσῆος ὑπέρτερος, ἑπταπόρῳ δὲ
αἰθέρι χεῖρα πέλασσε, καὶ ὠμίλησεν Ὀλύμπῳ,
καὶ νεφέλας ἔθλιψε· φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο Περσεὺς
δεξιτερὴν ἀκίχητον ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου
ἠελίου ψαύουσαν, ἐφαπτομένην δὲ σελήνης.
Ἀλλὰ λιπὼν Διόνυσον ἐμάρνατο θυιάσι Βάκχαις·
καὶ παλάμῃ δονέων θανατηφόρον ὄμμα Μεδούσης
λαϊνέην ποιησε κορυσσομένην Ἀριάδνην.
καὶ πλέον ἔβρεμε Βάκχος ἰδὼν πετρώδεα νύμφην·
καί νύ κεν Ἄργος ἔπερσε καὶ ἐπρήνιξε Μυκήνας
καὶ Δαναῶν ἤμησεν ὅλην στίχα, καί νύ κεν αὐτὴν
μαρναμένην ἄγνωστον ἀνούτατον οὔτασεν Ἥρην
μάντιος ἀντιτύποιο νόθῃ βροτοειδέι μορφῇ,
καί νύ κεν ὠκυπέδιλος ὑπὲρ μόρον ἔφθιτο Περσεύς.
εἰ μή μιν κατόπισθε φανεὶς πτερόεντι πεδίλῳ
χρυσείης πλοκαμῖδος ἑλὼν ἀνεσείρασεν Ἑρμῆς,
καί μιν ἀλεξικάκῳ φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·
" Ζηνὸς γνήσιον αἷμα, νόθος ζηλήμονος Ἥρης,
οἶσθα μέν, ὡς σε σάωσα διπετέων ἀπὸ πυρσῶν,
καί σε Λάμου ποταμοῖο θυγατράσιν
ὤπασα Νύμφαις
εἰσέτι κουρίζοντα, πάλιν δέ σε χερσὶν ἀείρων
εἰς δόμον ὑμετέρης κουροτρόφον ἤγαγον Ἰνοῦς·
καὶ σὺ τεῷ ῥυτῆρι φέρων χάριν υἱέι Μαίης,
γνωτέ, μάχην εὔνησον ὁμόγνιον· ἀμφότεροι γὰρ
Περσεὺς καὶ Διόνυσος ἑνὸς βλάστημα τοκῆος·
μὴ στρατὸν Ἀργείων, μὴ μέμφεο Περσέος ἅρπην·
οὐ γὰρ ἑκὼν ἐς Ἄρηα κορύσσεται· ἀλλά μιν Ἥρη
ὤπλισε, μαντιπόλου δὲ Μελάμποδος εἴδεϊ μορφῆς
μάρναται ἀμφαδίην· σὺ δὲ χάλκεο δῆριν ἐάσας,

rose wingless on high near to the heavens with larger limbs over flying Perseus, and brought his hand near the sevenring sky, and touched Olympos, and crushed the clouds : Perseus quivered with fear as he saw the right hand of Dionysos out of reach and touching the sun, catching hold of the moon.

664 So he left Dionysos and fought with the mad Bacchants. He shook in his hand the deadly face of Medusa, and turned armed Ariadne into stone. Bacchos was even more furious when he saw his bride all stone. He would have sacked Argos and razed Mycene to the ground and mowed down the whole host of Danaäns, yes even wounded invulnerable Hera herself, who was fighting unrecognized in the false borrowed shape of a mortal, a seer, and Swiftshoe Perseus would have perished, fate or no fate,—but Hermes appeared behind him with winged shoes and pulled him back by his golden hair, and calmed him with friendly words to avert the ruin :

676 " Trueborn offspring of Zeus, if bastard for jealous Hera ! You know how I saved you from the fires that fell from heaven, and entrusted you to those Nymphs, the daughters of river Lamos,[a] when still a little child ; how again I carried you in my arms to the house of Ino your fostering nurse. Then show gratitude, my brother, to your saviour the son of Maia, and still this feud of brothers—for both Perseus and Dionysos are offspring of one sire. Do not reproach the people of Argos, nor the sickle of Perseus, for he arms not willingly for this war. But Hera has armed him, and she is fighting openly in the shape of the seer Melampus. Retire and leave the strife, or Hera irre-

[a] *Cf.* ix. 28. Only Nonnos mentions this obscure river-god (of Helicon, *cf.* Paus. ix. 31. 7) as father of Dionysos's nurses.

μή σοι ἐπιβρίσειε πάλιν δυσμήχανος Ἥρη.
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις ἀλόχοιο τεῆς μόρον· εὐκλέι πότμῳ ·
μαρναμένη τέθνηκε, σὺ δὲ φθιμένην Ἀριάδνην
ὤφελες ὀλβίζειν, ὅτι τηλίκον εὗρε φονῆα
οὐρανίης γεγαῶτα καὶ οὐ βροτέης ἀπὸ φύτλης,
κήτεος ἀμητῆρα καὶ ἱπποτόκοιο Μεδούσης·
οὐ λίνα Μοιράων ἐπιπείθεται· οὐρανίου γὰρ
κάτθανεν Ἠλέκτρη Διὸς εὐνέτις, ᾤχετο δ' αὐτὴ
τῷ Διὶ νυμφευθεῖσα κασιγνήτη σέο Κάδμου
Εὐρώπη μετὰ λέκτρον Ὀλύμπιον, ὑμετέρη δὲ
εἰσέτι γαστρὶ φέρουσα τεὸν τόκον ὤλετο μήτηρ·
οὐ Σεμέλη πρὸ μόροιο πύλας ἐπέρησεν Ὀλύμπου,
ἀλλ' ὅτε πότμον ἔδεκτο. καὶ ὀλλυμένη σέο νύμφη
ἴξεται ἀστερόφοιτον ἐς οὐρανόν, ἡμετέρης δὲ
Πλειάδος ἑπταπόροιο φανήσεται ἐγγύθι Μαίης.
τί πλέον ἤθελεν ἄλλο φιλαίτερον ἢ χθονὶ λάμπειν
αἰθέρα ναιετάουσα μετὰ Κρήτην Ἀριάδνη;
ἀλλὰ σὺ κάτθεο θύρσον, ἔα δ' ἀνέμοισιν Ἐνυώ,
καὶ βρέτας αὐτοτέλεστον ἐπιχθονίης Ἀριάδνης,
οὐρανίης στήριξον ὅπῃ βρέτας ἵσταται Ἥρης.
μὴ πόλιν ἐκπέρσειας, ὅπῃ σέθεν αἷμα τοκήων,
ὑμετέρης δὲ γέραιρε βοοκραίρου πέδον Ἰοῦς
εὐνήσας σέο θύρσον· Ἀχαιιάδας δὲ γυναῖκας
αἰνήσεις μετόπισθεν, ἐπεὶ ταυρώπιδος Ἥρης
βωμὸν ἀναστήσουσι καὶ εὐθαλάμου σέο νύμφης."

Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε, καὶ ἵππιον Ἄργος ἑάσας
εἰς πόλον αὖτις ἵκανεν, ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι κεράσσας
θεσμὸν ὁμοφροσύνης καὶ Περσέι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
οὐδὲ μὲν αὐτόθι μίμνεν ἐπὶ χρόνον Ἀργολὶς Ἥρη·
ἀλλὰ μεταστρέψασα νόθην βροτοειδέα μορφὴν

---

[a] Because Pegasos sprang from her headless trunk.

concilable may overwhelm you again in her might. But you will urge the fate of your bride. She has died in battle, a glorious fate, and you ought to think Ariadne happy in her death, because she found one so great to slay her, one sprung from heaven and of no mortal stock, one who killed the seamonster and beheaded horsebreeding [a] Medusa. The Fates' threads obey not persuasion. For Electra died, the bedfellow of heavenly Zeus; Europa herself disappeared after the Olympian bed, the sister of your Cadmos, she who was wedded to Zeus; your mother perished too, while she still carried you in her womb; Semele entered not the gates of Olympos before death, but after she had received her fate. And your bride even in death shall enter the starspangled sky, and she will be seen near Maia my mother among the seven travelling Pleiads. What could Ariadne wish more welcome than to live in the heavens and give light to the earth, after Crete? Come now, lay down your thyrsus, let the winds blow battle away, and fix the selfmade image of mortal Ariadne where the image of heavenly Hera stands. Do not sack the city where the stock of your parents remains, but still your thyrsus, and respect the country of cowhorn Io. You will praise the women of Achaia by and by, when they shall build an altar to bullface [b] Hera and your charming bride."

713 So he spoke, and leaving Argos the land of horses returned to the sky, after he had mingled a league of friendship between Perseus and Dionysos. Nor did Argive Hera remain long in that place; but putting off her pretended mortal body she took her

[b] The Homeric *βοῶπις*, which, though Nonnos cannot have known that, probably did originally mean "cow-faced."

θέσκελον εἶδος ἔχουσα πάλιν νόστησεν Ὀλύμπῳ.
Ἰναχίῃ δὲ φάλαγγι γέρων ἀγόρευε Μελάμπους
Λυγκέος ἀρχεγόνοιο θεουδέος αἷμα Πελασγοῦ·
" Μαντιπόλῳ πείθεσθε καὶ οἴνοπι σείσατε Βάκχῳ
σείσατε χάλκεα ῥόπτρα καὶ Εὔια τύμπανα Ῥείης,
Ἰναχίην μὴ πᾶσαν ἀιστώσειε γενέθλην,
μὴ μετὰ νήπια τέκνα καὶ ἠβητῆρας ὀλέσσῃ,
μὴ τεκέων μετὰ πότμον ἀποκτείνειε γυναῖκας·
ἀλλὰ θυηπολίην θεοτερπέα ῥέξατε Βάκχῳ
καὶ Διί, καὶ Περσῆι χορεύσατε καὶ Διονύσῳ."
Ὣς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν· ἀολλίζοντο δὲ λαοὶ
Βάκχῳ νυκτιχόρευτον ἀνακρούοντες ἀοιδήν,
καὶ τελετὰς στήσαντο· θεοκλήτῳ δὲ χορείῃ
ῥόπτρα μὲν ἐπλατάγησεν, ἐπεκροτέοντο δὲ ταρσοί,
καὶ δαΐδες σελάγιζον· ὁμηγερέες δὲ πολῖται
μυστιπόλῳ χρίοντο παρήια λευκάδι γύψῳ·
τύμπανα δ' ἐπλατάγησεν, ἀρασσομένοιο δὲ χαλκοῦ
δίκτυπος ἔβρεμε δοῦπος· ἐφοινίσσοντο δὲ βωμοὶ
σφαζομένων στοιχηδὸν ἐπασσυτέρων ἀπὸ ταύρων,
κτείνετο δ' ἄσπετα μῆλα· καὶ ἀνέρες αἴθοπι βωμῷ
Βάκχον ἐμειλίξαντο καὶ ἱλάσκοντο γυναῖκες·
καὶ μέλος ἠερόφοιτον ἐπέκτυπε θῆλυς ἰωὴ
κῶμον ἀμειβομένη ζωάγριον, Ἰναχίδες δὲ
Μαινάδες ἐρρίψαντο λαθίφρονα λύσσαν ἀήταις.

divine form and returned to Olympos. Then old Melampus addressed the Icarian host, he the offspring of divine Pelasgian Lynceus founder of the race :—

721 " Obey your seer, and shake your tambours in honour of wineface Bacchos, shake your bronze tambours and the Euian cymbals of Rheia, that he may not wipe out the whole Inachian race, that he may not destroy the young men after the little children, that he may not kill the wives after their offspring. Come, do sacrifice to Bacchos and Zeus, and please the god's heart, and dance before Perseus and Dionysos."

727 They did as he bade them. The people gathered together, and struck up a song with nightly dances for Bacchos and performed the holy rites : in the pious dance the tambours rattled, the feet beat the ground, the torches blazed. All the people in company smeared their cheeks with white mystic chalk.[a] Kettledrums rattled, the double tap sounded as the bronze was beaten. Altars were red with bulls slaughtered in rows one after another, a multitude of sheep were killed. At the burning altar men made their peace with Bacchos, women won his grace. Women's voices resounded in the air echoing in turn the song of salvation ; Inachian women and Mainad women cast their deluding fury to the winds.

[a] Heard of now and again in such connexions, see *e.g.* Aristophanes, *Clouds* 261, and the scholiast there. It was a means of purification, presumably because of its colour.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΟΓΔΟΟΝ

Δίζεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐς ὄγδοον αἷμα Γιγάντων,
Παλλήνην δὲ δόκευε καὶ ὑπναλέης τόκον Λύρης.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ πορδαλίων ἐποχημένος ἄντυγι δίφρου
Θρηικίῃ περίφοιτος ἐκώμασε Βάκχος ἀρούρῃ,
ἵππιον ἀρχεγόνοιο Φορωνέος οὖδας ἐάσας.
οὐδὲ χόλον πρήυνε παλίγκοτον Ἰναχὶς Ἥρη
Ἄργεος οἰστρηθέντος, Ἀχαιιάδων δὲ γυναικῶν
λύσσης μνῆστιν ἔχουσα πάλιν θωρήσσετο Βάκχῳ.
καὶ δολίας ἀνέφαινε λιτὰς παμμήτορι Γαίῃ,
ἔργα Διὸς βοόωσα καὶ ἠνορέην Διονύσου
Γηγενέων ὀλέσαντος ἀμετρήτων νέφος Ἰνδῶν·
καὶ Σεμέλης ὅτε παῖδα φερέσβιος ἔκλυε μήτηρ
Ἰνδῴην ταχύποτμον ἀιστώσαντα γενέθλην,
μνησαμένη τεκέων πλέον ἔστενεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχῳ
αὐτογόνων θώρηξεν ὀρίδρομα φύλα Γιγάντων,
ὑψιλόφους ἔο παῖδας ἀνοιστρήσασα κυδοιμῷ·
" Παῖδες ἐμοί, μάρνασθε κορυμβοφόρῳ Διονύσῳ
ἠλιβάτοις σκοπέλοισιν, ἐμῆς δ' ὀλετῆρα γενέθλης
Ἰνδοφόνον Διὸς υἷα κιχήσατε· μηδὲ νοήσω
σὺν Διὶ κοιρανέοντα νόθον σκηπτοῦχον Ὀλύμπου.

BOOK XLVIII

In the forty-eighth, seek the blood of the giants, and look out for Pallene and the son of sleeping Aura.

Now Bacchos quitted the horsebreeding soil of ancient Phoroneus,[a] and mounted in his round car behind the team of panthers passed in revelry over the Thracian land. But Inachian Hera had not softened her rancorous rage for Argos maddened; she remembered the frenzy of the Achaian women and prepared again to attack Bacchos. She addressed her deceitful prayers to Allmother Earth, crying out upon the doings of Zeus and the valour of Dionysos, who had destroyed that cloud of numberless earthborn Indians; and when the lifebringing mother heard that the son of Semele had wiped out the Indian nation with speedy fate, she groaned still more thinking of her children. Then she armed all round Bacchos the mountainranging tribes of giants, earth's own brood, and goaded her huge sons to battle:

15 "My sons, make your attack with hightowering rocks against clustergarlanded Dionysos—catch this Indianslayer, this destroyer of my family, this son of Zeus, and let me not see him ruling with Zeus a

[a] Argos, of which Phoroneus, son of Inachos, was the (mythical) first king.

δήσατε, δήσατε Βάκχον, ὅπως θαλαμηπόλος εἴη,
ὁππότε Πορφυρίωνι χαρίζομαι εἰς γάμον Ἥβην
καὶ Χθονίῳ Κυθέρειαν, ὅτε γλαυκῶπιν ἀείσω
εὐνέτιν Ἐγκελάδοιο καὶ Ἄρτεμιν Ἀλκυονῆος·
ἄξατέ μοι Διόνυσον, ἵνα Κρονίωνα χαλέψω
δουλοσύνην ὀρόωντα δορικτήτοιο Λυαίου·
ἠέ μιν οὐτάζοντες ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ
κτείνατέ μοι Ζαγρῆι πανείκελον, ὄφρά τις εἴπῃ
ἢ θεὸς ἢ μερόπων τις, ὅτι Κρονίδαο γενέθλῃ
Γαῖα χολωομένη διδύμους θώρηξε φονῆας,
πρεσβυτέρους Τιτῆνας ἐπὶ προτέρῳ Διονύσῳ,
ὁπλοτέρους δὲ Γίγαντας ἐπ' ὀψιγόνῳ Διονύσῳ."
Ὣς φαμένη στίχα πᾶσαν ἀνεπτοίησε Γιγάντων.
Γηγενέων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῷ.
ὃς μὲν ἔχων Νυσαῖον ἐδέθλιον, ὃς δὲ σιδήρῳ
ὑψινεφῆ κενεῶνα χαραδρήεντα κολάψας,
αἰχμάζων σκοπέλοισιν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσῳ·
ὃς δὲ λόφον πετραῖον ἀλικρήπιδος ἀρούρης,
ἄλλος ἀλιζώνοιο διαρρήξας ῥάχιν ἰσθμοῦ
εἰς ἑνοπὴν ἔσπευδεν. ἀμετρήτοισι δ' ἀγοστοῖς
Πήλιον ὑψικάρηνον ἀνηκόντιζε Πελωρεὺς
γυμνώσας Φιλύρης γλαφυρὸν δόμον· ἁρπαμένου δὲ
ἀσκεπέος σκοπέλοιο γέρων ἐλελίζετο Χείρων,
ἀνδροφυὴς ἀτέλεστος ὁμήλικι σύμπλοκος ἵππῳ.
ἡμερίδων δὲ κόρυμβον ἔχων ὁλετῆρα Γιγάντων
Βάκχος ἀερσιλόφοιο κατέτρεχεν Ἀλκυονῆος,
οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχων, οὐ φοίνιον ἄορ ἀείρων,
ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέας παλάμας ἐδάιξε Γιγάντων,
αἰχμάζων ἑλίκεσσι· φιλακρήτῳ δὲ πετήλῳ
φρικτὰ πεδοτρεφέων ἐδαΐζετο φῦλα δρακόντων·

---

* The masculine names belong to Giants.

bastard monarch of Olympos! Bind him, bind Bacchos fast, that he may attend in the chamber when I bestow Hebe on Porphyrion as a wife, and give Cythereia to Chthonios, when I sing Bright-eyes the bedfellow of Encelados, and Artemis of Alcyoneus.[a] Bring Dionysos to me, that I may enrage Cronion when he sees Lyaios a slave and the captive of my spear. Or wound him with cutting steel and kill him for me like Zagreus, that one may say, god or mortal, that Earth in her anger has twice armed her slayers against the breed of Cronides—the older Titans against the former Dionysos, the younger Giants against Dionysos later born."

31 With these words she excited all the host of the Giants, and the battalions of the Earthborn set forth to war, one bearing a bulwark of Nysa, one who had sliced off with steel the flank of a cloudhigh precipice, each with these rocks for missiles armed him against Dionysos; one hastened to the conflict bearing the rocky hill of some land with its base in the brine, another with a reef torn from a brinegirt isthmus. Peloreus took up Pelion with hightowering peak as a missile in his innumerable arms, and left the cave of Philyra[b] bare: as the rocky roof of his cave was pulled off, old Cheiron quivered and shook, that figure of half a man growing into a comrade horse. But Bacchos held a bunch of giantsbane vine, and ran at Alcyoneus with the mountain upraised in his hands: he wielded no furious lance, no deadly sword, but he struck with his bunch of tendrils and shore off the multitudinous hands of the Giants; the terrible swarms of groundbred serpents were shorn off by

[b] Wife of Cheiron the wise centaur.

τυπτομένων δὲ Γίγαντος ἐχιδνοκόμων κεφαλάων
αὐχένες ἀμηθέντες ἐπωρχήσαντο κονίῃ.
κτείνετο δ' ἄσπετα φῦλα· δαϊζομένων δὲ Γιγάντων
αἵματος ἀενάου ποταμοὶ ῥέον, ἀρτιχύτοις δὲ
πορφυρέοις ῥοθίοισιν ἐφοινίσσοντο χαράδραι.
Γηγενέων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐβακχεύοντο δρακόντων
βόστρυχα δειμαίνοντες ἐχιδνοκόμου Διονύσου.

Καὶ πυρὶ μάρνατο Βάκχος, ἐς ἠέρα δαλὸν ἰάλλων
ἀντιβίων ὀλετῆρα· δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
Βακχιὰς αὐτοέλικτος ἐπέτρεχεν ἄλλομένη φλόξ,
γυιοβόρῳ σπινθῆρι καταΐσσουσα Γιγάντων·
καί τις ἀπειλητῆρι φέρων σέλας ἀνθερεῶνι
ἡμιδαὴς σύριζε δράκων πυριθαλπέι λαιμῷ,
καπνὸν ἀποπτύων, οὐ λοίγιον ἰὸν ἰάλλων.

Καὶ κλόνος ἄσπετος ἦεν· ἐπ' ἀντιβίων δὲ καρήνων
Βάκχος ἀιῳρητο μαχήμονα δαλὸν ἀείρων,
καὶ χθονίῳ πρηστῆρι δέμας θέρμαινε Γιγάντων
ἀντίτυπον μίμημα Διοβλήτοιο κεραυνοῦ·
καὶ δαΐδες σελάγιζον· ἐπ' Ἐγκελάδου δὲ καρήνῳ
ἠέρα θερμαίνων ἐλελίζετο πυρσὸς ἀλήτης·
ἀλλά μιν οὐκ ἐδάμασσε, καὶ οὐ χθονίου πυρὸς ἀτμῷ
Ἐγκέλαδος γόνυ κάμψεν, ἐπεὶ πεφύλακτο κεραυνῷ.
Ἀλκυονεὺς δ' ἀπέλεθρος ἐπεσκίρτησε Λυαίῳ
Θρηικίοις σκοπέλοις κεκορυθμένος· ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχῳ
ὑψινεφῆ κούφιζε ῥάχιν δυσχείμονος Αἵμου
εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήιστον, ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου·
καὶ σκοπιὴν ἔρριψεν· ἐφαπτόμεναι δὲ Λυαίου
νεβρίδος ἀρρήκτοιο διεσχίζοντο κολῶναι·
Ἡμαθίης δὲ κάρηνα νέος γύμνωσε Τυφωεὺς
ὑψιφανής, προτέρῳ πανομοίιος, ὅς ποτε πολλοὺς
ῥωγαλέους κενεῶνας ἐκούφισε μητρὸς ἀρούρης,

those tippling leaves, the Giants' heads with those viper tresses were cut off and the severed necks danced in the dust. Tribes innumerable were destroyed ; from the slain Giants ran everflowing rivers of blood, crimson torrents newly poured coloured the ravines red. The swarms of earthbred snakes ran wild with fear before the tresses of Dionysos viper-enwreathed.

[56] Fire was also a weapon of Bacchos. He cast a torch in the air to destroy his adversaries : through the high paths ran the Bacchic flame leaping and curling over itself and shooting down corrosive sparks on the Giants' limbs ; and there was a serpent with a blaze in his threatening mouth, half-burnt and whistling with a firescorched throat, spitting out smoke instead of a spurt of deadly poison.

[63] There was infinite tumult. Bacchos raised himself and lifted his fighting torch over the heads of his adversaries, and roasted the Giants' bodies with a great conflagration, an image on earth of the thunderbolt cast by Zeus. The torches blazed : fire was rolling all over the head of Encelados and making the air hot, but it did not vanquish him—Encelados bent not his knee in the steam of the earthly fire, since he was reserved for a thunderbolt. Vast Alcyoneus leapt upon Lyaios armed with his Thracian crags ; he lifted over Bacchos a cloudhigh peak of wintry Haimos—useless against that mark, Dionysos the invulnerable. He threw the cliff, but when the rocks touched the fawnskin of Lyaios, they could not tear it, and burst into splinters themselves. Typhoeus towering high had stript the mountains of Emathia (a younger Typhoeus in all parts like the older, who once had lifted many a rugged strip

πετραίοις βελέεσσι καταιχμάζων Διονύσου.
καί τινος ἀσπαίροντος ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἄορ ἐρύσσας
Βάκχος ἄναξ κεκόρυστο Γιγαντείοισι καρήνοις,
ἰοβόλων πλοκάμων ὀφιώδεα λήμα κείρων·
καὶ στρατὸν αὐτοτέλεστον ἀτευχέι χειρὶ δαΐζων
μάρνατο λυσσήεις, χλοερῶν ἐπιβήτορα δένδρων
κισσὸν ἔχων τανύφυλλον, ἀκοντιστῆρα Γιγάντων.
Καί νύ κε πάντας ἔπεφνεν ἑῷ ῥηξήνορι θύρσῳ,
ἀλλὰ παλινδίνητος ἑκὼν ἀνεχάζετο χάρμης,
δυσμενέας ζώοντας ἑῷ γενετῆρι φυλάσσων.
Καί νύ κεν εἰς Φρυγίην ταχὺς ἔδραμεν ὠκέι ταρσῷ,
ἀλλά μιν ἄλλος ἄεθλος ἐρήτυεν, ὄφρα θανόντων
τοσσατίων ἕνα φῶτα κατακτείνειε φονῆα
Παλλήνης γενέτην θανατηφόρον, ὅς ποτε κούρης
οἶστρον ἔχων ἀθέμιστον ἁμαρτιγάμων ὑμεναίων
συζυγίην ἀνέκοπτεν, ἀμετρήτους δὲ δαΐζων
μελλογάμους μνηστῆρας ἀπέθρισεν, ὧν ὑπὸ λύθρῳ
κτεινομένων καναχηδὸν ἐφοινίσσοντο παλαῖστραι,
εἰσόκε Βάκχος ἵκανε Δίκης πρόμος· ἀγχιγάμου δὲ
Παλλήνης δυσέρωτι παριστάμενος γενετῆρι
ῥιγεδανῆς ὑμέναιον ἀτάσθαλον ᾖτεε κούρης,
ποικίλα δ' ὤρεγε δῶρα· καὶ αἰτίζοντι Λυαίῳ
φρικτὸς ἀνὴρ κήρυξε παλαισμοσύνην ὑμεναίων·
καί μιν ἄγων ἐπέβησε κακοξείνοιο παλαίστρης,
ὁππόθι τολμήεσσα δορυσσόος ἵστατο κούρη
νυμφιδίην ὤμοισιν ἐλαφρίζουσα βοείην.
Καὶ τότε Κύπρις ἔην ἐναγώνιος· ἦν δ' ἐνὶ μέσσῳ
γυμνὸς Ἔρως καὶ στέμμα γαμήλιον ὤρεγε Βάκχῳ,

---

* Sithon king of the Odomantes in Thrace. There are two forms of the story, (a) that all wooers must fight Sithon, till at last one pair were set to fight each other, and one of them, Cleitos, whom Pallene loved, was secretly helped by her, won

of his mother earth), and cast the rocky missiles at Dionysos. Lord Bacchos pulled away the sword of one that was gasping on the ground and attacked the Giants' heads, cutting the snaky crop of poison-spitting hair; even without weapon he destroyed the selfmarshalled host, fighting furiously, and using the treeclimbing longleaf ivy to strike the Giants.

87 Indeed he would have slain all with his man-breaking thyrsus, if he had not retired of his own will out of the fray and left enemies alive for his Father.

90 Then he would quickly have gone to Phrygia with speeding foot, but another task held him back; that after so many had died he might kill one murderous creature, Pallene's deathdealing father.[a] He once had an unlawful passion for his daughter; he used to thwart her marriage and hinder every match. Wooers innumerable who would have wed her he killed, a great harvest of them; the places of wrestling were noisy with their murders and red with their blood, until Bacchos came as the champion of Justice. There was Pallene, ever so near to wedlock, and her father full of unholy passion: Bacchos came near, and proposed to make the wicked match with his horrible daughter, offering all manner of gifts. To this request of Lyaios, the dreadful man declared how wrestling must win the bride. He led him into the place of contest, so ill-omened for strangers, where the audacious girl stood ready spear in hand bearing her bridal shield on her shoulders.[b]

106 Then Cypris presided over the ring. In the midst was Eros naked, holding out to Bacchos the

and finally married her, (*b*) the version given here. Both stories seem to be rather late.

[b] This seems a remnant of some other version, in which the contest was a duel, not a wrestling-match.

ἦν δὲ παλαισμοσύνη νυμφοστόλος· ἀργυφέῳ δὲ
ἁβρὸν ἀνεχλαίνωσεν ἑὸν δέμας εἵματι Πειθὼ
νίκην μελλογάμοιο προθεσπίζουσα Λυαίου.
καὶ βριαρῶν μελέων ἀπεδύσατο φάρεα κούρη,
καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔθηκε γαμήλιον, ἁβροτέρη δὲ
Σιθονὶς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀσάμβαλος ἵστατο κούρη,
θηλυφανής, ἀσίδηρος, ἐρευθιόωντι δὲ δεσμῷ
ἀκλινέων τροχόεσσαν ἴτυν μιτρώσατο μαζῶν·
καὶ δέμας ἀσκεπὲς ἦεν, ἀμετρήτων δὲ κομάων
ἁπλεκέες πλοκαμῖδες ἐπέρρεον αὐχένι κούρης,
καὶ κνήμας ἀνέφαινε καὶ ἀσκεπέων πτύχα μηρῶν
γυμνῆς φαινομένης ἐπιγουνίδος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μηροῖς
ἥρμοσε λευκὸν ὕφασμα, γυναικείης σκέπας αἰδοῦς·
καὶ χρόα πιαλέῳ πεπαλαγμένον εἶχεν ἐλαίῳ
καὶ παλάμας πολὺ μᾶλλον, ὅπως ἀλύτων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
ὑγρὸν ὀλισθήσειε πιεζομένη χρόα κούρη.
Καὶ βλοσυροῖς στομάτεσσιν ἀπειλήσασα Λυαίῳ
νυμφοκόμῳ μητρῆρι παρίστατο, διχθάδιον δὲ
αὐχένι δεσμὸν ἔβαλλεν ὁμόζυγι πήχεος ἁλκῷ·
ἀλλὰ παλιμδίητον ἐὴν ἀνελύσατο δειρὴν
Βάκχος ἀπορρίψας ἁπαλόχροα δάκτυλα κούρης,
δεσμοῖς θηλυτέροισι περίπλοκον αὐχένα σείων·
καὶ διδύμας στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἰξύι χεῖρας ἑλίξας
Παλλήνην ἐτίναξε ποδῶν ἑτεραλκέι παλμῷ·
καὶ ῥοδέης παλάμης ἐδράξατο, Κυπριδίην δὲ
εἶχε παραιφασίην χιονώδεα χεῖρα πιέζων·
οὐδὲ τόσον μενέαινεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ παῖδα κυλίνδειν,
ὅσσον ἐπιψαύειν ἁπαλοῦ χροός, ἡδέι μόχθῳ
τερπόμενος· καὶ ἔκαμνε δολοπλόκον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
ὡς βροτός, ἀμβολίῃ δὲ θελήμονι κάλλιπε νίκην.
Παλλήνη δ' ἐρόεσσα πάλης τεχνήμονι παλμῷ
θηλυτέραις παλάμῃσι δέμας κούφιζε Λυαίου·

bridal wreath. Wrestling was to win the bride: Peitho clad her delicate body in a silvery robe, foretelling victory for Lyaios's wooing. The girl stript the clothes off her muscular limbs; she laid down the fierce wedding-spear. There stood the daughter of Sithon, daintier now, unshod, unveiled, unarmed, revealed a woman, but a red band girt the rounded curve of her firm breasts. Her body was uncovered, but for the long tresses of the abundant hair which flowed loose over the girl's neck. Her legs were visible, and the curve of her thighs uncovered with the part above the knee bare, but a white wrap fitted close over the thighs to cover her nakedness. Her skin had been well rubbed with fat oil, and her arms more than all, that she might slip out easily if her body were pressed in a grasp too strong to loosen.

124 She came up to Lyaios her eager wooer with rough threatening words, and threw her two arms with a swing linking them round his neck; Bacchos just threw back his neck with the woman's fetters about it, and shook it loose again, throwing off the girl's tender fingers. Then he put his two arms round her waist like a girdle, and shook her from side to side by movements of his feet. He grasped a rosy palm, and felt comfort for his love as he squeezed the snowwhite hand. He did not wish so much to give the maid a throw as to touch the soft flesh, entranced with his delightful task; he used all his guile, panting with labouring breath, as if he were a mortal, delaying victory on purpose. Lovely Pallene tried a trick of the ring to lift the body of Lyaios, but her woman's

οὐδέ μιν ἠέρταζε, τόσον βάρος, ἀλλὰ καμοῦσα
ἄρσενα γυῖα λέλοιπεν ἀκινήτου Διονύσου.
καὶ θεὸς ἀντιτύπῳ περιδέσμιον ἄμματι χειρῶν
παρθενικὴν ἐρόεσσαν ἑλών, ἅτε θύρσον ἀείρων,
δόχμιον ἀμφιέλικτον ἐκούφισεν ὑψόθεν ὤμου·
χειρὶ δὲ φειδομένῃ βριαρὴν ἀπεσείσατο κούρην,
Παλλήνην δ' ἀτίνακτον ὅλην ἐτανύσσατο γαίῃ·
καὶ δολίοις βλεφάροισιν ἐὴν ἐλέλιζεν ὀπωπήν,
κούρης ἁβροκόμου κεκονιμένα γυῖα δοκεύων
καὶ πλοκάμους ῥυπόωντας ἀκηδέστοιο καρήνου.
ἀλλὰ παλινδίνητος ἀναΐξασα κονίης
ὄρθιος ἐστήριξε τὸ δεύτερον ἴχνια κούρη·
καὶ τροχαλῇ Διόνυσος ἀφειδέι γούνατος ὁρμῇ
γαστέρα Παλλήνης κρατέων ἑτεραλκέι παλμῷ
παρθενικὴν μενέαινεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο κυλίνδειν,
καὶ παλάμας μετέθηκεν ἐπὶ πλευροῖσιν ἑλίξας
αὐχένα κυρτώσας ἐπικάρσιον, ἀμφὶ δὲ νώτῳ
μεσσατίῳ κύκλωσεν ὀπίστερα δάκτυλα κάμψας,
ἢ σφυρὸν ἢ κνήμην δεδοκημένος ἢ γόνυ μάρψειν.
καὶ θεὸς αὐτοκύλιστος ἑκούσιος ἤριπε γαίῃ
οὐτιδανῇ παλάμῃ νικώμενος· ἱμερόεν δὲ
φάρμακον ἔσχεν ἔρωτος, ἐνὶ γλυκερῇ δὲ κονίῃ
κουφίζων ἐρόεις ἐπὶ νηδύι φόρτον Ἐρώτων
ὕπτιος αὐτὸς ἔμιμνε, καὶ οὐκ ἀπεσείσατο κούρην,
ἀλλά μιν ἐσφήκωσε πόθου φρενοθελγέι δεσμῷ.
ἡ δὲ ταχυστροφάλιγγι ποδῶν νωμήτορι παλμῷ
ἴχνιον ἠώρησεν, ἐρωμανέος δὲ Λυαίου
ἄρσενα λύσατο χεῖρα· θεὸς δ' ὑπ' ὀλίζονι ῥιπῇ
γυῖα μεταστρέψας ῥοδέην ἐτανύσσατο κούρην
ἐν δαπέδῳ στορέσας· καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ κέκλιτο κούρη
χεῖρας ἐφαπλώσασα· τιταινομένης δ' ἐπὶ πέζῃ
εὐπαλάμῳ σφήκωσεν ὁμόζυγον αὐχένα δεσμῷ.

arms were not equal to raise that great weight ; she tired, and let go the masculine limbs of Dionysos immovable. Then the god took a like hold of the lovely girl, and joining his two arms about his adversary lifted her as if she were his own wand, and threw her aslant round and over his shoulder ; then with gentle hand swung off the sturdy girl and laid her at full length quiet on the ground. He let his eyes furtively wander, scanning the limbs of the girl covered with her glorious hair in the dust, the luxurious tresses of the untidy head dabbled in dirt.

150 But the girl jumped up again from the dust and stood up steady on her feet once more. Then Dionysos with an agile movement mercilessly set his knee against Pallene's belly, and holding her tried to roll her over on the ground with a sideways heave, changed his arms to a grasp round her waist, bent his head to one side and shifted his fingers behind to the middle of her back, and tried to hook ankle or shin, or to catch the knee. At last the god fell back of himself rolling on the ground and let a feeble hand conquer him : a charming physic it was for his love, when he lay beautiful in that happy dust on his back, bearing upon his own belly that lovely burden—he lay still, and did not throw off the girl, but held her fast with soulconsoling bonds of desire. She pulled herself from the manly hands of lovemad Dionysos, and lifted herself to her feet with a twist of her legs in a quick supple movement ; but the god with a slight effort simply rolled over and laid the rosy girl flat on the ground. So there lay the girl on the ground stretching her arms abroad, and as she lay along the ground he joined his arms neatly in a clasp about her neck.

Ὠκυτέροις δὲ πόδεσσι πατὴρ κατὰ μέσσον ὀρούσας
ἀθλεύειν ἐθέλουσαν ἑὴν ἀνεσείρασε κούρην,
καὶ γαμίην ἀνέκοψεν ἀεθλοσύνην ὑμεναίων
νίκην ἱμερόεσσαν ἐπιτρέψας Διονύσῳ,
μή μιν ἀποκτείνειεν ἔχων ἀστεμφέι δεσμῷ.
καὶ Διὸς αἰνήσαντος ἀεθλοφόρον μετὰ νίκην
γνωτὸν Ἔρως ἔστεψε γάμων πομπῆι κορύμβῳ
ἱμερτὴν τελέσαντα παλαισμοσύνην ὑμεναίων.
καὶ πέλε τοῖος ἄεθλος ὁμοίιος, ὡς ὅτε κούρην
χρυσοφαῆ προπάροιθε γαμήλια δῶρα κυλίνδων
Ἱππομένης νίκησεν ἐπειγομένην Ἀταλάντην.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε νυμφοκόμοιο πάλης ἐτέλεσσεν ἀγῶνα
Βάκχος, ἔτι στάζων γαμίους ἱδρῶτας ἀέθλων
Σιθόνα μὲν πρήνιξε τετυμμένον ὀξέι θύρσῳ,
μνηστήρων ὀλετῆρα, κυλινδομένου δὲ κονίῃ
κούρῃ θύρσον ἔδωκε μιαφόνον ἔδνον Ἐρώτων.

---

[a] Presumably it was to be the best two out of three bouts. So far Dionysos had scored one fall, the second bout was undecided and did not count, since both had come down (by Greek rules only clean throws counted), and so Pallene might be equal yet.

[b] It is a not unhappy comparison which brings together Pallene, Atalante and (212) Oinomaos. Atalante, daughter of Schoineus of Boiotia (or Arcadia) was loved by Hippomenes (in the commonest version of the story), but she would marry no one who could not beat her in a foot-race, and those who lost the race were killed. Hippomenes, by the favour of Aphrodite, had three of the golden apples of the Hesperides, and every time he got ahead of Atalante in the race, he threw one down before her, so that she delayed to pick up it and thus lost despite her great speed of foot. Oinomaos gave any suitor permission to take his daughter Hippodameia and drive off with her in a chariot, reserving

172 Then with swift feet her father leapt between them. The girl wanted to try again,[a] but he held her back, and put an end to this wedding-contest for a bride by yielding love's victory to Dionysos, for fear he might kill her in that immovable grip. So after the victory in this contest, with the consent of Zeus, Eros crowned his brother with the cluster that heralds a wedding; for he had accomplished a delectable wedding-bout. It was indeed a contest like that when Hippomenes once conquered flying Atalanta, by rolling golden marriage-gifts in front of her feet.[b]

183 But when Bacchos had ended the wrestling-match for his bride, still dripping with the sweat of his wedding contest he struck down Sithon with a stab of his sharp thyrsus, Sithon the murderer of wooers; and as the father rolled in the dust he gave his daughter the thyrsus that slew him, as a love-gift. That was

however the right to pursue in his own chariot and spear the suitor if he could catch him. In one version of the story of Pallene (Parthenios vi. 3-4), chariots are introduced also, though it is said that the competitors for her hand (*cf.* note on 93) were to fight from them, not race in them, a very odd archaism, since fighting in (as opposed to from) chariots was already obsolete in the days of Homer. This suggests that here again a pursuit (not a race in the ordinary sense) may have been the original contest. Atalante also, in a version preserved by Hyginus (*Fab.* 185. 2, see Rose *ad loc.*), did not race with her suitors, but ran after them, killing them if she caught them before they got to the goal. Now if we compare the curious ritual of Orchomenos (Plutarch, *Quaest. Graec.* 38), in which the priest of Dionysos pursued with a sword certain women, and might kill any one of them he caught, it seems in no way impossible that all these stories, or some of them at least, represent a ritual flight and pursuit (a common enough ceremony in itself) with a real or pretended killing involved. That such a performance should be confused with a ritual combat, also a fairly common proceeding, is natural enough.

καὶ γάμος ἦν πολύυμνος· ἀσιγήτῳ δ' ἐνὶ παστῷ
Σειληνοὶ κελάδησαν, ἐπωρχήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
καὶ Σάτυροι μεθύοντες ἀνέπλεκον ὕμνον Ἐρώτων
συζυγίην μέλποντες ἀεθλοφόρων ὑμεναίων.
Νηρεῖδων δὲ φάλαγγες ὑπὸ σφυρὰ γείτονος ἰσθμοῦ
νυμφιδίῃ Διόνυσον ἐμιτρώσαντο χορείῃ,
καὶ μέλος ἐφθέγξαντο, παρὰ Θρῄκι δὲ πόντῳ
ξεινοδόκος Βρομίοιο γέρων ὠρχήσατο Νηρεύς,
καὶ γαμίῃ Γαλάτεια περισκαίρουσα θαλάσσῃ
Παλλήνην ἐλίγαινε συναπτομένην Διονύσῳ,
καὶ Θέτις ἐσκίρτησε, καὶ εἰ πέλε νῆις Ἐρώτων,
καὶ γαμίην ἔστεψεν ἁλιζώνου ῥάχιν ἰσθμοῦ
Παλλήνης ὑμέναιον ἀνευάζων Μελικέρτης·
καί τις Ἀμαδρυάδων φλογερῇ παρὰ γείτονι Λήμνῳ
νυμφιδίην Θρῄσσαν Ἀθωιὰς ἤψατο πεύκην.
καὶ φιλίοις ὰάροισι παρηγορέων ἓο νύμφην
μυρομένην γενετῆρα φιλεύιος εἶπεν ἀκοίτης·
" Παρθένε, μὴ στενάχιζε τεὸν δυσέρωτα τοκῆα·
παρθένε, μὴ στενάχιζε τεῆς μνηστῆρα κορείης·
τίς γενέτης ἔσπειρε καὶ εἰς γάμον ἤγαγε κούρην;
σὸν κενεὸν λίπε πένθος, ὅτι κταμένοιο τοκῆος,
Σιθόνος ὑμετέροιο, Δίκη γελόωσα χορεύει,
χερσὶ δὲ παρθενίῃσι γαμήλιον ἁψαμένη πῦρ,
ἡ γάμον ἀγνώσσουσα, τεὸν γάμον εἰσέτι μέλπει,
Οἰνόμαον πάλιν ἄλλον ὀπιπεύουσα θανόντα·
Οἰνόμαος μὲν ὄλωλε, καταφθιμένου δὲ τοκῆος
τέρπεται Ἱπποδάμεια σὺν ἀρτιγάμῳ παρακοίτῃ.
καὶ σὺ τεοῦ γενέταο πόθους ῥίψασα θυέλλαις
τέρπεο βοτρυόεντι συναπτομένη παρακοίτῃ,

---

[a] The Isthmus of Pallene, westernmost of the three promontories of Chalcidice.

a wedding of many songs: the bridechamber was never silent, Seilenoi chanted, Bacchants danced, drunken Satyrs wove a hymn of love and sang the alliance which came of this victorious match. Companies of Nereïds under the foothills of the neighbouring isthmus [a] encircled Dionysos with wedding dances and warbled their lay; beside the Thracian sea danced old Nereus, who once had Bromios for a guest; Galateia tript over the wedding-sea and carolled Pallene joined with Dionysos; Thetis capered although she knew nothing of love [b]; Melicertes crowned the seagirt wedding-reef of the isthmus chanting Euoi for Pallene's bridal; many a Hamadryad of Athos kindled a Thracian torch for the bridal in fiery Lemnos [c] close by. And while the bride mourned her father, the Euian bridegroom comforted her with lover's tender talk :—

205 "Maiden, lament not for your father so wicked in his love! Maiden, lament not for one that wooed your maidenhood! What father ever begat and then married his own daughter? Leave your empty mourning, because now that Sithon your father is slain Justice dances and laughs, and kindles a wedding-torch with her virgin hands; she who knows not marriage still is singing your marriage, as she beholds a new Oinomaos dead. Oinomaos died indeed, but although her father had perished, Hippodameia took her joy with her husband newly-wedded.[d] Then you too must throw to the winds your regret for your father, and take your joy united with your vinegod

[b] Because it was not till later that she married Peleus.

[c] A tradition of volcanic activities in Lemnos (*Λήμνιον πῦρ*) lingered into classical times.

[d] There is a real resemblance between the legends, see note on 182.

μῶμον ἀλευομένη πατρώιον· οὔ σε διδάξω
Σιθόνος ἐχθρὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἀμβολίην ὑμεναίων,
ὃς φονίῃ παλάμῃ γαμβροκτόνον ἔγχος ἀείρων
γηραλέην σε τέλεσσεν, ἀπειρήτην Ἀφροδίτης,
συζυγίην δ' ἐκέδασσεν ἀνυμφεύτων σέο λέκτρων.
μνηστήρων σκοπίαζε σεσηπότα λείψανα νεκρῶν,
οὓς Παφίη κόσμησε καὶ ἔκτανε θοῦρις Ἐρινύς·
ἠνίδε κεῖνα κάρηνα θαλύσια σεῖο μελάθρων,
λύθρον ἔτι στάζοντα κακοξείνων ὑμεναίων.
Σιθόνος οὐ μεθέπεις χθόνιον γένος· οὐράνιος δὲ
πείθομαι ὥς σε λόχευσε τεὸς Θρηίκιος Ἄρης,
πείθομαι, ὡς Κυθέρεια τεὴν ὤδινε γενέθλην·
καὶ σὺ τεῶν διδύμων ἀπεμάξαο θεσμὰ τοκήων,
Ἄρεος ἦθος ἔχουσα καὶ ἀγλαΐην Ἀφροδίτης·
πείθομαι, ὥς σε φύτευσεν ἄναξ ἐναγώνιος Ἑρμῆς
ἁβρὰ τελεσσιγάμοιο μολὼν ἐπὶ δέμνια Πειθοῦς,
καί σε παλαισμοσύνην ἐδιδάξατο πομπὸν Ἐρώτων."

Εἶπε παρηγορέων ἀχέων παιήονι μύθῳ,
μυρομένης δ' εὖνησεν ἐπήρατα δάκρυα κούρης.
καὶ γαμίης δήθυνεν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἐγγύθι νύμφης
τερπόμενος φιλότητι νεοζυγέων ὑμεναίων.

Παλλήνης δὲ μέλαθρα λιπὼν καὶ Θρῇκα Βορῆα
Ῥείης εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν, ὅπῃ Φρυγίῃ παρὰ πέζῃ
δαίμονος εὐώδινος ἔσαν Κυβεληίδες αὐλαί.
ἐνθάδε θηρεύουσα παρὰ σφυρὰ Δίνδυμα πέτρης
Ῥυνδακὶς οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀέξετο παρθένος Ὕρη,
εἰσέτι νῆις Ἔρωτος, ὁμόδρομος ἰοχεαίρης,
ἀπτολέμων φεύγουσα νοήματα παρθενικάων,
Ἄρτεμις ὁπλοτέρη Ληλαντιάς, ἣν ποτε Τιτὴν
νυμφεύσας Περίβοιαν ἀπόσπορον Ὠκεανοῖο

lover, now that you have escaped a father's disgrace. I need not tell you of Sithon's hateful love and your marriage delayed ; how he took in hand a murderous blade to kill your wooers, and let you grow old without a taste of Aphrodite, scattered your hopes of a husband and left your bed solitary. Look at the rotting relics of your pretenders' bodies, whom the Paphian adorned and the furious Avenger slew ! See those heads hung before your doors like first-fruits of harvest, still dripping with the gore of those inhospitable bridal feasts ! You are no mortal daughter of Sithon. I believe a heavenly being begat you, your own Thracian Ares. I believe Cythereia brought you to birth ; and you have marks of both parents imprinted, the temper of Ares and the radiance of Aphrodite. Or I believe your father was Lord Hermes of the ring, when he entered the delicate bed of Peitho who brings marriage to pass, and he taught you the wrestling which leads the way to love."

234 So he consoled her with words that healed her sorrow, and stilled the lovely tears of the mourning maiden. And he lingered for some time beside his wedded bride, taking his joy in the love of this new marriage.

238 Then he left the halls of Pallene and Thracian Boreas, and went on to Rheia's house, where the divine court of the prolific Cybele stood on Phrygian soil. There grew Aura the mountain maiden of Rhyndacos, and hunted over the foothills of rocky Dindymon. She was yet unacquainted with love, a comrade of the Archeress. She kept aloof from the notions of unwarlike maids, like a younger Artemis, this daughter of Lelantos ; for the father of this

πρεσβυγενὴς Λήλαντος ἀελλόπον ἤρσε κούρην,
κούρην ἀντιάνειραν, ἀπειρήτην Ἀφροδίτης.
ἡ μὲν ἀνεβλάστησεν ὑπέρτερος ἤλικος ἥβης,
ἱμερτὴ ῥοδόπηχυς, ἀεὶ χαίρουσα κολώναις·
πολλάκι δ' ἀγρώσσουσα κατέτρεχε λυσσάδος ἄρκτου,
καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔπεμπε καταιχμάζουσα λεαίνης,
οὐ κεμάδας κτείνουσα καὶ οὐ βάλλουσα λαγωούς·
ἀλλὰ δαφοινήεσσαν ἐλαφρίζουσα φαρέτρην
ὠμοβόρων τόξευεν ὀρίδρομα φῦλα λεόντων
θηροφόνοις βελέεσσιν· ἐπωνυμίῃ δὲ καὶ ἔργῳ
ὀξύτατον δρόμον εἶχεν ὀρειάσι σύνδρομος αὔραις.

Καί ποτε διψαλέοιο πυρωγέι καύματος ὥρῃ
παρθένος ὑπνώουσα πόνων ἀμπαύετο θήρης·
καὶ δέμας ἁπλώσασα Κυβηλίδος ὑψόθι ποίης
κρᾶτα παρακλίνασα σαόφρονος ἔρνεϊ δάφνης
εὕδε μεσημβρίζουσα, καὶ ἐσσομένων ὑμεναίων
ἱμερτὴν ἐνόησε προμάντιος ὄψιν ὀνείρου,
ὅττι θεὸς πυρόεις ταύσας βέλος αἴθοπι νευρῇ
θοῦρος Ἔρως τόξευε λαγωβόλος ἔνδοθι λόχμης,
οὐτιδανοῖς βελέεσσιν ὀιστεύων στίχα θηρῶν·
παιδὶ δὲ θηρεύοντι συνέμπορος υἱέι Μύρρης
Κύπρις ἔην γελόωσα· καὶ ἵστατο παρθένος Αὔρη,
Ἀρτέμιδος μετὰ τόξον ἀήθεος ὑψόθεν ὤμου
ἀγρευτῆρος Ἔρωτος ἐλαφρίζουσα φαρέτρην·
αὐτὰρ ὁ θῆρας ἔπεφνεν, ἕως ἐκορέσσατο νευρῆς
βάλλων πορδαλίων βλοσυρὸν στόμα
καὶ γένυν ἄρκτου,
ζωγρήσας δὲ λέαιναν ἑῷ πανθελγέι κεστῷ
θῆρα πιεζομένην φιλοπαίγμονι δεῖξε τεκούσῃ·
παρθενικὴ δ' ἐδόκησε κατὰ κνέφας, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴν

stormfoot girl was ancient Lelantos the Titan, who wedded Periboia, a daughter of Oceanos ; a manlike maid she was, who knew nothing of Aphrodite. She grew up taller than her yearsmates, a lovely rosy-armed thing, ever a friend of the hills. Often in hunting she ran down the wild bear, and sent her swift lance shooting against the lioness, but she slew no prickets and shot no hares. No, she carried her tawny quiver to shoot down hillranging tribes of ravening lions, with her shafts that were death to wild beasts. Her name was like her doings : Aura the Windmaid could run most swiftly, keeping pace with the highland winds.

258 One day in the scorching season of thirsty heat the maiden was asleep, resting from her labours of hunting. Stretching her body on Cybele's grass, and leaning her head on a bush of chaste [a] laurel, she slept at midday, and saw a vision in her dreams which foretold a delectable marriage to come—how the fiery god, wild Eros, fitted shaft to burning string and shot the hares in the forest, shot the wild beasts in a row with his tiny shafts; how Cypris came, laughing, wandering with the young son of Myrrha [b] as he hunted, and Aura the maiden was there, carrying the quiver of huntsman Eros on the shoulder which was ere now used to the bow of Artemis. But Eros went on killing the beasts, until he was weary of the bowstring and hitting the grim face of a panther or the snout of a bear ; then he caught a lioness alive with the allbewitching cestus, and dragging the beast away showed her fettered to his merry mother. The maiden saw in the darkness

[a] Because the laurel is Daphne, who would have none of Apollo's advances. [b] The son of Myrrha is Adonis.

πῆχυν ἐπικλίνουσαν Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ
μάργος Ἔρως ἐρέθιζεν, ὑπογνάμπτων Ἀφροδίτῃ
ληιδίης γόνυ δοῦλον ὑπερφιάλοιο λεαίνης,
τοῖον ἔπος βοόων· " στεφανηφόρε μῆτερ Ἐρώτων,
αὐχένα σοι κλίνουσαν ἄγω φιλοπάρθενον Αὔρην·
ἀλλά, ποθοβλήτοιο χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο,
στέψατε κεστὸν ἱμάντα γαμοστόλον, ὅττι μενοινὴν
τοσσατίην νίκησεν ἀνικήτοιο λεαίνης."
τοῖον ἔπος μαντῶν ὀρεστιὰς ἔδρακεν Αὔρη·
οὐδὲ μάτην πρὸς Ἔρωτας ἔην ὄναρ, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
εἰς λίνον ἄνδρα φέρουσι καὶ ἀγρώσσουσι γυναῖκα.
Κούρη δ' ἐγρομένη πιντόφρονι μαίνετο δάφνῃ,
καὶ Παφίῃ καὶ Ἔρωτι μαχέσσατο, καὶ πλέον Ὕπνῳ
χώσατο τολμήεντι, καὶ ἠπείλησεν Ὀνείρῳ,
καὶ πετάλοις νεμέσιζε καὶ ἀφθόγγῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
" Δάφιη, τί κλονέεις με;
τί Κύπριδι καὶ σέο δένδρῳ;
ἀασάμην εὖδουσα τεοὺς ὑπὸ γείτονας ὄζους
σὸν φυτὸν ἐλπομένη φιλοπάρθενον, ὑμετέρης δὲ
φήμης οὐκ ἐτύχησα καὶ ἐλπίδος· ὡς ἄρα, Δάφιη,
σὸν δέμας ἀλλάξασα τεὸν νόον εὗρες ἀμεῖψαι;
μὴ γαμίῃ μετὰ πότμον ὑποδρήσσεις Ἀφροδίτῃ;
οὐ πιυτῆς τόδε δένδρον, ἀπ' ἀρτιγάμοιο δὲ νύμφης;
οὐ νέμεσις παρὰ μύρτον ὀνείρατα ταῦτα νοῆσαι,
μαχλάδος οὗτος ὄνειρος ἐπάξιος· ἦ ῥά σε Πειθώ,
ἦ ῥά σε χειρὶ φύτευσε τεὸς δαφναῖος Ἀπόλλων;"
Εἶπεν ὁμοῦ κοτέουσα φυτῷ καὶ Ἔρωτι καὶ Ὕπνῳ.
καί ποτε θηρεύουσα κατ' οὔρεα δεσπότις ἄγρης

---

[a] In her dream Aura is at once the familiar companion of the powers of love and a wild creature just caught and given to them.

[b] The Charites, as attendants of Aphrodite.

how mischievous Eros teased herself also as she leaned her arm on Cythereia and Adonis, while he made his prey the proud lioness, bend a slavish knee before Aphrodite, as he cried loudly, "Garlanded mother of the loves! I lead to you Aura, the maiden too fond of maidenhood, and she bows her neck.[a] Now you dancers of lovestricken Orchomenos,[b] crown this cestus, the strap that waits on marriage, because it has conquered the stubborn will of this invincible lioness!" Such was the prophetic oracle which Aura the mountain maiden saw. Nor was it vain for the loves, since they themselves bring a man into the net and hunt a woman.

287 The maiden awoke, raved against the prudent laurel, upbraided Eros and the Paphian—but bold Sleep she reproached more than all and threatened the Dream: she was angry with the leaves and thought, though she spoke not,

292 "Daphne, why do you persecute me? What has your tree to do with Cypris? I was deluded when I slept under your neighbouring branches, because I thought yours was a plant of chastity; but I found nothing of your reputation or my hope. And so, Daphne, when you changed your shape you found how to change your mind? Surely you are not the servant of conjugal Aphrodite after your death? This is not the tree of a decent girl but of a bride newly wed. One might expect to see such dreams near a myrtle: this dream is worthy of a harlot. Did Peitho plant you, did your laurel-Apollo plant you with his own hand?"

301 She spoke thus, angry at the plant and Eros and Sleep all together.

302 And once it happened that Artemis queen of

καύματος αἰθαλόεντος ἰμασσομένη χρόα πυρσῷ
Ἄρτεμις ἔντυε δίφρον, ὅπως ἅμα Νηίσι Νύμφαις
θερμὸν ὀρεσσιχύτοισι δέμας ψύξειε λοετροῖς,
ἡνίκα μέσσον ἔην φλογερὸν θέρος, ἡνίκα πάλλων
καρχαλέης πυρόεντα μεσημβρινὸν ἦχον ἰμάσθης
Ἠέλιος σελάγιζε λεοντείων ἐπὶ νώτων.
καὶ κεμάδας ζυγίοισι συνεκλήισσε λεπάδνοις
Ἄρτεμις οὐρεσίφοιτος· ἐπεμβαίνουσα δὲ δίφρου
λάζετο καὶ μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία παρθένος Ἄὔρη,
καὶ κεραὴν ἤλαυνε θυελλήεσσαν ἀπήνην.
ἀενάου δὲ θύγατρες ἀνάμπυκες Ὠκεανοῖο
δμωῒδες ἐρρώοντο συνήλυδες ἰοχεαίρῃ,
ὧν ἡ μὲν ταχύγουνος ἔην προκέλευθος ἀνάσσης,
ἄλλη δ' ἰσοκέλευθος ἀναστείλασα χιτῶνα
ἐγγὺς ἔην, ἑτέρη δὲ ταυυκνήμιδος ἀπήνης
ἀπτομένη πείρινθος ὁμόδρομον εἶχε πορείην.
καὶ σέλας ἰοχέαιρα διαυγάζουσα προσώπου
ἀμφιπόλων ἤστραψεν ὑπέρτερος, ὡς ὅτε δίφρῳ
αἰθερίῳ πέμπουσα φιλαγρύπνων φλόγα πυρσῶν
ἀννεφέλους ἀκτῖνας ὁιστεύουσα Σελήνη
πλησιφαὴς ἀνέτειλε[1] πυριτρεφέων μέσον ἄστρων,
οὐρανίην στίχα πᾶσαν ἁμαλδύνουσα προσώπῳ·
τῇ σέλας ἶσον ἔχουσα διέτρεχεν Ἄρτεμις ὕλην,
εἰσόκε χῶρον ἵκανεν, ὅπῃ κελάδοντι ῥείθρῳ
Σαγγαρίου ποταμοῖο Διπετὲς ἔλκεται ὕδωρ.
Ἄὔρη δ' ἀμφιέλισσαν ἐὴν ἀνέκοψεν ἰμάσθλην,
καὶ κεμάδας χρυσέοισιν ἀνακρούουσα χαλινοῖς
ἀμφὶ ῥοὰς ἔστησε φερανγέα δίφρον ἀνάσσης·
καὶ θεὸς ἐκ δίφροιο κατέδραμεν· ἐκ δέ οἱ ὤμων

[1] ἀνέτελλε mss.: ἀνέτειλε scripsi.

• The constellation Leo, which the sun enters July 27.

the hunt was hunting over the hills, and her skin was beaten by the glow of the scorching heat, in the middle of glowing summer, at midday, when Helios blazed as he whipt the Lion's [a] back with the fire of his rough whistling whip ; so she got ready her car to cool her hot frame along with the Naiad Nymphs in a bath in some hill burn. Then Artemis hillranger fastened her prickets under the yokestraps. Maiden Aura mounted the car, took reins and whip and drove the horned [b] team like a tempest. The unveiled daughters of everflowing Oceanos her servants made haste to accompany the Archeress : one moved her swift knees as her queen's forerunner, another tucked up her tunic and ran level not far off, a third laid a hand on the basket of the swiftmoving car and ran alongside. Archeress diffusing radiance from her face stood shining above her attendants, as when Selene in her heavenly chariot sends forth the flame of her ever-wakeful fires in a shower of cloudless beams, and rises in full refulgence among the firefed stars, obscuring the whole heavenly host with her countenance [c] : radiant like her, Archeress traversed the forest, until she reached the place where the heavenfallen waters of Sangarios river are drawn in a murmuring stream.

328 Then Aura checked her swinging whip, and holding up the prickets with the golden bridles, brought the radiant car of her mistress to a standstill beside the stream. The goddess leapt out of the car ; Upis [d]

[b] They were of the same mythical breed as the one caught by Heracles in his fourth labour, *cf.* Callimachos, *Hymn* iii. 105 ff. Hence the horns, though they were female.

[c] Since to Nonnos Artemis is the moon, the simile is natural.

[d] Upis, Hecaërge and Loxo the Hyperborean virgins of Delos, *cf.* Call. *Hymn* iv. 292.

τόξα μὲν Οὖπις ἔδεκτο, καὶ ἰοδόκην Ἑκαέργη,
Ὠκεανοῦ δὲ θύγατρες ἐύπλοκα δίκτυα θήρης·
καὶ κύνας . . .
ἐνδρομίδας δὲ ποδῶν ἀνελύσατο Λοξώ.
ἡ δὲ μεσημβρίζουσα σέβας φιλοπάρθενον αἰδοῦς
ἐν προχοαῖς ἐφύλαξε, διερπύζουσα ῥοάων
ἴχνεσι φειδομένοισι, καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς ἄχρι καρήνου
ἀκροβαφῆ κατὰ βαιὸν ἀναστείλασα χιτῶνα,
ἀμφιπερισφίγγουσα πόδας διδυμάονι μηρῷ
κρυπτόμενον μετρηδὸν ὅλον δέμας ἔκλυσε κούρη.
λοξὰ δὲ παπταίνουσα δι' ὕδατος εὔσκοπος Λύρη
τολμηροῖς βλεφάροισιν ἀναιδήτοιο προσώπου
ἀγνὸν ἀθηήτοιο δέμας διεμέτρεε κούρης,
θέσκελον εἰσορόωσα σαόφρονος εἶδος ἀνάσσης·
καὶ πόδας ἁπλώσασα τιταινομένων παλαμάων
δαίμονι νηχομένῃ συνενήχετο παρθένος Λύρη.
ἡμιφανὴς δ' ἀτέλεστος ἔσω ποταμηίδος ὄχθης
ἰκμαλέας ῥαθάμιγγας ἀποσμήξασα κομάων . . .
Ἄρτεμις ἀγροτέρη· σχεδόθεν δέ οἱ ἀγρότις Λύρη
μαζοὺς ἀμφαφόωσα θεημάχον ἴαχε φωνήν·
" Ἄρτεμι, μοῦνον ἔχεις
φιλοπάρθενον οὔνομα κούρης,
ὅττι διὰ στέρνων κεχαλασμένον ἄντυγα θηλῆς
θῆλυν ἔχεις Παφίης, οὐκ ἄρσενα μαζὸν Ἀθήνης,
καὶ ῥοδέους σπινθῆρας ὁιστεύουσι παρειαί·
ἀλλὰ δέμας μεθέπουσα ποθοβλήτοιο θεαίνης
καὶ σὺ γάμων βασίλευε σὺν ἀβροκόμῳ Κυθερείῃ,
δεξαμένη θαλάμοις τινὰ νυμφίον· ἦν δ' ἐθελήσῃς,
Ἑρμείῃ παρίαυε καὶ Ἄρεῖ, λεῖψον Ἀθήνην·

took the bow from her shoulders, and Hecaërge the quiver; the daughters of Oceanos took off the well-strung hunting-nets, and [another took charge of] the dogs; Loxo loosed the boots from her feet. She in the midday heat still guarded her maiden modesty in the river, moving through the water with cautious step, and lifting her tunic little by little from foot to head with the edge touching the surface, keeping the two feet and thighs close together and hiding her body as she bathed the whole by degrees.[a] Aura looked sideways through the water with the daring gaze of her sharp eyes unashamed, and scanned the holy frame of the virgin who may not be seen, examining the divine beauty of her chaste mistress; virgin Aura stretched out her arms and feet at full length and swam by the side of the swimming divinity. Now Artemis lady of the hunt [stood] half visible on the river bank, and wrung out the dripping water from her hair; Aura the maid of the hunt stood by her side, and stroked her breasts and uttered these impious words:

351 "Artemis, you only have the name of a virgin maid, because your rounded breasts are full and soft, a woman's breasts like the Paphian, not a man's like Athena, and your cheeks shed a rosy radiance![b] Well, since you have a body like that desirous goddess, why not be queen of marriage as well as Cythereia with her wealth of fine hair, and receive a bridegroom into your chamber? If it please you, leave Athena and sleep with Hermes and Ares. If it

[a] Much as if she had been a woman of the fellahin fording a river. This prudery is of course quite alien to the classical Artemis.

[b] *i.e.* you, being feminine and desirable, are really virgin; Athena is merely sexless.

ἦν δ' ἐθέλῃς, ἀνάειρε βέλος καὶ τόξον Ἐρώτων,
εἰ μεθέπεις θρασὺν οἶστρον ὁιστοκόμοιο φαρέτρης.
ἱλήκοι τεὸν εἶδος· ἐγὼ σέο μᾶλλον ἀρείων·
δέρκεο, πῶς μεθέπω βριαρὸν δέμας· ἠνίδε μορφὴν
ἄρσενα καὶ Ζεφύροιο θοώτερον ἴχνιον Αὔρης·
δέρκεο, πῶς σφριγόωσι βραχίονες· ἠνίδε μαζοὺς
ὄμφακας οἰδαίνοντας ἀθήλεας· ἦ τάχα φαίης,
ὅττι τεοὶ γλαγόεσσαν ἀναβλύζουσιν ἔέρσην·
πῶς παλάμην μεθέπεις ἀπαλόχροα; πῶς σέο μαζοὶ
οὔ τινα κύκλον ἔχουσι περίτροχον, οἷά περ Αὔρης,
αὐτόματοι κήρυκες ἀσυλήτοιο κορείης;"
Ἔννεπε κερτομέουσα· κατηφιόωσα δὲ σιγῇ
σύννομος οἰδαίνοντι χόλῳ κυμαίνετο δαίμων,
καὶ φονίους σπινθῆρας ἀνηκόντιζον ὀπωπαί·
ἐκ προχοῆς δ' ἀνέπαλτο, πάλιν δ' ἔνδυνε χιτῶνα,
καὶ καθαραῖς λαγόνεσσι τὸ δεύτερον ἥρμοσε μίτρην
ἀχνυμένη. Νέμεσιν δὲ μετήμεν· εὗρε δὲ κούρην
ὑψινεφῆ παρὰ Ταῦρον, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτονι Κύδνῳ
παῦσε Τυφαονίης ὑψαύχενα κόμπον ἀπειλῆς·
καὶ τροχὸς αὐτοκύλιστος ἔην παρὰ ποσσὶν ἀνάσσης
σημαίνων, ὅτι πάντας ἀγήνορας εἰς πέδον ἕλκει
ὑψόθεν εἰλυφόωσα δίκης ποινήτορι κύκλῳ,
δαίμων πανδαμάτειρα, βίου στρωφῶσα πορείην·

---

[a] *Cf.* ii. 553 ff., where however Nemesis does not appear.

[b] The attributes of Nemesis here show what a long way she had travelled from the local goddess of Rhamnus in Attica, who had nothing abstract about her to begin with but was a minor deity loved on occasion by Zeus, and even from the Hellenistic Nemesis, whose closer association with the idea of divine vengeance overtaking the too prosperous and over-confident is shown by the characteristic attitude of her statues, which are represented as spitting into the breast-fold of her garment (*cf.* Theocr. vi. 39), to avert envy. Long before the days of Nonnos, she had become a personification of the

please you, take up the bow and arrows of the loves, if your passion is so strong for a quiver full of arrows. I ask pardon of your beauty, but I am much better than you. See what a vigorous body I have! Look at Aura's body like a boy's, and her step swifter than Zephyros! See the muscles upon my arms, look at my breasts, round and unripe, not like a woman. You might almost say that yours are swelling with drops of milk! Why are your arms so tender, why are your breasts not round like Aura's, to tell the world themselves of unviolated maidenhood?"

370 So she spoke in raillery; the goddess listened downcast in boding silence. Waves of anger swelled in her breast, her flashing eyes had death in their look. She leapt up from the stream and put on her tunic again, and once more fitted the girdle upon her pure loins, offended. She betook herself to Nemesis, and found her on the heights of Tauros in the clouds, where beside neighbour Cydnos she had ended the proudnecked boasting of Typhon's threats.[a] A wheel turned itself round before the queen's feet, signifying that she rolls all the proud from on high to the ground with the avenging wheel of justice, she the allvanquishing deity who turns the path of life.[b] Round her throne flew

power which lays the froward low and redresses the balance of life. To express this, the ingenuity of Imperial times heaped upon her a multitude of emblems, of no significance in cult but purely allegorical. Her wheel is borrowed from Tyche; it may be that a line or two has fallen out before 385 which said she carried a whip; certainly she scourges men like a whip in 387, and this attribute belongs in the last instance to the Erinyes. The griffin is shown at her feet in some late representations of her in art. It would seem that there existed written directions how to paint or carve her: *cf.*

ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ πεπότητο παρὰ θρόνον ὄρνις ἀλάστωρ,
γρυψὶ πτερόεις, πισύρων δὲ ποδῶν κουφίζετο παλμῷ
δαίμονος ἱπταμένης αὐτάγγελος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
τέτραχα μοιρηθέντα διέρχεται ἕδρανα κόσμου·
ἀνέρας ὑψιλόφους ἀλύτῳ σφίγγουσα χαλινῷ,
ἀντίτυπον μίμημα, καὶ ὡς κακότητος ἰμάσθλῃ,
ὡς τροχὸν αὐτοκύλιστον, ἀγήνορα φῶτα κυλίνδει.
ἔγνω δ' ὡς ἐνόησε θεὰ χλοάοντι προσώπῳ
Ἄρτεμιν ἀχνυμένην φονίης πλήθουσαν ἀπειλῆς,
καί μιν ἀνειρομένη φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·
" Σὸν χόλον, ἰοχέαιρα, τεαὶ βοόωσιν ὀπωπαί·
Ἄρτεμι, τίς κλονέει σε θεμιγμάχος υἱὸς Ἀρούρης;
τίς πάλιν ἐβλάστησεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο Τυφωεύς;
μὴ Τιτυὸς παλίνορσος ἐρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων
εἵματος ἀψαύστοιο τεῆς ἔψαυσε τεκούσης;
Ἄρτεμι, πῇ σέο τόξα καὶ Ἀπόλλωνος ὀιστοί;
τίς πάλιν Ὠρίων σε βιάζεται; εἰσέτι κεῖται
κεῖνος, ὃς ὑμετέροιο τάλας ἔψαυσε χιτῶνος,
μητρὸς ἔσω λαγόνων νέκυς ἄπνοος· εἰ δέ τις ἀνὴρ
χερσὶ ποθοβλήτοισι τεῶν ἐδράξατο πέπλων,
σκορπίον ἄλλον ἄεξε τεῆς ποινήτορα μίτρης·
εἰ δὲ πάλιν θρασὺς Ὠτος ἢ αὐχήεις Ἐφιάλτης
συζυγίην μενέαινε τεῶν ἀκίχητον Ἐρώτων,
κτεῖνον ἀνυμφεύτοιο τεῆς μνηστῆρα κορείης·
εἰ δὲ γυνὴ πολύτεκνος ἀνιάζει σέο Λητώ,
ἄλλη λαΐνέη Νιόβη κλαύσειε γενέθλην·
τίς φθόνος, εἰ λίθον ἄλλον ὑπὲρ Σιπύλοιο τελέσσω;

---

the curious description in Ammianus Marcellinus xiv. 11. 26, where the attributes are wings, the wheel and a steering-oar,

a bird of vengeance, a griffin flying with wings, or balancing himself on four feet, to go unbidden before the flying goddess and show that she herself traverses the four separate quarters of the world: high-crested men she bridles with her bit which none can shake off, such is the meaning of the image, and she rolls a haughty fellow about as it were with the whip of misery, like a self-rolling wheel.[a] When the goddess beheld Artemis with pallid face, she knew that she was offended and full of deadly threatenings, and questioned her in friendly words:

392 "Your looks, Archeress, proclaim your anger. Artemis, what impious son of Earth persecutes you? What second Typhoeus has sprung up from the ground? Has Tityos risen again rolling a lovemad eye, and touched the robe of your untouchable mother? Where is your bow, Artemis, where are Apollo's arrows? What Orion is using force against you once more? The wretch that touched your dress still lies in his mother's flanks, a lifeless corpse; if any man has clutched your garments with lustful hands, grow another scorpion to avenge your girdle. If bold Otos again, or boastful Ephialtes, has desired to win your love so far beyond his reach, then slay the pretender to your unwedded virginity. If some prolific wife provokes your mother Leto, let her weep for her children, another Niobe of stone. Why should not I make another stone on Sipylos? Is

but no griffin. For more details, see the elaborate article "Nemesis" by O. Rossbach in Roscher's *Lexikon*, especially cols. 136-137, 159-160.

[a] The text is very obscure, perhaps defective (see note on 378), and the translation uncertain.

μή σε πατὴρ διὰ λέκτρα μετὰ γλαυκῶπιν ὀρίνει;
μὴ τεὸν Ἑρμάωνι γάμον κατένευσε Κρονίων,
οἷα καὶ Ἡφαίστῳ καθαρῆς ὑμέναιον Ἀθήνης;
εἰ δὲ γυνὴ κλονέει σε, τεὴν ἅτε μητέρα Λητώ,
ἔσσομαι ἀχνυμένης τιμήορος ἰοχεαίρης."

Οὔ πω μῦθος ἔληγεν· ἀλεξικάκῳ δὲ θεαίνῃ
τοῖον ἔπος φθαμένη σκυλακοτρόφος ἴαχε κούρη·

"Παρθένε πανδαμάτειρα, κυβερνήτειρα γενέθλης,
οὐ Ζεύς, οὐ Νιόβη με, καὶ οὐ θρασὺς Ὦτος ὀρίνει·
οὐ Τιτυὸς βαθύπεπλον ἐμὴν ἀνεσείρασε Λητώ·
οὐ νέος Ὠρίων με βιάζεται, υἱὸς Ἀρούρης·
ἀλλά με κερτομέουσα βαρύστομος ὀξέϊ μύθῳ
ἤκαχε Ληλάντοιο πάις, δυσπάρθενος Ἄυρη·
ἀλλὰ τί σοι τάδε πάντα διίξομαι; αἰδέομαι γὰρ
αἰσχος ἐμῶν μελέων ἐνέπειν καὶ ὀνείδεα μαζῶν·
μητρὶ δ' ἐμῇ πάθον ἄλγος ὁμοίιον· ἀμφότερον γὰρ
ἐν Φρυγίῃ Νιόβη διδυμητόκον ἤκαχε Λητώ,
καὶ πάλιν ἐν Φρυγίῃ με θεμήχος ἤκαχεν Ἄυρη·
ἀλλ' ἡ μὲν νόθον εἶδος ἀμειψαμένη πόρε ποινήν,
Ταναλὶς αἰνοτόκεια, καὶ εἰσέτι δάκρυα λείβει
ὄμμασι πετραίοισιν· ἀνιηθεῖσα δὲ μούνη
αἰσχος ἔχω νήποινον, ἐπεὶ φιλοπάρθενος Ἄυρη
δάκρυσιν οὐ λίθον εἶχε λελουμένον, οὐκ ἴδε πηγὴν

[a] Here once more Nonnos gives us a mythological catalogue, this time of the various impious persons who had tried to violate Artemis or her mother. Tityos assaulted Leto shortly after the birth of her twins, and Apollo and Artemis killed him with their arrows; for Orion's birth from the

your father pestering you to marry as he did with Athena? Surely Cronion has not promised you to Hermes for a wife, as he promised pure Athena to Hephaistos in wedlock? But if some woman is persecuting you as one did to your mother Leto, I will be the avenger of the offended Archeress." [a]

414 She had not finished, when the puppybreeding maiden broke in and said to the goddess who saves from evil:

416 "Virgin allvanquishing, guide of creation, Zeus pesters me not, nor Niobe, nor bold Otos; no Tityos has dragged at the long robes of my Leto; no new son of Earth like Orion forces me: no, it is that sour virgin Aura, the daughter of Lelantos, who mocks me and offends me with rude sharp words. But how can I tell you all she said? I am ashamed to describe her calumny of my body and her abuse of my breasts. I have suffered just as my mother did: we are both alike—in Phrygia Niobe offended Leto the mother of twins, in Phrygia again impious Aura offended me. But Niobe paid for it by passing into a changeling form, that daughter of Tantalos whose children were her sorrow, and she still weeps with stony eyes; I alone am insulted and bear my disgrace without vengeance, but Aura the champion of chastity has washed no stone with tears, she has seen no fountain

ground, see xiii. 99 ff.; the allusion here is to his trying to violate Artemis, and being killed (not, as often, by her arrows, but) by the scorpion which sprang up from the earth; a conflation of two versions, for the scorpion is properly the divine answer to his premature boast that he could kill all beasts. Otos and Ephialtes wanted to marry Artemis, and by a trick of hers or Apollo's they killed each other, *cf.* Hyginus, *Fab.* 28. 3; they were the gigantic sons of Poseidon and Iphimedeia. The story of Niobe needs no re-telling (406 ff.); for the attempt to make Athena marry Hephaistos, see on xiii. 172.

μῶμον ἀπαγγέλλουσαν ἀφειδέος ἀνθερεῶνος.
ἀλλὰ σὺ κυδαίνουσα τεὴν Τιτηνίδα φύτλην
δός μετὰ μητρῴην ἑτέρην χάριν, ὄφρα νοήσω
λαϊνέης ἀτίνακτον ἀμειβομένης δέμας Αὔρης·
μηδὲ τεὴν ἔμφυλον ὀδυρομένην λίπε κούρην,
μή μοι ἐπεγγελόωσαν ἴδω πάλιν ἄτροπον Αὔρην,
ἠέ μιν οἰστρήσειε τεὴ χαλκήλατος ἅρπη."
Ὣς φαμένην θάρσυνε θεὰ καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·
"Λητῴη φυγόδεμνε, κυνοσσόε, σύγγονε Φοίβου,
οὐ μὲν ἐμῷ δρεπάνῳ Τιτηνίδα παῖδα δαμάσσω,
οὐδέ μιν ἐν Φρυγίῃ τελέσω πετρώδεα νύμφην,
Τιτήνων γεγαυῖα παλαίτατον αἷμα καὶ αὐτή,
μή ποτέ μοι μέμψαιτο πατὴρ Λήλαντος ἀκούων·
ἐν δέ σοι, ἰοχέαιρα, χαρίζομαι· ἀγρότις Αὔρη
παρθενικὴν ἤλεγξε, καὶ οὐκέτι παρθένος ἔσται·
καί μιν ἐσαθρήσειας ὀρεσσιχύτου διὰ κόλπου
δάκρυσι πηγαίοισιν ὀδυρομένην ἔτι μίτρην."
Εἶπε παρηγορέουσα· καὶ οὔρεα κάλλιπε κούρη
Ἄρτεμις ἑζομένη κεμάδων τετράζυγι δίφρῳ,
καὶ Φρυγίης ἐπέβαινεν. ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ πορείῃ
παρθένος Ἀδρήστεια μετήιε δύσμαχον Αὔρην,
γρῦπας ἀμιλλητῆρας ὑποζεύξασα χαλινῷ·
καὶ ταχινὴ πεφόρητο δι' ἠέρος ὀξέι δίφρῳ,
καὶ δρόμον ἐστήριξεν ὑπὲρ Σιπύλοιο καρήνων
Ταντα λίδος προπάροιθε λιθογλήνοιο προσώπου,
πτηνῶν τετραπόδων σκολιοὺς σφίγγουσα χαλινούς.
Αὔρης δ' ἐγγὺς ἵκανεν ἀγήνορος· ὑψίνοον δὲ
αὐχένα δειλαίης ὀφιώδεϊ τύψεν ἱμάσθλῃ,
καί μιν ἀνεστυφέλιξε δίκης τροχοειδέι κύκλῳ,
καὶ νόον ἄφρονα κάμψεν ἀκαμπέος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μίτρην

declaring the faults of her uncontrolled tongue. I pray you, uphold the dignity of your Titan birth. Grant me a boon like my mother, that I may see Aura's body transformed into stone immovable; leave not a maiden of your own race in sorrow, that I may not see Aura mocking me again and not to be turned—or let your sickle of beaten bronze drive her to madness!"

439 She spoke, and the goddess replied with encouraging words:

440 "Chaste daughter of Leto, huntress, sister of Phoibos, I will not use my sickle to chastise a Titan girl, I will not make the maiden a stone in Phrygia, for I am myself born of the ancient race of Titans, and her father Lelantos might blame me when he heard: but one boon I will grant you, Archeress. Aura the maid of the hunt has reproached your virginity, and she shall be a virgin no longer. You shall see her in the bed of a mountain stream weeping fountains of tears for her maiden girdle."

449 So she consoled her; and Artemis the maiden entered her car with its team of four prickets, left the mountain and drove back to Phrygia. With equal speed the maiden Adrasteia [a] pursued her obstinate enemy Aura. She had harnessed racing griffins under her bridle; quick through the air she coursed in the swift car, until she tightened the curving bits of her fourfooted birds, and drew up on the peak of Sipylos in front of the face of Tantalos's daughter [b] with eyeballs of stone. Then she approached the haughty Aura. She flicked the proud neck of the hapless girl with her snaky whip, and struck her with the round wheel of justice, and bent the foolish

[a] Nemesis. [b] Niobe.

παρθενικῆς ἐλέλιζεν ἐχιδνήεσσαν ἰμάσθλην
Ἀργολὶς Ἀδρήστεια· χαριζομένη δὲ θεαίνῃ,
καὶ μάλα περ κοτέοντι κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
ὥπλισεν ἄλλον ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ πόλε νῆις Ἐρώτων,
Παλλήνης μετὰ λέκτρα, μετὰ φθιμένην Ἀριάδνην,
τὴν μὲν λειπομένην ἐνὶ πατρίδι, τὴν δ' ἐνὶ γαίῃ
ἀλλοτρίῃ πετραῖον, Ἀχαιΐδος ὡς βρέτας Ἥρης,
καὶ Βερόης πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀνηνύστων περὶ λέκτρων.
Καὶ Νέμεσις πεπότητο νιφοβλήτῳ παρὰ Ταύρῳ,
εἰσόκε Κύδνον ἵκανε τὸ δεύτερον. ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρῃ
ἠδυβόλῳ[1] Διόνυσον Ἔρως οἴστρησεν ὀιστῷ,
καὶ πτερὰ κυκλώσας ἐπεβήσατο κοῦφος Ὀλύμπου.
Καὶ θεὸς οὐρεσίφοιτος ἰμάσσετο μείζονι πυρσῷ·
οὐ γὰρ ἔην ἐλάχεια παραίφασις· οὐ τότε κούρης
ἐλπίδα Κυπριδίην, οὐ φάρμακον εἶχεν Ἐρώτων·
ἀλλά μιν ἔφλεγε μᾶλλον Ἔρως θελξίφρονι πυρσῷ
θυιάδος ὀψιτέλεστον ἀπειθέος εἰς γάμον Λύρης.
καὶ μογέων ἔκρυπτεν ἑὸν πόθον, οὐδ' ἐνὶ λόχμαις
Κυπριδίοις ὀάροισιν ὁμίλεεν ἐγγύθεν Λύρης,
μή μιν ἀλυσκάζειε. τί κύντερον, ἢ ὅτε μοῦνοι
ἀνέρες ἱμείρουσι, καὶ οὐ ποθέουσι γυναῖκες;
καὶ μέθεπε πραπίδεσσι πεπηγμένον ἰὸν Ἐρώτων,
παρθένος εἰ δρόμον εἶχε κυνοσσόον ἔνδοθι λόχμης·
Κυπριδίοις δ' ἀνέμοισιν ἀειρομένοιο χιτῶνος
μηρὸν ὀπιπεύων θηλύνετο Βάκχος ἀλήτης.
ὀψὲ δὲ παφλάζοντι πόθῳ δεδονημένος Λύρης
Βάκχος ἀμηχανέων ἔπος ἴαχε λυσσάδι φωνῇ·

[1] So Keydell: Ludwich ἡδιμόλῳ, after L; M ἡδυόλῳ.

[a] Nemesis is called Adrasteia, if we may believe Antimachos of Colophon, Frag. 53 Wyss, because she was honoured by Adrastos king of Argos. The real connexion between the two names is of course that they both mean

unbending will. Argive[a] Adrasteia let the whip with its vipers curl round the maiden's girdle, doing pleasure to Artemis and to Dionysos while he was still indignant; and although she was herself unacquainted with love, she prepared another love, after the bed of Pallene, after the loss of Ariadne —one was left in her own country, one was a stone in a foreign land like the statue of Achaian Hera— and more than all for the ill success with Beroë's bed.

470 Nemesis now flew back to snowbeaten Tauros until she reached Cydnos again. And Eros drove Dionysos mad for the girl with the delicious wound of his arrow, then curving his wings flew lightly to Olympos.

474 And the god roamed over the hills scourged with a greater fire. For there was not the smallest comfort for him. He had then no hope of the girl's love, no physic for his passion; but Eros burnt him more and more with the mindbewitching fire to win mad obstinate Aura at last. With hard struggles he kept his desire hidden; he used no lover's prattle beside Aura in the woods, for fear she might avoid him. What is more shameless, than when only men crave, and women do not desire? Wandering Bacchos felt the arrow of love fixt in his heart if the maiden was hunting with her pack of dogs in the woods; if he caught a glimpse of a thigh when the loving winds lifted her tunic, he became soft as a woman. At last buffeted by his tumultuous desire for Aura, desperate he cried out in mad tones—

[a] "unavoidable," the one being the sure vengeance which overtakes the wrongdoer, the other a great king and warrior whose power none could escape. Nonnos is showing off his knowledge, whether first-hand or not, of Antimachos's learned poem, the *Thebais*.

"Πανὸς ἐγὼ δυσέρωτος ἔχω τύπον, ὅττί με φεύγει
παρθένος ἠνεμόφοιτος, ἐρημονόμῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
πλάζεται ἀστήρικτος ἀθηήτου πλέον Ἠχοῦς.
ὄλβιε, Πάν, Βρομίοιο πολὺ πλέον, ὅττι ματεύων
φάρμακον εὗρες ἔρωτος ἐνὶ φρενοθελγέι φωνῇ·
σὸν κτύπον ὑστερόφωνος ἀμείβεται ἄστατος Ἠχὼ
φθεγγομένη λάλον ἦχον ὁμοίιον· αἶθε καὶ αὐτὴ
ἐκ στομάτων ἕνα μῦθον ἀνήρυγε παρθένος Αὔρη.
οὗτος ἔρως οὐ πᾶσιν ὁμοίιος· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὴ
παρθενικαῖς ἑτέρῃσιν ὁμότροπον ἦθος ἀέξει.
ποῖον ἐμῆς ὀδύνης πέλε φάρμακον; ἦ ῥά ἑ θέλξω
νεύματι Κυπριδίῳ; πότε που, πότε θέλγεται Αὔρη
κινυμένοις βλεφάροισιν; ἐρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων
τίς γαμίοις ὀάροισι παραπλάζει φρένας ἄρκτου
εἰς Παφίην, ἐς Ἔρωτα; τίς ὠμίλησε λεαίνῃ;
τίς δρυῒ μῦθον ἔλεξε; τίς ἄπνοον ἧπαφε πεύκην;
τίς κρανέην παρέπεισε, καὶ εἰς γάμον ἤγαγε πέτρην;
ποῖος ἀνὴρ θέλξειεν ἀκηλήτου νόον Αὔρης;
ποῖος ἀνὴρ θέλξειεν; ἀμιτροχίτωνι δὲ κούρῃ
τίς γάμον ἢ φιλότητος ἀρηγόνα κεστὸν ἐνίψῃ;
τίς γλυκὺ κέντρον Ἔρωτος ἢ οὔνομα Κυπρογενείης;
μᾶλλον Ἀθηναίῃ τάχα πείσεται· οὐδέ με φεύγει
Ἄρτεμις ἀπτοίητος, ὅσον φιλοπάρθενος Αὔρη.
αἶθε φίλοις στομάτεσσιν ἔπος τόδε μοῦνον ἐνίψῃ·
'Βάκχε, μάτην ποθέεις,
μὴ δίζεο παρθένον Αὔρην.'"
Ἔννεπεν ἀνθεμόεντος ἔσω λειμῶνος ὀδεύων
εἰαρινοῖς ἀνέμοισι, καὶ εὐόδμῳ παρὰ μύρτῳ
ἠδὺ μεσημβρίζων πόδας εὔνασεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρῳ
κέκλιτο συρίζουσαν ἔχων Ζεφυρήιον αὔρην
καὶ καμάτῳ καὶ ἔρωτι κατάσχετος· ἐζομένῳ δὲ

489 " I am like lovelorn Pan, when the girl flees me swift as the wind, and wanders, treading the wilderness with boot more agile than Echo never seen ! You are happy, Pan, much more than Bromios, for during your search you have found a physic for love in a mindbewitching voice. Echo follows your tones and returns them, moving from place to place, and utters a sound of speaking like your voice. If only maid Aura had done the same, and let one word sound from her lips ! This love is different from all others, for the girl herself has a nature not like the ways of other maidens. What physic is there for my pain ? Shall I charm her with lovers' nod and beck ? Ah when, ah when is Aura charmed with moving eyelids ? Who by lovemad looks or wooing whispers could seduce the heart of a shebear to the Paphian, to Eros ? Who discourses to a lioness ? Who talks to an oak ? Who has beguiled a lifeless firtree ? Who ever persuaded a cornel-tree, and took a rock in marriage ? And what man could charm the mind of Aura proof against all charms ? What man could charm her—who will mention marriage, or the cestus which helps love, to this girl with no girdle to her tunic ? Who will mention the sweet sting of love or the name of Cyprogeneia ? I think Athena will listen sooner ; and not intrepid Artemis avoids me so much as prudish Aura. If she would only say as much as this with her dear lips—' Bacchos, your desire is vain ; seek not for maiden Aura.' "

514 So he spoke to the breezes of spring, while walking in a flowery meadow. Beside a fragrant myrtle he stayed his feet for a soothing rest at midday. He leaned against a tree and listened to the west breeze whispering, overcome by fatigue and

ἥλικος αὐτομέλαθρος ὑπερκύψασα κορύμβου
παρθένος ἀκρήδεμνος Ἀμαδρυὰς ἔννεπε Νύμφη,
Κύπριδι πιστὰ φέρουσα καὶ ἱμερόεντι Λυαίῳ·
" Οὐ δύναταί ποτε Βάκχος
ἄγειν ἐπὶ δέμνιον Λύρην,
εἰ μή μιν βαρύδεσμον ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι πεδήσῃ,
δεσμοῖς Κυπριδίοισι πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἑλίξας,
ἠέ μιν ὑπνώουσαν ὑποζεύξας ὑμεναίοις
παρθενικῆς ἀνάεδνον ὑποκλέψειε κορείην."
Ὡς φαμένη παλίνορσος ὁμήλικι κεύθετο θάμνῳ
δυσαμένη δρυόεντα πάλιν δόμον· αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμνων
Βάκχος ἐρωτοτόκοισι νόον πόμπευεν ὀνείροις.
ψυχὴ δ' ἠνεμόφοιτος ἀποφθιμένης Ἀριάδνης,
νήδυμον ὑπνώοντι παρισταμένη Διονύσῳ,
ζηλήμων μετὰ πότμον ὀνειρείῳ φάτο μύθῳ·
" Ἀμνήμων Διόνυσε τεῶν προτέρων ὑμεναίων,
Λύρης ζῆλος ἔχει σε, καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγεις Ἀριάδνης·
ὤμοι ἐμοῦ Θησῆος, ὃν ἥρπασε πικρὸς ἀήτης,
ὤμοι ἐμοῦ Θησῆος, ὃν ἔλλαχεν ἀνέρα Φαίδρη.
οὐ τάχα μοι πέπρωτο φυγεῖν ψευδόρκον ἀκοίτην,
εἰ γλυκὺς ὑπναλέην με λίπεν νέος, ἀντὶ δὲ κείνου
νυμφεύθην δυσέρωτι καὶ ἠπεροπῆι Λυαίῳ.
ὤμοι, ὅτ' οὐ βροτὸν ἔσχον ἐγὼ ταχύποτμον ἀκοίτην,
καί κεν ἐρωμανέοντι κορυσσομένη Διονύσῳ
Λημνιάδων γενόμην καὶ ἐγὼ μία θηλυτεράων.
ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέων γαμίων ἐπιβήτορα λέκτρων,
νυμφίον ὁρκαπάτην, μετὰ Θησέα καὶ σὲ καλέσσω·
εἰ δέ σε δῶρον Ἔρωτος ἀπαιτίζει σέο νύμφη,
δέξό μοι ἠλακάτην, φιλοτήσιον ἔδνον Ἐρώτων,
ὄφρα πόρῃς, ἀθέμιστε, φιλοσκοπέλῳ σέο νύμφῃ

---

[a] Ariadne's sister, see Euripides, *Hippolytos* 339.

love ; and as he sat there, a Hamadryad Nymph at home in the clusters of her native tree, a maiden unveiled, peeped out and said, true both to Cypris and to loving Lyaios :

522 " Bacchos can never lead Aura to his bed, unless he binds her first in heavy galling fetters, and winds the bonds of Cypris round hands and feet ; or else puts her under the yoke of marriage in sleep, and steals the girl's maidenhood without brideprice."

527 Having spoken she hid again in the tree her agemate, and entered again her woody home ; but Bacchos distressed with lovebreeding dreams made his mind a parade : the soul of dead Ariadne borne on the wind came, and beside Dionysos sleeping sound, stood jealous after death, and spoke in the words of a dream :

534 " Dionysos, you have forgotten your former bride : you long for Aura, and you care not for Ariadne. O my own Theseus, whom the bitter wind stole ! O my own Theseus, whom Phaidra [a] got for husband ! I suppose it was fated that a perjured husband must always run from me, if the sweet boy left me while I slept, and I was married instead to Lyaios, an inconstant lover and a deceiver. Alas, that I had not a mortal husband, one soon to die ; then I might have armed myself against lovemad Dionysos and been one of the Lemnian women [b] myself. But after Theseus, now I must call you too a perjured bridegroom, the invader of many marriage beds. If your bride asks you for a gift, take this distaff at my hands, a friendly gift of love, that you may give your mountaineering bride what your

[b] Might have killed him for unfaithfulness, as the women of Lemnos did their men.

δῶρα τεῆς ἀλόχου Μινωΐδος, ὄφρά τις εἴπῃ·
' δῶκε μίτον Θησῆι καὶ ἡλακάτην Διονύσῳ.'
καὶ σὺ κατὰ Κρονίωνα λέχος μετὰ λέκτρον ἀμείβων
ἔργα γυναιμανέος μιμήσαο σεῖο τοκῆος,
οἷστρον ἔχων ἀκόρητον ἀμοιβαίης Ἀφροδίτης·
Σιθονίης ἀλόχοιο νεοζυγέων ὑμεναίων,
Παλλήνης, γάμον οἶδα, καὶ Ἀλθαίης ὑμεναίους·
σιγήσω φιλότητα Κορωνίδος, ἧς ἀπὸ λέκτρων
τρεῖς Χάριτες γεγάασιν ὁμόζυγες· ἀλλά, Μυκῆναι,
πότμον ἐμὸν φθέγξασθε καὶ ἄγριον ὄμμα Μεδούσης,
καὶ φθονερῆς ἐς ἔρωτα βιαζομένης Ἀριάδνης,
ἠιόνες Νάξοιο, βοήσατε· ' νυμφίε Θησεῦ,
Μινῴη καλέει σε χολωομένη Διονύσῳ.'
ἀλλὰ τί Κεκροπίης μιμήσκομαι; εἰς Παφίην γὰρ
μέμφομαι ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ Θησέι καὶ Διονύσῳ."

Ὣς φαμένη σκιόεντι παρείκελος ἔσσυτο καπνῷ.
καὶ θρασὺς ἔγρετο Βάκχος
ἀποσκεδάσας πτερὸν Ὕπνου,
μυρομένην δ' ὤκτειρεν ὀνειρείην Ἀριάδνην.
καὶ δόλον ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἐδίζετο πομπὸν Ἐρώτων·
νύμφης δ' Ἀστακίδος προτέρων ἐμνήσατο λέκτρων,
πῶς ἑρατὴν δολόεντι ποτῷ νυμφεύσατο κούρην
ὕπνον ἔχων πομπῆα μεθυσφαλέων ὑμεναίων.

Ὅφρα μὲν ἤθελε Βάκχος ἐπειντύνειν δόλον εὐνῆς,
τόφρα δὲ φοιταλέη Ληλαντιὰς ἔδραμε κούρη
πίδακα μαστεύουσα, κατάσχετος αἴθοπι δίψῃ.
οὐδὲ λάθεν Διόνυσον ὀρίδρομος ἄστατος Λύρη

---

[a] See xliii. 434. Dionysos is in some authors the father of Meleagros, usually the son of Oineus, Althaia's husband; see Hyginus, *Fab.* 129. Coronis as mother of the Charites is heard of only here; she seems to have nothing to do with Coronis the mother of Asclepios by Apollo.

Minoian wife gave you ; then people can say—' She gave the thread to Theseus, and the distaff to Dionysos.'

550 " You are just like Cronion changing from bed to bed, and you have imitated the doings of your womanmad father, having an insatiable passion for changing your loves. I know how you lately married your Sithonian wife Pallene, and your wedding with Althaia [a] : I will say nothing of the love of Coronis, from whose bed were born the three Graces ever inseparable. But O Mycenai, proclaim my fate and the savage glare of Medusa ! Shores of Naxos, cry aloud of Ariadne's lot, constrained to a hateful love, and say, ' O bridegroom Theseus, Minos's daughter calls you in anger against Dionysos ! ' But why do I think of Cecropia ? [b] To her of Paphos, I carry my plaint against them both, Theseus and Dionysos ! "

563 She spoke, and her shade flew away like shadowy smoke. Bold Bacchos awoke and shook off the wing of Sleep. He lamented the sorrow of Ariadne in his dream, and sought for some clever device which could meet all needs and lead him to love. First he remembered the bed of the Astacid nymph long before,[c] how he had wooed the lovely nymph with a cunning potion and made sleep his guide to intoxicated bridals.

570 While Bacchos would be preparing a cunning device for her bed, Lelantos's daughter wandered about seeking a fountain, for she was possessed with parching thirst. Dionysos failed not to see how thirsting Aura ran rapidly over the hills. Quickly

[b] Attica, from its mythical king Cecrops.
[c] The story of Nicaia, in books xv. and xvi.

διψαλέη· ταχινὸς δὲ θορὼν ἐπὶ πυθμένα πέτρης
θύρσῳ γαῖαν ἄρασσε· διχαζομένη δὲ κολώνη
αὐτομάτην ὤδινε μέθην εὐώδεϊ μαζῷ
χεύματι πορφύροντι· χαριζόμεναι δὲ Λυαίῳ
δμωΐδες Ἡελίοιο κατέγραφον ἄνθεσιν Ὧραι
πίδακος ἄκρα μέτωπα, καὶ εὐόδμοισιν ἀήταις
ἀρτιφύτου λειμῶνος ἱμάσσετο νήδυμος ἀήρ·
εἶχε δὲ Ναρκίσσοιο φερώνυμα φύλλα κορύμβων
ἠιθέου χαρίεντος, ὃν εὐπετάλῳ παρὰ Λάτμῳ
νυμφίος Ἐνδυμίων κεραῆς ἔσπειρε Σελήνης,
ὃς πάρος ἠπεροπῆος εὐχροος εἶδεϊ κωφῷ
εἰς τύπον αὐτοτέλεστον ἰδὼν μορφούμενον ὕδωρ
κάτθανε, παπταίνων σκιοειδέα φάσματα μορφῆς·
καὶ φυτὸν ἔμπνουν εἶχεν Ἀμυκλαίης ὑακίνθου·
ἱπτάμεναι δ' ἀγεληδὸν ἐπ' ἀνθεμόεντι κορύμβῳ
εἰαρινῶν ἐλίγαινον ἀηδόνες ὑψόθι φύλλων.

Κεῖθι δὲ διψώουσα μεσημβριὰς ἔτρεχεν Αὔρη,
εἴ ποθι διψώουσα Διὸς χύσιν ἤ τινα πηγὴν
ἢ ῥόον ἀθρήσειεν ὀρεσσιχύτου ποταμοῖο·
ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ βλεφάροισιν Ἔρως κατέχενεν ὀμίχλην.
ἀλλ' ὅτε Βακχείην ἀπατήλιον ἔδρακε πηγήν,
δὴ τότε οἱ βλεφάρων σκιόεν νέφος ἤλασε Πειθὼ
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα γάμου πρωτάγγελον Αὔρῃ·

" Παρθενική, μόλε δεῦρο, τελεσσιγάμοιο δὲ πηγῆς
εἰς στόμα δέξο ῥέεθρα, καὶ εἰς σέο κόλπον ἀκοίτην."

Κούρη δ' ἄσμενος εἶδε· παραπροχυθεῖσα δὲ πηγῇ
χείλεσιν οἰγομένοισιν ἀνήφυσεν ἱκμάδα Βάκχου.
παρθενικὴ δὲ πιοῦσα τόσην ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν·

" Νηιάδες, τί τὸ θαῦμα;
πόθεν πέλε νήδυμον ὕδωρ;
τίς ποτὸν ἔβλυσε τοῦτο; τίς οὐρανίη τέκε γαστήρ;

he leapt up and dug the earth with his wand at the foundation of a rock : the hill parted, and poured out of itself a purple stream of wine from its sweet-scented bosom. The Seasons, handmaids of Helios, to do grace to Lyaios, painted with flowers the fountain's margin, and fragrant whiffs from the new-growing meadow beat on the balmy air. There were the clustering blooms which have the name of Narcissos the fair youth, whom horned Selene's bride-groom Endymion begat on leafy Latmos, Narcissos who long ago gazed on his own image formed in the water, that dumb image of a beautiful deceiver, and died as he gazed on the shadowy phantom of his shape ; there was the living plant of Amyclaian iris [a] ; there sang the nightingales over the spring blossoms, flying in troops above the clustering flowers.

590 And there came running thirsty at midday Aura herself, seeking if anywhere she could find raindrops from Zeus, or some fountain, or the stream of a river pouring from the hills ; and Eros cast a mist over her eyelids : but when she saw the deceitful fountain of Bacchos, Peitho dispersed the shadowy cloud from her eyelids, and called out to Aura like a herald of her marriage—

597 " Maiden, come this way ! Take into your lips the stream of this nuptial fountain, and into your bosom a lover."

599 Gladly the maiden saw it, and throwing herself down before the fountain drew in the liquid of Bacchos with open lips. When she had drunk, the girl exclaimed :

602 " Naiads, what marvel is this ? Whence comes this balmy water ? Who made this bubbling drink,

[a] Hyacinthos once more !

ἔμπης τοῦτο πιοῦσα ποτὶ δρόμον οὐκέτι βαίνω·
ἀλλὰ πόδες βαρύθουσι, καὶ ἡδέι θέλγομαι ὕπνῳ,
καὶ σφαλερὸν στομάτων ἀπαλόθροον ἦχον ἰάλλω."
Εἶπε καὶ ἀστήρικτον ἑοῦ ποδὸς εἶχε πορείην·
ἦιε δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πολυπλανέεσσιν ἐρωαῖς
πυκνὰ περὶ κροτάφοισι τινασσομένοιο καρήνου·
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἔκλινεν ἐρειδομένην σχεδὸν ὤμῳ·
εὗδε δ' ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο τανυπτόρθῳ παρὰ δένδρῳ
παρθενίην ἀφύλακτον ἐπιτρέψασα χαμεύνῃ.
Καὶ πυρόεις βαρύγουνον Ἔρως
δεδοκημένος Λύρην
οὐρανόθεν κατέπαλτο, γαληναίῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
μειδιόων ἀγόρευεν, ὁμοφρονέων Διονύσῳ·
" Ἀγρώσσεις, Διόνυσε·
μένει δέ σε παρθένος Λύρη."
Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐς Ὄλυμπον ἐπείγετο,
καὶ πτερὰ πάλλων
εἰαρινοῖς πετάλοισιν ἐχάζετο τοῦτο χαράξας·
" νυμφίε, λέκτρα τέλεσσον, ἕως ἔτι παρθένος εὕδει·
σιγῇ ἐφ' ἡμείων, μὴ παρθένον ὕπνος ἐάσῃ."
Καί μιν ἰδὼν Ἰόβακχος ἐπ' ἀστρώτοιο χαμεύνης
νυμφιδίου Ληθαῖον ἀμεργομένην πτερὸν Ὕπνου,
ἄψοφος ἀκροτάτοισιν ἀσάμβαλος ἴχνεσιν ἕρπων
κωφὸν ἀφωνήτοιο μετήιε δέμνιον Λύρης·
χειρὶ δὲ φειδομένῃ γλαφυρὴν ἀπέθηκε φαρέτρην
παρθενικῆς, καὶ τόξα κατέκρυφε κοιλάδι πέτρῃ,
μή μιν ὀιστεύσειε τιναξαμένη πτερὸν Ὕπνου·
καὶ δεσμοῖς ἀλύτοισι πόδας σφηκώσατο κούρης,
καὶ παλάμαις ἑλικηδὸν ἐπεσφρηγίσσατο σειρήν,
μή μιν ἀλυσκάζειεν· ἐπιστορέσας δὲ κονίῃ
παρθενικὴν βαρύυπνον ἑτοιμοτάτην Ἀφροδίτῃ
Λύρης ὑπαλέης γαμίην ἔκλεψεν ὀπώρην.

what heavenly womb gave him birth? Certainly after drinking this I can run no more. No, my feet are heavy, sweet sleep bewitches me, nothing comes from my lips but a soft stammering sound."

607 She spoke, and went stumbling on her way. She moved this way and that way with erring motions, her brow shook with throbbing temples, her head leaned and lay on her shoulder, she fell asleep on the ground beside a tallbranching tree and entrusted to the bare earth her maidenhood unguarded.

613 When fiery Eros beheld Aura stumbling heavy-knee, he leapt down from heaven, and smiling with peaceful countenance spoke to Dionysos with full sympathy:

616 "Are you for a hunt, Dionysos? Virgin Aura awaits you!"

617 With these words, he made haste away to Olympos flapping his wings, but first he had inscribed on the spring petals—"Bridegroom, complete your marriage while the maiden is still asleep; and let us be silent that sleep may not leave the maiden."

621 Then Iobacchos seeing her on the bare earth, plucking the Lethaean feather of bridal Sleep, he crept up noiseless, unshod, on tiptoe, and approached Aura where she lay without voice or hearing. With gentle hand he put away the girl's neat quiver and hid the bow in a hole in the rock, that she might not shake off Sleep's wing and shoot him. Then he tied the girl's feet together with indissoluble bonds, and passed a cord round and round her hands that she might not escape him: he laid the maiden down in the dust, a victim heavy with sleep ready for Aphrodite, and stole the bridal fruit from Aura asleep. The

καὶ πόσις ἦν ἀνάεδνος· ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο δὲ δειλὴ
οἰνοβαρὴς ἀτίνακτος ἐνυμφεύθη Διονύσῳ·
καὶ σκιεραῖς πτερύγεσσι περισφίγγων δέμας Λύσης
Ὕπνος ἔην Βάκχοιο γαμοστόλος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
πειρήθη Παφίης, καὶ ὁμόζυγός ἐστι Σελήνης,
καὶ νυχίης φιλότητος ὁμόστολός ἐστιν Ἐρώτων·
καὶ γάμος ὡς ὄναρ ἔσκε. πολυσκάρθμῳ δὲ χορείῃ
εἰς χορὸν αὐτοέλικτον ἀνεσκίρτησε κολώνη,
ἡμιφανὴς δ' ἐδόνησεν Ἀμαδρυὰς ἥλικα πεύκην·
μούνη δ' ἦν ἀχόρευτος ἐν οὔρεσι παρθένος Ἠχώ,
αἰδομένη δ' ἀκίχητος ἐκείθετο πυθμένι πέτρης,
μὴ γάμον ἀθρήσειε γυναιμανέος Διονύσου.
Καὶ τελέσας ὑμέναιον ἀδουπήτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
νυμφίος ἀμπελόεις, πεφυλαγμένον ἴχνος ἀείρας,
νύμφης μὲν κύσε χεῖλος ἐπήρατον, ἀκλινέας δὲ
λῦσε πόδας καὶ χεῖρας, ἀπὸ σκοπέλου δὲ φαρέτρην
χειρὶ λαβὼν καὶ τόξα πάλιν παρακάθετο νύμφῃ.
καὶ Σατύρων σχεδὸν ἦλθεν ἔτι πνείων ὑμεναίων,
ὑπναλέης ἀνέμοισιν ἐπιτρέψας λέχος Λύσης.
νύμφη δ' ἐκ φιλότητος ἀνέδραμε· λυσιμελὴς δὲ
ὕπνον ἀκηρύκτων ἀπεσείσατο μάρτυν Ἐρώτων·
θάμβεῖ δ' εἰσορόωσα σαόφρονος ἔκτοθι μίτρης
στήθεα γυμνωθέντα καὶ ἀσκεπέος πτύχα μηροῦ
καὶ γαμίῃ ῥαθάμιγγι περιστιχθέντα χιτῶνα,
ἁρπαμένην ἀνάεδνον ἀπαγγέλλοντα κορείην,
μαίνετο παπταίνουσα· καὶ ἥρμοσε κυκλάδα μίτρην
στέρνα πάλιν σκιόωσα, καὶ ἠθάδος ἄντυγα[1] μαζοῦ
παρθενίῳ ζωστῆρι μάτην ἐσφίγγετο δεσμῷ.
ἀχνυμένη δ' ὀλόλυζε, κατάσχετος ἅλματι λύσης·
ἀγρονόμους δ' ἐδίωξε, καὶ εὐπετάλου σχεδὸν ὄχθης
τινυμένη δολόεντα πόσιν ποινήτορι θεσμῷ

[1] mss. ἴχνια: Marcellus ἄντυγα, Ludwich ἰκμάδα.

husband brought no gift ; on the ground that hapless girl heavy with wine, unmoving, was wedded to Dionysos ; Sleep embraced the body of Aura with overshadowing wings, and he was marshal of the wedding for Bacchos, for he also had experience of love, he is yokefellow of the moon, he is companion of the Loves in nightly caresses. So the wedding was like a dream ; for the capering dances, the hill skipt and leapt of itself, the Hamadryad half-visible shook her agemate fir—only maiden Echo did not join in the mountain dance, but shamefast hid herself unapproachable under the foundations of the rock, that she might not behold the wedding of womanmad Dionysos.

645 When the vinebridegroom had consummated his wedding on that silent bed, he lifted a cautious foot and kissed the bride's lovely lips, loosed the unmoving feet and hands, brought back the quiver and bow from the rock and laid them beside his bride. He left to the winds the bed of Aura still sleeping, and returned to his Satyrs with a breath of the bridal still about him.

652 After these caresses, the bride started up ; she shook off limbloosing sleep, the witness of the unpublished nuptials, saw with surprise her breasts bare of the modest bodice, the cleft of her thighs uncovered, her dress marked with the drops of wedlock that told of a maidenhood ravished without bridegift. She was maddened by what she saw. She fitted the bodice again about her chest, and bound the maiden girdle again over her rounded breast—too late ! She shrieked in distress, held in the throes of madness ; she chased the countrymen, slew shepherds beside the leafy slopes, to punish her

μηλονόμους ἐδάιξεν· ἀμειλίκτῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
βουκόλον ἔκτανε μᾶλλον, ἐπεὶ μάθε νυμφίον Ἠοῦς,
Τιθωνὸν χαρίεντα, δυσίμερον ἀνέρα βούτην,
ὅττι βοῶν ἀγέλαις μεμελημένον ἔσχε καὶ αὐτὴ
Λάτμιον Ἐνδυμίωνα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη·
ἔκλυε καὶ Φρυγίοιο, τὸν ἔκτανε παρθένος ἄλλη,
Ὑμνου πικρὸν ἔρωτα, ποθοβλήτοιο νομῆος·
αἰπόλον ἔκτανε μᾶλλον, ὅλον χορὸν ἔκτανεν αἰγῶν
αἰνοπαθής, ὅτι Πᾶνα δυσίμερον ἔδρακε κούρη
ἰσοφυῆ μεθέποντα δασύτριχος αἰγὸς ὀπωπήν·
ἔλπετο γὰρ μάλα τοῦτο, πόθῳ δεδονημένος Ἠχοῦς
ὅττί μιν ὑπαλέην ἐβιήσατο μηλονόμος Πάν·
γειοπόνους δ' ἐδάμασσε πολὺ πλέον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
Κύπριδι θητεύουσιν, ἐπεὶ πέλε γηπόνος ἀνήρ,
Ἰασίων, Δήμητρος ἀμαλλοτόκου παρακοίτης·
ἔκτανε δ' ἀγρευτῆρα παλαιοτέρῳ τινὶ μύθῳ
πειθομένην· Κέφαλον γάρ, ἀμήτορος ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης,
ἔκλυε θηρητῆρα ῥοδοστεφέος πόσιν Ἠοῦς·
Βακχείης δ' ἐδάιξεν ὑποδρηστῆρας ὀπώρης,
ὅττι φιλακρήτοιο μέθης βλύζοντες ἐέρσην
οἰνοβαρεῖς δυσέρωτες ὀπάονές εἰσι Λυαίου·
οὔ πω γὰρ δεδάηκε δολοφροσύνην Διονύσου
καὶ ποτὸν ἠπεροπῆα φιλακρήτου Κυθερείης,
ἀλλὰ φιλοσκοπέλων καλύβας ἐκένωσε νομήων
αἵματι φοινήεντι περιρραίνουσα κολώνας.
Καὶ νόον αἰθύσσουσα, κατάσχετος ἅλματι λύσσης,
Κύπριδος εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν· ἀπειλητῆρα δὲ κεστοῦ
λυσαμένη ζωστῆρα νεοκλώστοιο χιτῶνος

---

* Perhaps the most unseasonable mythological excursus even in Nonnos. Tithonos may be presumed known to any English reader from Tennyson's poem; for Selene as driver of oxen, *cf.* note on xliv. 217; Endymion the

treacherous husband with avenging justice—still more she killed the oxherds with implacable steel, for she knew about charming Tithonos,[a] bridegroom of Dawn, the lovelorn oxherd, knew that Selene also the driver of bulls had her Latmian Endymion who was busy about the herds of cattle ; she had heard of Phrygian Hymnos too, and his love that made him rue, the lovelorn herdsman whom another maiden slew : still more she killed the goatherds, killed their whole flocks of goats, in agony of heart, because she had seen Pan the dangerous lover with a face like some shaggy goat ; for she felt quite sure that shepherd Pan tormented with desire for Echo had violated her asleep : much more she laid low the husbandmen, as being also slaves to Cypris, since a man who tilled the soil, Iasion, had been bedfellow of Demeter the mother of sheaves. The huntsmen she killed believing an ancient story ; for she had heard that a huntsman Cephalos, from the country of unmothered Athena, was husband of rosecrowned Dawn. Workmen of Bacchos about the vintage she killed, because they are servants of Lyaios who squeeze out the intoxicating juice of his liquor, heavy with wine, dangerous lovers. For she had not yet learnt the cunning heart of Dionysos, and the seductive potion of heady love, but she made empty the huts of the mountainranging herdsmen and drenched the hills with red blood.

689 Still frantic in mind, shaken by throes of madness, she came to the temple of Cypris. She loosed the girdle from her newly spun robe, the enemy

Latmian herdsman (though his country and legend alike vary) was her love, and she cast him into an unending sleep. Hymnos, *cf.* xv. 204 ff. ; Iasion, *Odyssey* v. 125 : Cephalos, see iv. 194.

ἁβρὸν ἀνικήτοιο δέμας μάστιζε θεαίνης·
καὶ βρέτας ἁρπάξασα τελεσσιγάμου Κυθερείης
Σαγγαρίου σχεδὸν ἦλθε, κυλινδομένην δὲ ῥεέθροις
γυμναῖς Νηιάδεσσι πόρεν γυμνὴν Ἀφροδίτην.
καὶ μετὰ θεῖον ἄγαλμα καὶ αὐτοκλίκτον ἰμάσθλην
δείκελον ἁβρὸν Ἔρωτος ἀπηκόντιζε κονίῃ·
καὶ κενεὸν λίπε δῶμα Κυβηλίδος ἀφρογενείης.
φοιταλέη δ' ἀκίχητος ἐθήμονα δύσατο λόχμην,
καὶ σταλίκων ἔψαυσε, πάλιν δ' ἐμνήσατο θήρης·
καὶ διεροῖς βλεφάροισιν ἐὴν στενάχιζε κορείην,
ὀξὺ δὲ κωκύουσα τόσην ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν·

" Τίς θεὸς ἡμετέρης ἀνελύσατο δεσμὰ κορείης;
εἰ μὲν ἐμὲ κνώσσουσαν ἐρημονόμων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
εἶδος ὑποκλέπτων ἐβιήσατο μητίετα Ζεύς,
οὐδὲ καὶ ἡμετέρην ἠδέσσατο γείτονα Ῥείην,
ἀγροτέρους μετὰ θῆρας ὀιστεύσω πόλον ἄστρων·
εἰ δέ μοι ὑπναλέῃ παρελέξατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
πέρσω πασιμέλουσαν ὅλην πετρώδεα Πυθώ·
εἰ δὲ λέχος σύλησεν ἐμὸν Κυλλήνιος Ἑρμῆς,
Ἀρκαδίην προθέλυμνον ἐμοῖς βελέεσσιν ὀλέσσω,
καὶ τελέσω θεράπαιναν ἐμὴν χρυσάμπυκα Πειθώ·
εἰ δὲ δόλοις γαμίοισιν ὀνειρείων ὑμεναίων
ἀπροϊδὴς Διόνυσος ἐμὴν σύλησε κορείην,
ἴξομαι, ἦχι πέλει Κυβέλης δόμος, ὑψιλόφου δὲ
οἰστρομανὴς Διόνυσον ἀπὸ Τμώλοιο διώξω·
καὶ φονίην ὤμοισιν ἐπικρεμάσασα φαρέτρην
εἰς Πάφον, εἰς Φρυγίην θωρήξομαι· ἀμφοτέροις γὰρ
τόξον ἐμὸν τανύσω, καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
σοὶ πλέον, ἰοχέαιρα, χολώομαι, ὅττί με, κούρη,
οὐ κτάνες ὑπναλέην ἔτι παρθένον, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῷ
σοῖς καθαροῖς βελέεσσιν ἐθωρήχθης παρακοίτῃ."

of the cestus, and flogged the dainty body of the unconquerable goddess ; she caught up the statue of marriage-consummating Cythereia, she went to the bank of Sangarios, and sent Aphrodite rolling into the stream, naked among the naked Naiads ; and after the divine statue had gone with the scourge twisted round it, she threw into the dust the delicate image of Love, and left the temple of Cybelid Foamborn empty. Then she plunged into the familiar forest, wandering unperceived, handled her net-stakes, remembered the hunt again, lamenting her maidenhood with wet eyelids, and crying loudly in these words :

703 " What god has loosed the girdle of my maidenhood ? If Zeus Allwise took some false aspect, and forced me, upon my lonely bed, if he did not respect our neighbour Rheia, I will leave the wild beasts and shoot the starry sky ! If Phoibos Apollo lay by my side in sleep, I will raze the stones of worldfamous Pytho wholly to the ground ! If Cyllenian Hermes has ravished my bed, I will utterly destroy Arcadia with my arrows, and make goldchaplet Peitho [a] my servant ! If Dionysos came unseen and ravished my maidenhood in the crafty wooing of a dream-bridal, I will go where Cybele's hall stands, and chase that lustmad Dionysos from highcrested Tmolos ! I will hang my quiver of death on my shoulders and attack Paphos, I will attack Phrygia—I will draw my bow on both Cypris and Dionysos ! You, Archeress, you have enraged me most, because you, a maiden, did not kill me in my sleep still a virgin, yes and did not defend me even against my bedfellow with your pure shafts ! "

[a] As being Hermes' wife.

Ἔννεπε, καὶ τρομέουσαν ἐὴν ἀνεσείρασε φωνὴν
δάκρυσι νικηθεῖσα. τελεσσιγάμου δὲ Λυαίου
παιδοτόκου πλησθεῖσα γονῆς δυσπάρθενος Αὔρη
διπλόον ὄγκον ἄειρε· γυνὴ δ' ἐπεμήνατο φόρτῳ
ἄσχετα βακχευθεῖσα γονῆς, δυσπάρθενος Αὔρη . . .
ἢ σπόρος αὐτολόχευτος ἢ ἀνέρος ἐξ ὑμεναίων
ἠὲ θεοῦ δολίοιο· Διὸς δ' ἐμνήσατο νύμφης,
Πλουτοῦς αἰνοτόκου Βερεκυντίδος, ἧς ἀπὸ λέκτρων
Τάνταλος ἐβλάστησε. καὶ ἤθελε γαστέρα τέμνειν,
ὄφρα δαΐζομένης ἀπὸ νηδύος ἄφρονι λύσσῃ
ἄτροφον ἡμιτέλεστον ἀιστώσειε γενέθλην.
καὶ ξίφος ἠέρταζε, διὰ στέρνοιο δὲ γυμνοῦ
δεξιτερῇ μενέαινεν ἀφειδέι φάσγανον ἔλκειν.
πολλάκι δ' ἀρτιτόκοιο μετήιεν ἄντρα λεαίνης,
ὥς κεν ὀλισθήσειε θελήμονος εἰς λίνα Μοίρης·
ἀλλά μιν οὐρεσίφοιτος ὑπέκφυγε ταρβαλέη θήρ,
μή μιν ἀποκτείνειε, μυχῷ δ' ἐκρύπτετο πέτρης
σκύμνον ἐρημαίῃσιν ἐπιτρέψασα χαμεύναις.
πολλάκι δ' οἰδαλέοιο γυναικείου διὰ κόλπου
αὐτοφόνος μενέαινεν ἐκούσιον ἆορ ἐλάσσαι,
ὄφρά κεν αὐτοδάικτος ὀνείδεα γαστρὸς ἀλύξῃ
καὶ στόμα τερπομένης φιλοκέρτομον ἰοχεαίρης·
καὶ νοέειν μενέαινεν ἐὸν πόσιν, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴ
υἱέα δαιτρεύσειεν ἀναινομένῳ παρακοίτῃ,
αὐτὴ παιδοφόνος καὶ ὁμευνέτις, ὄφρά τις εἴπῃ·
" Πρόκιν παιδολέτειρα νέῃ πέλε δύσγαμος Αὔρη."
Καί μιν ὀπιπεύουσα νέων ἐγκύμονα παίδων
Ἄρτεμις ἐγγὺς ἵκανεν ἑῷ γελόωντι προσώπῳ,
δειλαίην δ' ἐρέθιζε, καὶ ἀστόργῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
" Ὕπνον ἴδον, Παφίης θαλαμηπόλον,
εἶδον Ἐρώτων
ξανθῆς νυμφιδίης ἀπατήλια χεύματα πηγῆς,

723 She spoke, and then checked her trembling voice overcome by tears. And Aura, hapless maiden, having within her the fruitful seed of Bacchos the begetter, carried a double weight: the wife maddened uncontrollably cursed the burden of the seed, hapless maiden Aura [lamented the loss of her maidenhood; she knew not] whether she had conceived of herself, or by some man, or a scheming god; she remembered the bride of Zeus, Berecyntian Pluto,[a] so unhappy in the son Tantalos whom she bore. She wished to tear herself open, to cut open her womb in her senseless frenzy, that the child half made might be destroyed and never be reared. She even lifted a sword, and thought to drive the blade through her bare chest with pitiless hand. Often she went to the cave of a lioness with newborn cubs, that she might slip into the net of a willing fate; but the dread beast ran out into the mountains, in fear of death, and hid herself in some cleft of the rocks, leaving the cub alone in the lair. Often she thought to drive a sword willingly through the swelling womb and slay herself with her own hand, that self-slain she might escape the shame of her womb and the mocking taunts of glad Artemis. She longed to know her husband, that she might dish up her own son to her loathing husband, childslayer and paramour alike, that men might say—" Aura, unhappy bride, has killed her child like another Procne."[b]

749 Then Artemis saw her big with new children, and came near with a laugh on her face and teased the poor creature, saying with pitiless voice:

752 " I saw Sleep, the Paphian's chamberlain! I saw the deceiving stream of the yellow fountain at

[a] *Cf.* i. 146.

[b] *Cf.* ii. 136.

ἦχι ποτῷ δολόεντι νεήνιδες ἤλικα μίτρην
ἅρπαγι παρθενίης γαμίῳ λύουσιν ὀνείρῳ·
εἶδον ἐγὼ κλέτας, εἶδον, ὅπῃ ζυγίῃ παρὰ πέτρῃ
ἀπροϊδὴς δολόεντι γυνὴ νυμφεύεται ὕπνῳ·
Κύπριδος εἶδον ὄρος φιλοτήσιον, ἦχι γυναικῶν
παρθενίην κλέπτοντες ἀλυσκάζουσιν ἀκοῖται.
εἰπέ, γύναι φυγόδεμνε, τί σήμερον ἠρέμα βαίνεις;
ἢ πρὶν ἀελλήεσσα, πόθεν βαρύγουνος ὀδεύεις;
νυμφεύθης ἀέκουσα, καὶ οὐ τεὸν οἶδας ἀκοίτην·
οὐ δύνασαι κρύπτειν κρύφιον γάμον· οἰδαλέοι γὰρ
σὸν πόσιν ἀγγέλλουσι νεογλαγέες σέο μαζοί.
εἰπὲ δέ μοι, βαρύπνε, συνοκτόνε, παρθένε, νύμφη,
πῶς μεθέπεις χλοάουσαν ἐρευθαλέην σέο μορφήν;
τίς σέο λέκτρα μίηνε; τίς ἥρπασε σεῖο κορείην;
ξανθαὶ Νηιάδες, μὴ κρύψατε νυμφίον Λῦρης.
οἶδα, γύναι βαρύφορτε, τεὸν λαθραῖον ἀκοίτην·
σὸς γάμος οὔ με λέληθε, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις,
σὸς πόσις οὔ με λέληθε· βαρυνομένη δέμας ὕπνῳ
εὐνέτις ἀστυφέλικτος ἐνυμφεύθης Διονύσῳ.
ἀλλὰ τεὸν λίπε τόξον· ἀναινομένη δὲ φαρέτρην
ὄργια μυστιπόλευε γυναιμανέος σέο Βάκχου,
τύμπανα χειρὶ φέρουσα καὶ εὐκεράων θρόον αὐλῶν.
πρὸς δὲ τεῆς λίτομαί σε τελεσσιγάμοιο χαμεύνης,
ποῖά σοι ὤπασεν ἕδνα τεὸς Διόνυσος ἀκοίτης;
μή σοι νεβρίδα δῶκε, τεῆς αὐτάγγελον εὐνῆς;
μή σοι χάλκεα ῥόπτρα τεῶν πόρε παίγνια παίδων;
πείθομαι, ὡς πόρε θύρσον, ἀκοντιστῆρα λεόντων·

your loving bridal! The fountain where young girls get a treacherous potion, and loosen the girdle they have worn all their lives, in a dream of marriage which steals their maidenhood. I have seen, I have seen the slope where a woman is made a bride unexpectedly, in treacherous sleep, beside a bridal rock. I have seen the love-mountain of Cypris, where lovers steal the maidenhood of women and run away.

760 "Tell me, you young prude, why do you walk so slowly to-day? Once as quick as the wind, why do you plod so heavily? You were wooed unwilling, and you do not know your bedfellow! You cannot hide your furtive bridal, for your breasts are swelling with new milk and they announce a husband. Tell me heavy sleeper, pigsticker, virgin, bride, how do you come by those pale cheeks, once ruddy? Who disgraced your bed? Who stole your maidenhood? O fair-haired Naiads, do not hide Aura's bridegroom! I know your furtive husband, you woman with a heavy burden. I saw your wedding, clearly enough, though you long to conceal it. I saw your husband clearly enough; you were in the bed, your body heavy with sleep, you did not move when Dionysos wedded you.

773 "Come then, leave your bow, renounce your quiver; serve in the secret rites of your womanmad Bacchos; carry your tambour and your tootling pipes of horn. I beseech you, in the name of that bed on the ground where the marriage was consummated, what bridegifts did Dionysos your husband bring? Did he give you a fawnskin, enough to be news of your marriage-bed? Did he give you brazen rattles for your children to play with? I think he gave you

καὶ τάχα κύμβαλα δῶκε, τά περ δονέουσι τιθῆναι
φάρμακα νηπιάχοισι φιλοθρήνων ὀδυνάων."
Ἔννεπε κερτομέουσα· καὶ ἔμπαλιν ᾤχετο δαίμων,
θῆρας ὀιστεύουσα τὸ δεύτερον, ἀχνυμένη δὲ
ἠερίοις ἀνέμοισιν ἑὰς μεθέηκε μερίμνας.
Κούρη δ' οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀμάρτυρος ὑψόθι πέτρης
ὀξὺ βέλος μεθέπουσα δυηπαθέος τοκετοῖο
φρικαλέον βρύχημα λεχωΐδος εἶχε λεαίνης·
πέτραι δ' ἀντιάχησαν· ἐρισμαράγοιο δὲ κούρης
φθόγγον ἀμειβομένη μυκήσατο δύσθροος Ἠχώ.
καὶ παλάμας, ἅτε πῶμα, περισφίγξασα λοχείῃ
κλεῖε θοὴν ὠδῖνα πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο,
καὶ τόκον ἀρτιτέλεστον ἐρήτυεν· ἐχθομένην γὰρ
Ἄρτεμιν οὐ μενέαινεν ἐπ' ὠδίνεσσι καλέσσαι·
Ἡραίας δὲ θύγατρας ἀναίνετο, μή ποτε Βάκχου
μητρυιῆς ἅτε παῖδες ἐπιβρίσωσι λοχείῃ.
κούρη δ' ἀσχαλόωσα κατηφέα ῥῆξεν ἰωήν,
νυσσομένη κέντροισιν ἀπειρώδινος ἀνάγκης·
" Οὕτως ἰοχέαιραν ἴδω καὶ θοῦριν Ἀθήνην,
οὕτως ἀμφοτέρας ἐγκύμονας ὄφρα νοήσω·
Ἄρτεμιν ὠδίνουσαν ἐλέγξατε, μαιάδες Ὧραι,
μαρτυρίῃ τοκετοῖο, καὶ εἴπατε Τριτογενείῃ·
' παρθενικὴ γλαυκῶπι, νεητόκε μῆτερ ἀμήτωρ.'
οὕτω ξυνὰ παθοῦσαν ἴδω φιλοπάρθενον Ἠχὼ
Πανὶ παρευνηθεῖσαν ἢ ἀρχεκάκῳ Διονύσῳ.
Ἄρτεμι, καὶ σὺ τεκοῦσα παραίφασις ἔσσεαι Αὔρης,
θῆλυ γάλα στάζουσα λεχώιον ἄρσενι μαζῷ."
Εἶπεν ὀδυρομένη βαρυώδυνα κέντρα λοχείης.

---

[a] The Eileithyiai, goddesses of childbirth.

a thyrsus to shoot lions ; perhaps he gave cymbals, which nurses shake to console the howling pains of the little children."

783 So spoke the goddess in mockery, and went away to shoot her wild beasts again, in anger leaving her cares to the winds of heaven.

786 But the girl went among the high rocks of the mountains. There unseen, when she felt the cruel throes of childbirth pangs, her voice roared terrible as a lioness in labour, and the rocks resounded, for dolorous Echo gave back an answering roar to the loud-shrieking girl. She held her hands over her lap like a lid compressing the birth, to close the speedy delivery of her ripening child, and delayed the babe now perfect. For she hated Artemis and would not call upon her in her pains ; she would not have the daughters of Hera,[a] lest they as being children of Bacchos's stepmother should oppress her delivery with more pain. At last in her affliction the girl cried out these despairing words, stabbed with the pangs of one who was new to the hard necessity of childbirth :

799 " So may I see Archeress and wild Athena, so may I see them both great with child ! Reproach Artemis in labour, O midwife Seasons, be witness of her delivery, and say to Tritogeneia—' O virgin Brighteyes, O new mother who mother had none ! ' So may I see Echo who loves maidenhood so much, suffering as I do, after she has lain with Pan, or Dionysos the cause of my troubles ! Artemis, if you could bring forth, it would be some consolation to Aura, that you should trickle woman's milk from your man's breast."

808 So she cried, lamenting the heavy pangs of her

καὶ τόκον ἰοχέαιρα κατέσχεθε, παιδοτόκῳ δὲ
νύμφῃ μόχθον ὄπασσεν ἐρυκομένου τοκετοῖο.
Καὶ τελετῆς Νίκαια κυβερνήτειρα Λυαίου
μόχθον ὀπιπεύουσα καὶ αἴσχεα λυσσάδος Λύρης
τοίην κρυπταδίην οἰκτίρμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
" Λύρη ξυνὰ παθοῦσα, κινύρεο καὶ σὺ κορείην·
γαστρὶ δὲ φόρτον ἔχουσα δυηπαθέος τοκετοῖο
τέτλαθί μοι μετὰ λέκτρον ἔχειν καὶ κέντρα λοχείης,
τέτλαθι καὶ βρεφέεσσιν ἀήθεα μαζὸν ὀρέξαι.
καὶ σὺ πόθεν πίες οἶνον, ἐμῆς συλήτορα μίτρης;
καὶ σὺ πόθεν πίες οἶνον, ἕως πέλες ἔγκυος, Λύρη;
καὶ σὺ πάθες, φυγόδεμνε, τά περ πάθον·
ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
μέμφεο νυμφοκόμων ἀπατήλιον ὕπνον Ἐρώτων.
εἷς δόλος ἀμφοτέραις γάμον ἤρμοσεν,
εἷς πόσις Λύρης
παρθενικὴν Νίκαιαν ἐθήκατο μητέρα παίδων·
οὐκέτι τόξον ἔχω θηροκτόνον, οὐκέτι νευρήν,
ὡς πάρος, αὖ ἐρύω καὶ ἐγὼ βέλος· εἰμὶ δὲ δειλὴ
ἱστοπόνος θήλεια, καὶ οὐκέτι θοῦρις Ἀμαζών."
Ἔνεπεν οἰκτείρουσα τελεσσιγόνου πόνον Λύρης,
οἷά τε πειρηθεῖσα τόκου μογεροῖο καὶ αὐτή.
Λητῴη δ' ἀίουσα βαρυφθόγγου κτύπον Λύρης
ἤλυθεν αὐχήεσσα τὸ δεύτερον ἐγγύθι νύμφης·
τειρομένην δ' ἐρέθιζε καὶ ἴαχε κέντορι μύθῳ·
" Παρθένε, τίς σε τέλεσσε
λεχωΐδα μητέρα παίδων;
ἢ γάμον ἀγνώσσουσα πόθεν γλάγος ἔλλαχε μαζοῦ;
οὐκ ἴδον, οὐ πυθόμην, ὅτι παρθένος υἷα λοχεύει.
ἦ ῥα φύσιν μετάμειψε πατὴρ ἐμός; ἦ ῥα γυναῖκες
νόσφι γάμου τίκτουσι; σὺ γάρ, φιλοπάρθενε κούρη,

delivery. Then Artemis delayed the birth, and gave the labouring bride the pain of retarded delivery.

811 But Nicaia, the leader of the rites of Lyaios, seeing the pain and disgrace of distracted Aura, spoke to her thus in secret pity :

814 " Aura, I have suffered as you have, and you too lament you your maidenhood. But since you carry in your womb the burden of painful childbirth, endure after the bed to have the pangs of delivery, endure to give your untaught breast to babes. Why did you also drink wine, which robbed me of my girdle ? Why did you also drink wine, Aura, until you were with child ? You also suffered what I suffered, you enemy of marriage ; then you also have to blame a deceitful sleep sent by the Loves, who are friends of marriage. One fraud fitted marriage on us both, one husband was Aura's and made virgin Nicaia the mother of children. No more have I a beastslaying bow, no longer as once, I draw my bowstring and my arrows ; I am a poor woman working at the loom, and no longer a wild Amazon."

827 She spoke, pitying Aura's labour to accomplish the birth, as one who herself had felt the pangs of labour. But Leto's daughter, hearing the resounding cries of Aura, came near the bride again in triumph, taunted her in her suffering and spoke in stinging words :

832 " Virgin, who made you a mother in childbed ? You that knew nothing of marriage, how came that milk in your breast ? I never heard or saw that a virgin bears a child. Has my father changed nature ? Do women bear children without marriage ? For you, a maiden, the friend of maidenhood, bring forth

ὠδίνεις νέα τέκνα, καὶ εἰ στυγέεις Ἀφροδίτην.
ἦ ῥα κυβερνήτειραν ἀναγκαίου τοκετοῖο
Ἄρτεμιν οὐ καλέουσι λεχωΐδες, ὅττι σὺ μούνη
εἰς τόκον ἀγροτέρης οὐ δεύεαι ἰοχεαίρης;
οὐδὲ τεὸν Διόνυσον ἀμαιεύτων ἀπὸ κόλπων
ἔδρακεν Εἰλείθυια, τεῆς ἐλάτειρα γενέθλης·
ἀλλά μιν ἡμιτέλεστον ἐμαιώσαντο κεραυνοί.
μὴ κοτέῃς, ὅτι παῖδας ἐνὶ σκοπέλοισι λοχεύεις·
ἦ σκοπέλων βασίλεια τόκου πειρήσατο Ῥείη·
τίς νέμεσίς ποτε τοῦτο; κατ' οὔρεα τέκνα λοχεύεις,
ὡς δάμαρ οὐρεσίφοιτος ὀρεσσινόμου Διονύσου."

Ἔννεπε· καὶ κοτέουσα λεχωιὰς ἄχνυτο νύμφη
Ἄρτεμιν αἰδομένη καὶ ἐν ἄλγεσιν. ἃ μέγα δειλή,
ἐγγὺς ἔην τοκετοῖο καὶ ἤθελε παρθένος εἶναι.
καὶ βρέφος εἰς φάος ἦλθε θοώτερον· Ἀρτέμιδος γὰρ
φθεγγομένης ἔτι μῦθον ἀκοντιστῆρα λοχείης
διπλόος αὐτοκέλευστος ἐμαιώθη τόκος Ἄρεως
λυομένης ὠδῖνος, ὅθεν διδύμων ἀπὸ παίδων
Δίνδυμον ὑψικάρηνον ὄρος κικλήσκετο Ῥείης.
καὶ θεὸς ἀθρήσασα νέην εὔπαιδα γενέθλην
τοῖον ἔπος παλίνορσος ἀμοιβαίῃ φάτο φωνῇ·

" Μαῖα, γυνὴ μονιή, διδυμητόκε δύσγαμε νύμφη,
υἱάσι μαζὸν ὄρεξον ἀήθεα, παρθένε μήτηρ·
παππάζει σέο κοῦρος ἀπαιτίζων σε τοκῆα·
εἰπὲ δὲ σοῖς τεκέεσσι τεὸν λαθραῖον ἀκοίτην.
Ἄρτεμις οὐ γάμον οἶδε, καὶ οὐ τρέφεν υἱέα μαζῷ·
σὸν λέχος οὔρεα ταῦτα, καὶ ἠθάδος ἀντὶ χιτῶνος
σπάργανα σῶν βρεφέων
πολυδαίδαλα δέρματα νεβρῶν."

Εἶπε, καὶ ὠκυπέδιλος ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην.

[a] Alluding to the birth of Zeus on the Arcadian (or Cretan) hills.

young children, even if you hate Aphrodite. Then do women in childbed under the hard necessity of childbirth no longer call on Artemis to guide them, when you alone do not want Archeress the lady of the hunt? Nor did Eileithyia, who conducts your delivery, see your Dionysos born from his mother's womb; but thunderbolts were his midwives, and he only half-made! Do not be angry that you bear children among the crags, where Rheia queen of the crags has borne children.[a] What harm is it that you bear children in the mountains, you the mountaineer wife of mountainranging Dionysos!"

848 She spoke, and the nymph in childbirth was indignant and angry, but she was ashamed before Artemis even in her pains. Ah poor creature! she wished to remain a maiden, and she was near to childbirth. A babe came quickly into the light; for even as Artemis yet spoke the word that shot out the delivery, the womb of Aura was loosened, and twin children came forth of themselves; therefore from these twins (δίδυμοι) the highpeaked mountain of Rheia was called Dindymon. Seeing how fair the children were, the goddess again spoke in a changed voice:

858 "Wetnurse, lonely ranger, twinmother, bride of a forced bridal, give your untaught breast to your sons, virgin mother. Your boy calls daddy, asking for his father; tell your children the name of your secret lover. Artemis knows nothing of marriage, she has not nursed a son at her breast. These mountains were your bed, and the spotted skins of fawns are swaddling-clothes for your babies, instead of the usual robe."

865 She spoke, and swiftshoe plunged into the

καὶ καλέσας Νίκαιαν ἐὴν Κυβεληΐδα νύμφην,
μεμφομένην ἔτι λέκτρα λεχωΐδα δείκνυεν Ἄυρην
μειδιόων Διόνυσος· ἐρημονόμοιο δὲ κούρης
ἀρτιγάμοις ἀγόρευεν ἐπαυχήσας ὑμεναίοις·
" Ἄρτι μόγις, Νίκαια, παραίφασιν εὗρες Ἐρώτων·
ἄρτι πάλιν Διόνυσος ἐπίκλοπον ἧνυσεν εὐνήν,
παρθενικῆς δ' ἑτέρης γάμον ἥρπασεν·
ἐν δὲ κολώναις
ἡ πρὶν ἀλυσκάζουσα καὶ οὔνομα μοῦνον Ἐρώτων
σοῖς θαλάμοις τύπον ἶσον ὀρεστιὰς ἔδρακεν Ἄυρη.
οὐ μούνη γλυκὺν ὖπνον ἐδέξαο πομπὸν Ἐρώτων,
οὐ μούνη πίες οἶνον ἐπίκλοπον ἅρπαγα μίτρης·
ἀλλὰ νέης ἄγνωστος ἀνοιγομένης ἀπὸ πηγῆς
νυμφοκόμος πάλιν οἶνος ἀνέβλυε, καὶ πίεν Ἄυρη.
ἀλλὰ βέλος δεδαΐαν ἀναγκαίου τοκετοῖο,
πρὸς Τελετῆς λίτομαί σε, χοροπλεκέος σέο κούρης,
σπεῦσον ἀερτάζειν ἐμὸν υἱέα, μή μιν ὀλέσσῃ
τολμηραῖς παλάμῃσιν ἐμὴ δυσμήχανος Ἄυρη·
οἶδα γάρ, ὡς διδύμων βρεφέων ἕνα παῖδα δαμάσσει
ἄσχετα λυσσώουσα· σὺ δὲ χραίσμησον Ἰάκχῳ·
ἔσσο φύλαξ ὠδῖνος ἀρείονος, ὄφρά κεν εἴῃ
σὴ Τελετὴ θεράπαινα καὶ υἱέι καὶ γενετῆρι."
Ὣς εἰπὼν παλίορσος ἐχάζετο Βάκχος ἀγήνωρ,
κυδιόων Φρυγίοισιν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροις ὑμεναίοις
πρεσβυτέρης ἀλόχοιο καὶ ὁπλοτέρης περὶ νύμφης.
καὶ βαρὺ πένθος ἔχουσα τελεσσιτόκῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ,
παῖδας ἐλαφρίζουσα, λεχωιὰς ἴαχε μήτηρ·
" Ἠερόθεν γάμος οὗτος· ἐμὸν γόνον ἠέρι ῥίψω·
νυμφεύθην ἀνέμοισι καὶ οὐ βροτέην ἴδον εὐνήν,
Ἄυρης δ' εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐπώνυμοι ἦλυθον αὖραι·
καὶ λοχίας ἐχέτωσαν ἐμὰς ὠδῖνας ἀῆται.
ἔρρετέ μοι, νέα τέκνα δολορραφέος γενετῆρος,

shady wood. Then Dionysos called Nicaia, his own Cybeleïd nymph, and smiling pointed to Aura still upbraiding her childbed; proud of his late union with the lonely girl, he said:

870 "Now at last, Nicaia, you have found consolation for your love. Now again Dionysos has stolen a marriage bed, and ravished another maiden: woodland Aura in the mountains, who shrank once from the very name of love, has seen a marriage the image of yours. Not you alone had sweet sleep as a guide to love, not you alone drank deceitful wine which stole your maiden girdle; but once more a fountain of nuptial wine has burst from a new opening rock unrecognized, and Aura drank. You who have learnt the throes of childbirth in hard necessity, by Telete your danceweaving daughter I beseech you, hasten to lift up my son, that my desperate Aura may not destroy him with daring hands—for I know she will kill one of the two baby boys in her intolerable frenzy, but do you help Iacchos: guard the better boy, that your Telete may be the servant of son and father both."

887 With this appeal Bacchos departed, triumphant and proud of his two Phrygian marriages, with the elder wife and the younger bride. And in deep distress beside the rock where they had been born, the mother in childbed held up the two boys and cried aloud—

892 "From the sky came this marriage—I will throw my offspring into the sky! I was wooed by the breezes, and I saw no mortal bed. Winds my namesakes came down to the marriage of the Windmaid, then let the breezes take the offspring of my womb. Away with you, children accursed of a treacherous

ὑμέας οὐκ ἐλόχευσα· τί μοι κακὰ θηλυτεράων;
ἀμφαδὸν ἄρτι, λέοντες, ἐλεύθεροι εἰς νομὸν ὕλης
ἔλθετε θαρσήεντες, ὅτ' οὐκέτι μάρναται Λύρη·
καὶ σκυλάκων ἐλίκωπες ἀρείονές ἐστε λαγωοί·
θῶες, ἐμοὶ τέρπεσθε· παρ' ἡμετέρῃ δὲ χαμεύνῃ
πόρδαλιν ἀπτοίητον ἐπισκαίροντα νοήσω·
ἄξατε σύννομον ἄρκτον ἀταρβέα· παιδοτόκου γὰρ
Λύρης χαλκοχίτωνες ἐθηλύνθησαν ὀιστοί.
αἰδέομαι μεθέπειν μετὰ παρθένον οὔνομα νύμφης,
μὴ βριαρὸν τεκέεσσιν ἐμὸν ποτε μαζὸν ὀπάσσω·
μὴ παλάμῃ θλίψοιμι νόθον γάλα, μηδ' ἐνὶ λόχμαις
θηροφόνος γεγαυῖα γυνὴ φιλότεκνος ἀκούσω."
. . . θῆκεν ὑπὸ σπήλυγγι λεχώια δεῖπνα λεαίνης·
ἀλλὰ Διωνύσοιο νέην εὔπαιδα γενέθλην,
πόρδαλις ὠμοβόροισι δέμας λιχμῶσα γενείοις,
ἔμφρονα θυμὸν ἔχουσα σοφῷ μαιώσατο μαζῷ·
θαμβαλέοι δὲ δράκοντες ἐκυκλώσαντο λοχείην
ἰοβόλοις στομάτεσσιν, ἐπεὶ νέα τέκνα φυλάσσων
μειλιχίους καὶ θῆρας ἐθήκατο νυμφίος Λύρης.
Καὶ ποδὶ φοιταλέῳ Νηλαιτιὰς ἄνθορε κούρη
ἄγριον ἦθος ἔχουσα δασυστέρνοιο λεαίνης,
ἠερίαις δ' ἀκίχητος ἀνηκόντιζεν ἀέλλαις
θηρείων ἕνα παῖδα διαρπάξασα γενείων·
καὶ πάις ἀρτιλόχευτος ἐνὶ στροφάλιγγι κονίης
ἠερόθεν προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησεν ἀρούρῃ·
καί μιν ἀφαρπάξασα φίλῳ τυμβεύσατο λαιμῷ,
δαιυμένη φίλα δεῖπνα. καὶ ἀστόργοιο τεκούσης
ταρβαλέη τέκος ἄλλο λεχωΐδος ἥρπασεν Λύρης
παρθένος ἰοχέαιρα, διαστείχουσα δὲ λόχμην
παιδοκόμῳ κούφιζεν ἀήθεϊ κοῦρον ἀγοστῷ.

father, you are none of mine—what have I to do with the sorrows of women ? Show yourselves now, lions, come freely to forage in the woods ; have no fear, for Aura is your enemy no more. Hares with your rolling eyes, you are better than hounds. Jackals, let me be your favourite ; I will watch the panther jumping fearless beside my bed. Bring your friend the bear without fear ; for now that Aura has children her arrows in bronze armour have become womanish. I am ashamed to have the name of bride who once was virgin ; lest I sometime offer my strong breast to babes, lest I press out the bastard milk with my hand, or be called tender mother in the woods where I slew wild beasts ! ”

910 [She took the babes and] laid them in the den of a lioness for her dinner. But a panther with understanding mind licked their bodies with her ravening lips, and nursed the beautiful boys of Dionysos with intelligent breast ; wondering serpents with poisonspitting mouth surrounded the birthplace, for Aura's bridegroom had made even the ravening beasts gentle to guard his newborn children.

917 Then Lelantos's daughter sprang up with wandering foot in the wild temper of a shaggycrested lioness, tore one child from the wild beast's jaws and hurled it like a flash into the stormy air : the newborn child fell from the air headlong into the whirling dust upon the ground, and she caught him up and gave him a tomb in her own maw—a family dinner indeed ! The maiden Archeress was terrified at this heartless mother, and seized the other child of Aura, then she hastened away through the wood ; holding the boy, an unfamiliar burden in her nursing arm.

Καὶ Βρομίου μετὰ λέκτρα,
μετὰ στροφάλιγγα λοχείης
μῶμον ἀλυσκάζουσα γαμήλιον ἀγρότις Αὔρη,
ἀρχαίης μεθέπουσα σέβας φιλοπάρθενον αἰδοῦς,
Σαγγαρίου σχεδὸν ἦλθεν· ὀπισθοτόνῳ δ' ἅμα τόξῳ
εἰς προχοὰς ἀκόμιστον ἐὴν ἔρριψε φαρέτρην,
καὶ βυθίῳ προκάρηνος ἐπεσκίρτησε ῥεέθρῳ
ὄμμασιν αἰδομένοισιν ἀναινομένη φάος Ἠοῦς,
καὶ ῥοθίοις ποταμοῖο καλύπτετο· τὴν δὲ Κρονίων
εἰς κρήνην μετάμειψεν· ὀρεσσιχύτοιο δὲ πηγῆς
μαζοὶ κρουνὸς ἔην, προχοὴ δίμας, ἄνθεα χαῖται,
καὶ κέρας ἔπλετο τόξον ἐυκραίρου ποταμοῖο
ταυροφυές, καὶ σχοῖνος ἀμειβομένη πόλε νευρή,
καὶ δόνακες γεγαῶτες ἐπερροίζησαν ὀιστοί,
καὶ βυθὸν ἰλυόεντα διεσσυμένη ποταμοῖο
εἰς γλαφυρὸν κευθμῶνα χυτὴ κελάρυζε φαρέτρη.
Καὶ χόλον ἰοχέαιρα κατεύνασεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμῃ
ἴχνια μαστεύουσα φιλοσκοπέλοιο Λυαίου
ἦιεν, ἀρτιλόχευτον ἀειρομένη βρίφος Αὔρης,
πήχεῖ κουφίζουσα νόθον βάρος· αἰδομένη δὲ
ὦπασεν ἄρσενα παῖδα κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
Νικαίῃ δ' ἑὸν υἱα πατὴρ πόρε, μαιάδι νύμφῃ·
ἡ δέ μιν ἠέρταζε, καὶ ἀκροτάτης ἀπὸ θηλῆς
παιδοκόμων θλίβουσα φερέσβιον ἰκμάδα μαζῶν
κοῦρον ἀνηέξησε. λαβὼν δέ μιν ὑφόθι δίφρου
νήπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἐπώνυμον υἱα τοκῆος
Ἀτθίδι μυστιπόλῳ παρακάτθετο Βάκχος Ἀθήνῃ,
Εὔια παππάζοντα· θεὰ δέ μιν ἔνδοθι νηοῦ
Παλλὰς ἀνυμφεύτῳ θεοδέγμονι δέξατο κόλπῳ·
παιδὶ δὲ μαζὸν ὄρεξε, τὸν ἔσπασε μοῦνος Ἐρεχθεύς,
αὐτοχύτῳ στάζοντα νόθον γλάγος ὄμφακι μαζῷ.

928 After the bed of Bromios, after the delirium of childbirth, huntress Aura would escape the reproach of her wedding, for she still held in reverence the modesty of her maiden state. So she went to the banks of Sangarios, threw into the water her backbending bow and her neglected quiver, and leapt headlong into the deep stream, refusing in shame to let her eyes look on the light of day. The waves of the river covered her up, and Cronion turned her into a fountain : her breasts became the spouts of falling water, the stream was her body, the flowers her hair, her bow the horn of the horned River in bull-shape, the bowstring changed into a rush and the whistling arrows into vocal reeds, the quiver passed through to the muddy bed of the river and, changed to a hollow channel, poured its sounding waters.

943 Then the Archeress stilled her anger. She went about the forest seeking for traces of Lyaios in his beloved mountains, while she held Aura's newborn babe, carrying in her arms another's burden, until shamefast she delivered his boy to Dionysos her brother.

948 The father gave charge of his son to Nicaia the nymph as a nurse. She took him, and fed the boy, pressing out the lifegiving juice of her childnursing breasts from her teat, until he grew up. While the boy was yet young, Bacchos took into his car this Bacchos his father's namesake, and presented him to Attic Athena amid her mysteries, babbling " Euoi." Goddess Pallas in her temple received him into her maiden bosom, which had welcome for a god ; she gave the boy that pap which only Erechtheus had sucked, and let the alien milk trickle of itself from

καί μιν Ἐλευσινίῃσι θεὰ παρακάτθετο Βάκχαις·
ἀμφὶ δὲ κοῦρον Ἴακχον ἐκυκλώσαντο χορείῃ
νύμφαι κισσοφόροι Μαραθωνίδες, ἀρτιτόκῳ δὲ
δαίμονι νυκτιχόρευτον ἐκούφισαν Ἀτθίδα πεύκην·
καὶ θεὸν ἱλάσκοντο μεθ' υἱέα Περσεφονείης,
καὶ Σεμέλης μετὰ παῖδα, θυηπολίας δὲ Λυαίῳ
ὀψιγόνῳ στήσαντο καὶ ἀρχεγόνῳ Διονύσῳ,
καὶ τριτάτῳ νέον ὕμνον ἐπεσμαράγησαν Ἰάκχῳ.
καὶ τελεταῖς τρισσῇσιν ἐβακχεύθησαν Ἀθῆναι·
καὶ χορὸν ὀψιτέλεστον ἀνεκρούσαντο πολῖται
Ζαγρέα κυδαίνοντες ἅμα Βρομίῳ καὶ Ἰάκχῳ.
Οὐδὲ Κυδωναίων ἐπελήσατο Βάκχος Ἐρώτων,
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἀλλυμένης προτέρης ἐμνήσατο νύμφης·
καὶ Στέφανον περίκυκλον ἀποιχομένης Ἀριάδνης
μάρτυν ἑῆς φιλότητος ἀνεστήριξεν Ὀλύμπῳ,
ἄγγελον οὐ λήγοντα φιλοστεφάνων ὑμεναίων.
Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις πατρώιον αἰθέρα βαίνων
πατρὶ σὺν εὐώδινι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης,
καὶ βροτέην μετὰ δαῖτα, μετὰ προτέρην χύσιν οἴνου
οὐράνιον πίε νέκταρ ἀριστοτέροισι κυπέλλοις,
σύνθρονος Ἀπόλλωνι, συνέστιος υἱέι Μαίης.

her unripe breast. The goddess gave him in trust to the Bacchants of Eleusis ; the wives of Marathon wearing ivy tript around the boy Iacchos, and lifted the Attic torch in the nightly dances of the deity lately born. They honoured him as a god next after the son of Persephoneia, and after Semele's son ; they established sacrifices for Dionysos late born and Dionysos first born, and third they chanted a new hymn for Iacchos.[a] In these three celebrations Athens held high revel ; in the dance lately made, the Athenians beat the step in honour of Zagreus and Bromios and Iacchos all together.

969 But Bacchos had not forgotten his Cydonian darling, no, he remembered still the bride once his, then lost, and he placed in Olympos the rounded crown of Ariadne passed away, a witness of his love, an everlasting proclaimer of garlanded wedding.

974 Then the vinegod ascended into his father's heaven, and touched one table with the father who had brought him to birth ; after the banquets of mortals, after the wine once poured out, he quaffed heavenly nectar from nobler goblets, on a throne beside Apollo, at the hearth beside Maia's son.

[a] An Eleusinian deity, associated with Demeter and Core. It is to Nonnos's credit that he seems uncertain of the popular identification of this god with Bacchos-Dionysos.

INDEX

The numbers are by Book and Verse: n. *means note*

Abantes 13^{154}, 36^{279}
Abarbareë 15^{378}, 40^{363} n.
Abaris 11^{132} n.
Acesines, the Chenab 23^{276} n.
Achaians 1^{385} etc.
Acharneus 13^{194}, 47^{23}
Achates 13^{309}, 37^{232} ff.
Acheloös 17^{237} n.
Acheron 4^{152}, 11^{463}
Achilles 13^{110} etc.
Achlys, a witch 14^{172} n.
Acmon 13^{143}, 37^{677} ff.
Acornfed Arcadians 13^{287}
Acrete 14^{224}
Acrisione 30^{270}
Acrisios 8^{293}, 47^{572}
Actaion 5^{291}, 13^{54}, 46^{264}
Actor looking and speaking through mask 22^{60} n.
Admetos 10^{323}
Adonis, his death 32^{220} n., 41^{211} n.
Adrasteia 15^{392} n., 48^{463} n.
Aegis 20^{57} n.
Agreus, *see* Aristaios
Aiacos 13^{201} n., 37^{555} etc., his genealogy 37^{589} n., relieves drought 39^{140} n.
Aias 23^{75} n., 28^{62}
Aibialos 32^{186}, 35^{378}
Aïdes, *see* Hades
Aïdoneus 30^{172}
Aige 13^{164}
Aigicoros 14^{75}
Aigina 7^{122}, ^{182} n., 7^{213} n., 24^{77}
Aigle 14^{221}
Aigoceres 1^{179} etc.
Aigyptos, sons of 3^{312} n.
Aiolos 23^{170} n., 39^{111}, 47^{306}
Aion, Time 6^{372}, 7^{23}, 36^{423}, 41^{84}
Aisacos 14^{190}
Aither 21^{255} n.
Aithre, city 26^{85}
Aitne 13^{318}
Aix, constellation 1^{451}, 23^{314}
Alcimache, Alcimacheia 30^{202}, ^{210}
Alcmene 7^{126}, 25^{243}, 31^{163}
Alcon 14^{22}, 29^{213}, 30^{49}, 37^{504}. *See* Cabeiro
Alcyoneus 25^{90}, 36^{242} n., 48^{22}
Alexandrian literature, vol. i. p. xi
Alphabet 41^{383} n.
Alpheios and Arethusa 6^{340} n., 13^{324} n., 37^{173} n.
Alphos 45^{174} n.
Althaia 48^{554} n.

Alybe 11^{36} n. etc.
Amaltheia 1^{456} n., 27^{290}, 46^{17}
Amazon 15^{314} etc., shield 20^{204} n.
Amber 23^{93} n.
Ambrosia, nymph 21^{35} etc.
Amethyst 12^{361} n.
Ammon 13^{371} n., 40^{392}
Ampelos 10^{170}, ^{239} ff.
Amphiaraos 13^{69}
Amphidamas 37^{466}
Amphion, 5^{66}, 25^{19} n., 25^{419}. *See* Antiope
Amphithemis 14^{191}
Amphitryon 31^{161}
Amyclai 2^{63}, 11^{365} etc.
Amymone 8^{341} n., 41^{11}, 42^{521}, 43^{364}
Amymone unknown 41^{412} n.
Anancaia 10^{90}
Anchises and Aphrodite 15^{210} n.
Androgeneia 13^{236}, ^{347}
Andromeda 1^{192}, 8^{101}, 25^{122}, 31^{9}, 47^{512}
Anthedon 39^{100}
Anthene 26^{97}
Antheus 32^{187}
Antimachos, *Thebais* 48^{463} n.
Antiope 7^{122}, 16^{343} n., 31^{217} n., 33^{302}
Antolia, nymph 41^{283}, place 23^{130}
Aones 5^{37}, ^{266}
Aonia, Boeotia 4^{337}, 5^{56}, 12^{151}, 13^{55}, ^{125}, 25^{18} n.
Apate 8^{113} n.
Apaturios 27^{305} n.
Aphrodite, *passim*: seaborn 1^{86}, 7^{226} n., 13^{439}, lands at Paphos 13^{456}, and Harmonia 4^{67}, gives the necklace 5^{135} n., caught with Hephaistos 5^{565}, mother of Harmonia 8^{412}, and the loom 24^{162}, armed Amyclaian 43^{6} n., Urania 46^{255}, her image thrown away 48^{695}, seats of worship 41^{100} n., patron of women's work 20^{281} n.
Apidaneus 13^{294}
Apis 40^{293}
Apollo, *passim*: as sun 36^{64} n., inscribed iris 3^{188} n., at Harmonia's wedding 5^{101}, hunter 5^{289} n., with Admetos 10^{282} n., Hyacinthian 11^{290} n., and Delphyne 13^{29} n., shares Parnassos with Dionysos 13^{130}, and Cyrene 13^{390}, 16^{96} n., and Hyacinthos 19^{104}, 29^{90}, and Marsyas 19^{324} n., and Otos and Ephialtes 20^{64} n., and Delos 33^{349} n., and swan 38^{206}, and Helios 36^{64}, 40^{401} n., and speaking water 41^{222}
Apollonios of Rhodes, vol. i. p. x
Arab 6^{216}
Arabian Cronos 40^{292}
Arabian Nereus 32^{194}, 36^{96}
Arabian shipwrights 36^{400}, 39^{17}
Arachne 18^{215} n., 40^{208} n.
Arachotai 26^{149}, 30^{210}
Aratos imitated 1^{361} n.
Arbias 26^{187}
Arcadia older than the Moon 41^{90}

Arcas traveller and inventor 41[376] n., son of Zeus and Callisto 13[295] n. In heaven as Boötes 13[297], 42[290], 47[252]
Arctos 2[182], [280] n.
Arcturos 42[291]
Areizanteia, where trees grow honey 26[183]
Ares 2[217], *et passim*
Arestor 35[379]
Arethusa 6[355] n. *See* Alpheios
Argasides 32[187]
Argennos 14[75]
Arges 14[60]
Argilipos 13[87], 28[174]
Argo the ship, 47[255]
Argonautica, vol. i. p. x
Argos, a Pan 14[86]
Argos, the place 3[258] etc.
Argos the watcher 1[342] etc., his eyes 12[70] n.
Ariadne 8[98] n., *et saepe*. *See* Perseus
Arienes 26[165]
Arima cave 1[140], [321], 34[184]
Aristaios, son of Apollo and Cyrene, Agreus and Nomios 5[215] ff., 5[221] n., 13[280] n., 16[105], 17[357], 19[241] n.
Arne 13[59]
Arrabië, *saepe*. *See also* Arab
Arsanië 26[170]
Artemis, *passim*: and Actaion 5[305], her team 11[344], pitted against Hera 36[10], [28], and Aura 48[351] ff., assaulters of Artemis and Leto 48[413] n., Zeus takes her form 2[122]
Ascania 14[285], [297]
Ascra 13[75]
Asopis, nymph 13[202]
Asopos 7[212], 13[220], burnt up 23[289], 27[275]
Aspetos 26[96]
Aspledon 13[94]
Asses' Manger 1[459]
Assyria, Assyrian, *saepe*: Assyrian Cythereia 3[111], Adonis 31[127] n., Lebanon 32[9], Art 40[302]
Astacia 16[166], [405]
Astacis lake 14[327], *cf.* 16[46]
Asterië 2[125] n., 23[236] n., 33[337] n., 42[410] n.
Asterios 13[223], 35[385], 37[47], [726], 40[285], founds a colony, *cf.* 13[248]
Asteropaios 22[383]
Astraëis 14[305] ff., 17[98], 26[220]
Astraia 6[102], 41[214]
Astraios, a satyr 14[99], 17[196], 29[260]
Astraios, spirit of prophecy, a Titan 2[572] n., 6[19] ff., his sons 37[75] n.
Astris, a name invented by Nonnos 17[282] n., 26[353], 27[199], 33[151]
Astrochiton 40[369] ff.
Astrological and astronomical knowledge, vol. i. p. xvi, Books I and VI Add. Notes vol. i. pp. 42, 240, 2[193] n., *et al.*
Astynomeia 41[291]
Atalanta 12[89] n., 48[182] n.
Ate 11[113] n.
Athamas and his marriages 5[557] n., 9[304] n., 10[4] ff.
Athena, *passim*: and Teiresias 5[337] n., 7[251] n., invents

pipes 24^{36} n., and Cypris at loom 24^{274}, nurses Erechtheus 29^{330}, 48^{955}, her bird 3^{122} n., her tree 12^{127}, 16^{30}, Onca 5^{15} n., 44^{30}, 45^{89}, Libyan, Tritonis 5^{79} n., 13^{545} n., identified with some Asiatic mother goddess 3^{111} n., assaulted by Ephialtes 36^{250}, promised by Zeus to Hephaistos 48^{411}, appeal to her 27^{278} ff.
Athene, Athenai, Athens 13^{105}, ^{197} etc.
Athletic games, origin 37^{153} n.
Athos 2^{399}, 3^{214}, 48^{300}
Atlas 2^{361}, 3^{549}, 4^{96}, father of Electra 13^{561}, father of Teygete 32^{65}
Atrapitoi 13^{486}
Atropos 12^{141}
Atymnios 11^{131} n., 19^{104}, title of Phoibos 11^{256}
Auges, son of Helios 14^{44}
Augustus 41^{369}
Aulis 13^{105}, ^{112}
Aura 43^{431}, 48^{342} ff.
Auschisai 13^{276}
Ausonian race, the Romans 3^{199}, 41^{366}, ^{390}
Autesion 28^{112}

Babylon 40^{303}, ^{401}
Bacales 13^{276}
Bacchae of Euripides, vol. i. p. xiii
Bacchoi, Bacchai, *passim*
Bacchos, Dionysos, Lyaios, *passim*: Birth 8^{396}, sewed into Zeus's thigh 9^{1}, Hermes carries him to Lamos's daughters 9^{25}, to Ino 9^{45}, in charge of Mystis 9^{104}, who taught him rites 9^{111}, Hermes takes him to Cybele 9^{149}, grown up 10^{130}, falls in love with Ampelos 10^{175}, games 10^{230} ff., he laments 11^{255}, Ampelos becomes a vine 12^{174} ff., Bacchos tastes the fruit 12^{397}, makes wine 12^{337}, prepares to invade India 13^{1}, his army 13^{93}, his immortal allies 14^{17}, they set out 14^{347}, their dress and feats 14^{339}, he pours wine into the waters 14^{411}, results 15^{1}, ^{133}, falls in love with Nicaia 16^{5} ff., a stolen bridal 16^{281}, she bears Telete 16^{400}, he marches against Deriades 17^{9}, Brongos entertains him 17^{27}, he gives Brongos the vine 17^{81}, Orontes counters with success 17^{192}, duel with Bacchos 17^{239}, Orontes leaps into the river 17^{286}, the battle goes on 17^{315}, Blemys submits 17^{385}, Staphylos and Botrys entertain Bacchos 18^{39}, herald sent to Deriades 18^{316}, Bacchos holds games on the tomb of Staphylos 19^{46}, Lycurgos drives away the nurses of Bacchos and he runs away into the sea 20^{253}, Lycurgos is caught in the vines 21^{13}, signs and horrors 21^{90}, Bacchos in the deep 21^{179}, Deriades

mocks the herald 21[216], Bacchos moves to resist him 21[303], an ambush 21[326], miracles of Bacchos 22[1], the ambush revealed 22[90], the fight 22[159], battle in the river 23[11], Hydaspes resists 23[192], Bacchos burns the water 23[255], and relents 24[62], Bacchos compared with other heroes 25[26], his shield 25[384], Deriades summons his troops 26[43], the hosts mustered 27[144], the immortals 27[331], the fight 28[7], Bacchos and Hymenaios 29[15], Bacchos retires 30[247], he fights again 30[296], he goes mad 32[125], panic in his army 32[240], Deriades massacres the Bacchants and Bassarids 35[6], others walk out 35[242], Bacchos is healed 35[336], attacks Deriades 36[292], a truce for burial games 37[7], omens 38[15], seafight 39, Bacchos throws Deriades into the Hydaspes, and the war is won 40[96], he returns with the spoil 40[275], visits Tyre 40[298], his hymn to Starclad Heracles 40[369], unsuccessful rivalry with Earthshaker for Beroë 42, their conflict 43[34], Zeus pacifies the quarrel 43[372], Bacchos and Pentheus at Thebes 44, 45, adventure with pirates 45[95], the end of Pentheus 45[219], 46, Bacchos and Icarios 47[34], finds Adriadne in Naxos 47[265], Bacchos and Perseus in Argos 47[496], Bacchos and the giants 48[31], Bacchos and Pallene 48[90], Bacchos and Aura 48[238], he ascends into heaven 48[974]

Bacchylides quoted 38[14] n.

Bactrion 6[21], 21[250]

Bactros 23[80], 25[374], 26[340]

Baidion 26[49]

Bakarawia 17[396] n.

Beckoning, Eastern mode 4[7] n.

Bee squashed by Heracles 43[249] n.

Bellerophontes 11[146], 38[405], thrown by Pegasos 28[167]

Belos 3[295], 18[224], 40[392]

Bentley's *Phalaris* 47[29] n.

Berecyntian pipes 13[508], 20[305], 40[227], 44[140]

Beroë, city of Berytus 41[13] n., Law School 41[155] n., 41[398] n., vol. i. p. xvii

Beroë, daughter of Cythereia 41[117], [143], [155] n., 41[158], [331], Amymone 41[153], her story 42, 43[373]

Berytos 41[367], [396], 43[130]

Bilithos 32[222]

Billaios 26[217]

Bistonia, Bistonian 3[243], 8[65], 13[340], 19[70], 22[170]

Black victims 29[67] n.

Blemys, Blemyes 17[385], [394] n., 26[341]

Boeotian pig 13[126] n., *cf.* Βοιώτιος ἡγεμονεύς, Xanthos of the story 27[303] n.

Bolinges 26[143], 30[310]
Boötes 47[251], [262] etc.
Boreas as waiter 6[41] etc.
Bosporos 3[260], 43[294]
Botrys 18[13] (personified) etc.
Brahmans 24[161] n., 36[244], 39[256]
Brauron 13[104]
Briareos 39[291], 43[261]
Britomartis 33[233] n., 33[243]
Brombios 13[244]
Bromiē 21[64]
Bromios, *see* Bacchos
Brongos 17[40], 26[221]
Brontes 14[50], 27[91], 28[196]
Brontion 13[404]
Bronze and steel 2[106] n.
Bryusa 14[222]
Bucolion 15[277]
Budeia 13[213]
Bull-eyed and bull-eyeing Hera 9[64] n.
Byblos, Byblian 3[109], 20[143], 31[126], 41[107], 13[257]. *See* Miletos
Byzas 3[264], 36[177] n.

Cabeiro 14[21], 27[121], [229], 29[194], 30[61]
Cabeiros, Cabeiroi 3[73], [194], 4[4] n., 4[193], 24[99], sons of Hephaistos 27[124], [227], 30[60], 43[211], confused with Corybants 3[43] n.
Cadmeian 1[406] etc.
Cadmilos 4[98] n.
Cadmos, pedigree 1[303] n. = Cadmilos 4[98] n., and Typhoeus 1[126]ff., and Dirce 4[256] n., and Ares 2[471] n., 5[3], and Harmonia 3[77] ff., and Pentheus 44[101] ff., feats of 5[25] ff., founds cities 13[204], changed into serpent, 4[420] n., into stone 44[113] n. etc. *See* Harmonia
Calamos 11[289] n. etc.
Callichore 14[221]
Calligeneia 6[180]
Callimachos quoted 20[297] n., 20[402] n.
Calliope, Calliopeia 13[480], 24[93]
Callirhoë 40[244], [244], [244]
Callisto 2[128] n., and Zeus 8[74], 13[296] n., 33[269], 36[71]
Calybe 29[271]
Calyce 14[222], 29[221], [227]
Calydon 35[61]
Camandros 3[99], 22[267], 23[228]
Camarina 13[216]
Campe 18[227] n., 18[227]
Capaneus 28[186] n.
Carcinos 2[454], 6[234], 38[285], [259]
Carian people 13[140]
Carmelos 20[290]
Carmina 26[219], 36[290]
Carneian Apollo 16[104]
Carpos 11[269] n. etc.
Carystos 13[160]
Caspeirians, Cashmir 26[187] n.
Caspian Sea 6[218], 40[287] n.
Cassiepeia 25[126], 41[296] n. etc.
Castalia 4[210], 13[124]
Catana 13[212]
Caucasos 2[297], 20[199], 21[201] n. etc.
Caunos 13[540], [556]. *See* Miletos
Cecrops, Cecropia, Cecropidas 13[151], 19[61], 27[210] etc.
Ceian shrines of Aristaios 5[281] n.
Ceian son of Phoebos 5[280] n.

INDEX

Celainas 13[516]
Celaineus 14[310] etc.
Celaino 3[337]
Celeos 13[185], 47[48] n. etc.
Celt 23[91], [299], 27[201], 38[93], [98], 39[4], 43[292], 46[62]
Celtic river, *see* Rhine
Centaurs, origin 5[618] n., sorts of 14[143] n. etc.
Cephalos 4[194] n., 11[390], 27[3], 42[247], 48[680]
Cephenes 2[683]
Cepheus 2[187], [682] n., 30[274]
Cephisos 47[15], [79]
Cerassai city 13[470]
Cerinthos 13[160]
Cerne island 16[45] n., 33[183], 36[6], 38[287]
Ceroessa 32[70]
Cestus 7[204] n., 8[129] n.
Ceteus 14[188]
Ceto 26[355]
Cetos 8[100], 25[128] ff.
Chaironeia 4[344]
Chalcis 13[166]
Chalcomede, Chalcomedeia 33[169] ff., 34[11], [154] ff.
Chalk, mystic 47[734] n.
Chaonian dove 3[293] n.
Chaos 7[111]
Chariclo 7[159], 44[82]
Charis, Charites 1[470] etc., 33[11] n., daughters of Dionysos at Orchomenos 13[94] n. *See* Hephaistos
Charon's winds 19[7]
Charope, Charopeia 36[256], [274]
Cheesebaskets 17[57] n.
Cheirobië 30[286] etc.
Cheiron 14[50], 35[61], 48[41]
Chelai, Cancer 38[274], [397]
Choaspes 23[277], 24[29]
Chremetes, the Senegal 13[380] n.
Chronos, Time 2[422], 3[197], 12[15], [96]
Chrysopator 47[471]
Chthonios 48[21]
Cicada-brooch 13[200] n.
Cilician 1[155] etc.
Cillyrioi 13[311] n.
Cimmerioi 45[269]
Cimpsos 13[465]
Cinyps 13[374] n.
Cinyras 13[452]
Cinyreia 13[451]
Circe 13[330], 22[77], mother of Phaunos 37[13] n., 37[56], [166] n., 37[418]
Circles, heavenly 38[258] n.
Cirrhaian serpent 4[318] n.
Cisamos 13[237]
Cisseus Dionysos 8[12] n.
Cissos 10[401] ff.
Cithairon 5[61] etc.
Cithara 8[388] n.
Cleite 21[77]
Cleochos 40[227]
Cleonai 17[52]
Cleopatra 2[689], 41[393] n.
Clymene, wife of Helios 7[301] n., 8[347] n., 17[880] n. etc.
Clytios 28[66] ff.
Cnossos 13[232] etc.
Cocytos 17[304]
Codone 35[376] etc.
Coilon 32[235]
Colchian 10[99], 13[88] etc.
Colias 41[108] n.
Colletes 36[241]
Comaitho 2[143] n., 40[141] n.
Comarcos 32[189]
Combe 13[148] n., a new story. *See* Socos

Comos 2^{709}. *See* Revels
Constellations all upset 23^{794} n.
Copai 13^{64}
Corinth 23^{312}, 37^{152}, 41^{97}, ^{339}, 43^{164}
Coroneia 4^{285}
Coronis, mother of the three Graces 48^{555}
Coronos 13^{79} n.
Corybantes, priests of Rheia 9^{162}, 13^{14}, ^{156}, 14^{25}, ^{300}, 25^{219}, 28^{276}, 29^{216}, confused with Dactyloi 2^{695} n.
Corycian cave 9^{207} n.
Corycios 1^{250} n., 18^{293}
Corymbasos 28^{51} ff., 39^{199}
Corymbos 13^{141} n.
Cottabos 33^{94} n.
Cotylaian fort 13^{168}
Cranes and ballast 40^{515} n.
Crapaseia 13^{455}
Crataigonos 13^{279}
Crete, Cretan 6^{121}, 13^{222} etc., Cretan liars 8^{118} n.
Criasos 32^{107}
Crisa 13^{128}
Crocos 12^{66} n., 15^{314} n. *See* Milax
Cronides, Cronion, Cronios, *passim*
Cronos, the Titan 7^{226}, 12^{45}, 12^{53} n., 18^{225}, 21^{254}, 24^{284}, 40^{293}, 41^{66}, the planet Saturn 6^{346}, 38^{226}
Crown, northern 8^{96} n.
Curetes 13^{155}, 14^{287}, 29^{222}, 36^{276}. *See* Dactyloi
Cyane 6^{128} n.
Cybele 9^{225}, 17^{63} etc.
Cyclops, Cyclopes 28^{173} ff., 39^{219}, ^{258} etc., names 14^{59}
Cycnos 1^{254}, 38^{600}
Cydnos 2^{654}, 24^{504}, 40^{141} n. etc.
Cydonian 8^{119}, 33^{274} etc.
Cyes 32^{286}
Cyllaros 26^{230}, 36^{281}
Cyllenian cave 13^{277}, Hermes 48^{710}
Cynegeiros 28^{149} n.
Cynosuris 1^{166}
Cyparissos 11^{564} n., 13^{128}
Cypris, Cyprian, Aphrodite, *passim*: she tries to weave 24^{342} n., 24^{354} n.
Cypros 5^{414} etc., footsteps of Aphrodite 41^{116} n.
Cyra 26^{60}
Cyrbas 14^{35}
Cyrene 5^{216} etc., 16^{98} n.
Cytaios 13^{297}
Cythera 29^{271}, 41^{300}, 42^{363}
Cytherean Aphrodite, *passim*

Dactyloi 3^{230}, 14^{34}, called Corybantes 2^{695} n.
Damasen 25^{455}, ^{566}, ^{566}
Damnameneus 14^{39}, brother of Scelmis 23^{155}, 33^{226}, 37^{293}
Damneus 13^{164}, 28^{277}
Danaë 10^{113}, 16^{65}, 47^{544} etc.
Danaoi 47^{669}
Danaos 3^{303}, ^{359}, 4^{254} n. (water-bringer), 47^{574}
Danyclos 26^{97}
Daphne 2^{108} n. etc.
Daphne vale 40^{134}
Daphnis 15^{306} n.
Daphoineus 14^{80}
Dardai 26^{61} n.
Dardania 3^{101}, 28^{61}
Dasyllios 30^{186}

Daulantios 44[1]
Deïaneira 35[89] n., 43[12]. *See* Acheloös
Deimos 2[415], 25[156], 39[217] n. etc.
Delos 27[276], 36[124]
Delphic Pytho etc. 2[698], 5[5], 9[251], [274], 13[122], 27[262], 36[85]
Delphyne 13[28]
Demeter, Deo 1[104] etc., Egyptian 3[282], she visits Astraios 6[15] ff., Deo and Pelops 18[27], and Celeos 19[83] ff.
Denthis 32[222]
Derbices 26[339]
Deriades 13[8], 14[279], 17[179], 20, 21, 23-30, 32-36, 38-40
Dersaioi 26[149]
Deucalion 3[211], 6[367] n., 12[62], 15[299] n.
Dia 7[125], 16[240] n.
Diamond, as protection 47[593] n.
Dicê, Justice 3[196], 41[145] etc.
Dicte 1[322], 13[245], 28[276] etc.
Didnasos 26[79]
Dindymos 15[379], 48[241], [855]
Diomedes 15[166]
Dion, law of 13[161]
Dione 5[619]
Dionysos, *see* Bacchos. Originally Asiatic deity, vol. i. p. xii, Alexicacos 7[176] n., Dionysos and Perseus, vol. i. p. xv, and Alexander, vol. i. p. xiv, birthplace 1[28] n.
Dirce 4[356], [398], 5[4], 8[239], 13[520], 26[70], 27[273], 44[10], 46[25], [142]
Discoverers, list of 40[310] n., 41[373] n.
Doias 13[516]
Dolphin, heavenly 23[297], 38[371], 43[191]
Dorian tune 25[21]
Doris 1[64] n., 6[297], 12[149], 14[117], 39[255], 43[99], [167]
Doros 14[115]
Doryclos 29[263]
Double meaning 42[312] n.
Doves of Dodona 3[293] n.
Dracanos 9[16]
Dragon, heavenly 1[252] etc.
Dresia 13[514]
Drosera 40[365] ff.
Dryads 3[70], 46[225]
Dryas, father of Lycurgos 21[159]
Dryopes 31[92], 35[91]
Duel of Xanthos and Melanthios 27[303] n.
Dysis 41[284], sunset 47[624]
Dyssaioi 26[90]

Eares clan 26[166]
Earsleepers, the 26[94], [99], 30[315]
Earthquakes, cause of 21[96] n.
Earthshaker's contest for Argos 39[52] n.
Echelaos 32[199]
Echidna 18[274]
Echion the earthborn 5[201] n., 5[553], 8[382], 44[170], 46[51], [241]
Echo 2[119] n. etc.
Ectenes 5[37]
Eërië 26[138], 30[163], [184]
Egretios 30[306] ff.
Egypt, bride of Nile 6[355] n.
Eido 43[269]
Eidothea 1[37], 43[102]
Eileithyia 2[236], 8[115] n. etc.,

Eileithyiai, daughters of Hera 48^{795} n.
Eilesion 13^{61}
Eiraphiotes 9^{28}, 14^{118}, ^{229}, 21^{81}, 42^{315} n.
Elatreus 14^{59}, 28^{940}
Electra 3^{115} ff., 4^{9} ff., 5^{77}, 8^{77}, 13^{607}, 47^{695}
Electra, wife of Thaumas 26^{360}
Eleon 13^{63}
Elephants without knee-joints 15^{140} n.
Elespid land 13^{519}
Eleusis 13^{100}, 27^{307}, 31^{67}, 48^{950}
Eleutho 27^{304}
Elis 19^{152}, 30^{221}, 37^{130}
Ellopians 13^{164}
Elymoi 13^{211}
Elysian meadow 19^{181}
Emathia 48^{77}
Emathion 3^{104} ff., 4^{91}, ^{193}, from Samothrace 13^{395}
Enagonios Hermes 10^{237} n.
Encelados 25^{90}, 48^{22} ff.
Endymion 4^{105} n., 4^{228} n., 15^{279} n. etc.
Engonasin 1^{254} n.
Enipeus 1^{124}, 8^{256}, 42^{130}
Enispe 13^{290}
Enoplios Aphrodite 31^{363} n.
Enyalios 2^{414} etc.
Enyo 2^{410}, 16^{15} n. *et passim*
Eos, *passim*: and lovers 4^{193} n., 5^{514} n., 42^{244} n.
Epaphos 3^{294} ff., 32^{70}
Ephialtes 2^{311} etc. *See* Otos
Ephyreia, Corinth 20^{390}
Erechtheus 37^{154} ff., 41^{43} n.
Erembeus 17^{217} n.
Eridanos 2^{152}, ^{227} n., 11^{22} n., 11^{300} n., 23^{69} n., 38^{422} n. etc.
Erigbolos the dancer 32^{233}
Erigone 1^{254}, 47^{60} ff.
Erinys, Erinyes 7^{101}, 8^{404} etc.
Eriphe 21^{81}
Eris 2^{256} etc.
Eristobarcia 26^{330}
Eros, *passim*: son of Cypris 34^{117}, son of Iris 31^{150} n., Eros and Anteros 47^{233} n.
Erythrai 13^{56}
Erythraian gulf and sea 5^{166}, 6^{215} etc., stone 4^{120} n.
Ethiopians, two divisions 13^{347} n.
Etruscan trumpets, 17^{92} n.
Euadne 28^{196}
Euboia 42^{411} n., a maiden loved by Poseidon and rooted in the sea
Eubotes 32^{227}
Eucolla, 26^{293}
Eulaios 26^{47}
Eumenides 10^{23}, 44^{220}, ^{259}
Euoi, the Bacchic cry; Euian, *passim*
Eupetale 14^{221}, invented as nurse for Bacchos 20^{30} n.
Euphorion quoted 15^{194} n.
Euphrates 6^{249}, 23^{62}, 40^{292}, 43^{400}
Euphrosyne 41^{146}
Euripides *Bacchae* imitated 24^{130} n., 46^{127} n., vol. i. p. xiii
Europa 7^{119}, 8^{291} etc., the continent 13^{41}, 43^{449}
Eurotas 12^{166}
Euryale, a Gorgon 13^{78} n. etc.
Euryalos 14^{50}

Eurymedon, *see* Alcon
Eurynome 2[573], 8[161] n., 12[43] n., 41[312]
Eurypyle 30[222]

Fan and sunshade 21[273] n.
Fates, three 12[141] n.
Faunus 13[328] n. *See* Phaunos
Fennel 7[341] n.
Finger-counting 4[278] n., 6[63] n., 41[379] n.
Finger-game, *mora* 33[80] n.
Firesticks and firestones 2[495] n., 37[67] n.
Fountains, list of 40[363] n.

Gaia 1[417] etc. *See* Earth, Giants. *ἄρουρα* 25[93] etc.
Galateia 1[58], 6[301], [318], 9[81], 14[65], 34[80], 39[257], 40[555], 43[104]
Gamos 40[302]
Ganges 21[244] etc.
Ganymedes 8[94], 15[279] n. etc.
Gas inspiring at Delphi 9[270] n.
Gates of Thebes 5[84] n.
Gazos 26[56]
Gemon 14[108]
Geography 26 notes *passim*
Geraistos 13[162]
Geryones 25[236]
Geudis 11[37], 17[35], 43[417]
Giants 1[275], 4[456], 17[41], 18[221], 20[77], 25[92], 31[173] (Indians), 40[440] etc.
Gigarto 21[77], 30[223], 33[15], [52]
Ginglon 26[146]
Glaucos, Lycian 15[165] n., 22[147]
Glaucos, merman 1[111] n., 10[105], 13[75], 39[99], 43[115] etc.
Glaucos, Pan 14[82]
Glaucos, son of Aretos 26[257]
Glaucos, son of Sisyphos 11[143] n.
Gleneus 14[187]
Gorge 35[84] n.
Gorgo 8[101] etc., Gorgon sisters 24[37] etc., the image 13[517] n.
Gortys 13[234]
Goryandis 26[294]
Graia 13[77]
Graiai, island of, where men suckle babes 26[52] n.
Greek notes:
ἀερσιπότητος 2[483] n.
ἀμφίσβαινα 5[146] n.
εἴδωλον 1[256] n.
εἰλιπόδης 1[60] n.
ἐχενηΐς 21[45] n.
ἠριγένεια 4[172] n., 31[149], 38[271] n.
ἠώς 18[159] n.
κατρεύς 26[212] n.
κεκαφηώς 2[539] n.
λυκάβας 11[486] n.
μελίκρητον 19[242] n.
μορία 37[313] n.
μύραινα 1[283] n.
νύσσα 1[454] n.
ὀπτήριον 5[139] n.
οὐδὲν πρὸς τὸν Διόνυσον 19[170] n.
πολυκάρηνος 40[233] n.
πόμπιλος 39[327] n.
στίλβων 41[344] n.
φερέοικος 3[365] n.
χάλκεος ὕπνος 16[297] n.
ὡρίων 26[202] n.

Habrathoös 26[153]
Hades 11[304], 12[214], his cap 25[55] etc.

Hadryad, *passim*: 2^{93} n.
Haimos, Himalaya 48^{73}
Hair dedicated 47^{493} n.
Haliartos 4^{335}, 13^{71}
Halimedes 14^{90} etc.
Hamadryad, *passim*: 2^{95}
Harma 13^{69} n., 38^{428} of the heavenly chariot
Harmonia, *see* Cadmos: her wooing and wedding 3^{50} ff., 5^{125}, her daughters 5^{190} ff., her necklace 5^{193} n., her fate 4^{430} n., 44^{113} n.
Harmonia Allmother at home in the heavens 41^{399} ff., her tablets 12^{90} and Note, vol. i. p. 426
Harpalyce 12^{72} n.
Harpe 14^{234}
Harpy 37^{150}
Hebe 19^{50} n.
Hecaërge 48^{333} n.
Hecate 3^{75}, 29^{214}, 44^{193}
Hector 25^{256}
Heliades 2^{153}, etc. *See* Phaëthon and Eridanos
Helicaon 43^{57}
Helice 17^{217}, 25^{400}
Helicon 5^{61}, 7^{234}, 13^{73}
Helios, the Sun, also called Phaëthon and Apollo *passim*: as spy 39^{404} n.
Hellas 1^{385} etc.
Helle 3^{37}, 9^{304} n., 10^{90}, 25^{441}. *See* Ino
Hellen 14^{116}
Hemodos, Himalaya 40^{360} n.
Heosphoros 2^{185} etc.
Hephaistos: builds palace 3^{132}, makes necklace for bride on seeing his son Eros 5^{138}, at birth of Athena 8^{14}, his sons 14^{19}, 24^{90}, his wives 16^{100} n., pursues Athena 16^{100} n., makes armour 25^{306}, lover of Maiden and Earth 27^{318} n., and Athena 33^{135}, thrown out of heaven 43^{402} n., his wedding 48^{411} etc.
Heptaporos 3^{193}
Hera, angry and jealous, *passim*: 1^{334}, 2^{169}, and Argos 3^{266}, 4^{104}, ^{333}, 6^{201}, and Deceit 8^{109} ff., and baby Bacchos 9^{97} ff., and Ino 9^{342}, and Centaurs 14^{144}, scares Bacchos 20^{546}, decks herself 32^{10}, takes the Indian side 36^{29} etc., gives the breast 44^{175}, takes part with Perseus 47^{537}, still resentful 48^{4}. She thunders 20^{546} n., Hera and marriage 8^{163} n., 31^{393} n., her ointment 7^{209} n., Ἥρα = ἀήρ 36^{21} n.
Heracles: wrestles with Zeus 10^{376}, runs after Hylas 11^{227}, seeking the lion 17^{54}, woos Deianeira 17^{239} n., 43^{14}, at Lerna 25^{196}, slays the deer 25^{224} n., at Stymphalos 29^{540} n., Heracles Sandes 34^{192} n., husband of Hebe 35^{235}, Starclad Heracles 40^{368}, sucked Hera's breast 40^{421} n., fights with Neleus' sons and squashes a bee 43^{249} n.
Hermes, Hermeias 2^{304}, at Cadmos's visit 3^{411}, gift at wedding 5^{130}, has no consort 5^{574}, receives Bacchos

from Zeus 9[17] ff., of the Ring 10[337], his sons 14[87], father of Pan 24[87], lawgiver 33[162], set against Leto 36[11], holding the Latin tablet 41[161], law 41[335], invents harp 41[373], musters ghosts etc. 44[207]
Hermos 11[40] etc.
Hesiod alluded to 13[76] n., 20[94] n.
Hesperos 2[185] etc.
Himaleon 32[234]
Himeros 1[78], 8[404], 34[34], 35[135]
Hippalmos 26[147]
Hipparis 13[317]
Hippocrene 7[235] n.
Hippodameia 11[275], 20[162], 33[294], 48[214]
Hippolyta's belt 25[251]
Hippomene 48[182]
Hippuros 26[98]
Holcasos 26[181]
Homer imitated, *passim*: *see* notes on 1[509], 2[376], 3[135], 5[475], 7[316], 8[123], 10[152], 13[53], 18[67], 22[115], [183], 23[33], 24[329], 25[338], 26[10], 28[34], 36[1], 40[100], [158], [217], 42[181], 44[115], Homer mentioned 1[37], 25[8], [265], [269], 32[184], 42[181]
Hora 1[272] etc. *See* hours
Horned Cyprus 5[614], [616] n., 13[441], 29[372]
Horned female deer 48[312] n.
Hours of the day 12[17] n., 38[290] n.
Hunter Apollo 5[289] n.
Hyacinthos 3[159] n., 10[255] n., Hyacinthian Apollo 11[330]
Hyacinthos plant 2[80] n.
Hyades 1[196], 14[147], 21[295] n.
Hyagnis 10[233], 41[374]
Hyampolis 13[126] n.
Hybla 13[318]
Hydarcan people 26[218]
Hydaspes 17[254] n., 21 ff.
Hydriads 16[357] etc.
Hylaios 17[200]
Hylas 11[228] n.
Hyle 13[68]
Hymen Hymenaios 16[290], 24[271]
Hymenaios 24[88] n., 29[24] ff.
Hymettos 13[183]
Hymn to the Sun 40, Add. Note vol. iii. p. 194
Hymnos 15[206] ff.
Hyperion 12[36], [91], 23[237], 38[25], [89]
Hypermnestra 3[308]
Hypnos 2[237] etc.
Hypseus 29[185]
Hypsiceros 14[108]
Hypsipyleia 30[205]
Hyria 13[96]
Hysporos 26[168]
Hyssacos 24[23]

Iacchos, Eleusinian god, often identified with Bacchos 27[302] n., 31[68] n., 48[884], [965] n.
Iaon 32[234]
Iapetos 1[384], 2[296], [566], 31[234], 35[275], 36[115]
Iasion 5[518], 11[392], 48[678]
Iberian 23[94], 43[292], [410]
Icarios 1[32], 16[202] n., 27[283], 47[35] ff.
Icmaios Zeus 5[270] n.
Iconion and the Image 13[517] n.
Ida 2[695], 3[56], [219], [235], 10[310],

11^{190}, 37^{94}, and adjective etc.
Idmon 38^{31}, ^{43}
Ilion 25^{26}
Ilissos 39^{190}, 41^{128}, 47^{13} ff.
Illyria 4^{410}, 44^{1}, 46^{364}
Image of god thrown away in anger 48^{691}
Imaios, Himalaya 40^{259} n.
Inachia 1^{308} etc.
Inachos 3^{261} etc.
Inarime 43^{311} n.
Incantations 17^{276} n.
Indian culture 17^{383} n. *See* Brahmans, Water and Earth
Indos invented as a hero 18^{273} n.
Ino 5^{190}, 9^{34}, Leucothea 9^{81} ff., 10^{43}, ^{83} ff., 10^{67} n., 13^{160}, 39^{104}, 40^{211} n.
Inventors, *see* Discoverers
Io 1^{336} n., 3^{267} ff., 7^{129} n. etc.
Io, Deo, and Isis 31^{60} n.
Iobacchos 11^{5} etc.
Iolaos 25^{201}, ^{211}
Ione 14^{221}
Ionia 3^{274}, 43^{290}
Iphiclos 28^{304}
Iphigeneia 13^{107} ff., replaced by a bear 15^{106} n.
Ismenian, Hismenian 5^{161} n.
Ismenos 8^{274} etc.
Isthmian Games 20^{390} n.
Istros 3^{9}, 8^{93}
Itylos 44^{264}, 47^{30}
Itys 2^{131} n., 4^{320} n.
Ixion 16^{240}, 35^{296} n., his wife 35^{296} n.

Jealousy of the gods 40^{171} n.
Judges and umpires in divine quarrels 36^{120} n., 43^{126} n., 43^{161} n.

Keats, Endymion 1^{226} n.
Kids 1^{437}

Lacedaimon 3^{230}, 32^{44}, 42^{443}
Laconian 11^{263} n., 41^{145}
Ladon 42^{307}
Lamis 14^{110}
Lamos 9^{30}, 14^{147}, 24^{30}, 47^{676} n.
Lampetie 27^{190}, 38^{170}
Lamprey and viper, loves of 1^{263} n.
Laobie 26^{284}, ^{283}
Laocoön 13^{67}
Laodameia 7^{117}, 24^{196} n.
Lapethos 13^{433}, ^{447}, 24^{237}
Lasion 13^{290}
Latin tablet 41^{160}
Latmos 4^{196}, 7^{230}, 13^{554}, 48^{663}, ^{666}
Learchos 5^{556}, 10^{66} ff., 46^{379}
Lelantos 48^{347} ff.
Lemnos 5^{379} etc., associated with Hephaistos 29^{373}, bridechamber of Jason and Hypsipyleia 30^{206}, Lemnian Cabeiro 29^{194}, Lemnian women 30^{206} n., 48^{543} n.
Leneus 10^{400} ff., 14^{70}, 29^{280}, 36^{290}
Lenobios 14^{111}
Leonidas imitated 47^{28} n.
Lerna 8^{240} n., 25^{197} ff.
Lesbos 24^{231}, 42^{460}
Leto 8^{145} etc.
Libanos 2^{683} etc.
Libya 3^{267} etc.
Lilybaian rocks 2^{397}

Limnaios Bacchos 27[307]
Linos 41[376]
Lips 1[228], 6[127], 12[61], 39[350]
Litros 13[432] n.
Logasides 36[282]
Love stories, source, vol. i. p. xi
Loxo 5[489], 48[334] n.
Lyaios, *see* Bacchos
Lycabas personified 11[486], 12[19], [65]. *See* Greek Notes
Lycaios 13[288]
Lycaon 18[20], 22[380]
Lycaste 14[225]
Lycastos 13[235]
Lycon 14[108]
Lycos 14[39], [112] etc.
Lyctos 13[232]
Lycurgos 20[149] ff., 21[157] n., ff.
Lycurgos the Spartan 41[330]

Macareus 14[44]
Macedon 2[400]
Macello 18[35] n.
Macris 21[194], 42[411] n.
Magnesia 10[322]
Maia 3[429] etc.
Maiandros 11[371] etc.
Mainalid 14[346] etc.
Maionia 10[317] etc.
Maira 5[221] n. etc.
Man's origin from a tree 12[57] n.
Mantinea 13[290]
Manyheaded dirge 40[233] n.
Marathon 12[152] etc., confused with Salamis 29[213] n.
Marmarion 13[164]
Maron 11[121] n., 19 etc.
Maronian wine 1[36] n.
Marsyas 1[42], 10[232] n.
Massagetes 3[7], 40[287] n.
Maurusian people 13[344]
Mede 21[248], 23[81], 40[23]
Medeon 13[68]
Medusa 8[101], 47[542] ff. etc.
Megaira 10[35] etc.
Megara 25[155]
Meilanion 30[318]
Meionian 10[144], 14[204], [250]
Melainai 26[88]
Melampus 47[535] ff.
Melaneus 29[51] ff.
Melanippe 8[236] n., literary allusion
Melanthios 43[62]
Meleagros 13[89], 35[87] n.
Meles 29[253]
Melia 14[212], 16[230] n.
Melicertes 9[108], 39[102] etc.
Melictaine 30[225]
Melis, new story of 33[324] n.
Melisseus 13[145] n., 37[494] ff. etc.
Melkart 40[389] n.
Memphis 3[288], [299], 4[266]
Mene, Moon 1[219] etc.
Menelaos 1[38] n.
Menoiceus 23[72] n.
Meroë, Bakarawia, 17[396]
Merope 3[342] n.
Meropis island 13[278] n.
Mideia 13[80]
Milax 12[88] n., 15[354]
Miletos, city of Crete 13[233] n.
Miletos, son of Asterios 13[547], [557] n.
Milky Way 6[338], 35[310] n.
Milton, a possible imitation 41[204] n.
Mimallon 1[34] etc.
Mimas 13[143], 28[289]
Minos 7[361], pedigree 13[229] n.,

19[139], and Nisos 25[148] n. etc.
Mirror-stratagem 6[173] n.
Mithras 21[250], 40[460]
Mnemosyne 31[169] n., mother of the nine Muses by Zeus
Modaios 32[165], 40[236]
Moira, Moirai 1[367], 2[473] etc.
Moleneus 32[169]
Molorcos 17[58]
Moon and bulls 1[90] n., as Isis-Hathor 1[319] n., motherless 40[375] n., makes plants grow 7[302] n.
Moonstone 5[163] n.
Moria's story 25[404] n.
Morrheus 26[73] ff., 30[13] ff., 33, 34, 35, 36, 40 etc.
Muse, Muses 1[11], 15[70] etc. *See* Mnemosyne
Musical modes 12[149] n.
Mycale 13[363]
Mycalessos 13[77]
Mycenae 48[556]
Mycene 31[350] etc., nymph 41[267]
Mygdonia 1[159], 13[548] etc.
Myrina, a city of Lemnos 3[133] n.
Myrmex 13[307]
Myrmidon 13[306], 37[411]
Myrrha 2[151] n. etc.
Myrsos 26[256]
Myrtilos 20[160] n., 33[293] n.

Naiad 2[57] etc.
Names of Bassarids, nymphs, satyrs etc. 14[106] n., 14[238] n., 21[69] n., 29[234] n.
Napaios 14[107]
Narcissos 10[215], 11[333], 15[353] n., 48[581]
Necklace described 5[145] n.
Nemea 25[213]
Nemesis 15[418], 16[384], 37[433], 48[375] n.
Nephele 5[304], 8[304], 9[304], 10[97]
Nereid 1[100] etc.
Nereus 1[64] etc.
Nesaia 26[96]
Nicaia 15[171], 16[5] ff. etc.
Nicaia city 16[404]
Nicê 2[306] ff. etc.
Niobe 2[150] n., 12[79] n. etc.
Niobe of Argos, first earthly love of Zeus 32[67] n.
Nisa 13[79], 25[155]
Nodaian Zeus 13[236] n.
Nodding backwards to refuse 22[277] n.
Nomeion 14[193]
Nomios Aristaios 5[215] etc.
Nonnos, authors imitated by, vol. i. p. xxiii
Nysa, mount 48[53], Arabian 21[102]
Nyse 29[273]

Oanos 13[471]
Obrimos 13[514]
Ocalea 13[56]
Oceanos, *passim*
Ocynoë 14[233]
Ocythoös 13[144] etc.
Odysseus 13[130]
Ogygos 3[305] n., *cf.* 12[9], 13[164]
Ogyros 13[417]
Oiagros 22[168] n. etc.
Oinanthe 14[235]
Oineus 43[54]
Oinomaos 11[271] n., 19[153], 20[154] n. etc.
Oinone 13[192], 29[253], 43[63]
Oinopion 43[60]

Oistros 14[111] n.
Oita 26[295] n.
Old Man of the Sea 43[225]
Olenian 1[450] n.
Olmeios 7[236] n.
Olympias 7[128] n.
Olympos, Olympian, *passim*
Omester 14[80]
Onca, title of Athena 5[15] n., 5[70], 44[39], 45[69] n.
Onchestos 13[58]
Onites 28[112]
Onthyrios 30[137]
Opheltes 32[186], 35[380] etc.
Ophion 2[573], 8[161], 12[43] n., 41[352, 399]
Ophis 1[199], 2[290], 25[144]
Ophiuchos 1[200] etc.
Oracle of Apollo 7[72] n.
Orchomenos 13[94] n. etc.
Oreiads 6[259] etc.
Oreithyia 37[160] n. etc.
Orestes 13[119], 14[106]
Orion and the scorpion 4[338] n., 38[374] n. etc.
Orithallos 36[277]
Ormenios 32[186]
Orontes 17[133, 286] n. ff., 40[119] ff. etc.
Orpheus 13[430], 19[101], 41[375], vol. i. p. xv, Orphic cosmogony 2[572] n.
Orsiboë 30[285] etc.
Orthaon 14[190]
Ortygia, Delos 9[214] n., 47[463]
Orycië 26[87]
Ossa 6[328]
Otos and Ephialtes 5[509] n., 36[247] n.
Ovid probably known to Nonnos, vol. i. pp. xii, xlv
Pachynos 2[398], 13[322] n.
Pactolos 10[145] etc.
Paieon 29[144], 35[62], 40[407]
Palaimon 5[561], 39[105] etc. *See* Melicertes
Palicoi 13[312] n.
Pallas, *passim*
Pallene 43[334] n., 48[93] n., parallel with Atalanta 48[182] n.
Palthanor 26[66]
Pamphylia 2[38]
Pan, *passim*: and Echo 15[306] n., Pans 14[87], 27[25] ff., 46[368]
Panacros 13[448]
Pandion 4[330] n.
Pandora 7[58] n.
Panhellenes 4[252]
Panopeia 39[255], 43[100, 264]
Panopeian, Phocian 9[272] n.
Panopeus 4[332], 13[128]
Paphian cauldrons 33[6]
Paphos 13[456] etc.
Parakeets 22[49] n.
Parnassos 4[308] etc.
Pasiphaë 33[150] etc.
Pasithea 15[91] n., 24[263], 31[131] ff. etc.
Patalene, the Indus delta 26[89] n., 27[156]
Paul, St. 38[54] n.
Pegasos 7[235], 11[146] n., 25[40], 28[167], 37[267], 38[401]
Peirithoös 16[240] n.
Peisianassa 8[193]
Peisinoë 4[72] ff.
Peitho, Persuasion 3[84] etc.
Pelasgian 28[34], 47[479, 497, 534], 47[568]
Pelasgos 47[570, 720]
Peleus 22[385], 37[589], 43[367]
Pelion 6[329], 44[2], 48[39]

Pellene 37^{149}, games and prize
Pelops 18^{37}, 33^{296}, 37^{137}, ^{300}, 37^{330}, carried off by Poseidon 10^{359} n.
Peloreus 48^{39}
Peneios 6^{237} n., 27^{275}
Penelopeia 14^{91} n., 24^{87}
Penthesileia 35^{38} n.
Pentheus 44, 45, 46, name 46^{73} n.
Pergamos 8^{91}
Periboia 40^{147} n., 48^{144}
Periclymenos 43^{247} n.
Persephone, Persephoneia 5^{104} etc.
Perseus 13^{441}, 18^{291}, 25^{31} n. ff., 47^{450} ff., 47^{302} n.
Persian 18^{215}, 21^{251}, 23^{82}, ^{279}
Personification of names connected with wine 10^{177} n., 10^{422} n.
Peteon 13^{58}
Petraios 14^{188}
Peucetios 36^{289}
Phaëthon 15^{382}, 30^{112}, the story 38^{106}. Used for the Sun, *passim*. Phaëthon in literature 38^{107} n.
Phaidra 48^{336} n.
Phaleneus 28^{86}, ^{54}
Phaleron 13^{196}
Phanes 9^{141} n., 9^{157}, ^{192}, 12^{84}, 14^{192}, 19^{207}
Pharos 1^{13}, 43^{77}
Phasis 13^{252}, 40^{286}
Phasyleia 20^{125}, 21^{84}
Phaunos, 13^{326}, 28^{2}, 37 *passim*. *See* Faunus
Pheme, Rumour 5^{370}, 18^{1}, 26^{275}, 44^{123}, 47^{1}
Pheneos 13^{293}
Pheres, *see* Centaurs: 5^{615}, 14^{144}, 17^{139}, 27^{31}
Pherespondos 14^{112}, 18^{213} n.
Phereus 14^{100}
Phesiades 13^{309} n.
Phidaleia 36^{177} n., wife of Byzas
Philamnos 14^{91}
Philomela 2^{131} n., 4^{230} n., 44^{267}, 47^{30}
Philyra 48^{86}
Phineus 2^{666}, 3^{296}
Phlegra 14^{107}
Phlegyans 18^{36}
Phlegyas 29^{38}
Phleio 21^{60}
Phlogios 26^{45} etc.
Phobos, a Pan 14^{91}
Phobos, Fear 20^{38}, 39^{114} n. etc.
Phocian, Phocis 13^{123}, 37^{144}
Phoibos, *see* Apollo
Phoinician 3^{296}, 4^{221}, 7^{207}, 13^{90}, 45^{112}, ^{117}
Pholos 14^{50}
Phorbas 14^{94}
Phorcis 25^{36}, ^{64}, 31^{14}
Phorcys 39^{101}, 43^{62}, ^{266}
Phoroneus 32^{46}, 47^{170}, 48^{3}
Phosphoros, Phaesphoros 4^{126} etc.
Phrasios 32^{234}
Phringos 26^{96}, 30^{303}, ^{314}
Phrixos 9^{304} n., 10^{101}. *See* Ino
Phrygia, Phrygian 9^{106}, 12^{62} etc.
Phthonos, Envy and Jealousy 8^{94}, ^{106}
Phylia, nymph 5^{475} n.
Phyllis 43^{56}
Pierides 1^{504}, *cf.* 2^{400}, 19^{62}, 41^{234}

Pilot fish 39[327] n.
Pimpleia 13[128]
Pindar 25[21]
Pipes invented 1[42] n.
Pisa 13[324], 19[240], 37[138], [170]
Pithos 18[149] ff., 19[40], 20[13] ff., 30[138]
Pitys 2[108] n., 2[118], 16[363], 42[259]
Planets 38[244] n.
Plants with mythological stories, Add. Note vol. i. p. 98
Plataiai 4[336], 13[70]
Platonic thought 10[25] n.
Pleiads 1[242], 2[17], 3[332], 13[414], 38[380] n., 42[288]
Pluto, mother of Tantalos 1[146] n., 7[119], 48[730]
Poimenios 14[106]
Polydectes 25[84], 47[554]
Polydeuces brings calm 28[255] n.
Polydoros 5[208], 8[298], 46[259]
Polymnia 5[104]
Polyphemos, the shepherd and the smith 6[303] n., 14[62] n. etc., 39[266] n.
Polyxo 21[70]
Porphyreon 9[317]
Poseidaon 1[120], travels in search of Io 3[288], and Amymone 8[241] n., rivals Dionysos for Beroë 40 ff., loves of 42[405] ff.
Pothos 25[154] etc.
Prasioi 26[61] n., an Indian people
Priasos 13[521] ff., 37[624] ff.
Procne 2[131] n., 4[330] n., 44[267], 48[748]
Procyon 16[202] n.
Proitos 47[572]
Prometheus 2[300], [576], 7[59], 33[357]
Pronomos 14[113]
Propanisos, Hindu Kush 26[51] n.
Protesilaos 24[193]
Proteus 1[14], [111], 21[141], [289], 39[108], 42[478], 43[76], [160]
Prothoë 14[226]
Protonoë, Protonoeia 34[179], 35[80] etc.
Prymneus 13[143], 28[252]
Psamathe 43[360]
Psyllos, the Psylloi 13[381] n.
Ptoios 9[318]
Pygmaioi 14[334]
Pygmalion 3[212] n.
Pylai 26[292]
Pylaieus 30[136]
Pyloites 26[216]
Pylos 28[113]
Pyramos and Thisbe 6[355] n. ff., rivers 12[84] n.
Pyrrha 3[211], 15[298]
Pyrrhichos 13[37] n., 14[34], 28[293]
Pyrrhos 43[367], Phrygian P. assaults Rheia 12[82] n.
Pytho 2[698], 4[290], 9[251], 27[252], 46[79], 48[709]
Python 13[127]

Ram and springtime 38[269]
Revels personified 2[709] n. *See* Comos
Rhadamanes 21[306], 36[401], [420], 36[444], 39[8], [20]
Rhadamanthys 19[190]
Rheia deceives Cronos 8[138] n., 28[322], 41[68], brings up Bacchos 9[149] ff., 10[293], gives him amethyst 12[380], gathers the host 13[35], where

she bore Zeus 13[illegible] n., prophecy 36[illegible]
Rhesos 3[illegible]
Rhigbasos 26[illegible]
Rhine 43[illegible], a judge of bastards 23[illegible] n., 46[illegible] n.
Rhipe 13[illegible]
Rhiphonos 14[illegible]
Rhode 14[illegible]
Rhodes 14[illegible]
Rhodoë 26[illegible]
Rhodope 32[illegible]
Rhyndacis 15[illegible], 48[illegible]
Rhytion 13[illegible]
Roman civilization, Nonnos's faith, vol. i. p. xvii
Rome 41[illegible], [illegible]
Rufinus imitated 12[illegible] n.

Sabeiroi 26[illegible]
Sacai 26[illegible]
St. Paul 38[illegible] n.
Salamis 13[illegible]
Salangoi 26[illegible], 30[illegible]
Salmoneus 28[illegible] n.
Samos 3[illegible] etc.
Samothracian gods 13[illegible] n.
Sandes Heracles 34[illegible] n.
Sangarios 12[illegible] n., 13[illegible], [illegible], 14[illegible], 27[illegible], 48[illegible], [illegible], [illegible]
Saocë 13[illegible] n.
Sarapis 40[illegible]
Sardis 13[illegible], 41[illegible], [illegible], [illegible], 43[illegible]
Satyros, Satyroi, *passim*
Sauromates 23[illegible]
Scelmis 14[illegible], 21[illegible] n., 37[illegible] ff. etc.
Schoineus 9[illegible]
Schoinos 13[illegible]
Scirtos 14[illegible]
Scolon 13[illegible]
Scorpion 4[illegible], 6[illegible], 38[illegible], [illegible], 42[illegible]
Scylla 18[illegible], 25[illegible], 42[illegible]
Scythia 13[illegible], 40[illegible], [illegible]
Sea-purple 20[illegible] n.
Sebes 28[illegible]
Sebeus 32[illegible]
Seilene 14[illegible]
Seilenos 10[illegible], later books *passim*
Seiren 2[illegible], 13[illegible], 22[illegible]
Seirios 5[illegible], 12[illegible], 13[illegible], 16[illegible], 43[illegible], 47[illegible]
Selene, moon, *passim*
Semele and her sisters 5[illegible] ff., her dream 7[illegible] ff., bridal 7[illegible], her prizes 8[illegible], birth of Bacchos 8[illegible]
Seriphos 47[illegible], [illegible]
Sesindion 26[illegible]
Sestos 13[illegible]
Setrachos 13[illegible]
Sibai 26[illegible]
Sicily, Sicilian 2[illegible], 37[illegible] etc.
Sidon 1[illegible], 9[illegible] etc.
Simoeis 3[illegible], 23[illegible]
Sinews of Zeus 1[illegible] n.
Siphnos 13[illegible]
Sipylos 12[illegible] etc.
Siris 13[illegible]
Sithon 48[illegible] n.
Sneeze, an omen 13[illegible] n.
Socos and Combe, legend given first by Nonnos 13[illegible], n.
Soë 30[illegible]
Soloi 13[illegible]
Solon 41[illegible], [illegible], [illegible]
Sophocles alluded to 43[illegible] n., imitated 17[illegible] n.
Sose, loved by Hermes 14[illegible]

Souls turn into stars 47[262] n.
Spargeus 14[187]
Sparta 16[103], 19[187], 31[262], 34[120], 35[175], 41[330]
Spartoi, the Theban aristocracy 4[405] n.
Spheceia 13[434]
Sphinx 18[244]
Stabios 13[500]
Stamnos 13[500]
Staphyle 29[269]
Staphylos 18[5] etc.
Starclad 40[369] n.
Stataloi 13[474]
Sterope 3[337] n. etc.
Stesichore 14[226, 400]
Stratia 13[290]
Strophios 30[108]
Strymon 43[417]
Stymphalos 13[289], 29[240]
Styra 13[160]
Styx, water of 9[135], 12[217], 14[46], 42[528], 44[262]
Styx in Euboia 13[163] n.
Sun and Moon, why never together 44[179]n.
Sydros, the Sutlej 32[288] n.
Syracuse 6[354], 9[22], 40[560]
Syria 18[328]
Syrinx 2[118] n.
Syrtis 43[299]

Tainarides 30[188]
Tamasos 13[445]
Tanagra 1[235], 4[334, 445]
Tanaïs 23[85]
Tantalos 1[147] n., 10[261], 18[25, 32], new punishment 35[296], 48[731] n., son Pelops 20[157] n., daughter Niobe 12[131], 48[456]
Tarbelos 26[182]
Tarsos 1[260], 2[636], 41[85, 357], name 18[293] n.
Tartara 31[50] etc.
Tauros, Mount 1[249], custom of Taurian law 13[116] n.
Tectaphos 26[101] n., saved by daughter
Teiresias blinded 5[337] n., 7[161, 250] n., 20[400], built an altar 45[52], 46[10]
Telamon 13[462], 37[589]
Telchines 8[108] n., 14[36] n., 27[106], 30[226], 37[293, 449]
Telebes 32[187]
Telete 16[400], 48[880]
Tembros 13[415]
Temeneia 13[513]
Temmices in Boeotia 5[39] n.
Tereus 2[131] n., 4[330] n.
Terpsichore 13[314], 29[238]
Tethys 8[160] n., 38[110], 40[552], 41[150] etc.
Teucrian Ida 3[56], 10[310]
Teucros 13[461] n., 28[61]
Teumerios 13[398] n.
Text, suggestions on: 11[82], 14[49], 16[344], 19[129], 26[367], 37[409], 41[204], 42[288], 45[287], 47[52]
Teÿgete 3[339], 32[65]
Thargelos 32[234]
Thasos 2[684]
Thaumas 26[359]
Thebes 5[119] etc.
Thebes of a hundred gates 3[299], 4[266, 304], 5[86], 41[270]
Thelxinoë 8[195]
Themis 2[710], 41[162] etc.
Themisto 9[312], her sons 9[321] n., 10[3]
Theoclymenos 5[11]
Theope 21[86]

Therapnai 41^{134} n. etc.
Thermodon 20^{130}, 36^{263}, 37^{119}
Theseus 47^{370} n. ff., 48^{144} ff., echo of Heracles 47^{434} n.
Thespiai 4^{330}, 13^{70}
Thessaly 3^{307}, 6^{374} etc., Thessalian horse 37^{413}
Thetis 1^{99} etc.
Thiasos 14^{106}
Thisbe 6^{347}, 12^{84}. *See* Pyramos
Thoōn 28^{113}
Thoōsa 39^{293} n.
Thoricos 13^{187}
Thrace 4^{344} etc.
Thrinacia 15^{374} n., 38^{169} n.
Thrinax 14^{44}
Thronios 32^{180}
Thyamis 26^{181}, 32^{186}
Thyestes 5^{13}
Thymbrios 3^{347} n.
Thyone 1^{30} etc., Thyoneus Dionysos 8^{334} n.
Thyraieus 26^{160}
Tigris 18^{314}
Tisiphone 10^{60}, 12^{116}, $44^{[illegible]}$
Titans 6^{172} etc.
Tithonos 15^{179} n., $48^{[illegible]}$
Tityos 2^{307}, 4^{331} n., 20^{77}, ^{93}
Tlepolemos 14^{36} n.
Tmolos 10^{357} etc.
Topaz 5^{167} n.
Torebios 13^{464}
Torone 21^{289} n.
Toxeus 35^{86}
Trachios 14^{60}, $28^{[illegible]}$
Transmigration of souls 37^{5} n.
Triptolemos 13^{190} etc.
Tritogeneia 13^{343} n., 28^{144} n. etc.
Tritonis explained 5^{73} n.
Troy, Trojan 11^{130}, 25^{253} etc.
Trygiē 14^{327}, 29^{143}
Tyche $16^{[illegible]}$
Tychios the craftsman 13^{97} n.
Tylos 25^{454} ff.
Tyndarios 28^{113}
Typhoeus, Typhon 1 *passim*: 1^{154} n. etc., the sinews of Zeus, vol. i. p. xviii, and *s.v.*
Tyre, Tyrian $4^{[illegible]}$, 40^{316}, founding of $40^{[illegible]}$ n. etc.
Tyro 1^{122} n., 8^{345}, 42^{119} n.
Tyrsenian 6^{330}, pirates 45^{108} ff.

Upis 48^{332} n.
Urania 24^{60}, 33^{60}, 38^{32}, a place 13^{433}
Uranos 2^{335}, breeds Aphrodite 13^{440}, 41^{100}

Vine planting 17^{93} n.
Virgo of the stars and Justice 18^{304} n.
Vowel and consonant 4^{302} n.

Water and Earth said to be gods of India 33^{343}, 34^{336}
Weapons, legendary 37^{377} n.
Winds, sons of Astraios 6^{38}
Writing given to Greece $4^{[illegible]}$

Zagreus 5^{563} n., 6^{160} n., 6^{209} 10^{294}, 24^{47} n., 24^{80} n., 27^{341}

31[48], 36[45], 38[209], 39[72], 44[213], [255], 47[29], [65], 48[26], [968], and Orphism, vol. i. p. xv
Zerynthos 13[400]
Zethos 25[417]
Zeus, *passim*: and Antiope 31[212] n., and his lovers 7[128] n., as Artemis 2[122], 33[291] n., as Satyr, horse, bull 31[218] n., 33[301] n., Icmaios 5[270] n., Zeus-limp 9[20] n.
Zeus of the underworld 36[97] n.
Zoares clan in India 36[166]

Printed in Great Britain by R. & R. Clark, Limited, *Edinburgh*